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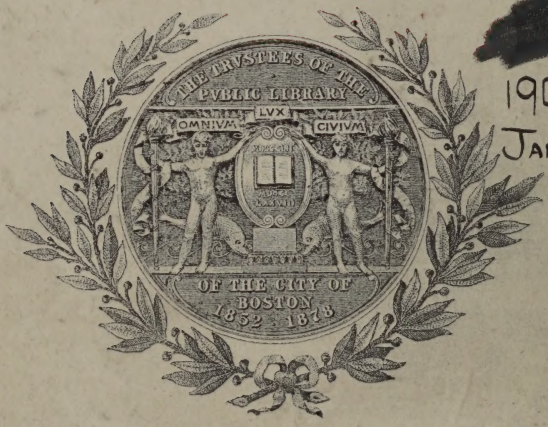

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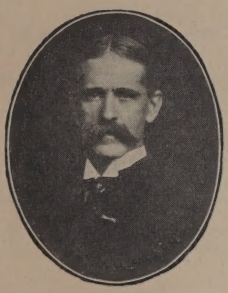

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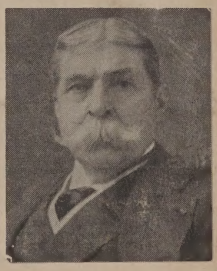

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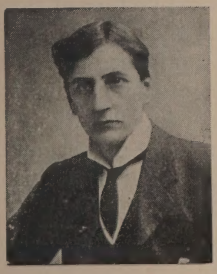

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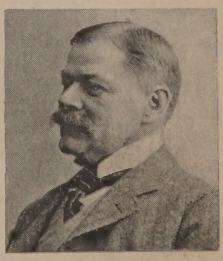

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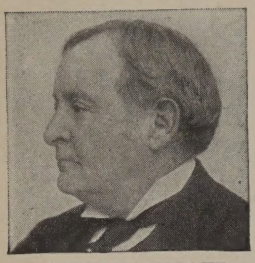

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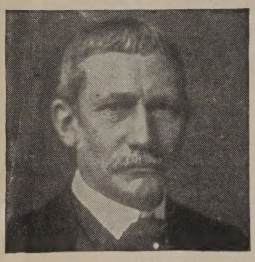

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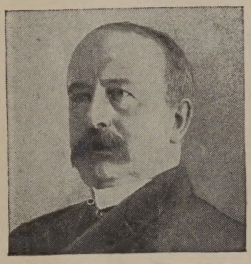

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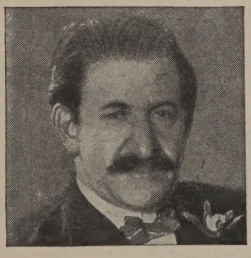

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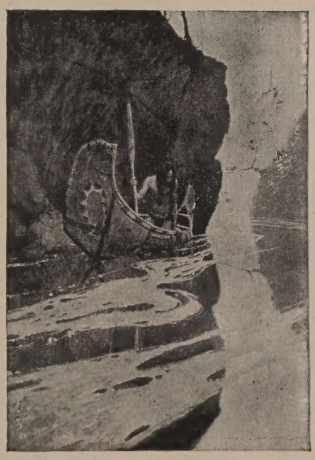

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Contributors to the January Atlantic

Articles

Edith Wharton (" Second Motor Flight through France, I ") is one of the foremost American novelists and essayists. She has already described in the *Atlantic* (December, 1906, January, 1907, February, 1907) an earlier motor tour in France. The present article is the first of a new series of four.

Henry Lee Higginson (" Justice to the Corporations ") is a distinguished banker, financier and philanthropist intimately connected with some of the important commercial enterprises of the country.

" Diplomatist " (" Notes from a Persian Diary ") is a distinguished American who desires his name to be withheld.

Paul H. Hanus (" Industrial Education ") is Professor of Education at Harvard University and the author of books and magazine articles on his specialty.

Rollin Lynde Hartt (" The Home of the Burlesque ") is one of the editors of the *Boston Transcript.* He has been a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly.* " The Humors of Advertising," in May, 1904, and " The Amusement Park," in May, 1907, are among his latest essays in these pages.

J. O. Fagan (" Confessions of a Railroad Signalman, I.") is a tower man on a New England railroad. His long experience in observing the causes of accidents makes these articles unusually important.

Charles A. Conant (" The World's Wealth in Negotiable Securities "), formerly treasurer of the Morton Trust Co., has written several books and articles on special financial topics. " Industrial Securities as Investments " appeared in the *Atlantic* for February, 1906.

William E. Walter (" The Industry of Music Making ") is the press representative of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Contributors to the January Atlantic

J. N. Larned (" The Peace Teaching of History "), at one time president of the American Library Association, is a well-known writer on educational and ethical subjects, the editor of *The Literature of American History*, and author of *History of the United States for Secondary Schools.*

Reviews

Christian Gauss (" The New Life of Goethe ") is a member of the Modern Language Department of Princeton University.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (" Beaumont and Fletcher ") has contributed numerous literary essays to the *Atlantic.* " The Letters of Horace Walpole " was published in March, 1906. He is also the author of *A Pageant of Life* and *The Private Tutor.*

Stories

Alice Brown ("Rose MacLeod, III ") is one of the most brilliant of American fiction writers. The novel now appearing as an *Atlantic* serial is attracting wide interest for its originality of plot.

Elsie Singmaster (" The Unconquerable Hope ") is a short-story writer who won her first reputation with Pennsylvania Dutch stories. "When Town and Country Meet" appeared in the September *Atlantic* of this year.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall (" La Tristesse ") appears in the *Atlantic* for the first time with this story.

E. S. Johnson (" The Ticket for Ona ") has contributed several effective and amusing stories to the *Atlantic.* " Landless Men " appeared in March, 1907.

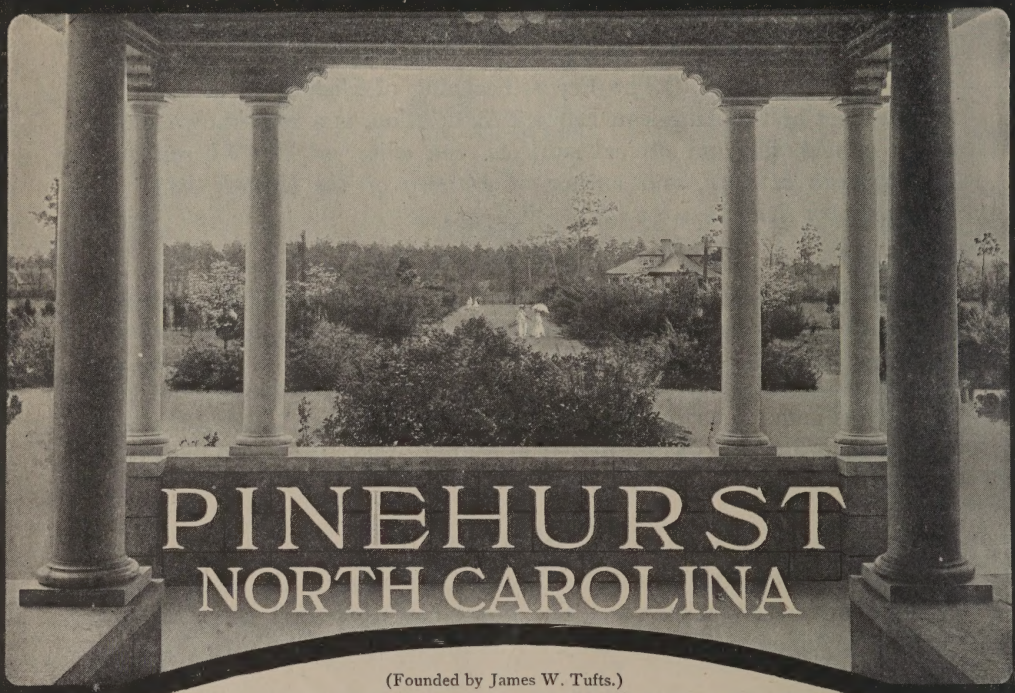
Poems

W. S. Hinchman (" The Winter Warriors ") is a teacher at Groton School.

Julia C. R. Dorr (" To One Who Went to Carcassonne ") is well known to *Atlantic* readers as a writer of prose and verse.

Louise Imogen Guiney (" Beati Mortui ") is an essayist and poet of American birth, although now a resident of Oxford. Her " Autumn Magic " appeared in October, 1906.

John Kendrick Bangs (" The Word ") is best known as a writer of humorous verse of wide popularity.



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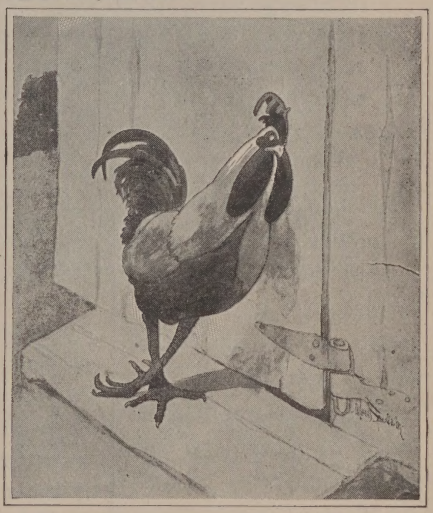

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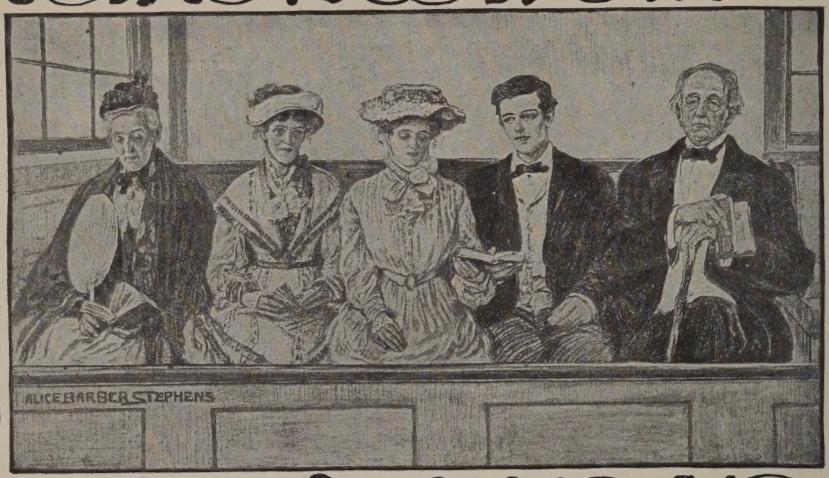

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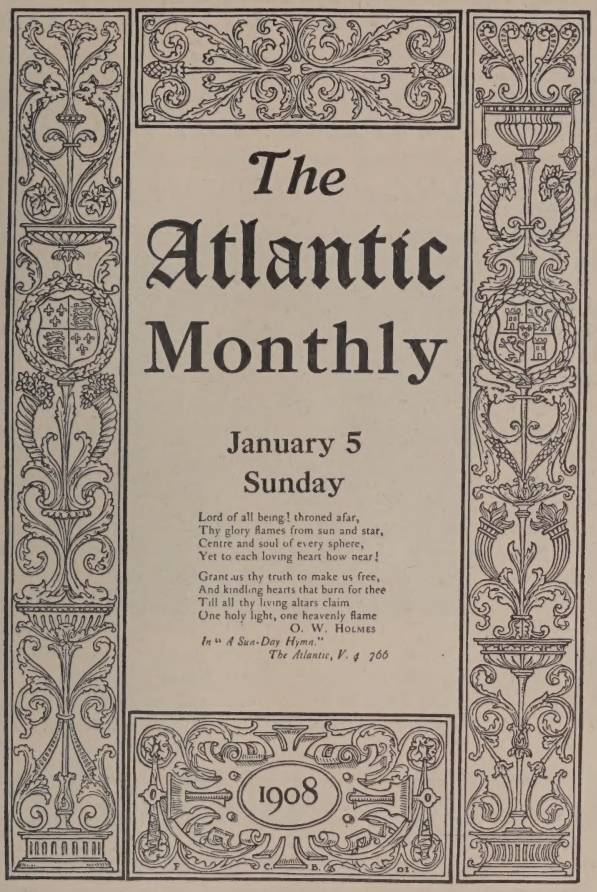
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Yet to each loving heart how near!
Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee
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O. W. Holmes
In "A Sun-Day Hymn."
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1908

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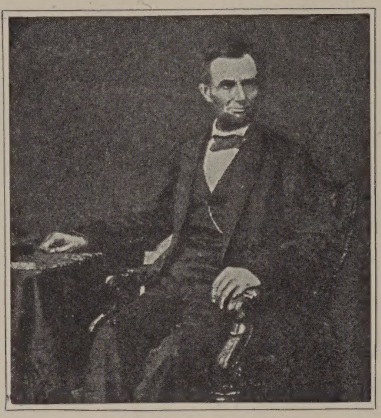

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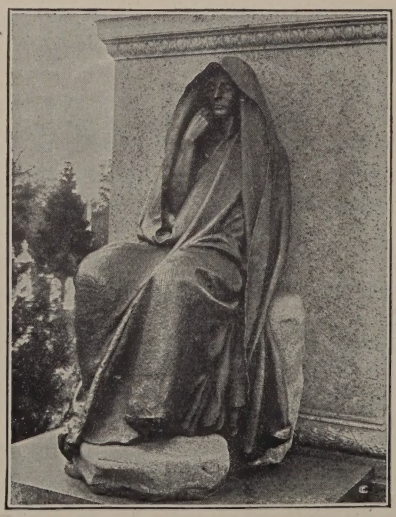

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The Significance of Party Organization	**By A. C. McLaughlin**
A Second Motor Flight through France. II.	**By Edith Wharton**
The Country Banker	**By Charles M. Harger**
A Cure for Winter	**By Dallas Lore Sharp**
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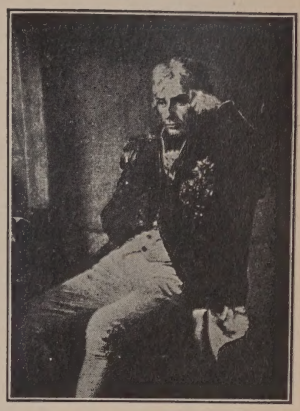

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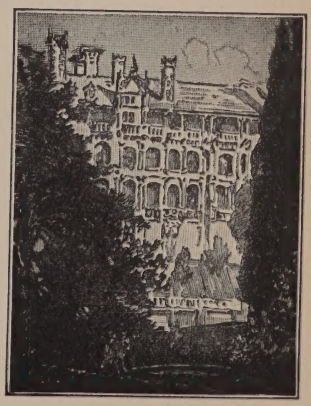

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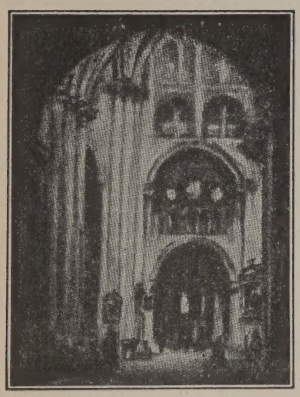

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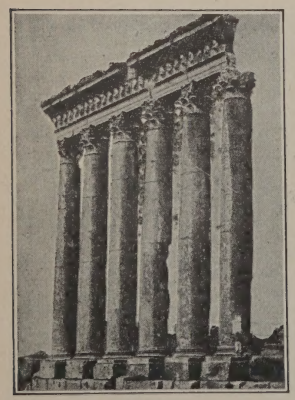

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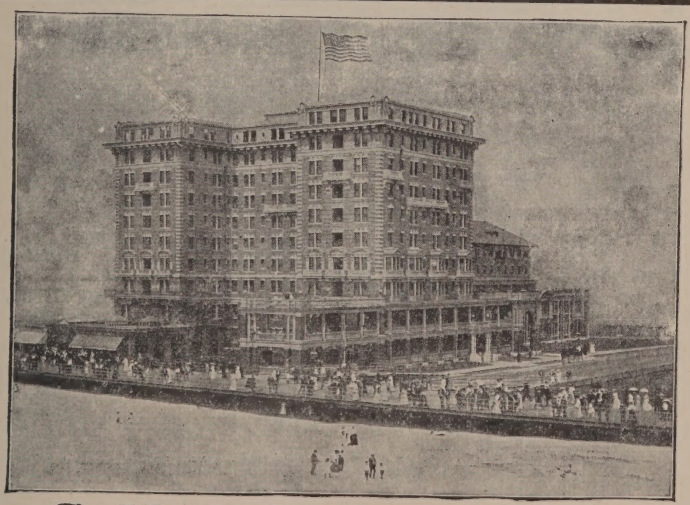

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1908

TURNING THE NEW LEAVES

WHATEVER may be said in extenuation of magazine editors, it must be admitted that they confuse the calendar. They keep a private Christmas in midsummer, and Easter by the first snowfall. If the *Atlantic's* editor wishes to say Happy New Year to the patrons of the magazine, he is forced to write in November the words which he would prefer to speak, two months later, at some real banquet of the *Atlantic's* readers. A year ago, the Toastmaster remembers, he was writing his New Year's greeting in a sunny window-seat in Florence. Two cabmen, lazily exchanging Tuscan epithets on the square beneath the window, distracted his attention as he meditated upon the *Atlantic's* coming semi-centennial and composed with due piety a few paragraphs about Turning the Old Leaves. And he said to himself, "This is poor writing, but that may be the cabmen's fault. At worst, it gives a good title for another January greeting, after the anniversary is over. That shall be called Turning the New Leaves."

And so, in fulfillment of this year-old editorial engagement, Turning the New Leaves it shall be. After all the kindly wishes which the *Atlantic's* semi-centennial has brought, and with the abundant space which the anniversary number devoted to the founders, no one will be likely to think that the magazine is unmindful of its past, or ungrateful for the tributes to its ancient achievements. We have been having a sort of family reunion, when the talk has turned naturally upon old scenes, half-forgotten incidents, and vanished personages; things dear to the family circle, although elsewhere unintelligible. But the reunion is over now. The old leaves have all been turned, gently, humorously, or with regret. The *Atlantic* for 1908 is waiting to be read, and it will be read because its subscribers enjoy what it contains to-day, and not because Ralph Waldo Emerson was a contributor to the first number.

Men and women who are alive and writing — not dead and famous — make the *Atlantic* what it is. They write as well as their fathers did. Excluding the first half-dozen names of the older generation, as representing heights of poetry and imaginative prose unreached to-day, the children write even better than their fathers, and they have a greater variety of interesting things to say. No one can have read the four articles in the November number, comparing 1857 and 1907 as regards the state of politics, literature, art, and science, without becoming freshly aware that we are living in a world of new conditions. Some things dear to *Atlantic* readers of the old sort have disappeared forever, but the life of America — which it is the object of this magazine to reflect and to interpret — was never so various, vigorous, and right-minded as it is this very morning. No one need dwell among the tombs.

A magazine cannot endeavor to offer the hospitality of its pages to writers representing these new varieties of training, conviction, and experience, without wounding some sensibilities. The Toastmaster gives the floor to many kinds of speakers. Sometimes, in truth, he gets anxious during their remarks and looks at his watch. Occasionally the audience, in turn, looks anxious, and possibly some one gets up and goes out. This has hap-

pened during 1907, as it will doubtless continue to happen, but the fact that there have been two new subscribers for every old one lost does not lessen the Toastmaster's regret that tolerance for the other parish is still a plant of imperfect flowering.

For the *Atlantic* is not a club made up of an esoteric circle of people who use its pages for the exchange of congenial ideas. The Toastmaster once tried to picture it as a *pension*, where there were violets by each plate, indeed, as if it were a private dinner party, but where both Caterer and boarders were in reality quite aware that there were other *pensions* near by, clamorous for patronage. In his gloomier moments, the Toastmaster's task appears to him as being not so much that of the Caterer and Announcer of a feast, as that of an Umpire, calling balls and strikes to the perfect satisfaction of neither the players, the spectators, nor himself. But the real umpire has printed rules for his guidance, and police protection after the game. The editor has neither. He is rather, let us say, a Picture Dealer, with certain private standards of taste in the back of his head, perhaps, but obliged to buy only such canvases as his capital will warrant, and to hang them in such a fashion as may reasonably be expected to attract purchasers, — all other canvases being "unavailable" for him. Yet one must remember that some of these harassed dealers — the joke of artists, and compelled to buy only what they could sell again — have nevertheless managed to form and to maintain a sound artistic taste in a whole community.

After all, the plain "$4.00 a year" printed upon the *Atlantic's* cover is as good an image and symbol of editorial policy as could be wished. Subscribing to a magazine, like buying a picture, is a business transaction. Sentiment may have a share in it, but at bottom it is a question of getting and giving the worth of the money. Four dollars is a good round sum, — if one has to go out and earn it, as most of the *Atlantic's* subscribers do. The notion that they belong to the leisure class is an amusing fiction, which dies hard. The great majority of them — and all of the Cheerful Readers, apparently — have to work for their four dollars, and they expect, month by month, a fair return upon their investment. If they do not receive it, they will surely begin to speculate with some of the *Atlantic's* youthful and comely rivals, in spite of their respect for Fiftieth Anniversaries and for the reputation of distinguished dead contributors. And the *Atlantic*, preferring these clear-headed subscribers to any others, means to give them their money's worth. The Toastmaster may be prejudiced, — even umpires and picture dealers have been known to be, — but he cannot help thinking that the writers engaged for 1908 are good enough company for the best authors and readers who ever sat around the *Atlantic's* table. Turn the new leaves, and see.

B. P.

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

I

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

PARIS TO POITIERS

SPRING again, and the long white road unrolling itself southward from Paris. How could one resist the call?

We answered it on the blandest of late March mornings, all April in the air, and the Seine fringing itself with a mist of yellowish willows as we rose over it, climbing the hill to Ville d'Avray. Spring comes soberly, inaudibly as it were, in these temperate European lands, where the grass holds its green all winter, and the foliage of ivy, laurel, holly, and countless other evergreen shrubs, links the lifeless to the living months. But the mere act of climbing that southern road above the Seine meadows seemed as definite as the turning of a leaf — the passing from a black-and-white page to one illuminated. And every day now would turn a brighter page for us.

Goethe has a charming verse, descriptive, it is supposed, of his first meeting with Christiane Vulpius: "Aimlessly I strayed through the wood, *having it in my mind to seek nothing.*"

Such, precisely, was our state of mind on that first day's run. We were simply pushing south toward the Berry, through a more or less familiar country, and the real journey was to begin for us on the morrow, with the run from Châteauroux to Poitiers. But we reckoned without our France! It is easy enough, glancing down the long page of the *Guide Continental*, to slip by such names as Versailles, Rambouillet, Chartres and Valençay, in one's dash for the objective point; but there is no slipping by them in the motor, they lurk in one's path, throwing out great loops of persuasion, arresting one's flight, complicating one's impressions, oppressing, bewildering one with the renewed, half-forgotten sense of the hoarded richness of France.

Versailles first, unfolding the pillared expanse of its north façade to vast empty perspectives of radiating avenues; then Rambouillet, low in a damp little park, with statues along green canals, and a look, this moist March weather, of being somewhat below sea-level; then Maintenon, its rich red-purple walls and delicate stone ornament reflected in the moat dividing it from the village street. Both Rambouillet and Maintenon are characteristically French in their way of keeping company with their villages. Rambouillet, indeed, is slightly screened by a tall gate, a wall and trees; but Maintenon's warm red turrets look across the moat, straight into the windows of the opposite houses, with the simple familiarity of a time when class distinctions were too fixed to need emphasizing.

Our third château, Valençay — which, for comparison's sake, one may couple with the others, though it lies far south of Blois — Valençay bears itself with greater aloofness, bidding the town "keep its distance" down the hill on which the great house lifts its heavy angle-towers and flattened domes. A huge cliff-like wall, enclosing the whole southern flank of the hill, supports the terraced gardens before the château, which to the north is divided from the road by a vast *cour d'honneur* with a monumental grille and gateway. The impression is grander yet less noble.

But France is never long content to

repeat her effects; and between Maintenon and Valençay she puts Chartres and Blois. Ah, these grey old cathedral towns with their narrow clean streets widening to a central *place* — at Chartres a beautiful oval, like the market-place in an eighteenth-century print — with their clipped lime-walks, high garden-walls, Balzacian gables looking out on sunless lanes under the flanks of the granite giant! Save in the church itself, how frugally all the effects are produced — with how sober a use of greys and blacks, and pale high lights, as in some Van der Meer interior; yet how intense a suggestion of thrifty compact traditional life one gets from the low house-fronts, the barred gates, the glimpses of clean bare courts, the calm yet quick faces in the doorways! From these faces again one gets the same impression of remarkable effects produced by the discreetest means. The French physiognomy if not vividly beautiful is vividly intelligent; but the long practice of manners has so veiled its keenness with refinement as to produce a blending of vivacity and good temper nowhere else to be matched. And in looking at it one feels once more, as one so often feels in trying to estimate French architecture or the French landscape, how much of her total effect France achieves by elimination. If marked beauty be absent from the French face, how much more is marked dullness, marked brutality, the lumpishness of the clumsily-made and the unfinished! As a mere piece of workmanship, of finish, the French provincial face — the peasant's face, even — often has the same kind of interest as a work of art.

One gets, after repeated visits to the "show" towns of France, to feel these minor characteristics, the incidental graces of the foreground, almost to the exclusion of the great official spectacle in the centre of the picture; so that while the first image of Bourges or Chartres is that of a cathedral surrounded by a blur, later memories of the same places present a vividly individual town, with doorways, street-corners, faces intensely remembered, and in the centre a great cloudy Gothic splendour.

At Chartres the cloudy splendour is shot through with such effulgence of colour that its vision, evoked by memory, seems to beat with a fiery life of its own, as though red blood ran in its stone veins. It is this suffusion of heat and radiance that chiefly, to the untechnical, distinguishes it from the other great Gothic interiors. In all the rest, colour, if it exists at all, burns in scattered unquiet patches, between wastes of shadowy grey stone and the wan pallor of later painted glass; but at Chartres those quivering waves of unearthly red and blue flow into and repeat each other in rivers of light, from their source in the great western rose, down the length of the vast aisles and clerestory, till they are gathered up at last into the mystical heart of the apse.

A short afternoon's run carried us through dullish country from Chartres to Blois, which we reached at the fortunate hour when sunset burnishes the great curves of the Loire and lays a plum-coloured bloom on the slate roofs overlapping, scale-like, the slope below the castle. There are few finer *roof-views* than this from the wall at Blois: the blue sweep of gables and ridge-lines billowing up here and there into a church tower with its *clocheton* mailed in slate, or breaking to let through the glimpse of a carved façade, or the blossoming depths of a hanging garden; but perhaps only the eye subdued to tin house-tops and iron chimney-pots can feel the full poetry of old roofs.

Coming back to the Berry six weeks earlier than on our last year's visit, we saw how much its wide landscape needs the relief and modelling given by the varied foliage of May. Between bare woods and scarcely-budded hedges the great meadows looked bleak and monotonous; and only the village gardens hung out a visible promise of spring. But in the sheltered enclosure at Nohant, spring seemed much nearer; at hand already in

clumps of snow-drops and violets loosening the soil, in young red leaves on the rose-standards, and the twitter of birds in the heavy black-fruited ivy of the grave-yard wall. A gate leads from the garden into the corner of the grave-yard where George Sand and her children lie under an ancient yew. Feudal even in burial, they are walled off from the village dead, and the tombstone of Maurice Sand, as well as the monstrous stone chest over his mother's grave, bears the name of Dudevant and asserts a claim to the barony. Strange inconsequence of human desires, that the woman who had made her pseudonym illustrious enough to have it assumed by her whole family should cling in death to the obscure name of a repudiated husband; more inconsequent still that the descendant of kings, and the priestess of democracy and Fourierism, should insist on a right to the petty title which was never hers, since it was never Dudevant's to give! On the whole, the grave-stones at Nohant are disillusioning; except indeed that of the wretched Solange, with its three tragic words: *Mère de Jeanne.*

But the real meaning of the place must be sought close by, behind the row of tall windows opening on the tangled, mossy garden. They lead, these windows, straight into the life of George Sand: into the big cool dining-room, with its flagged floor and simple white-panelled walls, and the *salon* adjoining; the *salon*, alas, so radically remodelled in the unhappy mid-century period of wall-papers, stuffed furniture and centre table, that one seeks in vain for a trace of the original chatelaine of Nohant — that high-spirited, high-heeled old Madame Dupin who still haunts the panelled dining-room and the box-edged garden. Yet the *salon* has its special story to tell, for in George Sand's culminating time just such a long table with fringed cover and encircling arm-chairs formed the centre of French indoor life. About this elongated board sat the great woman's illustrious visitors, prolonging, as at a mental *table d'hôte*, that interminable dinner-talk which still strikes the hurried Anglo-Saxon as the typical expression of French sociability; and here the different arts of the household were practised — the painting, carving, and fine needle-work which a stronger-eyed generation managed to carry on by the light of a single lamp. Here, one likes especially to fancy, Maurice Sand exercised his chisel on the famous marionettes for the little theatre, while his mother, fitting their costumes with skilful fingers, listened, silent *comme une bête*, to the dissertations of Gautier, Flaubert or Dumas. The earlier life of the house still speaks, moreover, from the walls of the drawing-room, with the voice of jealously-treasured ancestral portraits — pictures of the demoiselles Verrières, of the great Marshal and the beautiful Aurora — strange memorials of a past which explains so much in the history of George Sand, even to the tempestuous face of Solange Clésinger, looking darkly across the room at her simpering unremorseful progenitors.

Our guide, a close-capped brown-and-ruddy *bonne*, led us next, by circuitous passages, to the most interesting corner of the house: the little theatre contrived with artless ingenuity out of what might have been a store-room or wine-cellar. One should rather say the little theatres, however, for the mistress of revels had managed to crowd two stages into the limited space at her disposal: one, to the left, an actual *scène*, with "life-size" scenery for real actors, the other, facing the entrance-door, the more celebrated marionette theatre, raised a few feet from the floor, with miniature proscenium arch and curtain; just such a *Puppentheater* as Wilhelm Meister described to Marianne, with a prolixity which caused that amiable but flighty young woman to fall asleep.

Between the two stages about twenty spectators might have found seats, behind the front row of hard wooden benches reserved for the chatelaine and her most distinguished guests. A clean emptiness

now pervades this temple of the arts: an emptiness made actually pathetic by the presence, on shelves at the back of the room, of the whole troupe of marionettes, brushed, spotless, well cared-for, and waiting only a touch on their wires to spring into life and populate their little stage. There they stand in wistful rows, the duenna, the Chimène, the *grande coquette*, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin, Neapolitan fishers, odalisques and peasants, brigands and soldiers of the guard; all carved with a certain rude vivacity, and dressed, ingeniously and thriftily, by the indefatigable fingers which drove the quill all night upstairs.

It brought one close to that strange unfathomable life, which only at Nohant grows clear, shows bottom, as it were; closer still to be told by the red-brown *bonne* that "Monsieur Maurice" had modelled many of his humorous peasant-types on "*les gens du pays;*" closest of all when she added, in answer to a question as to whether Madame Sand had really made the little frocks herself, "Oh, yes, I remember seeing her at work on them, and helping her with it. I was twelve years old when she died."

Here, then, was an actual bit of the Nohant tradition, before us in robust and lively middle age: one of the *berrichonnes* whom George Sand loved and celebrated, and who loved and served her in return. For a moment it brought Nohant within touch; yet the final effect of the contact, as one reflected on the vanished enthusiasms and ideals that George Sand's name revives, was the sense that the world of beliefs and ideas has seldom travelled so fast and far as in the years between *Indiana* and to-day.

From La Châtre, just south of Nohant, we turned due west along the valley of the Creuse, through a country possessing some local fame for picturesqueness, but which struck us, in its early spring nudity, as somewhat parched and chalky-looking, without sufficient woodland to drape its angles. It makes up however in architectural interest for what its landscape lacks, and not many miles beyond La Châtre the otherwise featureless little town of Neuvy-Saint-Sépulcre presents one feature of unusual prominence. This is the ancient round church from which the place is named: one of those copies of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem with which the returning crusader dotted western Europe. Aside from their intrinsic interest, these "sepulchre" churches have gained importance from the fact that but three or four are still extant. The most typical, that of Saint Bénigne at Dijon, has been levelled to a mere crypt, and that of Cambridge deviates from the type by reason of its octagonal dome; so that the church of Neuvy is of quite preëminent interest. A late Romanesque nave — itself sufficiently venerable-looking to stir the imagination in its own behalf — was appended in the early thirteenth century to the circular shrine; but the latter still presents to the dull old street its unbroken cylindrical wall, built close on a thousand years ago, and surmounted, some ninety years later, by a second story with a Romanesque exterior arcade. At this stage, however, one is left to conjecture, with the aid of expert suggestion, what manner of covering the building was meant to have. The present small dome, perched on the inner drum of the upper gallery, is an expedient of the most obvious sort; and the archæologists have inferred that the thinness of this drum may have made a more adequate form of roofing impossible.

To the idle sight-seer, at any rate, the interior of the church is much more suggestive than its bare outer shell. We were happy enough to enter it toward sunset, when dusk had gathered under the heavy encircling columns, and lights twinkled yellow on the central altar which has so regrettably replaced the "Grotto of the Sepulchre." It was our added good fortune that a small train of the faithful, headed by a red-cassocked verger and a priest with a benignant Massillon-like

head, were just making a circuit of the Stations of the Cross affixed to the walls of the aisle; and as we stood withdrawn, while the procession wound its way between shining altar and shadowy columns, some of the faces of the peasants seemed to carry us as far into the past as the strange symbolic masks on the capitals above their heads.

But what carries one farthest of all is perhaps the fact, well-known to modern archæology, that the original church built by Constantine over the grotto-tomb of Christ was not a round temple at all, but a vast basilica with semi-circular apse. The Persians destroyed this building in the seventh century, and the Christians who undertook to restore it could do no more than round the circle of the apse, thus at least covering over the sacred tomb in the centre. So swift was the succession of demolition and reconstruction in that confused and clashing age, so vague and soon obliterated were the records of each previous rule, that when the crusaders came they found no memory of this earlier transformation, and carried back with them that model of the round temple which was henceforth to stand, throughout western Europe, as the venerated image of the primitive church of Jerusalem.

Too much lingering in this precious little building brought twilight on us soon after we joined the Creuse at Argenton; and when we left it again at Le Blanc lights were in the windows, and the rest of our run to Poitiers was a ghostly flight through a moon-washed landscape, with here and there a church tower looming in the dimness, or a heap of ruined walls rising mysteriously above the white bend of a river. We suffered a peculiar pang when a long-roofed pile towering overhead told us that we were passing the great Benedictine abbey of Saint Savin, with its matchless lining of frescoes; but a certain mental satiety urged us on to Poitiers.

Travellers accustomed to the marked silhouette of Italian cities — to their immediate proffer of the picturesque impression — often find the old French provincial towns lacking in physiognomy. Each Italian city, whether of the mountain or the plain, has an outline easily recognizable after individual details have faded, and it is, obviously, much easier to keep separate one's memories of Siena and Orvieto than of Bourges and Chartres. Perhaps, therefore, the few French towns with definite physiognomies seem the more definite from their infrequency; and Poitiers is foremost in this distinguished group.

Not that it offers the distinctive *galbe* of such bold hill-towns as Angoulême or Laon. Though a hill-town in fact, it somehow makes next to nothing of this advantage, and the late Mr. Freeman was justified in grumbling at the lack of character in its sky-line. That character reveals itself, in fact, not in any picturesqueness of distant effect — in no such far-seen crown as the towers of Laon or the domes of Périgueux — but in the homogeneous interest of the old buildings within the city: the way they carry on its packed romantic history like the consecutive pages of a richly-illuminated chronicle. The illustration of that history begins with the strange little "temple" of St. John, a baptistery of the fourth century, and accounted the earliest Christian building in France — though this applies only to the lower story (now virtually the crypt), the upper having been added some three hundred years later, when baptism by aspersion had replaced the primitive plunge. Unhappily the ancient temple has suffered the lot of the too-highly treasured relic, and fenced about, restored, and converted into a dry little museum, has lost all that colour and pathos of extreme age that make the charm of humbler monuments.

This charm, in addition to many others, still clings to the expressive west front of Notre Dame la Grande, the incomparable little Romanesque church holding the centre of the market-place. Built of a dark grey stone which has taken on —

and been suffered to retain — a bloom of golden lichen like the trace of ancient weather-worn gilding, it breaks, at the spring of its portal-arches, into a profusion of serried, overlapping sculpture, which rises tier by tier to the splendid Christ Triumphant of the crowning gable, yet never once crowds out and smothers the structural composition, as Gothic ornament, in its most exuberant phase, was wont to do. Through all its profusion of statuary and ornamental carving, the front of Notre Dame preserves that subordination to classical composition that marks the Romanesque of southern France; but between the arches, in the great spandrils of the doorways, up to the typically Poitevin scales of the beautiful arcaded angle turrets, what richness of detail, what splendid play of fancy!

After such completeness of beauty as this little church presents — for its nave and transept tower are no less admirable than the more striking front — even such other monuments as Poitiers has to offer must suffer slightly by comparison. St. Hilaire le Grand, that notable eleventh-century church, with its triple aisles and its nave roofed by cupolas, and the lower-lying temple of Sainte Radegonde, which dates from the Merovingian queen from whom it takes its name, have both suffered such repeated alterations that neither carries the imagination back with as direct a flight as the slightly less ancient Notre Dame; and the cathedral itself, which one somehow comes to last in an enumeration of the Poitiers churches, is a singularly charmless building. Built in the twelfth century, by Queen Eleanor of Guyenne, at the interesting moment of transition from the round to the pointed arch, and completed later by a wide-sprawling Gothic front, it gropes after and fails of its effect both without and within. Yet it has one memorable possession in its thirteenth-century choir-stalls, almost alone of that date in France — tall severe seats, their backs formed by pointed arches with delicate low-relief carvings between the spandrils. There is, in especial, one small bat, with outspread web-like wings, so exquisitely fitted into its allotted space, and with such delicacy of observation shown in the modelling of its little half-human face, that it remains in memory as having the permanence of something classical, outside of dates and styles.

Having lingered over these things, and taken in by the way an impression of the confused and rambling Ducal Palace, with its magnificent Grande Salle completed and adorned by Jean de Berry, we began to think remorsefully of the wonders we had missed on our run from Le Blanc to Poitiers. We could not retrace the whole distance; but at least we could return to the curious little town of Chauvigny, of which we had caught a tantalizing glimpse above a moonlit curve of the Vienne.

We found it, by day, no less suggestive, and full of unsuspected riches. Of its two large Romanesque churches, the one in the lower town, beside the river, is notable, without, for an extremely beautiful arcaded apse, and contains within a striking fresco of the fifteenth century, in which Christ is represented followed by a throng of the faithful — kings, bishops, monks and clerks — who help to carry the cross. The other, and larger church, planted on the summit of the abrupt escarpment which lifts the *haute ville* above the Vienne, has a strange body-guard composed of no less than five feudal castles, huddled so close together on the narrow top of the cliff that their outer walls almost touch. The lack, in that open country, of easily-fortified points doubtless drove the Bishops of Poitiers (who were also Barons of Chauvigny) into this strange defensive alliance with four of their noble neighbours; and one wonders how the five-sided ménage kept the peace when local disturbances made it needful to take to the rock.

The gashed walls and ivy-draped dungeons of the rival ruins make an extraordinarily romantic setting for the curious church of Saint Pierre, staunchly

seated on an extreme ledge of the cliff, and gathering under its flank the handful of town within the fortified circuit. There is nothing in architecture so suggestive of extreme age, yet of a kind of hale durability, as these thick-set Romanesque churches, with their prudent vaulting, their solid central towers, the close firm grouping of their apsidal chapels. The Renaissance brought the classic style into such permanent relationship to modern life, that eleventh-century architecture seems remoter than Greece and Rome; yet its buildings have none of the perilous frailty of the later Gothic, and one associates the idea of romance and ruin rather with the pointed arch than with the round.

Saint Pierre is a singularly good example of this stout old school, which saw the last waves of barbarian invasion break at its feet, and seems likely to see the ebb and flow of so many other tides before its stubborn walls go under. It is in their sculptures, especially, that these churches reach back to a dim, fearful world of which few clues remain to us: the mysterious baleful creatures peopling their archivolts and capitals seem to have come out of some fierce vision of Cenobite temptation, when the hermits of the desert fought with the painted devils of the tombs.

The apsidal capitals of Saint Pierre are a very menagerie of such strange demons — evil beasts grinning and mocking among the stocky saints and angels who set forth, unconcerned by such hideous propinquity, the story of the birth of Christ. The animals are much more skilfully modelled than the angels, and at Chauvigny one slender monster, with grey-hound flanks, sub-human face, and long curved tail ending in a grasping human hand, haunts the memory as an embodiment of subtle malevolence.

(*To be continued.*)

JUSTICE TO THE CORPORATIONS

BY HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

Lately our great public has been reflecting on the evil deeds of corporations and has been seeing them punished, and even threatened with destruction, until people have forgotten the great benefits which the corporations have brought to the country. Yet in our modern world men will combine in every way to accomplish their desired ends, whether to reach a fuller, larger service, or to win more happiness or power; in short, they combine to obtain what is otherwise impossible without combination, and the best form of combination for business is a corporation. Combination is but one phase of the advance of civilization, and must bring in its train benefits or hardships to some men and jealousy to many men. Following the natural impulse of mankind, there springs up the wish to punish some one, either for losses borne or for riches gained by successful men; and corporations, becoming an entity in the eyes of the world, are attacked; therefore we hear much of past sins and are told that justice must be meted out to these corporations or, preferably, to the wicked corporation managers, for only the managers or officers can be blamed. But corporations are simply bodies of men and women who, busy with their own affairs, combine their capital and intrust to directors or officers the conduct of their business. The shareholders of these corporations have not sinned, yet they must suffer because, as we are told, juries will

not punish the officers and, therefore, they punish the corporations. The logic is bad; one cannot punish the son because the father has done wrong.

These corporations have wrought great material benefits to every country which has used them, and every country which has not developed the system of corporations has been left far behind in material progress; for as a result of combining capital in corporations there follows work for the willing hungry men and women whose numbers increase fast and who flock to the workshops of these corporations. It would be a problem to feed and clothe this growing multitude of human beings if it were not for the corporations, and the pessimist meets this problem by a prayer for terrible plagues or bloody, useless wars as means for destroying the human race.

It is idle to reply that the corporation managers have done their great deeds from selfish motives, for the same is true of every living creature at every hour. We all ask both for enlightened selfishness and for thought and care of others; but, in order to win our bread, we must think and work for ourselves as well as for others. Yet it is true that in no age has organized altruism been so common as to-day, and it is a necessary consequence of good work that it perforce helps others. We are all bound together by the laws of nature, and help each other whether we will or not. The idea that "I can live by myself and need nothing from my fellow-men" is untenable and barbaric.

Who have built all the mills, the dams, the railroads, the tramways, the gas and electric works, and who have dug the mines? The corporations, made and managed by enterprising, able, thoughtful, patient men. Have they failed or succeeded? They have done both in many, many cases. Would men undertake such tasks if warned at the outstart that they could reap but a portion of their success, and must bear the whole of their loss or their failure? Surely not. The nations which show the greatest energy, invention, resource, and patience, have won the great economic prizes, and we Americans have settled and developed our splendid country by virtue of these qualities. Who then is to judge what portion of gain is to come to the pioneers, and how did these judges learn their chosen high task, namely, to judge rightly? — for judgment is a great gift, which results from much knowledge, reflection, and high conduct.

To every man forty years old, remembering accurately his youth, the developments of the nineteenth century seem incredible. A group of men undertook to build a railroad into the wilderness where no house had ever stood, and settlers followed and built houses, barns, and presently towns and cities. These railroad pioneers struggled, failed, tried again, failed again, but in the mean time the homes for thousands were made. Crops, cattle, horses, schoolhouses, churches, and towns followed, and, lo, a new state was born! If, in the struggle for existence, bargains and railroad rates were made which seemed a hardship to the farmers, is it not fair to ask whence came these iron roadways and how the farmers would have marketed their crops without them? And, moreover, is there a railroad in our broad land that has not been forced to wade through dire distress, if not bankruptcy — bankruptcy often repeated several times?

The Union Pacific Railroad is a fair sample. The United States Government offered a large land grant in order to get a line connecting the East with the Pacific Coast, and, by adding a handsome subsidy in money and land, induced some bold — and we used to think foolish — men to build that railroad. It cost the leader of the group insolvency, and cost his associates great anxiety and loss. The burden crushed many partners in the enterprise, and the company was only saved in 1884 through the indorsement of its notes by all the directors. Eventually it was set on its feet through the

assumption of great risks by the directors, great labor by its officers, and by the gradual growth of the country.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad was built early and the rails were laid on stone ties, as more steady and lasting than wood. Every tie had to be taken out because they were too rigid, and the shareholders bought this experience and bore this loss. For years our Massachusetts roads struggled to maintain themselves and to pay to the shareholders a decent rate on the money invested. The Rutland Railroad has been but a sink for money poured in again and again during fifty years, in the vain hope of a return, and in a degree this is true of all the Vermont railroads.

One short piece of railroad in Iowa was in the hands of a friend in 1858 who, writing about it at that time, spoke slightingly of it. The shares cost $100 (full paid) in 1857 and made no return until 1880. Yet now it is a link in the main line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. The original stockholder, reckoning interest on his money, found the shares costing him $400 a share, and to this day he has never received a decent return on his money. No doubt he sold his shares long before 1880 because he needed the money.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was a case of failure and success. About 1870 Jay Cooke undertook to build that line in an unknown region where snow came early and stayed late. Men laughed at him but he persisted, issued his bonds, and in 1873 came down with a crash. Presently, as years went on, Villard proposed the scheme to Morgan and was met with approval. The work was taken up with great determination, the public lent its money freely, and in 1883–84 another failure came. But a railroad once built must run. Little by little, the country filled up with busy immigrants, the railroad officers persevered, the owners were patient, and the result is before us — a fine, modern railroad through a splendid country populated by a busy people who are efficiently served by this railroad; but forty years have been needed to achieve this result, and it might be well to count the hearts broken and the fortunes lost in the struggle.

What is the usual comment of experienced men about the investment of capital in these new companies? "Wait until that railroad has had the childish diseases — mumps, scarlet fever, measles, and the like, and be grateful if you don't get a case of cancer." What is true of the railroads is true of the factories, oil-wells, and mines. In almost every case our cotton mills have been forced to reduce their capital (always full paid at the outstart) because of losses by bad debts, mistakes of judgment, changes of tariff, and the need of new machinery. Woolen mills have had much harder luck from the difficulty of meeting the unsuspected problems, and yet their product has clothed many of us at half the cost of the goods. The same is true of the iron mills near Boston, which were once of so much importance and have now disappeared — their owners impoverished or ruined. Innumerable iron mines have been opened with skill and managed with ability; the miners have been paid and the owners have been ruined.

The wrecks of cattle companies in our western states are laughing-stocks because a laugh is the sole return which the owners have ever had; yet the cowboys were paid their wages and the country ate the beef. If the truth were known, very many successful corporations have been built on the ruins of others, and, because the successors have reaped the harvest sown by the original men, they have prospered, but the return on the first and second capital taken together is not large.

The Bell Telephone Company struggled for years to get a footing. Luckily it was taken in hand by some young and energetic men of means who, after risking their first money, found that it was insolvent; then had to meet a very power-

ful corporation in mortal combat; lastly, had to overcome a fierce, long fight about the patents; and, finally, by the incredible ability and industry of their counsel and the unyielding courage of the managers and stockholders, won. We all know the unspeakable gain to the world from this company, and do we remember that this work has killed the leaders in the struggle? Whatever gain in money has come to the original men of this company, it is none too much to compensate the founders for their work and sacrifice. Their great counselor never owned a share of stock because he wished to keep his nerve steady and his eyes clear to the good of his company. Is it a question whether the world or the telephone managers have made the greater gain?

Lastly, the United States Steel Company was organized to avoid the fatal quarrels and to combine the advantages of several steel companies which made many kinds of articles and which could manufacture better and more economically under one head. A cardinal principle of the United States Steel Company was to prevent extreme fluctuations between high and low prices, such as had formerly prevailed in the iron and steel industries. Always a feast or a famine had been the rule, and such a rule is most injurious to the workmen, who need steady wages, and to the owners, who need steady returns. The company has asked the workmen to become shareholders of preferred stock, and has conducted its affairs wisely, bettering its plants and increasing its cash in bank. The United States Steel Company has lived up to its principles and to-day stands like a rock in the storm. It is a corporation which has set to all manufacturers a wholesome example of well conducted business, giving a reasonable, steady return and steady work.

To all these tasks from the beginning to the end went wonderful energy, resource, and patient industry — the same qualities, although in a greater degree, which have turned our great western states into granaries and homes, and wrought out civilization of a certain kind. Most of our great railroads and industrial enterprises have had the same history; and now to us older men who have seen money and hope and life sunk in these colossal tasks, arises strongly the wish that justice should be done to these men and to their numerous supporters, who have bought their bonds and shares, and have waited for returns — too often in vain.

Now what does all this preface mean? Simply that if justice is to be done, we must remember the childish diseases which mark the early history of all these great corporations, and the agony going with them, and that the efforts, the struggles, the sufferings, the genius of the pioneers are not to be disregarded. Of course these pioneers and their successors may have sometimes gone too far in their efforts and have made too hard bargains after they had achieved success. But does the farmer who paid $1.25 or $2.50 an acre for his land demand anything less than the utmost price for his crops or his cattle, and does he not sometimes sell his goods as first-rate even when they are damaged? And to-day, when a newcomer asks for a price on the $1.25 per acre farm, does the owner blush as he names $50 an acre for land which has already enriched him even to the extent of a handsome bank account? He has taken his risk, has worked very hard, has succeeded, has earned and fairly deserves his profit, and why should he hesitate to take all that he can get? Often he has bought his land of the railroad, which owned it in fee and which has served him well, but now has he the right to turn and rend his maker? The benefit has been and is mutual, and this fact he and his countrymen should remember. Therein lies the basis of his prosperity and of honor and fair dealing between man and man; in short, the foundation for a civilized community. We, as a nation, rejoice in this splendid agricultural population, but we ask the agri-

cultural population to remember the men who helped to make the land and its great prosperity; and we ask our rulers to be mindful of the facts. We ask the farmers to remember their own dark days of short crops and of low prices, and then to reflect on their later results which appear in the farmers' deposits of cash in banks — $225,000,000 in one new western state, $300,000,000 in another. These farmers always have shelter and food and, so far, stand better in the world than many of their fellow-countrymen. They have fought and won their own deserved success, but they cannot fairly carp at the success of other men who have worked as hard and borne as much as they. The great officers of great corporations, who have brought untold blessings to many people, are not to be lightly censured. They and such as they have grown up under different conditions from those now existing. They have lived under the high pressure of new and difficult enterprises; under the powerful influences of the greatest and the worst trust in existence, — our United States Tariff, — which has given to our nation great wealth and has also been the source of great corruption.

Thinking of these great pioneers three cases among many loom up in the writer's memory. One, of a poor boy who passed through one stage of honest industry after another, never flagged in his task and, while intent on the day's work, saw his chance to acquire a piece of bankrupt railroad, and built it on until he had reached the Pacific Ocean, using his knowledge and skill to win success; who has toiled without salary, allowing neither to himself nor any of his officials side profits or interest in adjoining lands, factories, or mines, contributing business to his railroad; who has distributed throughout his country, at his own cost, the best live stock, and has helped in divers ways everybody within his domain.

Another man, beginning without money and with only his own education and right arm, has built up a colossal mining property, has seen to it that the miners should have excellent homes, hospitals, churches, schoolhouses and clubhouses, to say nothing of a dozen physicians and a large fund for the relief of the sick and the wounded. One staunch and able friend bore his full share of the labor and went through very deep water before, at the end of five years of great labor and anxiety, the first money return came. During this period the shares sold for five dollars and people did not like to acknowledge their ownership. Since that day the shares have sold at one thousand dollars, and the price was not too high for their intrinsic value. Some friends were always ready to help the officers of the company, and the end was a great victory. It would be very hard to estimate the material and educational benefits which have come to the world from this company's great wealth. When the mine was opened it was in a wilderness where now stand several towns, aggregating forty thousand people, dependent for their livelihood on this enterprise.

The third instance is most remarkable. In 1858 Charles Elliott Perkins took service as a clerk in a railroad office and from that time stayed in the same service until his death on November 8 of this year. He was the chief factor in building up and managing the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, 8,700 miles long, thereby opening to our agricultural population new farms and homes in fourteen states. He inspired the people of these states and the men of his company with great respect and liking. In a period of great distress and distrust throughout our whole land he deliberately, with a full knowledge of the facts and against strong remonstrance, put his shoulders under a bank in which he had but a very slight interest and no responsibility, rescued it from insolvency by a sacrifice of the larger part of the fortune which he had earned, and saved it and his state from serious embarrassment.

His only wish was that he should not be known in the matter.

When the corporations became self-supporting and powerful, they were met by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, an act loosely framed and drawn. This act was intended to prevent monopolies and also combinations in restraint of trade. It is not clear what either of these things is. Many combinations of railroads are most beneficial to the public and are welcomed by them. If several corporations aim to keep steady the prices of commodities much used by our people and to prevent great fluctuations, they thereby antagonize speculation. Here is what Judge Taft, now Secretary of War, says about that act: "The Sherman Anti-Trust Act is one which might have been made much more definite, in justice to the business community, in justice to the executive and other courts required to enforce it, and a large share of the difficulty which has been experienced in attempted execution of that act is due, not at all to the lack of energy and courage on the part of the executive or courts in enforcing it, but to the indefiniteness of the act and the necessity for mending it or rendering it specific by judicial decision in such a way that it may become of practical use. The first section against conspiracies in restraint of trade is perhaps not so difficult to construe, but when it comes to the definition of what an unlawful monopoly is in interstate trade, it is no wonder that even at this late day there has been no satisfactory judicial decision which can be used as a guide by those charged with the immediate execution of the law." No wonder that men were puzzled by an act which even our learned lawyers could not understand and which our courts could not construe. These corporation officers had grown up under another system and were astonished at a law which was neither well-considered nor well-expressed and which fettered their action; and, although willing to be ruled justly, they chafed under unknown restriction.

After the Sherman Act came the Elkins Act, which was but feebly enforced. As a result, men made light of it. Now we have reached a different and more difficult stage, and the railroad man has noted well that his franchise was granted by the territory — now state — to which he owes allegiance and obedience. If the inhabitants of his state forget the past and enact laws too stringent and unjust, the railroad man must nevertheless obey them and serve his public as well as the railroad rates will allow; but the inhabitants of the state on their side would do well to remember how shy of railroad securities the great body of investors has been at times, because of bad crops and floods and of the fear born of granger threats, and they should not forget that if investors will not buy railroad bonds the railroads have only their earnings for improvements.

And here another aspect of affairs presents itself. It is to be borne in mind that the great body of investors, whether individuals or institutions, are cautious and often timid, buy only investments of an established character, and do not touch the new ventures, which must, therefore, rely on the good-will and the pockets of the pioneers. The pioneers know that they must bear the delays invariably accompanying new ventures, and must meet frequent losses; therefore they ask for handsome returns. If these men think the laws or the restrictions too severe, and fear that they will be attacked hereafter on account of large profits, they will undertake nothing new and will even let incomplete ventures rest. It is these men who give employment to millions of wage-earners, and they must be tempted by the chance of good profits, else they will remain passive.

Already we see the beginning of dull times, for many enterprises are halting and many factories are curtailing work because of the extreme difficulty of getting the needed capital. The whole world has been developing manufactures and trade too fast and must suffer for a time

from the effects of undue enterprise. It is a mistake in which we all have shared and which, having brought benefits to the world, will now bring temporary losses. This condition of affairs seems strange, for trade can hardly be too good, crops too fine, railroad traffic too large, factory products excessive. Yet such is the case to-day, for we need capital and ready money. When the pressure for ready money becomes too severe, some large house or some bank fails and then fright seizes people who, otherwise reasonable, fear the loss of their money on deposit, and, forgetting all common-sense arguments, withdraw it and hide it in stockings or boxes, thereby greatly increasing the difficulties of the borrowers. Such action is natural, childish, selfish, for the lender has been glad to lend his money and, therefore, to receive interest for it; and he cannot fairly at a critical moment ruin the borrower or inflict on him heavy loss. In such days who is it that saves the situation? It is the business men of nerve and experience, the founders and managers of great enterprises, because they know that this same law of combination, of manful and resourceful team-play, is effective and sure of success in the end. See what a few determined, thoughtful men have lately done in New York; simply by joining hands all around, they help the men temporarily embarrassed, and keep cool, because they know the true course to be taken and think of the great public rather than of themselves. They know that our financial institutions are sound and well conducted, and, if a weak spot is seen, they repair it for the moment and later on cure it. They fully recognize the need of prompt action and few words.

At such times as we have lately been through some honest men, wishing to meet their obligations, are prone to lose their nerve, and any relief, any assurance which can quiet them, is wise. At such times hard words and harsh legislation are dangerous because they may easily lead to the long depression usually following panics, and to the consequent idleness of many wage-earners. If, on the other hand, these pioneers and capitalists are not harshly treated, probably after a period of adjustment the corporations will go on and presently flourish; but several remedies for the existing troubles may be applied to-day.

It may never be forgotten that we are all in the same boat, that we must help or hurt one another, and that it is idle to call Wall Street hard names or to speak of serious troubles there as a "Wall Street flurry." Wall Street is the money shop of our country, to which the man who would build a railroad or a factory or open a mine comes for his capital. He comes at first when he begins or he comes at last when he needs more capital. In this same street live and labor a large number of able, wise, courageous men who are ready for any enterprise which is promising and well considered. They are not gamblers or thieves as is sometimes said, but men who know that ability, knowledge, and chiefly character, are the needed elements of success. Nowhere in the world is character more highly valued or relied on than in the great marts of commerce. The nation and our legislators can safely trust the ruling Wall Street men and expect great results from them. Any nation is fortunate if its public men average as well as they do.

Interdependence of the farmer, the wage-earner, the manufacturer, the railroad manager, the miner, the banker, the schoolteacher, the seamstress, the professional man is essential; is, in short, the essence of all society, all nations. To-day the farmer and the planter assert their independence of banks and rely on their real riches, the crops; but they can hardly move their crops to market, because, through foolish fear, money is hard to find, and yet the money of the last month or last year is all in existence and has not been eaten up. It is simply hidden by foolish people who presently will recover their senses, deposit their money in the banks, which will send it to the

farmers, who then will return bread and meat to feed us. It is a circle which must exist, and he who breaks it even for a minute injures us all. The farmer depends on the banker and the banker on the farmer, and so on, — it is a law of God, for which we may all be grateful. The laws of the world which have sprung from human usage, from the struggles and habits of men, from the thought and high purpose of great statesmen, in short, the unchangeable laws of the world,[1] may well be deemed better guides than the laws occasionally enacted by legislators who often do not understand their subject and still more often do not express themselves clearly, — *vide* the Sherman Law.

Punish future infractions of the laws by the corporations, but punish the officials and not the stockholders. If juries hesitate and fine the corporations, it is an act of great injustice; in short, it is an outrage. Let the present laws stand and watch their result, for the wise physician prescribes one medicine and watches its effect before prescribing another. Cease all threats or hard words about the corporations and capitalists, for such words are only idle and frighten a public already scared. And one may not forget that the savings banks are the great owners of corporation bonds and notes, are, in short, the trustees of the wages of the great wage-earning public; for the poor men lend to the rich corporations because they know that the notes of the rich corporations have always been their safest investment.

Let bygones be bygones. Past offenses against laws which have not been diligently enforced may safely be regarded with leniency, for the offenders have perforce formed their habits of business long ago and have not believed that the government really "meant it." Now they are sure that the government "means it." The old Saturday night spanking for faults which the children may have committed without the knowledge of their parents has been given up. Let us begin anew, knowing that the corporations are to-day obeying the laws, and knowing also that the standards of honesty, honor, and fair dealing between man and man have been carefully studied and are higher than in the last century. We live in a busy day, and so let us busy ourselves with the future and try to fit our acts to the newer standards.

Finally, the power to see the truth and to deal out justice to many men of many virtues and faults is difficult, and humility in the face of great problems as yet unsolved is needed if our rulers, wishing to do their full duty and to be honored in the future, are to be called not only able but wise. Our rulers of nation and of state are our servants also, and we expect of them trust and belief in our citizens, just as we trust them, and we ask them to recognize that the highest, largest virtue is wisdom — wisdom in the administration of human affairs.

[1] Since writing this article I have seen the noble words of the late Mr. James C. Carter, and I add them (with deep gratitude to him) to my own words: "I hope at least that I have done something to convince my hearers that while Legislation is a command of the Sovereign, the unwritten Law is not a command at all; that it is not the dictate of Force but an emanation from Order."

ROSE MACLEOD[1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XI

On the way back to the house, Peter kept looking solicitously at Rose, breaking now and then into quick regrets.

"What have I done?" he asked her, in his impetuous stammer. "Should n't I have written to your father? Rose, what have I done?"

She seemed not to hear him. Her face had a strained expression, the old look he remembered from the days of Tom's illness and her not quite natural grief. Then she had never given way to the irrepressible warmth of sorrow, like a loving wife. She had seemed to harden herself, and that he accounted for by his knowledge of Tom's hideous past. The woman had known him, Peter reflected, from illuminating intercourse, and his death meant chiefly the turning of a blotted page. But now! over her bloom of youth was the same shadowing veil. She was not so much a woman moved by strong emotion as made desperate through hidden causes. Still he besought her to forgive him, finally to look at him. Then she wakened.

"It's all right, Peter," she said absently. "It had to be."

But still he saw no reason for her blight and pain. It was not merely incredible, it was impossible that any one should shrink because Markham MacLeod was coming. At the door she did look at him. He was shocked at the drooping sadness of her face. Yet she was smiling.

"Don't bother, Peter," she said. "You 've done nothing wrong, nothing whatever."

Then she went up the stairs, and Peter, after watching the last glimmer of her dress, strode away into the orchard and threw himself on the grass. Thoughts not formulated, emotions one yeast of unrest went surging through him, until he felt himself a riot of forces he could not control. It was youth that moved him, his own ungoverned youth, but it seemed to him life, and that all life was like it. Peter thought he had experienced enormously because he had lived in Paris and painted pictures. Yet he had never governed his course of being. It had been done for him. The greatest impression it had made on him thus far was of the extreme richness of things. There was so much of everything! He was young. There was a great deal of time, and if he did not paint his pictures this year, he could do it next. There were infinite possibilities. He had ease and talent and power. He had, even so far, won laurels enough to be a little careless of them. Since he had by the happy pains of art got so much out of life, he made no doubt that by superlative efforts, which he meant to make in that divine future where the sun was always shining, he should set all the rivers afire. There was money enough, too. He had never lacked it, thanks to old Osmond's thrift, Osmond who did not need it himself in the ordinary ways of man. He found such pure fun in the pleasures money bought that there was a separate luxury in giving it up, turning it in to the sum of things, and living straitly that labor might take some ease.

And here he lay on the grass, youth seething within him and pointing like a drunken guide, a vine-crowned reveler, to a myriad paths, all wonderful. His mind wandered to Rose and settled there in a delighted acquiescence. He had never before given himself wholly up to her spell, but now, whether the summer day beguiled him, or whether her mysteri-

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ous trouble moved him, he thought of her until they seemed to be alone together on the earth, — and that was happiness. Beauty! that was what she meant to him, he told himself when thought was at last uppermost, and not mere passionate feeling. She was delight and harmony, and allegiance to her was like worship of the world.

When he got out of his dream and went in to dinner with the noon sun upon his burning face, she was on the veranda with grannie, a little pale still, but sweet and responsive in the quiet ways she had for every day. Peter, looking at her, felt the sun go out of his blood, and the mad worship of that hour in the orchard seemed like a past bacchanal rout and triumph when the worshipers go home to feed the flocks. His will, recalled, took him by swift revulsion to Electra, but it could not make the journey welcome. She seemed to be far away on some barren plain at the top of climbing. Rose, too, was far away, but the mountain where she lived was full of springs and blossomy slopes, and at the top the muses and the graces danced and laughed. There were flying feet always, the gleam of draperies, the fall of melody, — always pleasures and the hint of pleasures higher still, — and echoes from old joys tasted by gods and nymphs in the childhood of the world. The way there, too, was hard, but what would the path matter to such blisses of the mind and soul? In his daze he became aware that grannie was looking at him kindly.

"I guess you've been asleep," said she.

"He's been dreaming, too," said Rose, in her intimate kindliness, always the same to him as if he were a boy with whom she had a tender and confident relation.

Peter rubbed his eyes.

"I got lost," he said ruefully. "I went up on the mountain and got lost."

"I guess you dreamed it," said grannie. "Come, let's have our dinner;" and they went in together, both the young things helping her.

Peter reflected that Rose had not even heard what he said. She did not care what the mountain was, or whether he was lost. But at the table, while grannie talked about gardening and the things Osmond meant to do another year, and Rose glanced up with involuntary question in her eyes whenever Osmond's name was mentioned, he seemed to have the vision of the mountain again before him and to hear the laughter and the sound of dancing feet. The picture, little by little, faded and would not be recalled, and by afternoon it had quite gone. Sobered, his feet on the earth again, he went away in the early evening, to see Electra.

Rose waited until the dark had really fallen and evening sounds had begun. Then she stole out of the house and, a black cloak about her, this time, went across the fields to the oak-tree. At a little distance from it she paused, her heart too imperious to let her speak and find out whether he was there. But when she was about to venture it, a voice came from under the tree.

"Don't stay there, playmate. Come into the house."

Then she went on.

"Where are you?" she asked. There was an eloquent quiver in her voice.

"Never mind. I'm in the house. Stop where you are. There's a little throne. I made it for you."

She had her hand on the back of a rough chair. At once she seated herself.

"I never heard of a throne in a playhouse," she said, with that new merriment he made for her.

"You never saw a playhouse just like this. That's a beautiful throne. It fits together like a chair. It's here in the playhouse by night, but before daylight I draw it up into the tree and hide it."

"What if somebody finds it?"

"They'll think it's a chair."

"What if they break it?"

"That's easy. We'll make another. There's nothing so easy as to make a throne for a playhouse, if you know the

way. Well, playmate, how have you been, all this long time?"

When she came across the field she had meant to tell him how sad she was, how perplexed, how incapable of meeting the ills confronting her. But immediately it became unnecessary, and she only laughed and said, —

"It has n't been a long time at all."

"Has n't it? Oh, I thought it had."

"Have you been here every night?"

"Every night."

"But it rained."

"I know it, outside. It does n't rain in a playhouse."

"Did you truly come?"

"Of course. What did I tell you? I said 'every night.'"

"Did you have an umbrella?"

"An umbrella in a playhouse? You make me laugh."

"You must have got wet through."

"Not always. Sometimes I climbed up in the branches — in the roof, I mean. You're eclipsed to-night, are n't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"That dark cloak. The other night you were a white goddess sitting there in the moonlight. You were terribly beautiful then. It's almost a shame to be so beautiful. This is better. I rather like the cloak. You're nothing but a voice to-night, coming out of the dark."

Immediately she had a curious jealousy of the white dress that made her beautiful to him when he did not really know her face.

"You have never seen me," she said involuntarily.

"Oh yes, I have. In the shack, that night. Then the day you came. I saw you driving by."

"Where were you?"

"In the yard looking at some grafted trees. Peter was late from the train. I got impatient, so I went round fussing over the trees, to keep myself busy. Then you came up the drive, and I saw you and retreated in good order."

"You need n't have hated me so. You had n't really seen me."

"I saw enough. I saw your cheek and one ear and the color of your hair. Take care, playmate, you must n't do that."

"What?"

"You must n't say I hated you. You know it was n't hate."

Some daring prompted her to ask, "What was it then?" but she folded her hands and crossed her feet in great contentment and was still.

"Tell me things," she heard him saying.

"What things? About the house up there? About grannie? About Peter?"

"No, no. I know all about grannie and Peter. Tell me things I never could know unless we were here in the playhouse, in the dark."

Her mind went off, at that, to the wonder of it. She was here in strange circumstances, and of all the occurrences of her life, it seemed the most natural. Immediately she had the warmest curiosity, the desire that he should talk inordinately and tell her all the things he had done to-day, yesterday, all the days.

"You tell," she said. "Begin at the beginning, and tell me about your life."

"Why, playmate!" His voice had even a sorrowful reproach. "There 's nothing in it. Nothing at all. I have only dug in the ground and made things grow."

"What people have you known?"

"Grannie."

"She is n't people."

"She's my people. She's all there is, except Peter, and he has n't been here."

Something like jealousy possessed her. She was stung by her own ignorance.

"But there are lots of years when we did n't meet," she said.

"Lots of them. But I don't care anything about them. I told you so the other night."

"Don't you care about mine?"

"Not a bit."

She was lightheaded with the joy of it. There were things she need not tell him.

"Not the years before we met?" Then because she was a woman, she had to spoil the cup. "Nor the years after I go away?"

"No, not the years when you've gone away. You can't take this night with you, nor the other night."

He had hurt her.

"That's enough, then — a memory."

Osmond laughed a little. It was a tender sound, as if he might scold her, but not meaning it.

"You must n't be naughty," he said. "There's nothing naughtier in a playhouse than saying what is n't true. You know if you go away you'll come back again. You can't help it. It may be a long time first. You were twenty-five years in coming this time. But you'll have to come. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said gravely, "I know that." Then the memory of her wandering life and the sore straits of it voiced itself in one cry, "I don't want to go. I want to stay."

"Stay, dear playmate," said the other voice. "There never will be a night when I'm not here. Is the playhouse key in your hand, all tight and warm? I wear mine round my neck. We shan't lose them."

Immediately she felt that she must tell him her new trouble.

"My father is coming here," she said, in a low tone.

"Ah!" he answered quickly. "You won't like that."

"How do you know?"

"From what you said the other night. You don't like him."

"Is it dreadful to you, if I don't like my father?"

She put it anxiously, with timidity, and he answered, —

"It's inevitable. He has n't treated you well."

She was staring at him through the darkness, though she could see nothing.

"You are a wizard," she said, "a wizard. Why do you say he has not treated me well?"

"Because I see how you hate him. You would never hate without reason. You are all gentleness. You know you are. You'd go on your knees to the man that was your father, and beg him to be good enough so you could love him. And if you could n't — George! that settles him. Why, playmate, you're not crying!"

She was crying softly to herself. But for a little unconsidered sniff he need not have known it.

"I like to cry," she said, in a moment. "I like to cry — like this."

"It's awful," said the other voice, apparently to itself. "To make you cry and not know how to stop you. Don't do it, playmate!"

She laughed then.

"I won't cry," she promised, "but if you knew how pleasant it is when it only means somebody understands and likes you just as well — "

"Better," said the voice. "I always like you better. Whatever you do, that's the effect it has. Now let's talk about your father. We can't stop his coming?"

"No. Nobody ever stopped him yet in anything."

"Then what can we do to him after he gets here?"

"That's what I am trying to think. Sometimes I'm afraid I must run away — before he comes."

"Yes, playmate, if you think so." There was something sharp in the tone: a quick hurt, a premonition of pain, and it was soothing to her.

"But I've so little money." She said that to herself, and his answer shocked her.

"There's money, if that's all. I'll bury it here under a stone, and you shall find it."

"No! no! no! How could you! oh, how could you!"

The voice was hurt indeed now, and willing to be thought so.

"Why, playmate, is that so dreadful? Money's the least important thing there is."

"It is important," said she broodingly. "It seems to me all my miseries, my disgraces have come from that."

"You don't want to tell me about them? You don't think it would make them better?"

"You said you did n't care. You said what we had lived through — what I had — these twenty-five years, made no difference!"

"Not to me. But when it comes to you, why, maybe I could help you."

She thought a while and then answered definitely and coldly, —

"No, I can't do it. I should have to tell — too many things."

"Then we won't think of it," said the voice. "Only you must remember, there 's money, and there 's — Peter to take you off and hide you somewhere. You can trust Peter." Again he seemed ready to break their companionship, and she wondered miserably.

"You seem to think of nothing but my going away."

"I must think of it. Nothing is more likely."

"You don't seem to care!"

"Playmate!" Again the voice reproached her.

"Well!"

"There's but one thing I think of — really. To give you a little bit of happiness while you are here. After that — well, you can make the picture for yourself. I shall come to the playhouse every night — alone."

The one thing perhaps that had been the strongest in guiding her romantic youth had been eternal faithfulness. Her heart beat at the word "forever." Now her gratitude outran his calm.

"Will you do it?" she cried.

"Shall I promise?"

"No! no! I would not have you do it really — only want to do it. Do you think you will remember — to want to come?"

He said the words after her, so slowly that they seemed to come from lips set with some stern emotion.

"I shall remember. I shall want to come."

She rose.

"Good-night," she said. "Shake hands?"

"No," said the voice, "not that. In playhouses you can't shake hands. Good-night — dear lady."

She turned away, and then, because she was silent, the voice called after her, —

"Playmate!"

"Yes."

"I shall follow you to the wall and watch you home. You're not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"And you're almost happy?"

At the anxiety in his voice, she was unreasonably happy.

"Yes," she called back. "Good-night."

"Got the key safe?"

"All safe. Good-night."

"God bless you, playmate." That was what she thought she heard.

XII

Madam Fulton was at the library table, considering her morning mail, and Billy Stark sat on the veranda just outside the window where she could call to him and be cheerfully answered. Presently Electra came in, a book, a pencil, and some slips of paper in her hand. There was intense consideration on her brow. She had on, her grandmother thought with discouragement, her clubwoman's face. Billy Stark, seeing her, got up and with his cigar and his newspaper wandered away. He had some compassion for Electra and her temperament, though not for that could he abstain from the little observances due his engagement to Madam Fulton. He had a way of bringing in a flower from the garden and presenting it to the old lady with an exaggerated significance. Electra always winced, but Madam Fulton was delighted. He called her "Florrie," prettily, and "Florrie, dear." Again Electra shrank, and then he took the wrinkled hand. One

day Madam Fulton looked up at him with a droll mischief in her eyes.

"I suppose it's an awful travesty, is n't it, Billy?"

"Not for me," said Billy loyally. "Can't I be in love with a woman at the end of fifty years? I should smile."

"It's great fun," she owned. Then more than half in earnest, "Billy, do you suppose I shall go to hell?"

This morning Electra had found something to puzzle her.

"I've been working on your book a little, grandmother," she began.

"What book? My soul and body!" The old lady saw the cover and laid down her pen. "That's my 'Recollections.' What are you doing with that?"

"They are extremely interesting," said Electra absorbedly. She sat down and laid her notes aside, to run over a doubtful page. "We are going to have an inquiry meeting on it."

"We? Who?"

"The club. Everybody was deeply disappointed because you've refused to say anything, but it occurred to us we might give an afternoon to classifying data in it, naming people you just refer to, you know. I am doing the Brook Farm section."

Madam Fulton sank back in her chair and looked despairingly from the window for Billy Stark.

"I shall never," she said, "hear the last of that book!"

"Why should you wish to hear the last of it?" asked Electra. "It is a very valuable book. It would be more so if you would only be frank about it. But I can understand that. I told the club it was your extreme delicacy. You simply could n't mention names."

"No, I could n't," murmured the old lady. "I could n't."

"But here is something, grandmother. You must help me out here. Here where you talk about the crazy philanthropist who had the colonization scheme — not Liberia — no, that's farther on — Well, you say he came to grandfather and asked him to give something to the fund." She was regarding Madam Fulton with clear eyes of interrogation.

"No, no, I don't remember," said the old lady impatiently. "Well, go on."

"You don't remember?"

"Yes, yes, of course I remember, in a way. But go on, Electra."

"Well, then the philanthropist asked him to be one of the five men who would guarantee a certain sum at their death, and grandfather was indignant and said, 'Charity begins at home.' Listen." She found her page and read, "'I shall assuredly leave every inch of ground and every cent I possess to my wife, and that, not because she is an advanced woman but because she is not.'"

"Of course!" corroborated the old lady. "Precisely. There's a slap at suffrage. That's what I meant it for and you can tell 'em so."

Electra did not stop to register her pain at that. She held up one hand to enjoin attention.

"But listen, grandmother. You don't see the bearing of it yet. That was five years after grandfather made his will, leaving this place away from you."

"Well, what of it?"

"Five years after, grandmother! And here, by his expressed intention, he meant to leave it to you — not to his son, but you. Do you see what that implies?"

"I don't know what it implies," said the old lady, "but I know I shall fly all to pieces in about two minutes if you don't stop winding me up and asking me questions."

Electra answered quite solemnly, —

"It means, grandmother, that legally I inherited this place. Ethically it belongs to you. My grandfather meant to make another will. Here is his expressed intention. He neglected doing it, as people are always neglecting things that may be done at any time. It only remains for me to make it over to you."

Madam Fulton lay back in her chair for a moment and stared. She seemed incapable of measuring the irony she

felt. But Electra went quietly on, —

"There is simply nothing else for me to do, and I shall do it."

Madam Fulton gasped a little and then gave up speaking. Again she glanced at the window and wished for Billy Stark. Electra was observing her compassionately.

"It excites you, does n't it?" she was saying. "I don't wonder."

Now the old lady found her tongue, but only to murmur, —

"I can't even laugh. It's too funny; it's too awfully funny."

"Let me get you a little wine." Electra had put her papers together and now she rose.

Then Madam Fulton found her strength.

"Sit down, Electra," she said. "Why, child, you don't realize — I don't know what you'd do if you did — you don't realize I put that in there by the merest impulse."

"Of course," said Electra kindly. "I understand that. You never dreamed of its having any bearing on things as they are now, they have gone on in this way so long. But it would be shocking to me, shocking, to seem to own this house when it is yours — ethically."

"Don't say ethically. I can't stand it. There, Electra! you're a good girl. I know that. But you're conscience gone mad. You've read George Eliot till you're not comfortable unless you're renouncing something. Take things a little more lightly. You can if you give your mind to it. Now this — this is nothing but a joke. You have my word for it."

"It is n't a joke," said Electra firmly, "when grandfather could write that over his own signature and send it to a well-known person. How did it come back into your hands, grandmother?"

But Madam Fulton looked at her, wondering what asylum Electra would put her in, if she knew the truth. She essayed a miserable gayety.

"Very well, Electra," she smiled, "call it so, if you like, but we won't say any more about it. I can't have houses made over to me. I may totter into the grave to-morrow."

Electra's eyes went involuntarily to the garden where Billy Stark was placidly walking up and down, smoking his cigar and stopping now and then to inspect a flower. The old lady interpreted the look.

"I know, I know," she said wickedly; "but that's nothing to do with it. Besides, if I marry Billy Stark, I shall go to London to live. What do I want of houses? Let things be as they are, Electra. You keep the house in your hands and let me visit you, just as I do now. It's all one."

Electra spoke with an unmoved firmness. Her face had the clarity of a great and fixed resolve.

"The house is yours; not legally, I own, but" —

"Don't you say ethically again, Electra," said the old lady. "I told you I could n't bear it."

She sank back still further into her chair and glared. At last Madam Fulton was afraid of her own emotions. Such amazement possessed her at the foolish irony of things, such desire of laughter, that she dared not yield lest her frail body could not bear the storm. Man's laughter, she realized, shout upon shout of robust roaring, was not too heroic for this folly. Electra was speaking: —

"I insist upon the truth from others," she said, still from a basic resolution that seemed invulnerable. "I must demand it from myself."

"The truth, Electra!" groaned Madam Fulton. "You don't tell the truth."

"I don't tell the truth?"

"You don't know anything about it. You've thought about it so much that now you only tell horrible facts."

This Electra could not fathom, but it was evident that she was putting it away in her consciousness for a thoughtful moment. Madam Fulton was rallying. She felt a little stronger, and she knew

she was mentally more vigorous than her young antagonist. It was only in an unchanging will that Electra distanced her.

"Electra," she said, "you've got to be awfully careful of yourself." There was a wistful kindness in her voice. It was as if she spoke to one whom she wished to regard leniently, though she might in reality shower her with that elfin raillery which was the outcome of her own inquietude.

Electra opened her eyes in a candid wonder.

"Careful of myself?" she repeated. "Why, grandmother?"

"You've trained so hard, child. You've trained down to a point where it's dangerous for you to try to live."

"Trained down, grandmother? I am very well."

"I don't mean your body. I mean, you've thought of yourself and your virtues and your tendencies, and tested yourself with tubes and examined yourself under a glass until you're nothing but a bundle of self-conscious virtues. Why, it would be better for you if you were a care-free spontaneous murderess. You'd be less dangerous."

"Suppose we don't talk about it any more," said Electra, in that soothing accent suited to age.

"But I've got to talk about it. I never have done any particular duty by you, but I suppose the duty's there. I've got to tell you when you sail into dangerous latitudes. You mark my words, Electra, as sure as you sit there, you've trained so hard that there's got to be a reaction. Some day you'll fly all to pieces and make an idiot of yourself."

Electra had risen.

"Excuse me for a moment, grandmother," she said. "I must get you a glass of wine."

Madam Fulton, too, got up and rested one hand upon the table.

"If you leave the room before I've finished," she cried, "I'll scream it after you." A small red spot had come upon each cheek. She looked like a fairy godmother, a pinpoint of fury in the eye. "I insist upon your listening. God Almighty meant you for a handsome, well-behaved woman. You're not clever. There's no need of your being. But you've made yourself so intelligent that you're as dull as death. You've cultivated your talents till you've snapped them all in two. You've tried so hard to be a model of conduct that you're a horror, a positive horror. And you mark my words, the reaction will come and you'll do something so idiotic that you won't know yourself. And then when you're disgraced and humble, then will be the time I shall begin to like you."

She was shaking all over, and Electra looked at her in great alarm. She dared not speak lest the paroxysm should come again. A little new gleam sprang into Madam Fulton's eyes. At last she realized that she had, though by ignoble means, quite terrified her granddaughter. That one humorous certainty was enough, for the time, to mitigate her plight. She drew a quick breath, and shrugged her shoulders.

"There!" said she. "It's over. I don't know when I've had such a satisfying time. Run along, Electra. It won't happen again to-day." Then it occurred to her that she was foregoing an advantage, and she added shrewdly, "Though it might at any minute. But if you bring me anything to take, anything quieting or restorative, I'll throw it out of the window."

Electra, relieved slightly at the lulling of the storm, looked delicately away from her and out at the peaceful lawn. She would have been sorry to see again the red of anger in those aged cheeks. Her gaze hung arrested. Inexplicable emotion came into her face. She looked incredulous of what so fired her. Madam Fulton sat down again, breathing relief at the relaxing of her inward tension, and she too looked from the window. A man, very tall and broad, even majestic in his bearing, stood talking with Billy Stark. Billy, with all his air of breeding

and general adaptability, looked like comedy in comparison.

"Grandmother!" Electra spoke with a rapid emphasis, "do you know who that is?"

"No, I'm sure I don't."

"It is Markham MacLeod."

"What makes you think that?"

"I know him. I know his picture. I know that bust of him. He is here before Peter expected."

Life and color came into her face. She laid down her book and papers, and went with a sweeping haste to the hall door. Billy was coming with the stranger up the path, and MacLeod, glancing at the girl's waiting figure, took off his hat and looked at her responsively. Electra's heart was beating as she had never felt it beat before. Greatness was coming to her threshold, and it looked its majesty. MacLeod had a tremendous dignity of bearing added to the gifts nature had endowed him with at the start. He was a giant with the suppleness of the dancer and athlete. His strong profile had beauty, his florid skin was tanned by the sea, his blue eyes were smiling at Electra, and in spite of the whiteness of his thick hair, he did not seem old to her. She would have said he had the dower of being perennially young. Meantime Billy Stark, who had known him at once from his portraits, had named him to her, and the great man had taken her hand. He had explained that he was in advance of his time, that he had driven to Peter's and had been told that the young man was probably here. So he had strolled over to find him.

"He is not here," said Electra. "Please come in." She was breathless with the excitement of such notability under her roof. She led the way to the sitting-room, judging hastily that grandmother was too shaken by her mysterious attack to see a stranger, and also even tremblingly anxious to speak with him before any one could share the charm. MacLeod followed her, offering commonplaces in a rich voice that made them memorable, and Billy stayed behind to throw away his cigar, and debate for an instant whether he need go in. Then he heard a voice from the library softly calling him.

"Billy, I want you."

He stepped in through the long window, and there was Madam Fulton, half laughing, half crying, and shaking all over. He ran to her in affectionate alarm.

"Billy," said she, "I've had a temper fit."

Billy put his arm about her and took her to the sofa. There he sat down beside her, and she dropped her head on his shoulder.

"Shoulders are still very strengthening, Billy," said she, laughing more than she cried, "even at our age."

"They're something to lean on," said Billy. "There! there, dear! there!"

Presently she laughed altogether, with no admixture of tears, and Billy got out his handkerchief and wiped her face. But she still shook, from time to time, and he was troubled for her.

"Now," she said presently, withdrawing from him, and patting her white hair, "Now I think we've weathered it."

"What was it?" ventured Billy.

"I can't tell you now. I might die a-laughing. But I will." She rested her hand on his shoulder a moment before she went away. "I'll tell you what it is, Billy," she said, "the beauty of you is you're so human. You're neither good nor bad. You're just human."

XIII

Markham MacLeod's great advantage, after that of his wonderful physique, was his humility. A carping humorist, who saw him dispassionately, the more so that women were devoted to "the chief," said that humility was his long suit. There was his splendid body, instinct with a magnetic charm. He was born, charlatans told him, to be a healer. But he deprecated his own gifts. With a robust humor he disclaimed whatever he had done, and listened to other voices,

in specious courtesy. Now, face to face with Electra, he had convinced her in five seconds that it was an illuminating thing to come to America and find her there. This was more than the pliancy of the man of the world. It seemed to her the spontaneous tribute of a sincere and lofty mind. As for her, she was abounding in a tremulous satisfaction.

"You have not been in America for a long time," she was saying.

"Not for years. I have been too busy to come."

"You are needed over there."

She glowed the more, and he looked upon her kindly as a handsome young woman whose enthusiasm became her.

He smiled and shook his head.

"I don't know whether they wanted me so much. I needed them."

"Your brothers, you mean. The units that make your brotherhood."

She was quoting from his last reported speech, and her spirits rose as she felt how glad she was to have been ready. It seemed to her that there were so many things she had to say at once that they would come tumultuously. MacLeod, when his position was assured, was quite willing to let the disciple talk. It was only over ground not yet tilled that his eloquence fell like rain. And Electra, leaning toward him in a brilliant, even a timid expectation, was saying, —

"Tell me about Russia. What do you foresee?"

A reporter had asked him the same question a few hours before, and the answer would be in the evening paper. He smiled at her, and spread out his hands in a disclaiming gesture.

"You know what I foresee. You know what you foresee yourself. It is the same thing."

"Yes," said Electra, "it is the same thing."

But there were times when MacLeod wanted to escape from posturing, even though it brought him adulation.

"I have n't apologized for breaking in on you like this," he said, with his engaging smile. "They told me at Grant's that I should probably find him over here, in the garden. The next house, they said. This is the next house?"

"Oh, yes," returned Electra. "He has not been here, but I will send for him. He shall come to luncheon. You must stay."

"Shall I?" He was all good-nature, all readiness and adaptability. Electra excused herself to give the maid an order, and while she stood in the hall, talking to the woman, temptation came upon her. Yet it was not temptation, she told herself. This was the obvious thing to do.

"Tell Mr. Grant I wish him particularly to come to luncheon," she said, "and to bring — " she hesitated at the name and shirked it, "and to bring the young lady, — the lady who is staying there."

Then she returned to MacLeod. But she was not altogether at ease. Electra was accustomed to examine her motives, and she had the disquieting certainty that, this time, though they would do for the literal eye, they had not been entirely pure. Still, was it her fault if Rose, confronted by the newcomer, proved unprepared and showed what was fragile in her testimony? But she was not to be thrown off the scent of public affairs.

"Talk about Russia," she entreated. She had never felt so spontaneously at ease with any one.

MacLeod was used to making that impression and he smiled on her the more kindly seeing how the old charm worked.

"I'd rather talk about America," he said, "about this place of yours. It's a bully place."

Electra was devoted to academic language, and to her certainty that all great souls expressed themselves in it. She winced a little, but recovered herself when he asked with a new conversational seriousness, "And how is my friend Grant?"

"Well." She found some difficulty in answering more fully, because it somehow became apparent to her that he had not really placed her. Peter was his only

clue in the town. It hardly looked as if he expected to find a daughter here.

"Is he painting?" MacLeod went on.

Electra frowned a little. Peter was doing nothing but idling, she suspected, up to yesterday, and then, driving past, she had caught a glimpse of him in the garden before a canvas and of Rose lying before him in her long chair. That had given her a keener, a more bitter curiosity than she was prepared for in herself. She had shrunk back a little from it, timid before the suspicion that she might like Peter more tempestuously and unreasonably than was consonant with self-mastery. But while these thoughts ran through her head, she gazed at MacLeod with her clear eyes and answered, —

"I fancy he looks upon this as his vacation. He must have worked very hard in Paris."

MacLeod entered into that with fluency. Peter must have worked hard, he owned, but that was in the days before they met. When they met, Peter's talent was at its blossoming point. It was more than talent. It was genius, it was so free, so strong, so unconsidered. He implied that Peter had everything that belonged to a fortunate youth.

Electra's eyes glowed. Here was some one to justify her choice. The newspapers had done it, but she had not yet heard Peter's praises from the mouth of man.

"You have had an enormous influence over him," she ventured.

He deprecated that.

"He has an enormous affection for me, if you like," he owned, "but influence! My dear young lady, I could n't influence a nature like that. I'm nowhere beside it. All I could hope for is that it would think some of the things I think, feel some of the things I feel. Then we could get on together."

Billy Stark, coming in at the door, thought that sounded like poppycock, but Electra knew it was the wisdom of the chosen. She rose and indicated Billy.

"You know Mr. Stark?"

The two men recurred humorously to their meeting in the garden, and owned their willingness to continue the acquaintance. At the moment there were steps and MacLeod turned to see Rose coming into the room. Electra's heart beat thickly. She felt choked by it. And there was, she could not help owning, a distinct drop of disappointment when MacLeod, with an exclamation of delighted wonder, went forward and kissed Rose on the cheek. Then he kept her hand while he gave the other one to Peter, and regarded them both with expansive kindliness. Rose was the one who had blenched under the ordeal. Yet she had herself immediately in hand. She let her fingers stay in MacLeod's grasp. She looked at him, not affectionately or in pride, but with a sad steadfastness, as if he were one of the monumental difficulties of life, not to be ignored. Peter was ecstasy itself.

"How did you get here?" he was insisting. "How did you know I might be over here? You had n't met Electra."

Then the stranger dropped the hands he held and turned to her.

"I have n't met her yet," he said, with a humorous consideration that stirred her heart. "Is this Electra?" He put out his hand, and she laid hers in the waiting palm. She felt bound to something by the magnetic grasp. The certainty was not weakened by any knowledge that other men and women felt the same.

Madam Fulton came in then. She had removed the traces of past emotion, but with the red still burning in her cheeks she looked very pretty. MacLeod greeted her with an extreme deference, which presently slipped into the ordinary courtesy of man to woman as he found she had no desire to exact any special consideration. They went out to luncheon with that air of accelerated life which contributes to the success of an occasion, and then MacLeod talked. Rose sat silent, looking on with a sad indifference, as at a scene she had witnessed many

times before, to no good end, and Madam Fulton listened rather satirically. But Electra and Peter glowed and could hardly eat, and MacLeod addressed himself chiefly to them. Now he did exactly what was expected of him. The brotherhood of man was his theme, and it was no mere effusion of sympathetic propaganda. His memory was his immense storehouse behind emotion, his armory. He could mobilize facts and statistics until the ordinary mind owned itself cowed by them. When they rose from the table, the millennium was imminent, and it had been brought by the sword. At the library door, Peter, beside Electra for an instant, irrepressibly seized her hand, as it hung by her side, and gave it passionate pressure. Instantly she looked at him, responsive. The sympathy they lacked in their personal relation sprang to life under MacLeod's trumpeting. Electra was in a glow, and Peter, with a surprised delight, felt all his old allegiance to his imperial lady.

MacLeod would not sit down.

"I must catch my train," he said.

There was outcry at once from two quarters. He was not to return to the city. He was to stay here, Peter declared. It was absurd, it was unthinkable that he should do anything else. MacLeod took it with a friendly smile and the air of deprecating such undeserved cordiality; but he looked at Electra, who was frankly beseeching him from brilliant eyes. It was settled finally that he should go back to his hotel for a day or two, see some newspaper men and meet a few public engagements, and then return for a little stay.

"Get your hat," he said to Rose, in affectionate suggestion, "and walk with me to the station."

And as it became apparent that father and daughter had had no time for intimate talk, they were allowed to go away together, Peter following them with impetuous stammering adjurations to MacLeod to rattle through his business and come back. When they were out upon the highroad, MacLeod turned to Rose.

"Well," he said, "you don't look very fit."

Rose had one of her frequent impulses to tell him the crude truth: to say now, "I did until you came." But she answered indifferently, —

"I'm very well."

They walked along in silence for a moment, and she felt the return of old aches, old miseries he always summoned for her. In the first moment of seeing him, she always recurred to the other days when to be with him was to be in heaven. Nobody ever had so blest a time as she in the simple charm of his good-will. No matter what she was doing, for him to call her, to hold out a finger, had been enough. She would forsake the world and run, and she never remembered the world again until he loosed the spell. It was broken now, she thought, effectively, but still at these first moments her heart yearned back to the old playgrounds, the old lure.

"What did she call you," he was asking — "Madam Fulton? Mrs. Tom?"

"Yes," said Rose, with a quiet bitterness, "Mrs. Tom."

"Have they accepted you?"

She raised her eyebrows and looked at him.

"You heard," she answered.

"Extraordinary people! Who is Electra? I could n't call her anything. Everybody was saying Electra."

"She is Madam Fulton's granddaughter. She and Peter are engaged."

"Ah! I'd forgotten that. I rather fancied it was you — with Peter."

She summoned the resolution to meet him bluntly.

"Don't do that, please. Don't assume anything of the sort about me."

He went on with unbroken good humor. She had never seen him angry, but the possibility of it, some hidden force suspected in him, quelled her, of late, when she considered the likelihood of rousing it.

"No, of course not," he said, with his habitual geniality. "Why are n't you staying with them?"

She temporized, only from the general certainty that it was unsafe for him to know too much.

"Peter asked me to stay there. His grandmother is very kind. I like her."

"Ah! Have these people money?"

"What people?"

"Electra. Tom's family in general."

"I don't know."

"They must have. They have the air. Will they do anything for you?"

Her face contracted. The look of youth had fled and left her haggard.

"I have not accepted anything."

"Have they offered it?"

"No."

"There! you see! No doubt they will."

"Why did you come over here?" she cried irrepressibly.

But he ignored the question.

"The prince is much disturbed about you," he volunteered, throwing it into the talk as if it were of no particular validity, but only interesting as one chose to take it.

"Ah! that's why you came!"

"I saw him two weeks ago, in Milan. He was greatly troubled. I had to own that you had left Paris without seeing me, without even telling me your whereabouts."

"Then — " said Rose.

She knew what else had happened. The prince had urged, "Go over to America. Influence her. Bring her back with you." But this she did not say. The unbroken cordiality of his attitude always made his best defense. If she had ever known harshness from him, she might brave it again. But many forces between them were as yet unmeasured. She did not dare.

"You must remember," he said, with the air of talking over reasonably something to which he was not even persuading her, "the prince is exceptionally placed. He could give you a certain position."

"I have a certain position now. Don't forget that, will you?" She seemed to speak from an extremity of distaste.

"He offers a private marriage. He is not likely to set it aside; the elder line is quite assured, so far as anything can be in this world. Besides" — he looked at her winningly — "you believe in love. He loves you."

"I did believe in it," she said haltingly, as if the words were difficult. "I should find it hard now to tell what I believe."

"Well!" He took off his hat to invite the summer breeze. It stirred the hair above his noble forehead, and Rose, in a sickness at old affection dead, knew, without glancing at him, how he looked, and marveled that any one so admirably made could seem to her so persistently ranged with evil forces. Yet, she reflected, it was only because he arrogated power to himself. He put his hands upon the wheels of life and jarred them. "Well! I believe in it. Is n't that enough for you?"

"Not now, not now!" She had to answer, though it might provoke stern issues. "Once it would have been. There is nothing you could have told me that I would not have believed. But you delivered me over to the snare of the fowler." Grandmother had read those words in her morning chapter, and they had stayed in her ears as meaning precisely this thing. He had known that it was a snare, and he had cast her into it. She turned her moved face upon him. "We must n't talk about these things. Nobody knows where it will end. And you must n't talk to me about the prince."

"If it does n't mean anything to you, would n't it move you if I told you it meant something to me?"

"What?"

"It would mean a great deal if you formed an alliance there."

She answered bitterly.

"You are humorous. Alliance! An alliance is for princes. There are other words for these things you propose. I

try not to think what they are. I dare say I don't know all of them. But there are words."

"It would make me solid with the prince. He would get several concessions from his brother. They would be slight, but they would mean a great deal to the Brotherhood."

"I see. You would pull a wire or two in Germany. In Russia, too, perhaps? You think you would disarm suspicion, if the prince stood by you. Maybe you'd get into Russia, even. Is that it? It would be dramatic to get into Russia after you'd been warned."

She was following his mind along, as she often did, creeping with doubtful steps where he had taken wing. "But still!" She looked at him, smiling rather wistfully. "Still, you would n't throw me to the wolves for that, would you?"

He met her look with one as candid, and little as she believed in the accompanying smile, she felt her heart warmed by it. Now he was gazing about him at the summer prospect.

"I am delighted to find you here," he volunteered. "It's a change. It will do you good — do us both good."

"Are you quite well?" She hesitated slightly in asking that, but he turned upon her as if the words had given him a shock of terror or dismay. In her surprise she even fancied he paled a little.

"What makes you ask that?" he cried. "What do you mean by it?"

"Why, I don't know! You look well, but not quite yourself, perhaps, — somehow different."

MacLeod took off his hat and wiped his forehead beaded with a moisture come on it, he knew, at that moment.

"I should like to ask," he said peevishly, "what in the devil you mean. Have you — heard anything?"

"No," said Rose, entirely amazed. "What is there to hear?"

They had reached the station, and she led him to the bench under a tree where lovers and their lasses assembled at dusk to see the train come in. She sat down, dispirited and still wondering, and he stood before her, all strength, now, and candor, as if he had thrown off his dubious mood and resolved to be himself.

"About the prince," he was saying. "I want you to think of him. He would give you experiences such as I never could. You'd live on velvet. You'd have art, music, a thousand things. He likes your voice. He'd insist on fostering that. You would meet men of rank, men of note —"

She interrupted him.

"Men of rank! I've no doubt of it. How about their wives?"

He shook his head. A look of what seemed noble pain was on his face, impatience at the shallowness of things.

"Rose," he said, "you know how little I respect society as it is. Take out of it what good you can, the play of emotion, the charm, the inspiration. Don't undervalue the structure, my dear. Live, in spite of it."

She looked at him wearily and thought how handsome he was, and that these were platitudes. Then his train came, and he left her with a benedictory grace, standing on the step hat in hand, majestic in his courtesy. But as she watched him, suddenly, an instant before the train was starting she saw him yield and sway. He leaned upon the rail with both hands and then, as if by a quick decision, stepped to the platform again. She hurried to him, and found him with an unfamiliar look on his face. It might have been dread anticipation; it was surely pain.

"What is it?" she asked him. "Tell me."

He did not answer, but involuntarily he stretched out his hand to her.

"Rub it," he said. "Hold it tight. Infernal! oh, infernal!"

As she rubbed the hand he suddenly recovered his old manner. The color came back to his face, and he breathed in a deep relief.

"That's over," he said, almost reck-

lessly, she thought. "Queer how quick it goes!"

"What is it?" She was trembling. It seemed to her that they had each passed through some mysterious crisis.

"Is there another train to town?" he was asking an official, who had kept a curious eye on him. There would be in three minutes, an accommodation crawling after the express he had lost.

"Good-by again," he called to Rose, with a weaker transcript of his usual manner. "I'm to be down in a few days, you know. Good-by."

This time he walked into the car, and she saw him take his seat and lie back against the window-casing. But he recovered himself and smiled, when his eyes met hers. If anything was the matter, she was evidently not to know.

XIV

As the two had walked away, Peter turned to Electra, stammering forth, —

"Is n't he a great old boy?"

He was tremendous, she owned, in language better chosen; and this new community of feeling was restful to her.

"Come out into the garden," he said, and as they went along the path to the grape arbor, he took her hand and she left it to him. They seemed restored to close relations, as if MacLeod had wrought some spell upon them. By the time they reached the liquid greenness of the arbor light, Peter was sure he loved her. He could turn to her quite passionately.

"Electra," he said, holding both her hands now, "I've missed you all these days."

She smiled a little and that, with her glowing color, made her splendid.

"You have been here every day," she said, conceding him the grace of having done his utmost.

"Yes, but it has n't been right. There's been something between us — something unexplained."

She knew, so she reflected, what that was. Rose had been between them. But she listened with an attentive gravity.

"We must go back to Paris," Peter was urging. "I shall work there. We will live simply and turn in everything to the Brotherhood. We must be married — dear." He looked direct and manly, not boyish, now, and she felt a sudden pride in him. "Electra, you'll go with me?"

She withdrew from him and sat down, indicating the other chair.

"Something very queer has happened," she said. "I must tell you about it." It had just come to her again as it had been doing at moments through the absorbing hour at luncheon, that she was in a difficult place with grandmother, and that here was the one creature whom she had the right to count upon. Rapidly she told him the facts of the case, ending with her conclusion, —

"The house belongs to grandmother."

Peter was frowning comically. In his effort to think, he looked as if the sun were in his eyes.

"I don't believe I understand," he said, and again she told him.

"You don't mean you are building all this on a casual sentence in a book?" He frowned the harder.

Electra was breathing pleasure at the beauty of the case.

"It is not a casual sentence," she insisted. "It's an extract from a letter."

Peter had no intimate acquaintance with the business of the world, but he knew its elements. He regarded her with tenderness, as a woman attractively ignorant of harsh details.

"But Electra, dear, that is n't legal. It does n't have the slightest bearing on what you should give or what she could exact from you — if she were that kind."

"No," she said, "it is n't legal. But it is — ethical." She used the large word with a sense of safety, loving the sound of it and conscious that Peter would not choke her off.

"But it is n't that. You don't know how your grandfather wrote that letter.

He may have done it in a fit of temper, or malice, or carelessness, or a dozen things, and forgotten it next day. A letter 's the idlest thing on earth. There's no reason for your considering it a minute."

"I am bound to consider it," said Electra. "There it is, in black and white. I shall make over the place to grandmother."

"Well!" Peter felt like whistling, and then unpursed his lips because, according to Electra, whistling was not polite. He had no restrictions relative to her giving away her property, but he felt very seriously that she must not be allowed to indulge herself in any form of insanity, however picturesque. A detail occurred to him, and he said quickly, with a look at her, —

"But Electra, you and Tom inherited this place together."

She knew what was coming and her color deepened. Again Rose had stepped between them, and Electra felt herself back in their old atmosphere of constraint.

"I have inherited it from Tom," she rejoined.

"You ignore his wife?"

Electra was silent for a long time. It was a hard struggle. But she spoke at last and in a tone which made the difficulty of speech apparent.

"Since Mr. MacLeod has been here —"

"Well?"

"I must recognize her as his daughter."

"Did n't you believe that, Electra? Not even that?"

"I am forced to believe it now. When he comes back, I shall ask him to corroborate her story. If he does — I shall be obliged to — give her what is just."

"Not otherwise, Electra? You believe him."

"I believe him implicitly." Her tone rang out in an astonishing assurance. She might have been pledging fealty to some adored intimate.

"You believe him. You would not believe me?"

She hedged a little here. "You gave me no proof — only the woman's word."

"Would you believe him without proof?"

She was silent, yet she knew she must.

"But," she said, with the haste of finishing an unwelcome subject, "I shall settle the matter as soon as possible after he comes back. If he tells me his daughter was married to my brother, she shall be paid every cent she is entitled to. But she shall not share this house — not an inch of it."

"Why not?"

Electra seemed to be carried on by a wave. Hurt pride found its voice, — all the revulsion she had felt in these days of Peter's divided allegiance.

"The house is ours. It belongs to the family. I shall make it over to grandmother, but not to that girl. She shall never own a timber in it."

Peter spoke involuntarily, with an unpremeditated wonder: —

"What makes you hate her so?"

Tears came slowly into Electra's eyes. They surprised her as much as they did him. She was not used to crying, and she held them from falling, with a proud restraint. Electra felt very lonely at that moment in a world which would not understand. She was upholding truth and justice, and she was accused of mean personal motives. She had proposed a picturesque sacrifice for the sake of abstract right, and she could not be unconscious that the act ought to look rather beautiful. Yet Peter saw no beauty in it, and grandmother had called her a fool. Peter, seeing the tears, was enormously embarrassed by them. He could only kiss her hand in great humility. He, on his part, put justice cheerfully aside.

"How could I?" he murmured, with the contrition of the male who has learned that tears are to be staunched without delay. "How could I?" But Electra, on her feet, had drawn her hand away from him. She felt only haste,

haste to conclude her abnegation, perhaps even to forestall any question of the house by getting the matter out of her hands before MacLeod came back and she had to reckon with his testimony.

"I am not crying," she said proudly. "I must go and talk to grandmother. Promise me this. Don't tell her — " she hesitated.

"Rose?"

"Don't tell her I have spoken of this."

She had gone, and Peter helplessly watched her walking up the path. Then he took his own way home. "My stars!" he muttered from time to time. His chief desire at the moment was to escape from anything so strenuous as Electra's moral life. It made a general and warm-hearted obliquity the only possible condition of conduct in a pretty world. Peter looked round at it admiringly then, as the shadow of Electra's earnestness withdrew into the distance. It was such a darling world, there were such dear shadows and beguiling lights and all things adorable to paint. He cast off the mood that teased him, and walking faster, began to whistle. It seemed to him that there were so many agreeable deeds to do, and so much time to do them in, that he must simply bestir himself to use half the richness of things. But when he got into the garden, the honeysuckle smelled so sweet that he sat down at its foot and breathed it until he went to sleep.

Electra walked into the library, where Madam Fulton sat at her tatting and Billy Stark read aloud to her from an idle book. Electra felt that she could not possibly delay. All her affairs must be settled at once and the ends knit up.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "Grandmother, may I speak to you a moment?"

Madam Fulton laid down her work.

"Is it the same old story?" she inquired.

"Yes, grandmother, I don't feel that I can wait."

"Electra," said the old lady kindly, "I can't listen to you. It's all fudge and nonsense. If we talk about it any more, we shall be insane together. Don't go, Billy."

"I should like to put it before Mr. Stark," said Electra, with her clear gaze upon him, as if she summoned him to some exalted testimony.

Billy stirred uneasily in his chair. He had confided to Florrie the night before that Electra's hypothetical cases made him as nervous as the devil. Madam Fulton cast him a comical look. It had begun to occur to her that a ball, once rolling, is difficult to stop.

"Go ahead then," she agreed. "I wash my hands of it. Billy, keep a tight grip on yourself. You'll die a-laughing."

Then Electra stated her case; but Billy did not laugh. Like Peter, he looked at her frowningly, and owned he did not understand. Electra stated it again, and this time he repeated the proposition after her. Madam Fulton sat in a composed aloofness and made no comment.

"But, my dear young lady," said Billy Stark, "you quite misunderstand. An extract from a letter has no legal value compared with a document signed and sealed in proper form."

"I know," said Electra, "not legal, but — " She was aware that Madam Fulton's eye was upon her and she dared not finish. "It was at least my grandfather's expressed wish," she concluded firmly. "I shall carry it out."

"But — " Billy sought about for a simile, "my dear child," — Electra, in the weakness of her lofty reasoning, seemed to him pathetically to be protected, — "don't you see you're putting yourself through all kinds of discomfort for nothing, simply nothing? You've gone and got a big sword — you call it justice — to cut a thread. Why, it's not even that. There's nothing, absolutely nothing there. It's very admirable of you" — Electra's waiting attitude quickened at this — "but it's fantastic."

She spoke decisively.

"It is the thing to do."

Now Madam Fulton entered the field. She looked from one to the other, at Electra with commiseration, at Billy in a community of regret over that young intellect so dethroned.

"Now you see what I told you," she warned them. "Here we are, all crazy together. We've let you say it, and we've addled our own brains listening to it for a minute. I'll tell you what, Electra!" She had discovered. "If you're so anxious to get rid of the place, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy it."

"Buy it, grandmother? what belongs to you already?"

"Don't say that again. It gives me a ringing in my ears. That's what I'll do. You're going to marry Peter Grant and go abroad. I'll take the place off your hands. I've always wanted it. I've made a shocking sum out of my book, shocking. I can well afford it. There's an offer for you!"

Electra shook her head.

"I could n't," she said gently. "How could I sell you what is yours already? The letter — "

"The letter!" repeated the old lady, as if it were an imprecation. She looked at Billy. He returned the glance with a despairing immobility. She reflected that the case must be worse even than she had thought, since Billy had not smiled. Electra must be madder than she had imagined, and her own culpability was the greater for weaving such a coil. "Shall I tell her, Billy?" she asked faintly.

He nodded.

"I should," he said commiseratingly, and got up to leave the room. It seemed to Billy this summer that he was constantly trying to escape situations with a delicacy which was more than half cowardice, only to be dragged back into the arena. The mandate he had expected promptly came.

"Don't go, Billy," cried the old lady. "Sit down." Madam Fulton continued, in a hesitating humility Electra had never seen in her, "Electra, I don't believe you'll quite understand when I tell you there's something queer about the letter. You see there never was any letter. I — made it up."

The boot was on the other foot. All the values of the scene had shifted. Now it was Electra who doubted the general sanity. Electra was smiling at her.

"No, grandmother," she was saying, with a pretty air of chiding, "you must n't talk that way. You think that convinces me. It's very dear of you, very dear and generous. But I know why you do it."

"Bless my sinful soul!" ejaculated the old lady. "Oh — you tell her, Billy."

Billy shook his head. He was not going to be dragged as far as that. He was sorry for her, but she had had her whistle and she must pay for it. The old lady was beginning again in a weak voice, —

"You see, Electra, that book is n't what you think. It is n't what anybody thinks. I — I made it up."

Electra was about to speak, but her grandmother forestalled her.

"Don't you go and offer me wine. You get it into your head once and for all that I'm telling you a fact and that you've got to believe it. I made up my book of recollections. They're not true, not one of them. As I remember, there is n't one. The letters I wrote myself."

Electra was staring at her in a neutrality which was not even wonder.

Finally she spoke; her awed voice trembled.

"The Brook Farm letters!"

Perhaps it was this reverent hesitation which restored Madam Fulton to something of her wonted state.

"For heaven's sake, Electra," she fulminated, "what is there so sacred about Brook Farm? If anybody is going to make up letters from anywhere, why should n't it be from there?"

Electra was looking at Billy Stark as if she bade him save her from these shocks or tell her the whole world was rocking.

But Billy twirled his eyeglass, and watched it twirling. Finally he had to meet her eye.

"Yes," he said, with a composure he did not feel, "the book is apparently not quite straight — a kind of joke, in fact."

Electra rose. She looked very thoughtful and also, Madam Fulton thought, with a quaking at her guilty heart, rather terrible. She was pinched at the nostrils and white about the lips.

"What I must do first," she was saying, as if to herself, "is to notify the club we cannot possibly have our inquiry afternoon."

"Notify them!" repeated Madam Fulton, in a spasm of fearful admiration. "Are you going to tell all those women?"

Electra included her in that absent glance. Now that there were things to arrange, dates to cancel, topics to consider, she was on her own ground. She spoke with dignity: —

"I shall most certainly tell nobody. A thing like that had better die as soon as possible. I cannot" — she turned upon her grandmother, a look of passionate interrogation on her face — "I cannot understand you."

Madam Fulton answered humbly, yet with some eagerness, as if Electra might readily be excused from so stiff a task,

"You never would, Electra, not if you lived a hundred years."

Electra was the accuser now, age and kinship quite forgotten.

"Why did you do a thing like that?"

"For fun," said the old lady faintly.

"For fun!" The tree of sin grew and flowered as she thought upon it. "You offered to buy this house with that money, unclean money from the sales of that fraudulent book!"

Madam Fulton turned to Billy Stark with a childlike gesture of real surprise.

"Is it unclean money, Billy?" she asked. "Do you call it that?"

"We must n't go too far," Billy temporized, with a warning look at Electra.

She was on the way to the door. There she paused.

"I do not fully understand it yet," she was saying. "It is monstrous. I dare say I never shall understand it." Then they heard her rustling up the stairs.

Madam Fulton and her old friend looked at each other. When a door closed overhead, Billy's face relaxed and Madam Fulton put a hand over her lips.

"Billy," said she weakly, "am I so bad?"

"You're a dear, Florrie. Don't you worry."

"But, Billy, is she right?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, she's right."

"I'm a shocking person, then!"

"Yes, you're truly shocking. But you're a dear, Florrie, you're a dear."

XV

And now it was night again and Rose hurried away to the tryst. She made no doubt that she should find him there.

"Playmate!" she called.

"Here," answered the voice. "There's your chair. There's your throne."

She plunged into the thick of the confidence intended for him.

"He has come."

"I know it. Peter told me."

"It's all as bad as I thought. Playmate, I'm afraid I shall have to go away."

"Can't you stand up to it?"

"I don't know. It's pretty bad."

"I guess it will have to come to your telling me about it."

"Yes. You see, the worst of it, he wants to make me love somebody I can't love."

"Peter?"

"No, no, not Peter. Not nice, like Peter."

"Could you love Peter?"

"Why should you ask me that? Peter belongs to Electra."

"Not so very much. Could you love him if he asked you to?"

"Oh, that's not fair, playmate!"

"Yes, it is, when the night's as dark as this and it's only you and me. Could you love Peter?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know everything about you. Could you love Peter?"

For some reason, she felt constrained to use one of her small obstinacies.

"I could n't love any man when another woman stood between us."

"That's a good girl. Did you love your husband?"

"My husband!" She choked upon the word. "Tom Fulton! Did you know him?"

"Oh yes, I knew him."

"Was it likely I loved him?"

He was considering, it seemed.

"Yes," he said then, "it's very likely. Tom was a handsome devil."

"But he was — a devil."

"A woman would n't know that, not at first."

"No. I did n't, at first."

"Who is this other man?"

"A prince."

"So you would be a princess."

"No, I should not be a princess." Her voice had a curious sound.

"What has your father to do with it?"

"Everything. The prince can advance him in certain ways. My father plays for high stakes."

"Are you sure you don't want to be a princess?" The voice seemed to coax her. "Even if you do want it very much," it seemed to say, "why not relinquish it and stay here under the tree?"

"No," she said, "I don't want to be a princess, even if I could be. And I don't want anything my father can offer me, or buy for me, or steal for me."

"Then, playmate, when he comes back, you'll have to stand up to him or — cut."

At that moment he saw before him the imagined picture of her face with the tears upon it.

"It is n't easy," she was saying. "If you knew my father, you would see. You can't withstand him, he looks so kind. You can't refuse him, because he seems to want nothing but your good. You can't say you won't have a splendid time with him, because you simply have it."

"Are you sure he is so bad?"

"I am sure," she answered gravely. "He is very bad. And it is not because he wills to be bad. It is because he wills to have power, and as if he were better fitted to have power than almost anybody — except that he is not good. Why, do you know what power he has? He wears a ring, the seal of the Brotherhood. Whatever order is stamped with that seal is carried out, even if it is thousands of miles away. When Ivan Gorof died —" She stopped, shuddering.

"What was that?"

"I can't tell you. It is too dreadful. He withstood my father. And when he was found, they picked up in the chamber a bit of red wax on a shred of paper — there was nothing else — but I know and we all know it was a part of the seal that held the warrant they read to him — the assassins — before he died."

"Did your father sentence him to death?"

"Who else? Sometimes I get thinking about it at night, and then it seems to me as if all the people in the world had been delivered into his hand. That is because I have grown to be afraid of him."

"Was he always cruel to you?"

"Oh, never! never in the world! When I was little, I traveled about with him, and I had the best time a child ever had. I was fêted, and carried on shoulders, and made much of because I was his daughter. Then I grew up and it all — changed." Her voice fell. She remembered the snare of the fowler, but that she could not tell him.

"Is he unkind to you now?"

"Never! It is unbroken kindness, — a benevolence, shall I call it? But it terrifies me. For under it all is that unbending will. And I keep hardening myself against it, and yet I know the time will come when he will have his

way, because he is stronger than I."

"You must not let him be stronger than you. The birch bends, but it can resist."

"You don't know! If he were outwardly cruel, I could defy him. But he is like the sun that nourishes and then burns. He seems to have such life in himself, such great inborn power, no one can resist it. You almost feel as if you were going against natural laws when you go against him; and you know you'll be beaten because the laws are inevitable."

"That was n't what you said of him that first night down in the shack."

"No! I scoffed at him then a little. He was so far away! Now I have been near him again and I tremble."

"But as you picture him, he's all good, all benevolence. You could convince a man like that."

"Never! He has n't any soul. He is this great natural force that radiates power."

"Power!" echoed Osmond. "No wonder he's drunk on it. I could go down on my knees and worship it."

"Not such as his!"

"Such as anybody's, so long as it is power."

For the first time she began to comprehend his mortal hunger.

"Don't you go over to him, too," she said jealously. "Peter is under his foot. So is Electra. If you go over, I shall be alone."

"I shall never go anywhere to leave you alone." Then, after a moment, he continued, "So you are not sure whether the prince loves you?"

"He would call it that. It is not that to me."

"Of course he loves you!"

"Don't be too sure, playmate. I know the world. You know your garden."

"Then why does he want you?"

"It's a game. My father wants to buy him. He may want to buy my father. Then maybe he wants the prestige of owning the woman with the most beautiful hair in Europe."

"Is that your hair, playmate?"

"He says so."

"Well, a man might do worse than gamble for a thing like that."

"You amaze me." But he would not continue that, and presently she asked him, "What have you been thinking about lately?"

"About you."

"When?"

"All day long while I was at work, and every night when I sat here and you did n't come."

"Was it a happy thing to do?"

"Very happy."

"Even when I did n't come?"

"Even when you did n't come."

"Then it's just as nice to think about me as to talk to me?"

"Almost!" He said it quite cheerfully, and through her pique she had to laugh.

"What do you think, playmate?"

"I make a world and I put you in it. Then I put myself in, too."

When he spoke like this, simply and even with a gay indifference, she wondered whether the world was a pageant to him, which it cost him no pains to relinquish, and whether, too, though he had great kindliness and understanding, deep emotions were forbidden him. At least, since he was impersonal and remote, she could ask him anything.

"What is your world? Is it like this?"

"It is n't my world. It's yours and mine. We go about in it, having a bully time, and nobody looks at us or asks us questions."

"Don't they see us?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say. Only they don't stare after us and say, 'Why do they do thus and so?' They don't even speak of your beautiful hair. I talk about that myself, all the time, and you like to have me. But we should think it was mighty queer if anybody else did."

"Do we speak to the other people?"

"Sometimes. If we want to. If you see a diamond or a sapphire, or I see a new patent weeder, then we say, 'We want to buy that.' But we don't have much

time for other folks. We travel a lot. You tell me about pictures and Alps and thrones and principalities, because I don't know much except about grafting trees and sowing seed at the best time. But always we come home here to the plantation because I find that's where I feel most at peace. And you are at peace here, too. I am delighted when I find that out."

"Be delighted now, then. I am at peace here, more than anywhere else."

"And when we are here, we live in our house. At first, I built a large one over on the hill there, and I had you bring over pictures for it from abroad, and I planted trees, and it was very grand. But I was n't contented there, and you were n't, because of it. You saw at once that my shell had got to fit me, and the plain house did. So I kicked over the big house, and we lived in the old one."

"With grannie?"

"Yes, only I did n't think very much about her. She was always there, I suppose, like the sun through the windows, very kind and warm, and glad we were contented; but it was our house. That's what makes the charm of everything — that it's yours and mine. I could n't sleep in the house though. It had to be outdoors."

"Did I have my hammock swung in the upper veranda?"

He laughed out delightedly.

"How did you know? Yes, I slept down here or under the fir by the house, but you were afraid of caterpillars and you had to be up there."

"I'm not afraid of anything else," she explained humbly. "Not of bears or anything in the deep woods. But caterpillars crawl so!"

"However, it did n't make any difference where you were, because while we were asleep, it was just as it is while we are awake — there is a fine thread that goes from me to you. There might be processions of people between us, chariots and horses and marching armies, but they could n't break the thread."

"And what do we do all day?"

"Talk. Think. I think to you and you think back to me."

"But we must work. If we don't, you'll get tired of me." She spoke out of sad knowledge.

"Why, playmate!"

The reproach in his voice recalled her, and she was ashamed to find her belief less warm than his.

"Well," he conceded, "maybe we work. I go on grafting and sowing seeds and sending things to market, and you sit on a stone and sing."

"Shall I sing to you now?"

"No, playmate. It makes me sad."

"I could sing happy songs."

"That would n't make any difference. When you sing, it wakens something in me, some discontent, some longing bigger than I am, and that's not pleasure. It is pain."

"Are you afraid of pain?"

He waited a long time. Then he asked her, —

"Have you ever known pain?"

"Yes. I thought my mind was going."

"But not pain of your body?"

"Oh, no, not that."

"The pain of the body is something to be afraid of. If we have it once, we cringe when we see it coming. But your singing — can I tell you what it wakens in me? No, for I don't know. Pain, the premonition of pain. Something I must escape."

"Yet I was to sit by and sing to you while you were at work."

"Yes, but that would be when we were quite content." It was the first wistful hint that things were lacking to him. He could not be contented; yet, against reason, his manner told a different, braver story.

"You said," she began, "if armies came between us, they could not break the little thread. Suppose I go away?"

"That would n't break it. Don't you suppose my thought can run to London or Rome? It is n't worth much if it can't."

"Suppose I — " she stopped, appalled at herself for the thought, but jealously anxious to be told.

"Suppose you marry the prince? That would be dreadful, because you don't love him. But it would n't break the thread. It would muffle it, I guess. We could n't think back and forth on it. But it would be there."

Immediately it seemed to her that she had something even more precious than she had guessed, something not to be imperiled.

"I must not do anything to muffle it," she said. "Either with the prince — or any one."

"The only thing I'm afraid of," he went on, "is that you won't stand up to your father. Why, you must, playmate, if you feel like that about him."

She answered bitterly.

"I am afraid, I suppose."

Osmond spoke out sharply in the tone of a man who dismisses dreams.

"Don't be afraid. Stand up and fight."

Her pathetic voice recalled him.

"But think! You said you were afraid of pain. You ought to know what fear is."

He answered slowly, and in what seemed almost exaltation, —

"I am afraid of pain, but when the time comes, I shan't wait for it. I shall go out to meet it."

"What do you mean?"

He seemed another creature, all steel and fire, not an impersonal thing speaking out of the dark.

"Don't you know we all want something big, something bigger than we are to fight and conquer? Before we leave this earth, we want to make our mark on it, that shall not be washed away."

"Are you ambitious?"

"I don't know. I do know I mean to live — when I am free."

Alarm was quickening in her. He seemed to be withdrawing into dark halls where she could not see to follow. He was building the house of his heart, yet there were apparently other edifices, fortresses or dungeons, it might be, where he walked alone.

"When you are free?" she insisted.

"When Pete has got his gait and I need n't back him. When grannie is dead — dear grannie! Then I shall do my one free act."

She was so shaken that it seemed as if the night itself terrified her, not he alone.

"Not —" she paused, and then whispered it. "Do you mean — to kill yourself?"

He laughed.

"Not on your life! I am going to get all that's coming to me. But I am going to get it in my own particular way."

"I cannot understand you."

"Of course you can't. But remember all of you have something to bring to life. You give as well as take. You have your beauty and your voice. Peter has his brush. Grannie has her mothering gift. That's better than being a queen. There's power in it. Your prince has his inheritance. I have had to look about and choose my gift. I chose it long ago."

"Is it something that makes you happy?"

"It made me wild when I discovered it, because I saw it was mine. Nothing had ever been mine before. As it comes nearer and nearer, it looks pretty grim to me. But it's mine, still. When men used to go out to fight, they must have said a good many times, 'This is a nasty situation, but it's my quarrel.' And this is mine."

She felt her loneliness. At once it seemed that she had not yet known the real man. Their play at friendship, sympathy, — what was it? — had been only play. Like all men, he could bring the woman a flower, a crown even, "a rosy wreath," but the roses must wither while he chose his sword. She could not speak.

"What is it, playmate?" he asked presently. It was the old kindly voice.

"I must go back. I'm cold."

"Cold! It's warm to-night."

"Good-night."

He followed her.

"I did it. I chilled you somehow. Forgive me."

She could not speak, and he was at her side.

"I know. There are things that can't be talked about. They sound like twaddle. These things I've told you — they 're well enough to think about. They can't be said. You're disappointed in me!"

But it was not that he had told her too much; he had told her too little. He had put her away from him.

"Good-night," she said again. "It's all right, playmate, truly."

His anxious voice came after her.

"It's not all right. I've muddled it."

(*To be continued.*)

TO ONE WHO WENT TO CARCASSONNE

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

I CAN scarce believe the tale
Borne to me on every gale!
You have been to Carcassonne?
Looked its stately towers upon?
Trod its streets where, blithe and gay,
Knights and dames in bright array
Loitered in the evening glow,
Doffed their hats, or curtsied low,
When "two Generals," proud as they,
Gave "the Bishop" right of way?

Ah, the Cité on its hill!
Did you climb with right good will
Up to heights where banners fly
Red and gold against the sky?
Did the lofty ramparts gleam
Like the pageants of a dream?
Battlements and bastions soar
Like great mountains high and hoar,
While from azure skies the sun
Shone on mighty Carcassonne?

Carcassonne is not a myth —
Just a name to conjure with?
Figment of a poet's brain,
Child of his own joy and pain?
Do men *live* in Carcassonne —
Love and labor, strive and die,

Pray vain prayers for bliss unwon,
Lift pale faces to the sky?
In its streets do children play,
Laughing, shouting, all the day?

You have been to Carcassonne.
Then for you the goal is won;
You have grasped the unattained;
What we long for, you have gained.
All men go to Arcady —
Dear, dream-haunted Arcady;
Soon or late, they breathe its air,
Learn its language, pray its prayer,
Linger there till dreams are done, —
Yet — few go to Carcassonne!

NOTES FROM A PERSIAN DIARY

BY "DIPLOMATIST"

THE Land of the Lion and the Sun lies off the beaten track. Travelers who, like Puck, are concerned for time when putting their girdle round the world, hold Persia hardly worth the long détour from the Red Sea highway and the reversion to primitive methods of progress.

The shortest and easiest approach to Teheran is the overland route through Russia to Baku, the centre of the oil region on the west shore of the Caspian. The monotony of this long railroad journey may be broken, however, by leaving the railway at Vladikavkas, taking a carriage through the magnificent scenery of the Darial Pass to Tiflis, and proceeding thence by the Caucasus line to its eastern terminus at Baku. Or we may avoid European Russia altogether by sailing on one of the Russian steamers from Constantinople through the Bosphorus and Black Sea to Batoum, which is the western extremity of the Caucasus railroad. This route affords glimpses of the Asia Minor coast, — at whose cities of Ineboli, Samsun, and Trebizond, the steamer touches; some distant but rather disappointing views of the snow-topped Caucasus range as the train skirts its southern flank; and for the traveler whose enjoyment depends upon recollections of the past as well as visions of the present, there will be memories of the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

The Caucasus route is absolutely free from all danger except as we happen upon such stormy times as recently made the streets of Tiflis and Baku to run with the blood of warring races. Peopled as is the Caucasus with fragments of nations, of semi-nomadic habits and widely differing origins and beliefs, which have wrestled for centuries in bloody conflict, any such relaxing of the governing hand as accompanied the recent Russian disasters in the Far East naturally resulted in an outburst of the underlying race hatreds. But the single governing hand is there, as it is not in the Balkan peninsula,

and, so far as the semi-Oriental administration of Russia means pacification, the Caucasus may be said to be pacified.

Tiflis, a generally well-ordered city, whose museum contains a complete collection illustrative of the ethnology, archæology, and natural history of the region, may well detain the traveler. The West and the East meet here in sharp contrast, — meet, without mingling. From the broad streets and open squares of the Russian quarter, in whose modern opera house I heard Rubenstein's *Demonio* worthily given, one passes without transition to the narrow passageways and crowded bazaars of the old city where Persian, Georgian, and Armenian, Turk, Kurd, and Tartar jostle each other in endless variety of costume and tongue.

Except for its oil wells, which have filled the city with a restless population of adventurers and speculators, Baku contains little of interest. Less Eastern and more commercial than Tiflis, its pretensions to civilization are more offensive than barbarism itself. All genuine civilization, especially of the sanitary kind, is left behind at Tiflis, and it was in the so-called Grand Hotel of Baku, under conditions impossible of description, that I began to devise ways and means for getting my wife into Persia without too great a shock to her sensibilities. So much worse than pure nature is half civilization.

Once at Baku by any one of these three approaches, we proceed by steamer down the Caspian Sea, to the Persian port of Enzeli at its southern extremity.

The seasoned or more adventuresome traveler may discard the Caspian route altogether, either leaving the steamer on the Black Sea at Trebizond, to follow the old caravan route over which the riches of the East once found their outlet to Europe, or the Caucasus railway at Tiflis for the branch line terminating at Erivan under the shadow of Ararat. The long journey from Trebizond, as also that from Erivan, must be made in the saddle and has the Persian city of Tabriz as terminus. Tabriz in the west, Teheran in the centre, and Meshed in the east, form the three northern city gates of Persia; but only the traveler who crosses the Caspian to visit Khiva, Bokara, and Samarkand, would enter by the Meshed gateway.

Steadily pushing the development of her railway system and the construction of her military roads south of the Caucasus and trans-Caspian lines toward the Persian frontier, Russia is systematically tightening her hold on the northern provinces. Nothing comparable with the energy, intelligence, and military genius which foiled her plans in Manchuria bars her way to northern Persia, where there is neither patriotism, as we understand it, nor any desire or capacity to assimilate western ideas adequate to loosen the grip of its colossal neighbor. There is a creed — but creeds have never checked the advance of Russia.

While the traveler may enter Persia by various routes, he can do so in only one frame of mind. He must rid himself of all memories of Lalla Rookh, rose gardens, nightingales, and houris. He must be able to find compensation for the loss of the ordinary comforts of life in his love of freedom and wide horizons. He must often be content with the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and able at all times to rejoice in his nearness to nature, animate and inanimate. If he is dependent upon the factitious, or is of the temper of one whom I heard lamenting that there was no Ritz in Toledo, it were better not to invade the kingdom of the Shah. But if he loves the early start at sunrise, when horses are saddled and packs strapped, if the rushing waters at the ford are music to his ears, if he can forget the limbs stiff with yesterday's fatigues in the glorious views from the passes of the mountain ranges which traverse the Iranian plateau like the teeth of gigantic saws, and welcome at nightfall as a haven of rest the crowded caravanserai with its seething turmoil and babel of noises of man and beast;

and can say with L'Estrange as he sinks in slumber, "We have a horror for uncouth monsters, but, upon experience, all these bugs grow easy and familiar to us," then Persia will prove a joy, as one of the last strongholds of untrammeled out-of-door life in the unadulterated Orient.

One approaches Enzeli with a dread, and leaves the Caspian steamer with a regret and a wonder: a dread of the bar which steamers cannot pass, which in rough weather will give you a thorough drenching ere your frail boat has crossed its stormy breast, and which at times is altogether impassable, necessitating a return to Baku, — whither a certain French diplomat was once carried back four times before a landing could be effected; a regret to leave the home of the delicious fresh gray caviar which, once tasted, makes all the black potted stuff we are familiar with seem like so much wheel-grease; a wonder that the Persian government should ever have surrendered its rights on the Caspian Sea. When in 1789 Hadji Mirza Akasi, then prime minister, ceded the sole right to navigate this sea to the Russians, he flippantly remarked, "Not being water fowl, what need have we of salt water?" adding, with a complacency which did little credit to his political sagacity, "nor for a few drops of it should we embitter the palate of a friend." While the writer was in Persia the strategic value of this concession was being tested by experiments with the Russian merchant fleet, with a view to ascertaining the force which could be landed within a given time on the Persian coast in the event of offensive operations.

Along the south Caspian shore and eastward along the whole northern Persian frontier stretch the Elburz Mountains, generally snow-covered, and terminated near Teheran by the splendid volcanic peak of Demavend, variously estimated at from 18,000 to 22,000 feet in altitude. Clothed with verdure and crowned with snow, they form a magnificent background at Enzeli, where naught but man is vile. A pagoda-like building situated in an orange grove and devoted to the entertainment of newly arriving ministers and officials is the only attraction of which Enzeli can boast; and like most royal edifices in Mohammedan countries, it is marked by the neglect and decay which characterize all buildings not built or occupied by the reigning sovereign. The Shah's yacht lends what dignity it can to official entries, but is more suggestive of a tugboat than a royal yacht, though very useful in crossing the great Enzeli lagoon, a shallow basin within the bar, many miles in extent, where passage in a rowboat is a tedious affair, enlivened only by the pelicans, cranes, ospreys, and gulls which swarm among its reedy shores and islands. A muddy river, ascended by alternate rowing, poling, and tracking, leads to Per-i-bazar, consisting of a few huts and the omnipresent custom house, whence one struggles for six miles through a veritable sea of mud to Resht, where the real journey to Teheran begins. This a few years ago, when there was no Russian road from Enzeli to the capital, when one followed the old caravan track which countless feet have worn from the days of Darius, — worn literally in the rock in holes so deep that unless your mount has his right foot forward he must in places stop and start afresh.

Before the completion of the carriage road travelers unencumbered by baggage made the journey of some two hundred and forty miles to Teheran in the saddle, covering two or even more stages of twenty-five miles each per day, and putting up with such shelter, food and horses as the post-houses or villages afforded. But more commonly, and especially with ladies, it was customary to travel "caravan," that is, with one's own animals, the necessary impedimenta of folding-beds, tables, chairs, rugs, curtains, and cooking utensils, permitting of only one stage a day. The length of a stage varies throughout Persia, depend-

ing on the character of the country, and is reckoned in *farsaks*, the old Greek parasang. The *farsak* is a most elastic and uncertain measure, and as animals are paid for per *farsak*, as many as the credulity of the traveler will allow are crowded into each stage. "How far," I once asked an old Kurdish muleteer, "is a *farsak?*" "As far as one can distinguish a gray from a brown camel," was the discreet answer. They average about four miles, and the stage about six *farsaks*, or twenty-five miles.

At the end of each stage is either a caravanserai or chapar-khaneh where the night is passed. The caravanserais, the more important of which are ascribed to the reign of Shah Abbas the Great, of that Safavi dynasty which perished in the Afghan invasion of 1722, consist of a gateway leading into an open court surrounded by stables, with rooms overhead. The chapar-khaneh is a rest house for those who travel by post. In either case your servants hunt up an empty room, spread a rug, hang a curtain, unfold table, chairs, and bed, and, if you have been provident, fill your rubber bath, and in an incredibly short time, the samovar is steaming and your cook has an appetizing meal ready. Subsequently you will stroll in the courtyard crowded with camels snarling at their drivers, or calmly eating their dry-as-dust fodder with that sardonic disdain peculiar to them, with donkeys patiently waiting to be relieved of their loads, and the noisy mongrel humanity which makes up an Eastern caravan. Then darkness comes on, the hubbub gradually subsides, the stars come out, the smoke ascends from flickering fires into the silence and the night, and you seek your own rest, — to be awakened perhaps by the tinkling bells of a late-arriving caravan, and most certainly to be reminded before dawn of the plaint of the French traveler, "Ce n'est pas la piqûre dont je me plains, c'est la promenade."

The journey to Teheran may be divided into three parts, each distinct in character, — the Caspian border, the mountains, and the desert plain.

The Caspian border is the zone of rain and cloud which rarely pass the Elburz. Nearly all the moisture is precipitated on the northern slopes, which are therefore covered with forest and verdure. The first two stages lie through level reaches of mulberry, — for Resht thrives on the culture of the silkworm, — groves of olive, and forests of tamarisk and oak. On the second day you spread your lunch under the last olive, and on the third the track leaves the haunts of moss and fern and violet, to enter the rocky valley of the Sefid Rud, which it frequently fords, sometimes following the bare portions of the channel, sometimes clinging between a rock wall and a precipice where to pass a caravan is a ticklish business, sometimes scrambling up ledges where angels might well fear to tread, only to descend again on rocky stairways where angels would positively refuse to venture. My companion was quite ready to discard the seat of her sex for a cavalry saddle, especially after having forced one of a passing train of loaded donkeys over a precipice, to be seen no more. A pack animal knows well the safety side of the path. When in full possession of the whole track he will skirt the edge with provoking assurance, but when meeting another animal he will stubbornly contend for the inside passage. Some idea of the amount of traffic may be gained from the fact that in one day's journey on the two stages between Rustemabad, Menjil, and Paichenar, I counted 1394 animals.

The ford at Paichenar in flood time often proved a disastrous obstacle. In its foaming waters the pack mules of the wife of an English diplomat lost their footing, recovering themselves only after having soaked the contents of their loads. I met their owner, on her way to England, at Tiflis where, as lady-in-waiting to the then Princess of Wales and anticipating a London season, she was bemoaning her condition of "nothing to wear."

My own audience with the Shah was delayed some weeks by the non-arrival of baggage, and for a time I feared it might be lying where I had seen a piano destined for a Teheran legation, — in this same ford of Paichenar, where, still awash in its case, I saw it again, six months later. A mishap of some kind was not unfrequent on the Resht-Teheran journey. It was at the end of the Menjil stage that the wife of the manager of the Imperial Bank at Teheran arrived one night to find her baby missing. It had slipped from the *kejaveh*, or panier, on the mule's back, and was found, with the aid of a lantern, some distance back by the roadside, uninjured.

The trail rises steadily on the fourth stage, and on the fifth climbs sharply to the summit of the Kazan pass, about seven thousand feet in altitude. Around you stretches a sea of mountain billows, crested with snow, and southward lies the great Iranian plateau, on which, thirty miles away, a dark spot marks the site of Kasvin, an ancient capital of Persia. Crossing this pass in April, we heard no patter of rain on leaves again till late December. You have left the zone of cloud and forest and will hereafter see no tree or flower that does not grow in garden or by running water.

From Kasvin to Teheran, about one hundred miles, you are riding along the southern flank of the Elburz, the illimitable plain stretching to the east, south, and west, the deep turquoise blue overhead. So abrupt is the change, it is difficult to realize that just over that bare mountain sky line are cool forests, the shadows of clouds and falling rain. But these bare mountains clothe themselves at dawn and twilight with the most delicate shades of color, and the dry clear air and sunshine of the Iranian plain is far preferable to the muggy atmosphere of Mazendaran and Resht. The old emblem of the fireworshipers, the sun, is a fitting national device. The woman's face in the centre was added, it is said, by one of the Persian monarchs as a memorial of his favorite wife. The lion below the sun is the sign of the Mohammedan conqueror, for Ali was called the Lion of God.

Over this so-called road from Kasvin to Teheran, whose dozen mule-tracks twist and turn between the loose stones like a loosened braid of rope, you may drive if you choose in a lumbering carriage drawn by four horses abreast, à la Russe. On this road our luckily half-starved post horses once ran away. When it became clear that they were beyond control I shouted to the servant on the box to urge the driver to hold on. "He speaks to them but they will not listen," was the picturesque reply. The anti-climax was at hand. For after sheer exhaustion had brought them to a halt, a wheel came off and we were obliged to walk three miles to the next post-house. Here a discarded cart wheel was fitted to the axle by sawing off a portion of the hub. It groaned at every revolution, but it revolved.

Stealing the fodder and grain of animals is a universal Persian habit. An English official told me that during his many years of residence in Persia either he, his wife, or the governess, had never failed to be present at the feeding hour. Coachman and stableboy invariably steal all they dare of each day's allowance, to sell it for a pittance in the bazaar, and on several occasions I had my own horses fall under me from weakness, although apparently in good condition, they having missed a day or two's food.

The completion of the Russian road has bettered the conditions of this particular journey. Elsewhere they remain unchanged. The passage of the Kazan pass in winter was formerly a critical matter in stormy weather. Whole caravans have perished there, and Teheran was not unfrequently without mails for a fortnight. It was, moreover, a curious thing to see the pack trains refusing to take such portions of the new road as had been completed, following the old rough trail although no tolls were then

exacted. For the enjoyment of travel in Persia one must be properly equipped, have good horses and servants, and be fond of life in the saddle. Persian servants are at their best on the road, for they are born nomads. Habits permissible on a journey are a source of constant vexation in town life, and they have little conception of neatness or care of what is really good. When moving up to the Shimran for the summer it was somewhat discouraging to find hens and chickens comfortably installed in imported salon furniture, which had been so loaded on the heavy wagons that the seat of every chair was threatened with puncture by the legs of its neighbor. Tents are not necessary unless the post roads are abandoned, but are a luxury; for the caravanserai and chapar-khaneh are often crowded and always filthy. In this case the maximum of luxury is a double outfit, one equipment being on the road while you are yet asleep, to be ready for your arrival at the end of the day's journey.

An official entry into Persia is a shield of two sides. On the one hand is the novelty and freshness of Oriental life, and the pleasant sense of importance due to the ceremonies of reception by the governors of provinces and cities through which one passes, as well as at the capital itself. On the other hand, while most European governments provide traveling expenses, not only for the minister but also for his family and household servants, and in some cases an allowance for outfit, an American minister starts on his journey with no such provision, arrives at his post homeless, with a salary in my day of $5000,[1] as against the £5000 of his English colleague. Other governments too have much prized decorations, sometimes bestowed in acknowledgment of special courtesies received on the road, although a rifle, a watch, or even money are accepted without hesitation. Baksheesh of this variety forms no inconsiderable item of the traveling account, and must be reckoned with as a universal obligation. The official who entertains you at breakfast or at whose house you pass the night, the mounted escort which meets you a half day's journey from the city gates, and accompanies you on your departure, the imperial envoy, or memendah, who greets you at the frontier and is charged with your journey to the capital, the various officials concerned in your official reception, the servant who brings the horse presented to each newly arriving minister by His Majesty, must all be remembered in a substantial manner. When my horse was brought, the Vice-Consul-General, whose long residence in Persia renders him a valuable adviser, counseled its immediate return. "What, a gift from the Shah!" "Oh, the Shah knows nothing about it. He will be charged a hundred tomans for a beast not worth ten." The horse was in fact returned and a good Arab substituted. His Majesty himself is not above this form of baksheesh, and on one occasion, after dining at the house of the prime minister, accepted one thousand gold pieces, a number of richly caparisoned horses, besides silks, carpets, and embroideries for the harem, as a token that his condescension was appreciated.

The East loves splendor and reckons worth by display. A Persian nobleman never walks abroad without his retinue of followers, ragged though they may be. Too much economy may be fatal to the consideration and influence necessary to the effective discharge of official duties, a fact never lost sight of by governments accustomed to the ways of the Orient. An amusing illustration of the effect of our democratic business methods occurred after the death of the present Shah's grandfather. The envoy sent to Washington to announce the advent of the new sovereign to the throne was met by no memendah on landing, nor did any escort greet him on his arrival at Washington. He made his way with his suite to the hotel and was assigned to

[1] Since raised to $7500.

number so-and-so like any other traveler. Nor did any state carriage convey him to the State Department on the day of the presentation of his credentials. On entering the elevator with the Secretary of State on his way to the White House, the Secretary excused himself a moment, having left some important papers behind, and when at last he had presented his credentials, and the customary exchange of speeches had taken place, the President excused himself on the plea of important business with the Secretary of State. All this is inexplicable to the Oriental mind, to which there *is* no business more important than the ceremony attaching to rank. This gentleman left our shores sore and indignant, and although later, when I knew him, he could laugh over his experiences, having like most Persians a keen sense of humor, it was only through the tact of the Vice-Consul-General that the reprisals at first intended were averted.

Teheran claims a population of three hundred thousand souls, but no statistical information of value is available. The death-rate is roughly computed from the dead brought to the wash-houses, but is unreliable, as the bodies of children, among whom the mortality is great, are not as a rule taken to the wash-houses. Surrounded by a dry moat and parapet, and entered by twelve more or less imposing gates of variegated tile, the city lies on the plain ten miles from the Elburz mountains, which rise without foothills of any importance, like a series of rounded blocks set on a checkerboard. Immediately north of the city they have an altitude of twelve thousand feet, the snow disappearing for the most part in August. Demavend, however, keeps its snow mantle throughout the year, and long after the last rays of the sinking sun have faded from the neighboring crests its great white cone glows like an opal in the sunset fires. This mass of color, which lingers when all below and around has disappeared, suspended, detached as it were from all support, is a vision of marvelous beauty. When at length the gray shadows creep up the cone and extinguish the great opal at its summit, the world seems dead indeed, and the mighty mountain itself but a ghostly shadow.

The proximity of the mountains affords Teheran an indispensable retreat in summer, most of the richer class, the legations, and royal household, having summer houses in the Shimran, or mountain district. The English government, besides its large city compound containing the minister's residence, separate houses for secretaries and resident English doctor, stables and garden, owns the entire village of Gulahek in the Shimran, where the summer legation is located. The Russians also own a Shimran village. The American Minister must not only hunt up his winter and summer quarters, often a difficult matter, but when transferred must bear the burden of unexpired leases. The furnishings of the official apartments, silver and table service, are also the property of the English government. To establish in a suitable manner several legations when, as frequently happens, several transfers occur within the space of a few years, is no slight undertaking, and it is certainly a curious fact that a great nation of democratic ideals should so scale the compensation of its representatives as to put its diplomatic honors beyond the reach of the great mass of its servants and make it necessary, in the consideration of their appointment, for talent and experience to give way to the aristocracy of riches, — a determining factor whose importance has greatly increased since the Spanish-American war.

From the mountains also Teheran derives its water. There is no public ownership or municipal supply. It is brought either on the surface in shallow open channels, or underground in tunnels, called kanáts, built and owned by private individuals. One follows an open waterway by its line of trees, and a kanát by the row of mounds of earth which come from the shafts of construction.

These shafts are sunk a hundred or two feet apart, and in some instances are several hundred feet in depth. The earth is raised by a windlass, and the shafts connected at their bases by an unlined tunnel, dug by hand as a mole burrows, without any instrument of precision. Certain kanáts come to the surface only within the city, where their water is sold to the pools and gardens of private houses, or is stolen, like any other commodity. Small earthen dams divert the stream as it runs by the roadside, where women wash and men drink within sight of each other. The kanát of the English legation, which comes to the surface only within the walls of the compound, and, moreover, runs under no villages or cemeteries, was by courtesy the source of our drinking water, brought in skins and afterwards boiled and filtered. Ice, gathered in winter from trenches dug along the north side of high walls, is used by Europeans only in special vessels with outside pouches, the ice itself never coming into contact with the contents. The water of the public baths, where our servants bathed weekly, was renewed about once a week, and as may be imagined was not pellucid. Living amid abundance of water, we forget how dependent is all the beauty of the vegetable world upon moisture. A line of trees marks the Shimran road, because their roots are fed by the stream running beside it. Beyond is the baked, cracked earth, above which the hot air trembles as over a chimney-top. Far away in this furnace of hot air is a yellow mud-brick wall. You approach, open a door, and enter a paradise, — shade of trees, running water, deep pools, flowers, and the songs of birds. Do you wonder that the Persian poet praises these cool retreats of nightingale and rose? Not because they are common, but rare, — as a western poet might sing of heroic virtues. Some of the Shimran gardens, especially that of the Naibu's Sultana, a brother to the late Shah, laid out with stone terraces forming stairways of falling water, and avenues of stately plane trees, are truly royal. But there is no sod. No grove of palm or richness of southern foliage can compensate for the absence of lawn. One walks in gravel paths. There is no wandering on the smooth turf in the shade of widespreading beeches, and — greatest privation of all — one cannot lie down on the breast of our common mother. The Persian spreads a rug, — to rest, to eat, to say his evening prayer. Hence often the thick coating of dust which the merchant at your door must rub away before you can fairly discern the design of your contemplated purchase.

Many of the gardeners of Teheran are from the Parsee population. This remnant of the ancient race of fireworshipers is in general a superior class in point of morals and honesty, although they do not appear to possess the ambition and energy of their Indian brethren, — a difference, however, which may be accounted for by the more favorable conditions of English rule. Persecuted by the Mohammedan Persian, the Parsee looks down upon his persecutor. When endeavoring to purchase a small Christmas tree from the Parsee gardener of a Persian villa, whose master was absent, I suggested that from so many trees one surely would not be missed. "Am I a Persian dog that I should do this thing," was the reply. A few krans would have sufficed for the ordinary Persian gardener. Teheran is more tolerant of the Parsees than other Persian cities, where, as in Yezd and Kerman, they are obliged to wear a dress which distinguishes them from Moslems. Until within recent years they have been subjected to a variety of vexatious extortions in the form of special taxes, and irritating restrictions, such as the prohibition to build houses of more than one story, to ride in the public streets, to wear white stockings or garments of certain colors, to frequent the public baths, or to make use of spectacles and umbrellas. Edicts of the late Shah, and of his father, relieving them from

many of these restrictions, have not proved of much effect, it being easier to issue a firman than to overcome native intolerance. We are just beginning in America to understand race hatred as a deep-seated fact of human nature which cannot be exorcised by meetings in Faneuil Hall or eradicated by abstract theorizations. Its fierce intensity appalls the traveler in the Balkans and the East. Jewish merchants are permitted to show their wares in Teheran harems, for a Jew is not a man. The Armenians are scorned not only as Christians, but as a cowardly, womanish race. Persians are themselves of two races, and as the Ionian Greek despised his ruder neighbor of Dorian blood, so the fanatical descendant of the Turkish tribes in the north, whose earlier home lies east of the Caspian, is despised by his clever, light-hearted brother in the south, of Aryan stock, who avers that the ass once complained to God, asking, "Why has Thou created me, seeing Thou has already created the Turk?" To which answer was made, "Verily We created the Turk in order that the excellence of thine understanding might be apparent." [1]

The lion and the sun of the national emblem bear witness to the further blend of races with the Arabian conquerors. After the struggle between the Kajar tribes and the Zend dynasty, which established the former as the reigning race, Teheran became the capital, and the ancient seats of Persian power in the south, Isfahan and Shiraz, where absolutely no loyalty or affection for their present rulers exists, were neglected. Official announcements of the Kajar usurper borrow the language of a glory which is not his, as if the Shah were a descendant of Cyrus, — an ethnological absurdity. "The Sovereign whose standard is the Sun, and whose brightness is that of the skies, whose armies are as the stars, whose greatness is that of Jemshid, and whose splendor equals that of Darius," etc. Whose armies are as the stars! At once I see the ragged soldiers assigned to the guard of the legation, whose shoes and overcoats were furnished by the American Minister, whose pay was a few paltry krans a month, yet who passed their spare time in the bazaar as changers and lenders of money!

The hatred existing between the Persian and the Turk is intensified by their religious differences, the former belonging to the Shiah and the latter to the Sunni faith, these being the two great rival sects of Islam. The sufferings and martyrdom of Hussein the son of Ali, whom the Shiahs regard as the legitimate successor of the Prophet, are the theme of religious ceremonies at which women wail and weep as at a burial, and men work themselves into a frenzy of religious fervor. The Persian curse, directed at the first three caliphs and recited like the Catholic "Hail Mary" as an act of virtue, voices the intensity of Shiah bitterness: —

"O God, curse Omar; then Abu Bekv and Omar; then Othman and Omar; then Omar, then Omar."

Although of a sunnier disposition, the Persian Shiah is far more bigoted than his Turkish co-religionist. One may visit with impunity the mosques of Cairo and Constantinople, but it is difficult to obtain access to a Persian mosque except in disguise, a proceeding likely to be followed by unpleasant if not dangerous consequences. Yet, though intensely bigoted, he is passionately fond of speculative discussion. This is true not only of the cultivated classes, but equally so of the huckster in the bazaar and the idler in the tea-house. In no other land do the problems and mysteries of life which we relegate to the schoolmen form so absorbing a theme for every-day conversation, and this characteristic brings one at once into intimate contact with the thought and heart of the people. A desire for discussion, an eagerness to probe the reasons for your own beliefs,

[1] This anecdote was related to Professor Browne in Kerman.

and a wide familiarity with the mystic poetry and literature of their own past, constitute a distinctive charm of Persian society. It is as if every Persian heard the words of Hafiz: —

"They are calling to thee from the pinnacles of the throne of God —
I know not what hath befallen thee in this dust-heap."

When dining once with an English professor of Oriental literature, the latter quoted a line from Saadi. The quotation was immediately taken up by the host and then in turn by each of his Persian guests, till, when the circle of the table had been made, the entire poem had been recited.

Professor Browne has pointed out that this characteristic is not one that would be looked for in the most bigoted sect of a religion preëminent for intolerance, since "a dogmatic theology is notoriously unfavorable to speculation." Whether, as he suggests,[1] the Arabian invader, victorious over the ancient political and religious systems of Persia, was powerless to extinguish the Aryan passion for speculation, or whether Islam itself contains the germs of Pantheism,[2] the fact remains that since Hafiz first sung of "the ten and seventy jangling creeds," freedom of thought has been a marked characteristic of the Persian.

The Persian of the lower orders, especially in the north, is not a lovable person, has no reputation for honesty, and is far less manly and faithful than the Kurd or Turk. But those of the higher classes are delightful companions, punctilious in all matters of etiquette, and generally well informed. Many have been educated abroad, or by foreign tutors, are most hospitable, and entertain lavishly in Teheran in European style. The dinner given by the Sadr Azam to the diplomatic corps on the Shah's birthday, followed by a display of fireworks specially ordered from Japan, was a fête not unworthy of Versailles. With that same Sadr Azam I dined six years later in a European capital, it having been intimated to him that a pilgrimage to Mecca would be conducive to his health. To his energy of character the late Shah probably owed his throne. Fearing that the Shah's eldest son, the Amin-i-Sultan — a strong personality who held the governorship of several provinces, and had a large following well armed, with artillery — might claim the succession, he concealed the mortal character of his master's wound, supporting the dead body in a sitting posture during the ten-mile drive from Shah-Abdul-Azim, where the assassination took place, to the palace in Teheran, secured a loan for the payment of the troops, issued ammunition and posted regiments in the bazaar and public squares, telegraphed for the heir apparent at Tabriz, and announced the Shah's death only after the situation was well under control. Exile and sudden death walk hand in hand with greatness in Persia, and the cruel mutilations which Darius inflicted upon the Median chieftain, recorded in the king's own words in the rock inscription of Behistan, are not uncommon to-day. Hands are still cut off for trivial offenses. All the butchers of Teheran, one day during my residence, were suspended by their heels before their shops for overcharging in their wares; faring, however, better than their confrères of Shiraz, whose tongues were cut out for a like indulgence in high prices. Confronted with the rottenness of officialdom, the suffering and open discontent of the lower classes, and the pressure from without of rivals for the succession, my first impressions of Persia were that the end was at hand. "So I thought," said a resident of twenty years' standing to whom I imparted my opinion, "when I first arrived." And then, reading the narratives of travelers, I found they were of the same mind a century ago. Fortunes are paid for the provincial governorships, and the governors in their

[1] *A Year among the Persians*, chap vi: "Mysticism, Metaphysics, and Magic."

[2] Gobineau. *Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia.*

turn dispose of lesser positions of authority. The Embassy at Constantinople commands a high price, owing to the opportunities for exactions from the resident Persian community. The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs was bought several times during my residence, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to get an unregistered letter in or out of the country. A western thief steals registered mail, — a petty method. Under the Persian system of farming out the postal service, it was clearly more advantageous to suppress all ordinary mail matter, for thus registration became imperative, and registration enormously increased the postal revenues.

A small indemnity of a few hundred tomans, secured for a naturalized American illegally arrested, was paid in the form of an order on the governor of the province where the arrest was made. This order became a sub-order on an official of lower grade, and finally a third order upon still another official who, having apparently no one under him upon whom he could shift the burden, after vainly endeavoring to compromise for half the amount, wrung the entire sum from an innocent village utterly foreign to the whole transaction. Ultimately, of course, the burden always falls upon the peasant, from whom is taken "even that which he hath." The soldier in the ranks buys his furlough and pays for the right to eke out his meagre wage by working in the bazaar. Every traveler on the Kum road learns the story of its construction, cited by Curzon as a typical example of administrative methods. This road, which with that to Resht shares the honor of being one of the two carriage roads of Persia, is an important one, for Kum, like Kerbela and Meshed, is a holy city, all devout Persians who can do so taking their dead thither for interment. It is also a place of sanctuary, where criminals, however great, are safe from apprehension. The road is therefore thronged with pilgrims and refugees, and with animals bearing in long narrow boxes or cloth bundles corpses on their way to burial near the sacred shrine. Some twenty-five years ago a straight caravan road traversed the salt plain between Teheran and Kum. The Sadr Azam, foiled in an effort to purchase the caravanserais on this road from their obstinate owners, constructed at his own expense a new one, which, being some dozen miles longer, the traveling public persistently refused to patronize. He therefore removed the dikes of the neighboring river, flooding the coveted caravanserais and completely obliterating the old road by a sheet of salt water many miles in extent. Thereupon the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, deeming it more to his advantage to construct a third road than to pay the tolls over that of his rival, built the present post road, which is longer still. The only consolation of the muleteer who plods over those added miles is that the creation of the great salt lake of Kum has possibly increased the rainfall in the vicinity.

The following story, told to me by a brother of the late Shah, carries its own moral. This prince was formerly an important personage, being general-in-chief of the army and head of the Teheran police. He fell from favor at the time of his father's assassination when, suspected of ambitious designs, he shut himself up in his Teheran house, where he has since remained neglected. During a call upon him I noticed two superb diamonds on the clasps of his coat, and as I expressed my admiration he asked if I would like to hear their history. Between sips of tea and puffs on the kalian, this in substance was his story:—

"On going one morning as usual to the palace I found my father in a rage. A large sum in gold and jewels had been stolen in the night from the peacock throne." (This is the throne, incrusted with precious stones and gold, said to have been brought by Nadir Shah in the eighteenth century from the sack of Delhi.) "My father, walking to and fro in great excitement, stopped as I entered.

"'You are the commander of my armies and the head of my police,' he said.

"'Yes, Sire.'

"'Find me then this culprit who has stolen my throne from under my eyes.'

"'I will try, Sire.'

"'Try!' he exclaimed, shaking his longest finger significantly; 'find me *some one*.'

"For two days I searched in vain, when I thought of the baker who brought the bread for the palace guard, — the only man about the palace who had not been examined. He was summoned, but denied everything. Luckily I observed scratches on his hand. He explained that they were caused by a struggle with a neighbor over the possession of a stick.

"'Liar!' I cried, 'thou art the man.'

"He threw himself at my feet and confessed. Under the earth floor of his house I found everything, — not a stone missing. Overjoyed, I hastened to the palace. In the garden I met the prime minister returning from an audience. He took me aside and said, —

"'What are you doing?'

"'I am bringing my father his throne. Everything is here in these bags.'

"'Why do you do this?' he said. 'Your father did not ask for the gold, he asked for *some one*.'

"'No,' I replied, 'I will go to my father;' for I was proud of my success.

"'Your Majesty,' I said, 'the thief is taken.'

"He smiled, approvingly.

"'No, no,' I exclaimed, knowing what was passing in his mind, '*I have the gold*, every jewel, — they are here,' and I bade the bearers enter. Whereupon my father, astonished, took his coat from his shoulders and threw it about me. On its clasp were these two diamonds."

What, it may be asked, constitutes the fundamental charm of the East? Not, certainly, mere local color, — strange costumes and unfamiliar scenery. Every country possesses something of the latter for the stranger, and as for dress Persia furnishes none of those brilliant effects which dazzle the eye in India. Rich and poor wear the plaited frock coat of sombre hues, the absence of a collar producing a slovenly appearance, while the snowy turban of the Arab and the red fez of the Turk are replaced by the black lambskin *kolah* and the brown felt skull cap of the peasant. Temporary interest, indeed, is aroused by certain curious inversions of procedure. You are amused by the bare-legged, scantily dressed woman who, surprised at the fountain as you ride by, hastens to cover her face and leaves her person exposed. You ask why the carpenter should draw his plane towards him, why the horse is backed into his stall, or the boat dragged stern foremost on the beach. You notice the footnote at the top of the page, and that your morning egg is invariably served with its small end uppermost. But not, certainly, in such trivial matters does the charm of the East reside. We are nearer an explanation when we acknowledge the release from care and artificial conventions which accompanies a relapse to the conditions of a freer and more primitive life. To enjoy an ease, even luxury, of life we could not afford at home, to have a servant for every task, to ride in Bombay or Teheran when we would walk if in Piccadilly, to be free from the burdens of a civilization which has created civic responsibilities and duties to one's fellow men, to have no Young Men's Christian Association to support or fireman's ball to patronize, to be able to play the rôle of self-indulgence to one's heart's content, and be, in truth, a little king, — in these things, alas, for many lies the secret of this charm. But there is another and more potent spell, the inexplicable workings of the Oriental mind.

You engage animals for your journey. You are to start at noon. Solemn promises of punctuality are made. These muleteers are dependent upon your pay. One, two, three o'clock arrives, — no animals. You mount, impatient, and go

to the bazaar. Your muleteers are asleep in the sun. You wake them and angrily exclaim, "Did you not promise to come at noon?" How explain this sphinx face which looks into yours and calmly replies at half-past three, "Is it noon?"

"*We* mistrust and say 'But time escapes,
Live now or never.'
He says 'What's time! Leave *now* for dogs and apes,
Man has forever.'"

You are hurrying over the Kazan pass to catch the Russian boat at Enzeli. Lost in the snow-bound plain, you seek shelter in a poor village. While waiting for the exhausted horses to eat the food absolutely necessary to further progress, you pace up and down the narrow room at two in the morning, anxiously thinking of the steamer you may miss. All the village is gathered in that room, knowing your anxiety and watching your every movement. At last an old man speaks. "What does he say? Are the horses ready?" you ask your servant. "He says, 'Why does your Excellency walk, when he can sit down?'"

You go to the bazaar to buy. In Cairo or Constantinople, tainted by contact with the West, the shopkeeper, especially the Armenian, will entice you into his net with coffee and soft words. But this Persian merchant, who sits calmly silent on his mat while you examine his wares, who is surely there to sell, and has what you are there to buy, yet makes no effort to tempt you, and even allows you to go your way without showing you the real treasures concealed in the dark recesses of his little shop, which you have vainly sought to discover, — how explain him?

The immense advantages secured by the West from the conquests of science and their material results would make it appear impossible that the civilization of the future, even though the seat of empire drift eastward again, should be Oriental in character. Yet the tides of Christian civilization have beaten now for centuries on the shores of the East with a hardly perceptible result. Although of eastern origin, the present doctrinal forms of Christianity are so characteristically western that it has failed to take root in its primitive home. Christian proselytism, says a recent writer in the *Contemporary Review*, fails in India because it attempts to make the convert an Occidental, while Mohammedan proselytism succeeds because it leaves the convert an Asiatic. The American missionaries in Persia make no effort among the Moslems. Their purely religious work is confined to the Armenians, who, as belonging to the old Nestorian church, are already nominally Christians. They are an exceptionally fine body of men and women, having I think usually more tact than their English brethren, content to earn by their conduct of life the Moslem tribute, "Your religion is black, but your justice is white;" and to accomplish through the instrumentalities of school and hospital incalculable good.

The political movement now in progress in Persia is not of modern origin. To Professor Browne we owe a better understanding of the intellectual fermentation initiated by the Bab, whose mystic prophecies his followers have made the pretext for practical reform in the existing political and social order. Against this movement the nominal government, that is the Kajar dynasty, can offer no serious resistance. It has done nothing for the development of the country's resources or for the betterment of the masses. Its entire record is one of extortion and oppression, and its reward is the hearty execration of its subjects. The real opponent of reform is the priesthood, which has lost none of its authority or prestige with the people, and before whose power the government has in every conflict gone down in defeat. All questions of interior policy are, however, overshadowed by the larger question of foreign control; for whether England and Russia come to blows or mutual agreement over their respective spheres of influence, the ultimate future of Persia is in their hands.

THE UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

YOUNG Arnold Jacoby stood at the window of his father's study, idly watching the steady stream of delegates to the national convention, of which Bishop Jacoby was president, as they entered the church next door. The bishop, who was also President of the Board of Foreign Missions, leaned back in his chair, his arms folded, his eyes on a telegram on the table before him. He looked more like a successful business man than a clergyman, in spite of his high-cut vest and white tie, which emphasized the shrewd, practical lines in his handsome face, and he conducted the business of the church with judgment which would have done credit to a captain of industry. He often congratulated himself that he had learned early in life to distrust impulse as a principle of action. Because of it he was now bishop instead of home missionary in Montana. He was a good man, but he allowed no illusions to blind him to actualities. He believed in the Christian religion as the fine flower of all religions, which was likely, however, in its turn to be supplanted by something better. Nature was substituting altruism now for the survival of the fittest as a means for the continuance of the race. What her final purpose was he did not know, no one could. It was his business to manage successfully the affairs of the church, using the enthusiasm and devotion of other men as much as possible, but with thankfulness that to him had been vouchsafed a broader outlook upon life.

He looked up pleasantly now as Arnold turned and faced him. He regarded Arnold, cultivated, already learned, and always charming, as one of the great achievements of his life. Arnold, too, looked things straight in the face. If his eyes were eager, it was the eagerness of youth and not that of fanatic faith in ideas which would some day play him false.

"Are you really going to give up Africa?" Arnold asked. "Doctor Meynell told me that Bastian landed in New York last night."

His father held out to him the telegram at which he had been staring. It read:

Roberts cables girls school disbanded mission set on fire is sailing.

J. FORSTER.

"Roberts was sent out to hold the fort while Bastian had a furlough, was n't he?"

The bishop nodded.

"Looks rather cowardly, does n't it?"

"No." The bishop answered with decision. "Bastian has sent only the most meagre reports. This sort of thing may have happened before. It's only since Roberts went out that we've learned any real facts about the mission."

"Rather game, was n't it, of old Bastian to hold his tongue about it? How did he stick it out?"

"He has some theories like Roe had about native remedies for fever, and he 's lived though Roe died. But it was n't fair to the church. We've been pouring lives and money into Africa for years, supposing we had a prosperous mission, and it was disturbing to find that it consisted of one ramshackle building and that the devoted converts were likely at any time to burn that and revert to the bush."

"Did they ever revert while Bastian was there?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"But he seems to have got them back."

"Yes." The bishop rose and gathered

his books together. "But you can see there has n't been anything permanent about it. The minute he leaves, things go to pieces. Roberts wrote us the condition of things three months ago when he got there, and the letters have just come. There was an understanding twenty years ago that if Bastian failed we would not try again. It is madness."

"Does Bastian know you're going to retreat?"

"Yes, by this time. Secretary Forster was to meet him in New York. But it is n't a retreat." The bishop was a little annoyed at his son's choice of words. "Are you coming over?"

"Oh, presently, I guess. I promised Mrs. Latham I'd look after her. Bastian was in your class, was n't he?"

"Yes."

The bishop's eyes narrowed a little as he went out. Bastian had won from him the oratorical prize of their senior year in the seminary. It was one of the few great defeats of the bishop's life. He had prepared the speech weeks before, carefully selecting a subject in which he knew the judges were interested, and writing it with a view to their prejudices. It had never occurred to him that he would not win. Then Bastian, with a fervid, ill-prepared address on foreign missions, had swept his prize away. The bishop could see them now, crowding round Bastian and congratulating him. He was a big, homely fellow, whose face was occasionally made beautiful by a radiant smile.

Now he looked down at the convention from the high pulpit. Sometimes he felt that they were pawns in a great, wise, and interesting game which he was playing. He had an intimate knowledge of men; he was by turns a leader and an opportunist. He knew the clear-eyed, fanatic student fitted to work in the loneliness of a western border mission; he knew the carefully dressed, clever youngster who would be popular in a city church. He always regretted when the latter condemned himself to the frontier by marriage with an unsuitable wife. The bishop had little admiration for nature's pairings.

They were all before him now, the frontier preacher, tanned, eager, a little impatient of the long service, silent for the most part, but flaming occasionally into eloquence over the necessity for more men and more funds, or the desirability of church extension. The West was very different from hopeless Africa. Beside these men were the cultivated preachers from the eastern churches, — Barnes of Philadelphia, Bland of New York, Mellen of Baltimore, broad-minded, able, alive. The bishop wondered often if they did not share his agnostic conclusions.

The business of the morning, the first portion of which was left over from the day before, went on smoothly, the bishop appointing committees and settling disputes with the perfect judgment and tact which always marked his presiding. At half past ten there was a recess, then the delegates settled back into their seats. The bishop saw Arnold come in with two women, and smiled a little to himself. Mrs. Latham was a widow, young and attractive. The bishop knew that she would be willing to marry either him or his son, and she would make a suitable wife for either. But certainly he did not mean to marry again. Nor, he thought, did Arnold mean to marry at all. He seemed to have got safely past the time of desire, in what school or at what expense his father did not know.

When the bishop rose there was still a slight stir. Dr. Meynell had gone down the aisle to sit with Arnold and Mrs. Latham, and they were whispering laughingly. In the corner of the church a committee which had utilized the short recess for a meeting was hastily separating, and the doors leading into the hall were just being closed. The bishop did not seem to notice the slight confusion.

"Brethren," he began slowly, "it is necessary to reopen the question of Africa." He saw Dr. Meynell break

off suddenly in the midst of his sentence, the committee slipped hastily to their seats, and men sat upright or leaned forward as was most natural to each in moments of excitement. The memory of the last discussion of Africa lingered in their minds. Not all of them had heard it, but they knew it almost word for word: the bitter quarrel, the demands of the friends of Dana and Roe and Lambert, who had died in the field, that the work go on, the harsh reproaches of the men from the West. It would be betraying a trust, they said, to give up: it would be putting one's hand to the plough and turning back. In return, the advocates of abandonment, of whom the bishop had been one, had pointed bitterly to the expenditure of men and money, and the weary failures. Then Bastian had gone out, and for twenty years there had been only good reports, meagre as they were. He had dosed himself against the fever with native remedies; he had refused doggedly to come home since there was no one to take his place; he had made it, they believed, succeed. Or, had it not succeeded? The bishop's voice was ominous with important news.

He reminded them at first of Lambert and Dana and Roe, suggesting to their minds stories, incidents, descriptions, they had forgotten. These three great pioneers had died in loneliness. Roe had been found by Bastian when he went out, his body lying unburied in the mission house, from which the natives had fled in terror. They knew the insidious fever which did its work in a night, the still greater treachery of the natives, and the unknown and hidden terrors of the jungle. They remembered Mary, dark-skinned child of hope, brought to America to be trained as a nurse, and then reverting to savagery. The board, with the aid of the police, had found her in a cellar with the vilest of American negroes, to whom she had gone from the Deaconess Home. There was no variety of missionary experiment which they had not tried and in which they had not failed.

"We believed, however, during all this time," the bishop went on, "that Bastian was succeeding. Of his bravery there for twenty years we know. When we realize, however, that it has been a losing fight, of which he has been thoroughly aware, our admiration becomes awe. His life is an appropriate seal upon a faithfully performed experiment."

The bishop's eyes swept his attentive audience. At last they realized with him what he might have expressed as Africa's unreadiness for the altruistic principle. It was folly to try to hurry nature. He looked for an instant into Arnold's smiling face; then, attracted by a movement in the back of the church, glanced in that direction, and became suddenly silent.

How long the man had been standing there the bishop did not know. He was tall and thin to emaciation, dark-skinned, and long-bearded. The bishop was reminded of an aged beggar he had seen on the road from Jerusalem to Joppa. There was the same dark skin, the same white beard, the same brilliant eye. As if to complete the resemblance, the stranger shook with sudden chill, as the beggar had shaken with palsy. He was well dressed, though strangely. His heavy black suit was at the same time new and old. It was unworn, but it had been bought twenty years before.

He looked straight into the bishop's eyes for an instant, then swayed suddenly a little, and a student from the seminary who was sitting on the rear seat sprang up to show him to a pew. The old man — he seemed ages old — smiled, and suddenly the bishop knew. This was Bastian come home.

A hundred thoughts went through the bishop's mind as he went down the aisle: a keen remembrance of his defeat at Bastian's hands, — thank God, Bastian had had that small success! — a vision of the mission as Roberts had pictured it, its desolation, its danger, the loneliness of this man's soul, shut off from his kind. A hot pity for him almost blinded the

bishop's eyes. How the people in the train, on the boat, must have stared at him! The church would accept no more such sacrifices as this. Bastian might have been of vast use in America. Now his life was nearly over, and he had accomplished nothing, nothing.

He was aware of Arnold's eager eyes as he led Bastian up the aisle. They were like his mother's who had died when he was born. It was after that, when faith failed to help, that the bishop had begun to speculate about the ways of nature. The old man — Bastian was, after all, only as old as the bishop himself — would have held back, but the bishop's arm around him compelled him to go. The audience stared, uncomprehending, until a deep-eyed young zealot, who in his lonely house in Montana had thought often of that other lonely house in Liberia, sprang to his feet.

"It is Bastian come home," he said, with tears in his eyes and voice, and scarcely aware that he had spoken at all. In a second they were all upon their feet, and the church was welcoming him home, as a victor from the war. They did not speak. Dr. Meynell was tempted to call for a triumphal hymn, but refrained, and the bishop led Bastian quietly to a seat. There he bowed his head on his hands, and after an instant lifted it and looked into the bishop's eyes. His hands were quite firm now, and his lips did not tremble.

"May I speak when you are finished?" he asked.

"You may speak now," said the bishop.

"No, I want to hear what else you have to say. I have been listening. I'll wait till you're through."

"Very well," said the bishop. He was thankful that there had been no emotional exhibition. He remembered how returning missionaries were greeted with shouts and song when he was a boy. Perhaps the world was growing less emotional and more sane. He was thankful also that Bastian knew that things were gone to pieces in Liberia. He should not have liked Forster's task of telling him. But Bastian seemed resigned enough. The bishop went slowly up the pulpit stairs. He could not remember just where he was when Bastian had interrupted him. Ah, yes, he was about to tell them that Roberts, too, was coming home.

"The cablegram from Mr. Roberts came yesterday to Secretary Forster, who forwarded it to me." The bishop took the telegram from his pocket and read it aloud. "'Roberts cables that the girls' school is disbanded and the mission set on fire.' We have done our best," he went on. "Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian have given their lives —" Then he halted at the sound of a loud cry.

"Bishop!" The bishop looked down. Bastian was struggling to his feet. "You mean that Roberts cabled that! That there is nothing there! That Roberts let it happen! That it is all gone! Gone, Bishop Jacoby?"

"I thought you knew, Bastian." Inexpressible pity made the bishop's voice falter. "I thought Forster went to meet you to tell you."

"No," answered Bastian thickly. "He did not tell me. I suppose he missed me in the crowd. I — I —" Bastian hesitated. The ague, the first sign of reacclimatization, came over him again. "Let me speak now, Jacoby. I will not be long." The bishop, moved as he had not been for years, made way for him. "I — will not be long."

For a moment after he was in the pulpit he could not speak. His eyes, however, held his audience until the shaking fit was past. Then, when he had begun, he hesitated, as though it were difficult properly to frame his sentences. Occasionally he used a word they did not know. It was many years since he had spoken to people of his kind, and the sentences came slowly, disjointedly, with long pauses between them.

"I do not agree with Bishop Jacoby when he says Africa should be given up. I think the reasons he gives are reasons

why it should not be given up. Shall we leave the bones of Lambert and Dana alone there, uncared for, their work abandoned, their names forgotten because their work is forgotten? If they failed, it was partly because they had no help. I have come home to get some one to go back. We have about sixty girls and boys gathered together. We have never been so prosperous. We are not failing, we are succeeding." His hand stirred on the pulpit before him, and touched the yellow paper of the telegram. "I know what Roberts says. But I can build it up again in a month. He — he had no judgment. I warned him to be careful till I got back. They have to be treated like children." He spoke as tenderly as though they were his own. "You have to be there years before you can understand. They did that before once when I was sick. But they will come back. Because — because —"

He seemed to be struggling with inability to grasp his own thought, and the bishop helped with a gentle question.

"Why will they come back?"

"Because I can compel them."

"How?"

Bastian did not answer at once. Then he drew a long breath.

"I own them," he said simply.

"Own them!" The bishop expressed the horror on the faces of the eager listeners. They knew a slave trade still existed, but did the church hold slaves?

"Yes, I own them," answered Bastian steadily. "Not the church. *I*. I bought them with my salary. You don't understand how it is in Africa. I tried to explain once in a letter, but the board would n't listen. You can't get the free ones, but you can buy little girls that are — that are going to be — to be sold. They're very little girls, and they — they get fond of you, and you can teach them." He saw one man turn and whisper to another and answered him aloud. "I know all about Mary. We began with her too young, and she went back. But her children are there now. A generation does n't count. We've only been there sixty years. And what are sixty years? or a hundred? or a thousand?" The Bible-trained men who listened answered in their hearts, "A watch in the night."

"But the fever," reminded the bishop gravely. In a minute they would be in the midst of one of the fervent missionary scenes of his childhood. The question of Africa had been decided, and the decision was not to be changed by Bastian's emotional appeal. "Is it worth while to train a man for years and then to send him where he will die in a week? You have a marvelous constitution. But Lambert only lived a year, and Dana two, and Roe one."

"They did n't take care of themselves properly. They did n't know then that native remedies are best."

"But Roe used native remedies."

"Roe did not die of fever." Bastian put his hand to his lips when he had spoken.

"Roe did not die of fever! But when you went out you found him —"

"Roe did not die of fever. He — he —" the ghastly secret he had kept for twenty years, for fear they should demand his return, was out at last. "Roe was murdered."

"By the natives?" It was a long time before the bishop asked the question.

"Yes. It was — before I got there. I found him. They said here they would waste no more lives in Africa. I knew they would think it was worse if he was murdered. It was — it happened days — before — I got there." His mouth seemed to stiffen so that he could not go on.

"Are they ever unruly now?" asked Dr. Meynell slowly. "Is your life ever in danger?"

"It — it has been." He would have given almost his hope of heaven to say no.

"Would it be if you went back?"

"Possibly."

"And you would go?" the bishop asked.

"I *am* going." Bastian faced his interlocutor steadily. "Shall they, Lambert and the others be —" Bastian spoke with difficulty. "Shall they be left out there alone? Shall their lives be failures? And mine?"

"There would be plenty of work here."

Bastian shook his head wearily. "This is not my work. It is not my home. I tell you," — he lifted his arms, — "whether the board sends me or not, I am going back. I came to get men because I am growing old, but I am going alone if no one will go with me. I am going back."

The bishop shook his head.

"But we can't ask any one to go there. It is the most dangerous spot along the coast. Let us try inland, perhaps, or farther south. We cannot ask any one to go there." He spoke a little impatiently. He was as sincerely interested in the church as Bastian. "We cannot, Mr. Bastian. Think of the lives and deaths of Lambert and Dana and Roe. Think of your own life."

Bastian stared at him dully. His own life! He did not like to remember it, the high hopes with which he had gone out, the finding of Roe's body, the terrors by night, the hard work by day, the loneliness, the mad longing for companionship, the evil desires which he had not known before, bred now by the jungle, desires which he cursed. Thank God he had conquered himself! Was the reward now to be forbidden him?

His gaze swept the faces before him. Some of them showed agreement with the bishop, some of them a wavering between two opinions, and all, pity for him.

"I am going back," he said slowly. "Is there no one who will go with me?"

The bishop started to rise, then sank back. For an instant Bastian held the eyes of the young home missionary who had recognized him when he came in, but presently they dropped. Beyond, his burning gaze searched in vain. He bent his head, defeated, ashamed. In his youth such an appeal would have brought a score of responses. To him now, this silence meant spiritual atrophy. To the bishop it meant that these people were at last sane. He bit his lips. The scene was becoming a nightmare. He half hoped that some one would offer to go, if only to put an end to the agony. Afterwards they could convince the candidate, if they could not convince Bastian, that it was not best. Then the bishop cursed himself for the meanness of the thought. A vast pity came over him for this zealot who was so anxious to throw away his life, and a feeling of thankfulness that he, the bishop, had sternly put down the fanatic enthusiasms of his own youth.

Then suddenly, as he watched, a change came into Bastian's haggard face. Light gleamed in his eyes, and into his cheeks came a redder flush. Bastian lifted his head, he put his hand to his trembling throat, and he smiled, the old radiant smile which was his one beauty. The bishop followed the direction of his gaze. To his amazement, then to his dismay and terror, he saw that Arnold had risen and was speaking. If it had been possible the bishop would have silenced the words upon the boy's lips; he would almost rather he had died. He was not aware that another young man and another and another sprang up, he knew only that the impressions of the moment would remain with him, overshadowing all other impressions of life, until he died. There came, first of all, in one pang, the bitter loneliness of the coming years, accompanied by the knowledge that he had never been really acquainted with his boy; then a sharper stab of intolerable envy of these two men, Bastian and Arnold, one old, the other young, who, whenever they died, would die young, their lives "pouring in full torrent over a precipice," because of their mad devotion to an idea. He could not understand them, these nursers of unconquerable hope, Lambert, Dana, Roe, Bastian, even though there was added to them his own son, who said slowly, —

"I will go back with you to Africa."

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

BY PAUL H. HANUS

THIS paper contends that an efficient public-school system must include adequate provision for vocational training for persons of both sexes over fourteen years of age.

Two important phases of the subject under discussion cannot be treated specifically in this paper, and one closely related phase of education, equally important, cannot be discussed at all. I shall be able to refer only incidentally to industrial education for girls, and to agricultural education for boys and girls; and I shall have to omit all discussion of commercial education. I need all the space at my disposal for the discussion of the general problem of industrial education, with special reference to the training of recruits for our leading mechanical industries.

Heretofore we have planned the work of our public schools almost entirely with reference to "culture;" we have done very little to stimulate a vocational purpose, and less still to provide for the realization of that purpose. In other words, while the schools have laid stress on culture as the end of education, they have laid almost no stress on preparation for a vocation. We may go farther, and say that, not infrequently, the schools have even disparaged vocational purposes in the training they give. They have been afraid of "utilitarian" aims, and, sometimes, by a curiously inadequate conception of their real function, they have even measured their own usefulness by the extent to which they have kept the distinctly useful out of their work.

By way of illustration I need only cite the difficulty we have had in getting manual training for boys, and sewing and cooking for girls, recognized as appropriate school subjects or activities. Manual training is not vocational training, to be sure, as will be shown later on; but, whatever manual training may be, its bearing on such training is clear. And it was this obvious bearing on preparation for the vocation of the artisan and the engineer that caused the first advocates of manual training after our Centennial Exposition to urge its claims on the attention of the schools. But so strong was the opposition to teaching a utilitarian subject in the public schools that the claims of manual training for recognition have been based, until quite recently, chiefly on its "psychological" value. I do not wish to belittle the psychological value of manual training, but the strongest reason for giving it a place in our scheme of public education is that it introduces our youth to a sympathetic understanding of the constructive activities which constitute so important a part of contemporary life. It has not been entirely possible to rob manual training of its distinctly useful quality in public elementary and secondary education, although the attempt has sometimes been made. Nevertheless, in many schools it has been pretty thoroughly academicized. This is one reason why so few of the pupils and graduates of our manual training schools become craftsmen. The manual training, like other school activities, has been used largely as a means of "general education" regarded as an end in itself or as preparation for further (usually technical) education. As for sewing and cooking, they too have been urged for their "psychological" value. But there has been more speedy recognition of the weightiest reason for giving them a place in the schools, — namely, their *supreme usefulness*, in view of con-

temporary social conditions and of our enormous and increasing immigrant population.

It is strange that we should be so reluctant to admit the distinctly useful into our scheme of public elementary and secondary education — that is, to admit that one of the functions of the public schools is to recognize the claims of elementary vocational training as entirely legitimate and desirable. For the principle of vocational training at the public expense has long been recognized in the field of higher education. The state normal schools of the country have educated teachers since 1839; the state universities have educated teachers, lawyers, doctors, druggists, and engineers, and they continue to do so; and the state agricultural colleges give training in agriculture, and often in engineering. Massachusetts, though without a state university, has long aided technical education by scholarships in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and the Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, and by direct grants of money to those institutions. Massachusetts also maintains, partly at public expense, three textile schools for the training of textile workers who desire to rise in their calling.

Our elementary schools and our high schools together constitute, theoretically at least, one continuous educational scheme through which a youth, whatever his circumstances in early life may be, may secure the elements of general culture; and through which, if his circumstances permit, he may attain, on the basis of the preparation secured in school, a college education, or enter at once on professional study in nearly all the professional schools of the country. We have thus planned our educational scheme primarily in the interests of those who have a long educational career ahead of them, and who need not therefore give any immediate attention to preparation for a life pursuit.

Nevertheless, it is well known that the greater mass of our children and youth are obliged to leave school at the end of the grammar-school period, or when they have attained the upper limit of the compulsory school age — fourteen years, in most states. That is to say, the public-school system in which we take a just pride, as now planned, does not reach the great majority of our youth during the critical period of adolescence. This is the period when life aims begin to have a serious and lasting importance; when the child becomes a youth; when the habits formed rapidly acquire permanence; when the plasticity of earlier years gives place to stability. And because this is so, what happens to him then is likely to permanently shape his future. Yet during this period we send the great majority of our youth into the world without further systematic educational influence, and usually without any comprehension of the serious purposes of life, or training in the endeavor to realize them.

The question which we have to answer is: What becomes of the great majority of these young people who enter their active life work at the early age of fourteen, with no preparation save that offered by the general education of the elementary schools? Some inquiry was made into this question in Massachusetts two years ago, and it was found that there are probably no less than twenty-five thousand boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who are not in school. They are at work in various kinds of juvenile occupations, or they are idle. The boys become elevator boys, errand boys, office boys, they drive a wagon, or do other work in which they learn nothing, in which no demand is made on them for the application of what they learned in school; and consequently, by the time they are seventeen, eighteen, twenty or more years of age they have an earning capacity but little greater than that which they had when they first left school. And a similar fate overtakes the girls. Moreover, the unfortunate education of shifting ex-

perience and environment during these years does much to destroy both the substance and the spirit of the education which they received when in school. The result is that at the threshold of citizenship the great majority of these young people are actually more ignorant than they were when they left school. They are sophisticated, to be sure; but they have seldom acquired the characteristics of substantial manhood and womanhood; and, as I have just said, economically they are but little more valuable than they were when they began to work. They have not become increasingly valuable "economic units." And the reason, of course, is that in the unskilled pursuits which they have followed it was impossible to acquire the character, knowledge, and skill which would give them an earning capacity proportionate to their years.

A striking illustration of what I am saying was offered by the elevator boy in a Boston building, last spring. This boy said, "Can't you find me a job that would pay me better?" "How old are you?" he was asked. "Twenty-one." "What can you do?" "Well, you see, I left school at fifteen; I have drifted about from one thing to another since; recently my father died, and I find it necessary to earn more in order to help myself and my family." Here was a youth twenty-one years of age, with no capacity to do anything that is worth paying more for than the sum paid for the juvenile services that he had been engaged in since he was fifteen years old. This case is probably typical of the great majority of the twenty-five thousand young people in Massachusetts to whom I have referred. And it is only too probable that what is true of Massachusetts is true of other states. The investigation referred to also revealed the fact that a large proportion — the majority — of these children would be in school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen if the school afforded a training that promised increased earning capacity. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the present condition of many young workers, typified by our elevator boy, is preventable.

Moreover, it is clear that the most valuable resources which any state has are its young men (and young women). It is clear that the greatest waste is the waste of these resources. The failure to develop them to their fullest capacity is an irredeemable failure. Boys are not wanted in the industries until they are sixteen years of age, and in some industries they are not wanted until they are past seventeen. If, therefore, between the ages of fourteen and seventeen these boys are allowed to drift, if they go about from one occupation to another in which they do not develop such capacity for mechanical pursuits as they have, or if they remain in school and the academic traditions prevalent there turn them away from the trades, as is not uncommon, they too commonly go to swell the ranks of the unskilled; and as they grow older, of the dissatisfied, the stranded, and the dependent.

Although boys are not wanted in the industries until they are sixteen years of age, the years from fourteen to sixteen are, nevertheless, exceedingly valuable years for education — an education that teaches them the significance of a skilled vocation, and that helps them to explore their capacities and their tastes for the vocations in which skilled labor is needed. These years are, therefore, extremely valuable for purposes of industrial education. What the nature of that education might be I shall describe later on. I shall first sketch the difficulty which boys now find in learning a trade without special preparation for it.

Under the specialized condition of modern industry it is usually exceedingly difficult for a man to learn his trade in the shop, and sometimes impossible. The old apprenticeship system, which enabled a man to learn the whole of a trade, is dead. It is well known that to-day the man in the shop works at a part of the product with a given machine, and knows

little of what is done toward the completion of that product by other men and other machines. He is a narrow specialist, working day by day at the same kind of work under precisely the same conditions, the machine requiring but little exercise of thought or ingenuity. Usually he knows little or nothing about the machine itself. The shop has machinists who repair the machines. Under such circumstances a man loses the habit of thinking, since no demand is made on him for thought. It is true that all men have not "all the conveniences for thinking," even if they were called upon to think, but under the exigencies of the modern shop the habit of thinking is rarely developed. This specialization in modern industry is, however, highly profitable to the manufacturer. It is one of the reasons why goods can be produced so quickly and so cheaply. It is, therefore, like other modern developments, a condition which will survive.

In a shop if a man wishes to learn his trade, he has, as I said a moment ago, great difficulty in attaining his end. What happens is usually something like this. A youth applies for work in a shop. He is put, let us say, on a milling machine. He learns in the course of a few weeks to run that machine. Meanwhile, of course, he spoils more or less material. The machine is subject to his ignorant handling and necessarily gets more or less out of repair; the product which he turns out is more or less imperfect in quality; and the total result is, temporarily at least, a loss to the manufacturer.

If the youth is ambitious, he naturally desires to learn to run the other machines of the shop; but when he asks the foreman to be transferred to another machine, he will be told, "You are doing well enough where you are." The reason, of course, is plain. Every time he is transferred to a new machine the process previously described is repeated. If there are one hundred or five hundred raw men in a shop, the loss to the manufacturer is considerable. The shop exists for turning out products, and not for teaching men how to turn out products. In the shop, therefore, no one has the time, and very often no one has the inclination, to help a man to learn his trade. That is n't what the shop is for.

What happens, then, to our ambitious young man who persists in his intention to learn his trade? He quits, and applies for work at another shop, asking for work at another machine, saying that he is, let us say, a lathe hand. Meanwhile, he has naturally become somewhat familiar with a lathe and knows something about the working of it. Shortly after he begins his work as a lathe hand, the foreman comes around to see how he is getting along, looks at the work, and says, "You can't do this work; you can go." Naturally the man has to go to another shop, and there the process is repeated with the possibility, however, of a longer stay. This procedure an ambitious man will continue until he has made himself, by repeated changes and brief periods of practice, a lathe hand and can do satisfactory work. I have heard of one man who repeated this process nineteen times in his endeavor to learn his trade. It won't do to talk to such a man about the dignity of labor. By such a procedure a man may require six or seven years to learn his trade; and even then he commonly learns only the processes of the trade and not the theoretical foundations of it. The mathematics, drawing, science, and the rest, applicable to his particular trade, are inaccessible to him. He has little opportunity to develop "industrial intelligence" and the "shop and business ethics" that grow out of insight into and consequent interest in his work, and the sense of responsibility born of conscious resources as a workman and a man. Consequently, although he is better equipped for steady work and for possible promotion to a foremanship than the ordinary specialist, his further progress is obstructed, if not prevented, just at the point where he could become

most valuable to himself and to his employer.

It must be remembered that the great mass of young workmen are not ambitious and persistent enough to follow so difficult a road in learning their trades. The result is that most of them fall by the way; they become narrow workmen who can handle a single machine only, and whose prospects of an upward career in their trades are consequently very meagre.

Now let us follow the body of ambitious workmen whom I have described as persisting against tremendous odds in learning their trades so that they can be useful in any part of the shop, and, if possible, rise to the grade of foreman. Such men constitute an army of workers who are going from one factory to another, "stealing their trades," as the phrase is. These men spend too many of the most valuable years of their lives in overcoming obstacles to a career of usefulness — years that should represent steady progress in that career. Moreover, they cannot become attached to a locality, and the steadying and inspiring sense of usefulness to a single employer or manufacturing concern cannot be realized.

Many manufacturers have encouraged their employees to seek instruction by correspondence, and the extent to which our artisans avail themselves of such instruction is remarkable. For example, out of seventeen hundred employees in a well-known establishment, three hundred were, last year, enrolled in correspondence courses. This is decidedly creditable to American workmen, and it is not discreditable to the correspondence schools. But the disadvantages of instruction by correspondence only are great and obvious. Moreover, since a considerable number of those who enroll in correspondence courses do not, for various reasons, continue them, a considerable part of the money paid for such courses is wasted. They do, however, afford the sole available means to many persistent and ambitious men, to secure the theoretical instruction on which their upward career depends. Besides the correspondence schools, the Y. M. C. A. and other philanthropies offer some opportunities for industrial education to men already employed in the trades. Public schools for trade instruction, aside from the public evening drawing-schools, are very rare.

It may seem odd that under such circumstances the manufacturers themselves have not more frequently established schools in connection with their establishments for the training of apprentices. But it is clear that such schools are expensive, if they are in the interests of the workmen as well as of the employer. And hence only the largest manufacturers can undertake such apprentice schools anyway. There are a few such schools; but generally the manufacturer prefers to employ the man who already knows one machine. He gets his foremen from other shops, or from Europe; or he may try to train the foremen he needs in his own shop, usually with many disappointing experiences.

Nothing is clearer, however, than that the means hitherto employed are inadequate to meet the demand for skilled labor. Manufacturers in all parts of the country declare that if they could find the skilled help which they need, they could double their plants and hence largely increase or double their output, and that they never have as many foremen as they need. On every hand the need of skilled labor is deplored, and yet we have done and are doing comparatively little to meet this need.

There is a specious American complacency which stands in the way of the proper development of our industry and commerce. This was clearly exemplified at the exposition in St. Louis. It is well known that the Germans who visited that exposition went away much impressed by the magnitude of American industrial and commercial enterprises, and the enormous wealth which resulted

therefrom. But they told their fellows on their return to the Fatherland that they had nothing to fear from the American people so long as our complacency prevented us from seeing that it was only the abundance of raw material and the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in our industrial and commercial combinations which led to our success. As a nation we had yet scarcely begun to realize the importance of quality in our output, and of the trained workman in making the most of our resources; and until we did, it was not likely that a nation like Germany which emphasizes such training and the quality of its output had anything to fear from the competition of the United States.[1]

Such comments, by thoughtful observers, contain a lesson that Americans should heed. Not long ago Mr. Vanderlip of New York expressed himself, in substance, as follows: The remarkable prosperity of the United States is due chiefly to three causes: the great abundance of our raw materials, our ingenuity in the invention of machinery, and our genius for commercial combinations. Not one of these three causes, however, can be looked upon as a permanent cause of success. Great inroads are being made on our raw materials, and some of them are even now fairly well used up. Labor-saving machinery and cheap production cannot be a monopoly of the United States, for this machinery is obtainable the world over. American commercial combinations are being imitated everywhere. It has never yet been shown that the cause of American success in foreign markets was due to the quality of the goods produced. In that respect we have not yet made much progress, and until we do we are, of course, at the mercy of those who are able to use all the resources which we possess and, in addition, to use them to better advantage.[2] So far Mr. Vanderlip.

Germany is the classical example of a nation that has not neglected the development of all its resources, men included. For example, in one city — Munich — there are forty different kinds of industrial continuation schools — schools for chimney-sweeps, coachmen, hotel and restaurant waiters, jewelers, shoemakers, carpenters, machinists, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, printers and bookbinders, and the rest. The name continuation school — *Fortbildungsschule* — is chosen advisedly, for every youth who graduates only from an elementary school is obliged by law to continue his education in some continuation school during the period of his apprenticeship to his trade; and each youth finds a continuation school appropriate to his calling. Employers are by law required to give their employees the time to attend these schools — from six to twelve hours a week, depending on the trade, for from three to five years. These continuation schools are not evening schools; because it is well known that boys fourteen to fifteen years of age, after a hard day's work in a shop or factory or on a building are unable to profit by evening instruction to the extent to which they could profit by the same instruction if it were given in the daytime. Moreover, it is clear that forced school work at the end of an arduous day is unhygienic.

In these continuation schools one of the most suggestive arrangements is the close correlation of the theoretical foundations of each trade with the instruction in the processes of the trade. That is to say, the mathematics of the school is the mathematics of the shop, whether it is jewelry or shoemaking or carpentry. The same is true of the machinist's mathematics. Similarly the drawing of the school is the drawing of the shop. The

[1] Monthly Consular Reports of the United States, January, 1905, p. 229. Referred to by Professor Harlow Stafford Person in his *Industrial Education*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1907.

[2] "American Industrial Training as Compared with European Industrial Training." In the *Social Education Quarterly* (Boston), June, 1907.

problems which the boy finds in the shop to-day are dwelt upon at length in the school to-morrow. In the same way the closest possible relation of the sciences, physical or biological, to the trade concerned are maintained. The youth learns also the history of his trade, and civics, and the proper use of his mother tongue in relation to his trade.

From the continuation school the youth at eighteen or nineteen enters the army, where for at least two years more he is under systematic educational influence. That is to say, the German nation has been unwilling, for more than a generation, that a youth after he leaves the elementary school should be without systematic educational influence until he reaches the age of citizenship; while, in this country, we are just beginning to realize our responsibilities in this respect.

The effect of the extraordinary scheme of technical education of all grades, not only the elementary technical education which has just been sketched, but of all higher grades of technical education, on the progress of German industry and commerce is well known. Before the Franco-Prussian war Germany was, industrially and commercially, rather an unimportant nation. Immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, after German unity had been accomplished, the nation devoted itself to the development of its educational system and to the development of industry and commerce; and it has become, as is also well known, one of the most important manufacturing and commercial nations of the world — a tremendous rival in that respect of other progressive nations. While Germany's educational system is not the sole cause of this extraordinary prosperity, it is, nevertheless, one of the most important causes, and by the Germans themselves is regarded as *the* most important.

Now while it would be undesirable and impossible to transplant any German institution to this country just as it exists in Germany, it is, nevertheless, clear that this particular German institution offers most valuable suggestions for America. We flatter ourselves that in our democratic society we provide equal opportunities for all through education. That is to say, we claim to provide educational opportunities that will enable a man to make the most of his capacity, his industry, and his character, whatever his original station in life may be. And yet we have failed to provide such an opportunity for that great mass of our population who must face the most serious problem of life — self-support and the means of progressive well-being — at an early age.

Thus far, I have endeavored to show that there is a great need of industrial education. The manufacturer needs skilled labor. The workman needs an opportunity to develop "industrial intelligence" and skill, and a sense of responsibility. I have also endeavored to show that while we have developed with much industry and enterprise the material resources which we possess, we have done little, if anything, to promote the development of the most important resource we have, namely, the great majority of our wage-earning men (and women). I have endeavored to show also that, while the effect of this neglect is to deprive the employer of the industrial intelligence and skill that he needs, it also deprives the wage-earner of the greatest blessing which any man on earth can have — the prospect of a steady job, and an increasing wage based on progressive efficiency and responsibility. And, therefore, that there is here an educational need for which we have not yet provided an educational institution. This institution is the school of mechanical industries.[1] And it remains to sketch in briefest outline the nature of this school. Such a sketch is suggested only as a basis for intelligent experimenting. It is thought to be definite enough, however, to serve as a possible guide in planning industrial schools,

[1] Cf. the Report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education, March, 1907. Public Document No. 76.

and flexible enough to permit adaptation to local conditions and local needs.

Each school should receive boys (and girls) fourteen years of age and upwards who express their intention to learn a trade. When these schools are fully established, they would require four years of day instruction. The first two years would include much shop instruction, greater in amount and much closer to the trades than the shop instruction of most of the manual training schools now in existence; together with related mathematics, natural science, drawing, the history of industry and commerce, civics treated as concretely as possible, and shop and business English. These two years would serve first of all to direct the attention of boys and girls to a trade, would develop in them the vocational purpose, would explore their several capacities; and should enable them, with the help of their teachers, to select that trade for which they are best fitted by natural taste and capacity.

The last two years would include specialized instruction in the trades appropriate to a given locality, and the theoretical foundations of each trade — drawing, mathematics, natural science, and also the history of that trade, shop and business English, and civics, as before. These last two years could be completed in that time by pupils who are able to attend the school continuously, or in a longer time by pupils who are obliged to work a part of the time; or the work could be done by such pupils in the evening. Some manufacturers believe that some kind of part-time scheme — that is, part of the time in school and part of the time in the factory — is possible for some industries; whereas for other industries the further education of the pupil would have to be undertaken in the evening. Evening instruction for persons already employed in the trades would, of course, be an important part of every school.

In every community that has a manual training school the plan just outlined for the industrial school could be easily carried out. At this point a brief digression seems desirable. It seems worth while to indicate in a few sentences the difference between manual training and industrial training. Manual training is a means of general education just as history or chemistry or language is a means of general education. It has materials of its own and a method of its own, and hence the result is a peculiar kind of knowledge and power due to the nature of the subject and the method that it demands. That is to say, each subject of instruction is a means of general education because it supplies a peculiar kind of knowledge and develops a peculiar kind of power. Each of these subjects, therefore, possesses an educational value not shared by other studies. The peculiar educational value of manual training is that it gives a knowledge of our constructive activities and a sympathetic appreciation of them which cannot be gained in any other way; and an incipient power to be useful in them, which similarly cannot be gained in any other way. It is, however, as now carried on, usually much too general to be comparable to industrial training. Manual training abstracts the principles of all trades and teaches them. It ought to make a pupil generally "handy." It is, if properly carried on, an excellent preparation for industrial training. Industrial training goes farther. Besides teaching all the processes of a given trade from the first attack on the raw material to the last touches on the finished product, it teaches the theoretical foundations of that trade. Hence it gives the worker a *technical* knowledge of his trade, and begins the development of skill in the practice of it. It must not be inferred, however, from what has just been said that an industrial school can turn out a journeyman. The skill of the journeyman can be developed fully only in the factory.

Such schools as have been sketched should be independent schools parallel to the existing high schools. They should be independent schools, because the motive which dominates them determines the

value of their work in every detail. It is clear from what has gone before that the theoretical instruction of the general high school is not adapted to specific instruction in a trade. In a general high school no specific application of the instruction is aimed at. In the industrial school everything has its specific application. Therein lies its value and its significance. While in training for a trade, or in the pursuit of that trade itself, there is constant opportunity for the application of all that the pupil has learned, and hence the possibility of progressive growth in thinking about his calling and in his command over it, not only in the processes of the trade, but in all that the trade means.

Under such circumstances the workman knows not merely the processes of his trade; he knows all of them as he cannot learn them in the factory, but he knows the principles of his trade as well. And he should be able to form a just estimate of his own value to himself and to the community.

THE HOME OF BURLESQUE

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

ALMOST any one will tell you that the Gaiety is "a theatre to which nobody ever goes." Nobody, that is, save the thousand low-browed men and boys who pack "the home of burlesque" to the roof twelve times a week. Never was nobody so multitudinous! Yet the mathematicians multiply zero indefinitely without increasing its value, and in a certain sense the Gaiety's audience consists solely of zeros. In another sense, though, it consists of your disinherited fellow mortals, whom no man with a heart in his breast will despise and whom only the Pharisee will decline to consider. Happily, they are easily considered and as easily comprehended in this sordid play-house; for the theatre, of whatever rank or pattern, remains always a sort of father confessor, fathoming the minds and morals of its devotees. Indeed, who knows but we shall emerge from the disgraced portals with a kinder and gentler spirit toward them of low estate, and with the pardonable elation of such as have essayed to gather figs of thistles and come off not wholly unrewarded?

You will find the Gaiety's exterior quite ferociously deterrent — which shows you why "nobody," a thousand strong, can't resist its attractions. Blatant posters announce "The Forty Flirts," describing them as "a bevy of bouncing, bewitching, bewildering blondes" and as "40 la belle Parisiennes 40," whose performance is "positively the limit of sensation." Ostensibly, the establishment thrives by virtue of its vices. Some vices it has, and none deplores them more grievously than I; and yet the philosopher who enjoyed visiting the penitentiary "because it was so inspiring to see so many men living according to their convictions" would derive far nobler edification from a visit to the home of burlesque, which, by a species of hypocrisy the-other-end-to, makes shift to live even above its pretensions.

To take the posters at face value would be to argue yourself guilty of altogether blameworthy innocence. They are n't there to do justice to the show, but rather to flatter patrons by proffering a graceful and enthusiastic tribute to what the Underworld conceives to be its taste.

Needless, then, or nearly so, the prophylactic steeling of the moral nature with which a student of low life first enters

that whited lobby, joins the unwholesome queue before the ticket-window, and buys his seat, preferably one in a box, whence stage and audience — audience especially — may best be scanned. It's a wondrously cheap seat, though the Gaiety's costliest. And hereby hangs a paradox: with exquisite delicacy, the disreputable play-house conserves the self-respect of the abandoned. A price that yields a seventh-class place in a first-class theatre yields a first-class place in a seventh-class theatre; there you're the tail of the kite, here the kite of the tail. Observe, too, how magnanimously the balcony welcomes its twenty-cent adherents, while for a dime and a headache any rogue may find an appropriate perch in the gallery.

Now for the entrance and an initial impression — alas, not a visual one! An extreme and very ancient sniffiness pervades the auditorium. But que voulez-vous? Pure indoor air costs money. So do clean floors. And soon the eye completes the testimony of the nostrils in proof that here an ultra-Stevensonian manager has sought to "earn a little and spend a little less." What with dingy red walls untouched by brush since '78, chairs rickety beyond belief, aisle-carpets all in rags and tatters, and proscenium pilasters still showing bruises where the clowns of a bygone epoch belabored them with one another's persons, the house deserves canonization at the hands of any who call economy a virtue. Meanwhile it keeps an eye alert for small emoluments. A youth stalks to and fro, hissing, "Cigarss, gents? Cigarss?" The drop curtain (bedaubed with a masterpiece labeled "The Swanny River" and well-stocked with fitting water-fowl) has a border of paid advertisements.

Directed, rather than ushered, to your box, you seat yourself next to — well, let us say a sailor in uniform — and survey the arrived and arriving host. Before you, a sadly questionable array of artisans, cheap drummers, petty clerks, temporarily opulent malefactors, and, plainly discernible, certain daring souls from the rural glades. A nervous lot, these; valorous at the ticket-window, they afterward turn discreet, for they recall that custom permits humorists upon the stage to single out a front-seat enthusiast as target for highly personal and as highly unconventional sallies — such, for instance, as comment upon sparse-grown hair. A little farther back, a glummer and less decent company, though more at ease. Beyond them, a noticeably viler herd. In the balcony a blend of pickpocket, day-laborer, and unwashen ne'er-do-weel. Thronging the topmost gallery — beneath a placard that proclaims, "No guying, whistling, or cat-calls: you are liable to be ejected" — a rabble of tramps, thugs, sots, jailbirds, and noxious urchins. The higher, the lower!

As regards demeanor, the humblest set the fashion. If heat annoys, men shed their coats. Always they smoke — wisely, considering the atrocious atmosphere, but none too well as touching choice of cigars. Should two gentlemen engage in personal combat, back yonder by the door, the entire multitude will rise as one man, turn their backs on the glittering soubrette, and await the issue. Sometimes, under extreme provocation, they indulge in audible dramatic criticism. It is recorded that once, when an usher saw fit to chide an incipient William Winter for so doing, the spectators manifested their indignation by righteously quitting the Gaiety in a body, thus vindicating the sovereignty of the individual.

But listen! There arises a gust, then a tempest of impatience. Whistling, stamping, and hand-clapping rage in gallery and balcony. Even the parquet folds its Hearst newspapers and joins in the uproar. This continues — minutes actually, hours seemingly — till at last there comes a glow beneath the curtain, followed by the solemn up-climbing of some five or six musicians (more there never are) from under the stage. With phenomenal promptness those artists attack a yellow overture; and the curtain,

with many a jerk and hesitation, straggles aloft, revealing an inner one on which is painted a copy of the "Chariot Race in the Circus Maximus." Fortunately, the overture soon spends its virulence, and up soars the Roman hippodrome, discovering the deck of a battleship, whereon the "40 la belle Parisiennes 40" — grievously decimated, since they number scarce more than twelve, yet effulgent in silks and jewels and blinding blonde tresses — are harmoniously disporting themselves in the guise of court ladies, dancing (not less decorously than in musical comedy), and screeching a sentimental ditty now serving its novitiate ere gracing the barrel-organ. Here beginneth the first "boilesque" — to endure full sixty minutes.

To fend off intellectual locomotor ataxia, as the jumping marvel proceeds, focus without delay upon this: whatever else burlesque may or may not be, assuredly it is n't burlesque, while nevertheless it is. In the waning 'sixties, as Mr. Howells plaintively relates in his *Suburban Sketches*, there arrived from France a sensational and spectacular type of travesty upon legend or romance, followed by a still more ignoble type from England. Now the Gaiety's offering, though bereft of satirical aim, devoid of plot, and guiltless of point or pertinence, has usurped the title of that elder *genre* in hope to inherit the obloquy with which it was rightly crowned. Were the modern burlesque altogether frank regarding its lineage, it would trace its descent, not from "La Belle Hélène" but from a *revue* at the Folies-Bergère, though even then there were room for Terry McManus's retort to the genealogical braggart, "Begorrah, *what* a descint!" For, while declining to import the wit, the keenness, and the more than Satanic cleverness of the sketches that compose the *revue*, it has borrowed only what Matthew Arnold would have termed its architectonics. Problem: to deploy the chorus in seven different costumes within the hour. Modus: to assuage the audience with truck-horse humor (Puck and Judge dramatized) as interpreted by the traditional comic Irishman, German, Jew, cowboy, barnstormer, tramp, yokel, or fop, what time the ladies of the troupe are accomplishing their delightful metamorphoses. Such burlesque as survives is mainly a trick of rags and patches and grease-paint.

Done with shrieking and polkaing, our maids of honor skip blithely overboard, R. and L. — you listen for the splash! — reaching for buttons betwixt their shoulder-blades as they run. With extraordinary promptitude they reappear — there in the lee scuppers, next the functionary in shirtsleeves who shapes the destinies of lights and curtain — and presently, clad as pink-and-green geishas, invade the deck, again to sing and dance. Once more the plunge into the deep, whence they emerge, having suffered a change appropriate thereto, as new and strange Vassar undergraduates, whose deportment should certainly illumine the academic shades. And lo, here they come again, brave in gorgeous reds and yellows, clicking their Spanish castanets. They shall yet wear the guise of such Moorish beauties, fencing girls, and Pierrots as naturally abound aboard a man-of-war.

To be sure, there 's her ladyship the Admiral, who twitters the familiar oceanic chanty, "When Father laid the Carpet on the Stairs;" and there stalk certain lesser mariners, likewise recruited from the "bevy of bouncing, bewitching, bewildering blondes;" but these have an alien air, as if too close akin to reality to be real. More felicitous, you'll agree, are the antics of the "Sunday supplement" worthies who rule the decks while the chorus are off stage revising their raiment, and who keep the company's "properties" quite violently in motion. Nobody knows what would become of burlesque if it were n't for properties. That enormous hawser, for instance, yields twelve huge guffaws a week; an ultra-simian Irishman tugs and

tugs at it with might and main till at last appears at its other end the tiniest and most anticlimactic of spider-dogs. That siphon bottle raises tumult and rejoicings by treating the Jew to a more than baphometic seltzer baptism. Those stuffed clubs, slap-sticks, and inflated bladders become positively edifying when they knock down the Irvingesque barnstormer, whose every fall gets emphasis from cymbal and drum. That infinitesimal Teddy bear, brought on by a proud huntsman after the firing of a gun, is almost as subtly humorous as the property turkey, which, having figured upon a comic banquet table, gets hurled at the pianist's head. No doubt the musician deserves the onslaught. I once perused an effusion in which such an one descanted upon the merits of his guild. It began: "There are pianists and pianists. In this article, reference is had to the latter only."

But look! The entire company rushes in upon the stage, so attired as to leave no phase of the preceding helter-skelter without its representatives, prancing and shrieking; and now the curtain falls — not in the cruel perpendicular affected by those of less humble theatres, but zig-zag fashion and with many failings of the heart, as if loath to veil so lovely a spectacle from a joyous and uproariously appreciative audience. Here endeth the first "boilesque."

It leaves you quite lost in admiration — not of the performers, since they were plainly recovered from the very scrap-heap of the profession; not of their music, equaled only by the raging of a country choir; and certainly not of their prehistoric monkey-shines and their jokes of primitive lucidity; no, what you have all along contemplated with reverent awe was the intellect that created this delirious and fascinating production, till you burned to cry, "Author! author!" When I asked Mr. Wieland, the eminent juggler, how it was possible for a human being to write a burlesque, he gravely replied, "Well, just look at the things Edison and Tesla invent!" He by no means underestimated the feat. Should any reader of these pages aspire to try his skill at the art, I counsel him not to go about it without due precaution. Having first equipped himself with miscellaneous fragments of light opera libretti, colored supplements, comic valentines, and the works of Eli Perkins, let him tastefully combine them while looping the loop. Naturally, the best results cannot be expected unless the author has derived a few preliminary suggestions from some accomplished inebriate.

A production thus achieved will merit a modest share in the plea so often advanced for the stage, namely, that it mirrors life. For burlesque reflects, with pitiless accuracy, the mental life of its audience. It was once said of a popular but incompetent bishop that "his foolishness fitted their foolishness;" here it is even so. Incapable of sustained attention, assertive memory, logical inference, or that range of consciousness which groups many incidents into a harmonious whole, so that events shall flow river-like to a fated destination, they abhor the drama and adore burlesque — for its very faults' sake. And this, I find, should teach us a tender, compassionate charity for their own so grievous faults, since, as morality is nine-parts brains, these disordered mentalities can't be held to account like cultured folk for their shortcomings. They live by minutes, not by years. Their thoughts come out in spots, not in streaks. They miss the connection between conduct and consequence. In their philosophy, human life is as rampant a riot as the wildest of burlesques — chaotic, without reason, guided or misguided by blind fatality. Not the hardest or most reiterant of hard knocks will convince them of the contrary, for they lack the grasp of sequence. Crime, detection, arrest, trial, conviction, incarceration — an obvious series to us, a recondite and incomprehensible to them! They're "no a' there."

So it comes about that the Gaiety

argues twice each day for the criminology of Lombroso and Ellis, the penology of Brockway and Scott; and if the great reformatories lacked other sanction, this home of burlesque would load them with sufficient honor. For, unlike the old-fashioned prisons, they treat the sinner not as a man plus criminality, but as a man minus the wit to keep straight; instead of trying to pound something out of him, they try to pound something in. And the something is a conception of what the theologians call the moral order of the universe. They introduce system among mental possessions hitherto chaotic. They do so by propounding a single central theme for the sinner's intramural meditations — the lofty and beautiful theme of human liberty!

The convict's one aspiration is to get out. Very well, let him earn his way out. Mark him daily (and justly) and let good marks hasten his release, bad ones delay it. Appeal also to more immediate desires. Show him that work squarely done, lessons well learned, and rules faithfully kept ameliorate his circumstances, giving him honor stripes on his sleeves, a modicum of freedom, a softer bed, and decenter food. Show him that recalcitrancy means a scarlet suit, no freedom at all, and the toughest bed and board obtainable. Thus, for a considerable period, you force him to think normally. You make his every hour a dramatization of ethics. If you teach him to cope with the reformatory and literally to "win out," you teach him how respectable folk cope with the world. He "gets the hang of it."

After the opening burlesque, the "olio." The origin of its name, say some, is as lost to philology as is that of Mistral's Mireille to Provençal folk-lore; others trace it to a Spanish word, meaning a food compounded of many ingredients; but the thing itself amounts simply to a form of entertainment filched from the London music halls.

The joint perpetrators of the "burletta" now appear seriatim — singly, or by twos and threes — and thereby expose themselves to separate indictments. Not that the management so intends; it aims solely to squeeze the maximum of amusement-making out of a minimum of "talent." The same passion for economy that cuts traveling expenses by transforming "The Forty Flirts" into "The Rollicking Rippers" after a week at the Gaiety, and advertising them as a wholly different company at the Star, only to present them the week following at the Bowen Casino as "The Bowery Beauties," inspires that little carnival of unrefined vaudeville, the olio.

Happily, it is n't difficult to construct a fairly representative olio, since there's nothing so uniform as these varieties. It begins, let us say, with a singing and dancing and joking turn (pronounced "toin") by McGilligan and McGooligan, from which you learn why "refined" vaudeville is honored with so patrician an epithet. McGilligan — he of the statesmanlike silk hat, frock-coat, gray trousers, and scarlet waistcoat, an ensemble well suiting his rubicund countenance and merry side-whiskers — might, to be sure, meet tolerance among the knowing. Not so McGooligan. What with crimson face, whited upper lip, green Galway whiskers, a tiny mirror adhering to the end of his nose and scintillating as he moves; what with an alarm clock doing duty as a shirt stud, a cabbage as boutonnière, and a shillalah stout enough for a newel post, there's not an inch of him, from infinitesimal stovepipe to fantastically elongated feet, but screams with absurdity — plaided coat seven sizes too big, trousers cut from a horse-blanket, waistcoat an Irish flag. Indeed, he is so terrifically funny that you gaze upon him with mute solemnity. The audience, however, roars loud and long. There's philosophy in this. Humor, like all refinements, connotes a sense of fitness, of balance, of just relations. A slight disarrangement amuses you, as when the prayer-book finds accidental lodgment upon the cellaret; but you do not chuckle at the

moving van and its mass of jumbled contents; neither do its horses; and the Gaiety's adherents, by laughing at McGooligan's make-up, betray a clearly sub-equine jocosity. They want all creation turned upside down, wrong-side out, hind-side before, and even torn to bits and stuck together as irrationally as possible. It was Goethe, if I remember, who said that men never displayed their characters more clearly than by what they thought laughable; they likewise display their brains, or lack of them; wherefore I think myself doubly warranted in declaring that anybody capable of enjoying McGooligan's comicality should be clapped into a reformatory without trial, simply as a precaution against treasons, wars, and stratagems — a proposal abundantly justified when the "team" begin to sing, or should I not more properly say, to bray?

For harshness and brutal, ear-splitting, raucous ferocity, their voices are without parallel outside the home of burlesque, and the Underworld adores them. Whatever the other ills that assail low-born humanity, it enjoys a most enviable exemption from "nerves," possessing a sensory system quite proof against shock — as the new anthropology has clearly demonstrated. Facing hunger, cold, fatigue, and bodily hurts, — and feeling them far less than we should, — the "submerged" are now, with equal impunity, facing the music.

Also they face a fusillade of jokes, known in the profession as "dat quick, snappy stuff" — jokes venerable, jokes vapid, and, though I grieve to report it, jokes all too broad! The immortality of the chestnut gets here its finest realization, till you wonder whence come those resounding peals of merriment. From wretches lately let loose after long imprisonment? From seamen returned from interminable voyages? From small boys, to whom every form of joke is still new? More probably, I fancy, from victims of faithless memory and from such as, having heard the jibe a thousand times, have at last espied its point.

As for the vapid joke, sheer silliness, you attribute its success to that common calamity of proletarianism, arrested development, and find yourself confronted by a still unsolved problem of child study. Meanwhile puns, even clever ones, frequently fall flat. By no means is the pun the lowest form of wit; it presupposes two concepts leaping forth at once and battling for supremacy; and a low audience, like ours at the Gaiety, has rarely the wealth of ideation to afford more than one concept at a time. But whenever a pun has a taint of viciousness, be sure these knaves will acclaim it.

Let's be fair, though. We pardon the coarseness of Shakespeare, telling ourselves that it merely reflects the morals of his time, and that it was intended for a Shakespearean audience. I invite a like charity for McGilligan and McGooligan, whose errors of taste are in no wise worse than the daily conversation of those who applaud them. Have we not here a modern counterpart of the churls who pitched carrots at the lords and ladies when strolling players performed in the courtyards of English inns three centuries ago? If lords and ladies have left off welcoming broad jests, our churls deserve credit for having left off pitching carrots. Moreover, were the whole truth known, it would appear that this pair of bad comedians proffered soiled jokes less for love of them than because their more praiseworthy offerings so little deserved praise. They sinned that they might live. And their admirers responded with a sort of auto-calcitrant laughter, conscious of its guilt. It saved its whole-hearted enthusiasm for a very different species of art.

The sorry twain make exit, the lights pop down, the orchestra strikes up a popular melody, and — within a tremulous, rainbow-bordered disc of calcium-glare — forth steps a girl in a pink satin ball-dress. White-armed, white-shouldered, fair-haired, rose-garlanded, she looks the incarnation of sweetness, gentleness, and youthful innocence. Instantly the wildest

applause! It's only at the Gaiety that tramp and prison-bird see beauty thus arrayed (so accurately impersonating the "heiress" of Hearst journalism); besides, the rudest of our fellows have reverence for womanhood, here seeming a bright compendium of all the virtues. And when her song relates how a high-born lady, having lost her own wee daughter, adopted a poor, neglected, unloved little girl and showered benefactions upon her, lo! the vision in pink turns preacher; virtue passive becomes virtue active; and a thousand hearts leap up in chivalrous sympathy. It might have been years, instead of seconds, since this very audience was wallowing in vulgarity.

However abrupt the metamorphosis, you may count it genuine; so indeed you might in a far more startling case. The Gaiety once proffered a spectacle which, had it not had its counterpart in certain aristocratic playhouses, would have cried aloud for the constable; yet directly it was followed by the canticle "Jerusalem," illustrated with tinted magic-lantern slides, — angels, and pearly gates, and the gleaming courts of Heaven, — to the unutterable joy of a multitude that had just plumbed the depths of the moral Inferno. You might have imagined that the management intended to please two elements in a mixed throng; instead it intended to please two elements in a mixed individual. And both can even be pleased at one and the same time, as when a tableau vivant — reproducing the familiar lithograph, "Rock of Ages" — made it appropriate for four chorus-girls in pink tights to sing the hymn, thus blending the religious with the bacchanalian, much as was customary among the ancients. Its grotesque repulsiveness was wholly lost upon an audience whose brains were built in air-tight compartments. In fact you might call that audience more nearly Chinese than Greek; for a single Chinaman will comfortably assimilate Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity — not successively, but all three at once. If theological syncretism, why not moral syncretism? However, it presupposes a lack of logic and a vast capacity for not generalizing — gifts with which the Gaiety is richly endowed and which prepare it for numberless anomalies, despite its intention to be frank and whole-hearted and to exemplify the virtue which Mr. Chuck Connors — ethical adviser and arbiter of taste to the Bowery — has denominated "de real t'ing."

Hence the ascendency of Hearst and Hearstism. Hence also, with a difference, that of General Booth and his Salvation Army. Mr. Hearst, like the Gaiety's proprietor, has fathomed the mysteries of Underworld psychology. He knows he can preach abomination in one column, holiness in the next; damn to-day what yesterday he praised; give himself the lie — habitually and as a beverage — and never get caught at it. The "deadly parallel" scares him not. His readers have n't the scope of consciousness necessary to the appreciation of a self-contradiction. Meanwhile General Booth has found how easily the social derelict will step from the gin-shop door to the open-air service, how naturally he will respond to moral appeal, and how genuine is his desire to do right. Nor is this all. With equal shrewdness the Salvationist has diagnosed the fellow's weakness and perceived that his environment tempts to evil a thousand times where it tempts to good only once. That is why he garbs him in a conspicuous uniform, to armor him against the world. That is why he subjects him to iron discipline. That is why he strengthens his new-found faith by exposing it to ridicule and persecution. And he comprehends that dull intellects and feeble wills require the stimulus of sensationalism — just as Mr. Hearst comprehends it, and the manager of the Gaiety.

The song ended, our pink satin vision withdraws, and almost instantly reappears. Encores, at the Gaiety, are n't gratuitous, they are compulsory; the angelic young woman has given bonds to "hold" the audience for a stated inter-

val; she is "doing thirteen minutes." Again she sings, this time an old, old song, of undying popularity, with the refrain (here reproduced in the phrasing her technique requires): —

He — never cares-to wander from-his
Own — fire — side,
He — never cares-to wander or-to roam,
For-with baby on-his knee
He 's-as happy as-can be,
And — there 's no place-like home — sweet — home!

As poor, hopeless outcasts clap their hands, — they who have never dandled babe on knee and know no home save the lodging-house, nor ever will; they who so dearly love, or seem to love, the cyncial jibes at all that makes the fireside our earthly paradise, — as those sad wretches thus bare their hearts, you find yourself not surprised, and fall to marveling less at them than at the singer. That voice of hers — what muse shall inspire the description thereof? Think of the trolley conductor, of the newsboy, of the graphophone, think of all three blent hideously together, and then quote Charles Dudley Warner and exclaim, "To sum it all up in one word, it is something for which there is no name!" As for her art — so frantic in its emphasis upon tempo, so exaggerated in its bizarre staccato, so yellow in its stridency — at the very thought of it a musician would cut his throat, blow out his brains, and leap from a tenth-story window.

Presently, as is not unnatural, you inquire whence came her melodies. They bear to one another a pronounced family resemblance, and thereby hangs psychology. The late Jere O'Halloran, who wielded the razor by day and the lyre by night, used often to assure me that not for worlds would he allow his verses to be set to other airs than parodies upon those already popular.

Nor was he alone in his philosophy. Note the successive transcripts of a single air: "On Calvary's Brow," made known to the masses by the Salvationists' cornet, is transformed into "Say Au Revoir," which in turn becomes "Take Back Your Gold," and eventually "Strike up the Band." This is n't a mere expression of fondness for the familiar, as when our elders prefer the melodies of bygone days; here, precisely as when you observed the incongruities of the burlesque, you have to do with intellectual deficiencies; it takes attention, memory, and the faculty of grouping impressions to "understand" a new tune. For a proletarian audience, even an old one has to be sung in the shortest of phrases, or semi-phrases, and the pauses say, as to a green stenographer, "Got that?"

Perchance, as the pink apparition begins her third and last musical homily, — a eulogy of plighted troth and brave fidelity, — you fall to querying what manner of soul she may be. The answer is probably sorrowful enough; and yet, for your consolation, you must know that, a mile or so from the Gaiety, there exists a boarding-house that serves as a hospice for such performers in low vaudeville as would flee the tainted environment of their calling. Actually — there 's a family Bible on the table in the parlor, and the proprietor is a local luminary of the Epworth League. Many a participant in the least defensible procedures of the "home of burlesque" despises such vulgarity, tolerating it simply as "all in the day's work."

Adieu, pink vision, welcome, ye sturdy acrobats — two in sky-blue tights, the third a white-clad clown with whited face! Quite superb is their show of masculine strength and skill, enlivened with delightful pantomimic humor, and right generous their reward. For the Underworld worships muscle; Whitmanesque, to that extent, in its philosophy, it has never achieved that divorce betwixt flesh and spirit which is our Puritan heritage and which the cult of athleticism has only partially healed. Muscle, it perceives, wins both bread and honor, serving not only for toil, but also for the adjustment of intellectual differences. Reduce the whole race to the Underworld's level —

morally, mentally, and industrially — and you would reinstate the heroic age when he of stoutest brawn became chieftain of his tribe. Once, when Mr. John L. Sullivan appeared at the Gaiety, and sparred (innocuously, I assure you) with a hired brave from around the corner, the spectators experienced the thrills of contact with greatness. "Speech! Speech!" they cried, and the man of might spake thus: "I've boxed all the best men in the world, and I'm ready to do it again." The entire audience bellowed assent. All the best men — ah, yes! Our ancestors held an analogous creed, from which sprang that ornament of modern civilization, the British Peerage.

But think a moment! Have n't you somewhere seen yonder acrobats before? Why, yes, to be sure — in refined "vawdavil!" There's a perpetual interchange between the loftiest and lowliest ranks of the varieties, vulgar talent taking "refined" engagements whenever chance offers, and "refined" talent taking vulgar in days of adversity. In summer the bulk of our Gaiety people "play parks."

Occasionally, as you shall now perceive, the olio gains recruits from light opera. Time robs the prima donna's voice of its once so golden magic, and time hints darkly at the warning — printed by way of advertisement in *L'Illustration* — "Prenez garde, madame, vous commencez a grossir!" Alas for our poor Madame! Once regnant, as Dorothy, once triumphant, as Nanon, she stoops at last to delight this sordid rabble in "songs wid pitchers." Her voice recites the tragedy of camp and battlefield, crudely portrayed on stereopticon slides; it also recites her own. Note the covered tones — a false technique yielding adorable music in youth but certain ere long to work its havoc — which explain her wretched plight; note also the exquisite enunciation and here and there the vibrant, ringing note — survivals of her glory. The audience, however, forgives her ruined middle register, and applauds both her gown and her "pitchers." What more noble than crimson and spangles if not those soldiers, there upon the screen? A thousand hearts leap up in gallant response. There's neither man nor boy in that throng but would gladly turn trooper forthwith, and suffer and die for our cause, the cause that is always right! And whatever the inherent villainy of the battle-thirst, as here exemplified, it becomes a wonderful convenience when volunteers are wanted; you can get more enlistments out of the Gaiety in five minutes than out of a patrician playhouse in a thousand and one nights.

And so Madame bows herself away amid general enthusiasm, for the pathos of her professional catastrophe has n't found the hearts of that uproarious multitude. It takes brains to feel — rather to see what to feel. Accordingly, when a Hebrew impersonator, himself a Hebrew, next glides before the curtain and for fifteen minutes lampoons his own race, huge merriment results. Forgive these foolish fellows: they know not what they do. To you, the shiny frock coat represents the trailing gabardine, familiar in European ghettos; the hat, crammed down over the ears, recalls the Jewish cap; the diamonds, flashing with every gesture, tell of oriental ostentation and also of the days when the martyr nation invested its wealth in gems because they could easily be caught up and carried away in the hour of peril; the close-cropped beard suggests the flowing ornament so grand in Waltner's etchings; the loathly pallor of the face and the melancholy hollowness of eye bespeak ages on ages of hunger; and you know that the Jewish nose, here exaggerated almost beyond credence, belongs to but one of the countless types of a race incomparable for genius, fortitude, and solidarity despite all the woes and calamities of the Diaspora. These things you see and comprehend. The audience does n't, any more than it perceives the shame of an Israelite's scandalizing Israel for hire. It derives from the sorry spectacle a single impression: its Jewish neighbors

are being shown up as ridiculous and outlandish. Mind you, there's no trace of Anti-Semitism here. It's sufficiently genial laughter. At bottom, I suspect, it rests upon the reasonable conviction that whoever seeks asylum among us — whether Hebrew or Celt or Saxon or Latin — owes us the tribute of conformity to American standards.

Long ere Mr. Levinsky has ceased flaying the Chosen People, great activity is heard to be in progress behind the curtain, — yes, and seen to be. For the curtain scarcely ever quite touches the stage. Through the gap it leaves, you catch glimpses of many high-heeled slippers — some yellow, some blue, some a blazing scarlet — tripping to and fro or standing at rest. A second burlesque impends.

For which of our sins? Even were we accused of murder with malice aforethought, the law would refrain from twice jeopardizing the life of the body; why, then, should the Gaiety twice jeopardize that of the intellect? Well, as little children say, *because;* also and more particularly because the pinnacle of dramatic art, as conceived by the "40 la belle Parisiennes 40," has not yet been attained. In other words, the costumes bewailed by Mr. Howells in the late sixties and since hallowed by adoption in theatres wherever opera bouffe holds sway, have been saved up against the exigencies of a grand finale.

I don't defend them. Indeed, I question how a civilization that makes the position of woman the touchstone of its excellence finds pardon for thus degrading her. A further paradox: whereas sometimes "our" amusement houses — very virtuous, are they not? — permit two hours or so of such parade, the ostentatiously wicked low theatre permits rather less than a fifth as much. Nevertheless, the Gaiety assumes, and so do its patrons, that the indignity affords supreme delight. Does it, really? Remember the applause when the girl in the pink ball dress made entry; here she stands, in her coryphée garb, and now no one applauds. Some even go out — too little fascinated to remain.

The second burlesque differs from the first not merely by lasting but half an hour, by involving less singing (since every voice has grown hoarse), by diverging more pronouncedly from the paths of rectitude (as all decent resources have been exhausted), and by surpassing its precursor both in gorgeousness and violence, but also by betraying symptoms of plot. A mechanical staircase, let us say, leads up from a hotel lobby. As the melodramatic moment arrives — that is once in every three minutes — the steps fold down like the shutters of a window blind, and the cow-puncher, Jew, or comic Irishman, having all but reached the top, is sensationally precipitated. If that is n't a plot, I'd like to know what is! And observe: plot connotes system. Any alienist will tell you that the lunatic whose ideas are systematized never recovers, whereas the lunatic whose ideas have no coherency at all may possibly get well. Consequently, though you sat out the opening burlesque without a tremor, you now keep feeling for your wits.

Happily, a measure of chaos alleviates an otherwise most alarming situation. Though some five or six of the Forty Flirts impersonate characters (or, more precisely, don't), the rest come and go as gondoliers, amazons, football players, or soldier boys, whose antics have little enough relation to hotel life even as depicted in the Sunday newspapers and popular fiction. Equally beneficent, from the viewpoint of mental hygiene, is the blithely irrelevant clowning of menfolks between adventures upon the staircase.

But ere the burlesque attains its end, expect an æsthetic triumph, in this instance a dance that becomes a perfect riot of soft-tinted fabrics — costly ones, too. Think not that great dames shed their glories still undimmed without some profit (through the mediation of the old-clothes man) to their less favored sisters. And only see what joy the spectators derive therefrom! Endowed with a

rare numbness of nose and an astounding toughness of ear, they have nevertheless a keen sensitiveness of eye. Still, the present pageant leaves much to be desired, principally stage management. Feet have been instructed, partly, but not hands or heads or expression of face. "Florodora," you know, was n't merely an affair of slippers; it was also, and especially, an affair of nods and becks and wreathed smiles; you realize for the first time how fine a product is that art which may not improperly be called the Higher Dancing. You observe, too, how imperfectly the management appreciates its audience. Can it fancy that they enjoy seeing lovely colors flooded with crimson or green or orange by the gas-man up aloft? Really, the supreme achievement of the Gaiety arrives when some imitator of Miss Loie Fuller defies control and lifts the beholder into a seventh heaven of æsthetic exaltation.

Now approaches the beginning of the end — the entire company massed upon the stage, prancing and jumping; the orchestra going it like angry demons, all but smashing their instruments; wreaths of paper flowers held high; and portraits of Mr. Grover Cleveland, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt impartially and unanimously applauded, till finally the stars and stripes are borne proudly in by the Jewish impersonator, and the Forty Flirts join in the noble anthem, "Keep your Eye on the Grand Old Rag!" A fever of patriotic devotion, love of country run mad. The spectators, having broken all the nation's laws, would gladly die for her. And at this juncture the curtain falls.

Oh, but the air tastes sweet as you burst from that noxious, over-heated, smoke-befouled atmosphere! Sweeter still is the sense of escape from out the realm of riot and unreason. How delicious the sunshine, if this has been a "mati-knee"! how calm and sane and pure the stars if an evening performance! Almost you exclaim, by a sort of moral and spiritual rebound,

> "God 's in His Heaven,
> All 's right with the world."

And truly, much more is right and much more is good than you had fancied — especially in the Gaiety and its deplorable adherents. Pity — no mere sentimental pity, either — replaces censorious contempt; or, rather, shifts the censure to society at large, which has only the rogues it deserves.

As you turn your steps homeward, you find yourself philosophizing, not unamiably, upon all you have seen and heard. You conclude that the home of burlesque claims at least the merit of purveying enjoyment to the most unhappy of your fellow creatures, while inculcating certain virtues commonly recognized as Christian. Beyond question, it fosters hope. Next week a new array of mendacious posters will lure the same silly fellows back to the same silly booby-trap with fresh promises of "positively the limit of sensation;" they never are, but always to be, blessed! Also it fosters temperance and honesty; temperance because, since the Gaiety does n't sell drinks (though some burlesque houses do), it becomes a citadel of refuge for inebriates, who can't go out between the acts, as no entr'-actes are provided; of honesty because it pens up a herd of sneak-thieves and pickpockets for two hours and a half at a stretch. Moreover, it elevates industry and even prevents loss of life. What, think you, would happen to the trades, were those clowns and men-singers allowed a hand in them? What to the art of cookery, were the "40 La Belle Parisiennes 40" restored to the kitchen? What chimney would keep from tumbling about our ears, or what dinner fail to serve a death-warrant? But I sometimes suspect the institution affords more profit to the world outside it than to the world within. It enables the belligerently ethical to dog it with hired detectives (whereby they obtain much growth in grace), and it grants the sociological prowler a most fruitful opportunity for eavesdropping at the Underworld's confessional.

THE WINTER WARRIORS

BY W. S. HINCHMAN

This road we ride forever —
  The winds are up to-night,
The clouds are black and scattered,
  The moon is keen and white.

Come, winds of winter, striding
  Adown the mountain side!
In frozen, clanging armor
  Your sworded warriors ride!

Come, heralding your storm-king
  In raiment spangled, white,
Who tries our hearts and sinews,
  Who calls us forth to fight!

Come, bring the five-month winter
  Of boisterous days and snow,
Of silent trackless forests,
  And fir-trees bended low;

Of nights when all the heavens
  Are dashed with splendid stars,
When northern lights in ancient fights
  Clash flaming on the scaurs!

See, see the winter warriors
  That spur in squalls of white,
With lance in rest and plume on crest,
  All charging through the night!

The stars are in my pulses, —
  And white the wind-swept snow!
Strike spur and slacken bridle;
  We'll ride forever so!

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

I

BY J. O. FAGAN

MONEY, brains, and intelligent labor form the combination that is attempting to solve the problem of safe and expeditious transportation on American railroads. In order to secure the desired result no expenditure, either of effort or of treasure, is considered too extravagant. So far as concerns speed and comfort, the conditions at the present day leave little to be asked for; but when we come to take account of the human lives that have paid toll to American systems of railroading, we cannot avoid the conclusion that something must be fundamentally wrong in the methods of handling the traffic.

To account for the unsatisfactory state of affairs there are various popular excuses and explanations. Discussions in regard to block signals, tired employees, faulty rules, and so forth, are seemingly as endless as, up to date, they have proved fruitless. For the most part these discussions are being carried on by professors and students of economic conditions and by clever collectors of statistics, but the men who know all the details of railroad life, the men who pull the signals and handle the trains that are concerned in the trouble, have yet to be heard from.

However, regardless of the nature or value of the discussion, the fact remains that we railroad men still continue in the same blind rut and there is no perceptible improvement in efficiency. Managers and superintendents appear to be helpless in the matter. They are evidently unable to stem the tide of preventable casualties.

The story of one accident is the story of them all. There is a smash-up. Property is destroyed, perhaps passengers are hurt. The superintendent at once starts an investigation. It is practically secret. Not a word in regard to it is allowed to leak out. After a while a decision is arrived at and a verdict is rendered, — in secret. Then discipline is administered. A private communication containing verdict and penalty is sent to the accused party. This, of course, he keeps to himself, and the incident is closed.

But before long another employee, in utter ignorance of the first man's blunder, commits the same mistake. Both of these wrecks may have been serious, perhaps with loss of life, but that makes no difference. Our traditions and ancient habits have not been interfered with and the bills have been paid. Such is discipline in the dark. Great indeed is secrecy.

Yet it is useless to question either the ability or the integrity of superintendents. As a rule they have risen from the ranks and are thoroughly capable and conscientious. Every avoidable accident is a reflection on their management, and therefore it can be taken for granted that they render the best service possible under the circumstances. But unfortunately they are beset on all sides with obstacles and difficulties. What they would like to do, even in the matter of secrecy and discipline, must frequently wait upon what they are able to do. Time was when an offending employee could be discharged on the spot, without appeal. To-day he claims a hearing. A brother employee, an expert on railroad law and precedent, stands at his elbow as prompter and assistant. In this way, as we railroad men figure it out, the "law's delay" puts a curb on the "insolence of office." Thus

the initiative of a superintendent is held in restraint, and management by means of schedules and agreements takes the place of personal direction, while over all hovers the watchful eye of the grievance committee. Meanwhile, we, the employees, look on, watching the game.

When people are killed, when property is wrecked, we have nothing to say. It is for the management to figure out reasons and remedies. Of course, as individuals, we are interested and sorry when accidents happen, but personally we do not bestir ourselves, nor do we call upon our organizations to bestir themselves in the matter. We simply stand pat on our rights. If a prominent railroad man is questioned on the subject of railroad accidents, he will shrug his shoulders and say, "human nature." So far as he is concerned, railroad men are to be protected, not criticised. If you turn to the management your errand will be equally fruitless. The superintendent will have little to say. Generally speaking, he has no fault to find with the men, and the men have little fault to find with him. This seems to be a tacit understanding in the interests of harmony. It being impossible to move without treading on somebody's toes, by all means let us remain motionless. As for the public interests, they must shift for themselves. Consequently, in place of earnest coöperation in the interests of efficiency and improved service, there is something in the nature of a friendly deadlock between men and management.

Nevertheless, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, the problem of the efficient and safe running of trains is a very simple one. Fundamentally it is not a question of rules or safety devices, but of personal conduct and habits of thought.

In everyday life when a man fails to make a satisfactory score with a first-class gun we do not place the blame on the weapon. If we desire greater efficiency in marksmanship we direct our attention to the man. But in the railroad business such commonplace logic does not seem to apply. When a man violates an unmistakable rule or runs a signal with disastrous results, there immediately arises on all sides a peremptory demand for a different kind of rule or an improved signal. Public opinion, with little understanding of the issues at stake, has a constant tendency to blame systems and managements. Even the Railroad Commissioners, agreeing with or responsive to this public sentiment, almost invariably recommend improvements along these lines. In this way for many years attention has been concentrated upon the machinery of management, its rules and safety appliances, and the personality of the men has been sidetracked. The injurious effects of this policy and the manner in which all hands have conspired to obliterate personality from the railroad business will be evident from the following illustration.

A short time ago, in the vicinity of Boston, an express train telescoped an accommodation passenger train. The track in question was protected by no less than four cautionary rules and signals. In this way the express train received four distinct and emphatic intimations that a train was on the block ahead of it. With the slightest attention to the rules or to the dictates of common sense, the protection was sufficient, yet the train ahead was telescoped as it was pulling out of a station. Of course, in placing the responsibility, the plain and real issue in this case was the question whether the express train was or was not running slowly and with extreme caution, as called for by the rules. In order to determine whether the rules and signals were sufficient to prevent a collision, it was surely proper and reasonable to ascertain whether, on this occasion, they were obeyed. But the Railroad Commissioners, after an exhaustive investigation, took a different view of the matter. Their finding or verdict in their own words was as follows: —

"It is not necessary to determine

whether the engineman did or did not exercise proper caution; the significant fact is that the discretion actually used led to disastrous results. Under the conditions the signal should have been *red.*"

The harmfulness of this decision will at once be apparent. It cuts the personality out of the business at points where obedience to the rules is the vital issue. Green signals or red signals are equally valueless if ducks and drakes can be played with the rules in regard to them. A decision like this one is confusing and demoralizing to conscientious railroad men, and it converts the management and discipline of a railroad into a thing of shreds and patches.

To emphasize this point it should be added that another collision of a similar nature took place about the same time on the same railroad. An express passenger train approached a fixed signal which indicated *caution.* The engineman, on the lookout, but with the caution up his sleeve, kept on his way without any reduction in speed. A moment later he encountered a red fusee which called for an absolute stop. But it was too late. Neither the fusee nor the flagman frantically waving his red flag availed to arrest the momentum of the flyer, which dashed into the rear of another passenger train standing at a station.

Now, with all deference to the Railroad Commissioners, the "significant facts" in these accidents are the personal conduct of the employees and not the nature of the signals or the wording of the rules.

Of course, taking a wider view of preventable accidents, it is always an easy matter to divide the responsibility for them between the men and the management. This is the usual and popular method of treating the subject. But the idea, reasonable at times, has been overworked and has now degenerated into a principle that responsibility should always be divided. Consequently, while we are busy adjusting the division, we frequently lose sight of the real issues, and the offenders are allowed to escape.

Fundamentally then, it must be confessed, we railroad men are to blame for these preventable accidents. Most of the trouble can be directly traced to our own personal behavior, that is to say, to our conduct and habits of thought as railroad men. This is by no means a reflection on our character as sympathetic and reasonable human beings. Our intentions are all right, but our training in the railroad business has been all wrong.

But it is of little use to talk or write about personality in the abstract. As practical men dealing with a practical topic, we must follow the railroad man out on the road, we must watch him at his work, and we must take notice of the common sense, the caution, and the good judgment, or otherwise, which he habitually displays in the execution of his duties. Then, and not until then, can we expect to become qualified to place our opinions or conclusions on record.

Now the regulations relating to the running and protection of trains are very similar on all railroads, and therefore the following rule taken from one of our current working time-tables may be looked upon as thoroughly representative.

"A freight train must not leave a station to follow a passenger train until five minutes after the departure of said passenger train."

To any ordinary thinker this rule will appear to be plain, positive, and for the most part necessary. Yet as a matter of fact no attention whatever is paid to it either by enginemen, by conductors, or for that matter by superintendents. Its violation has been the cause of collisions and loss of life, but that does not seem to bother us, for we continue to disregard it. Let us take another illustration.

At the point where the writer has been employed for many years, there is a junction of four-track and two-track systems. The rule for the handling of trains at this point is as follows: —

"All trains will approach and enter upon four-track sections under complete control."

There is nothing misleading or uncertain about this rule. The instructions to enginemen are positive. The towermen at these points understand how necessary and important this rule is. Besides, it is the written result of the experience of the officials. Nevertheless, it is totally and consistently ignored by enginemen. But enginemen are not alone to blame. Conductors should at least be conversant with the rules. The railroad officials who ride on these trains might also very reasonably be expected to notice the persistent violation of regulations for which they themselves are responsible. Yet even the trains bearing the Railroad Commissioners will rush over the territory in question as fast as the wheels can turn. The conditions and the rules in this case are practically the same as were those at Salisbury, England, at the time of the recent disaster in that city.

Now as it seems to me, the all-important facts in these cases do not relate to the nature of the rules, nor even to their non-enforcement, but to the downright neglect of railroad men to do as they are told. For, granted observance of them, all other questions in regard to the rules dissolve into thin air.

Unfortunately, the rules I have quoted and the interpretation put upon them by railroad men cannot be taken as examples standing alone, for they are merely illustrations of a principle that covers the whole cautionary field in our railroads. In some way we have got it into our heads that these rules are *permissive*, not *positive*. This permissive principle means the exercise of our own judgment according to circumstances, regardless of the rule. Acting under the influence of this principle, the flagman protects his train to the very letter of the rule when it is manifestly necessary, but when, in his opinion, it is not, he takes chances. In this way he forms a habit of using his own judgment in regard to a positive rule. Sooner or later this means a preventable accident.

The engineman encounters a single torpedo. According to his rules, he should bring his train to a full stop. But as he happens to have a clear track for a mile ahead of him he keeps on. He, too, forms a habit which has to be reckoned with, some day.

Again, all trainmen understand that an express train has no business to run past a station while accommodation trains are discharging passengers. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence, however, to see an express train disregard these positive instructions, on the strength of hand motions given by trainmen on the accommodation train to the effect that they are about to start, and that the way is safe and clear for the flyer. Yet in this manner accidents happen, and passengers from the accommodation are always likely to be caught in a trap between the trains.

But the dangerous and widespread effects of the permissive principle applied to important rules will be appreciated to the full when we study the interpretation which railroad men in general are in the habit of applying to the word *caution*.

On all railroads there are certain fixed signals for the guidance and information of employees. When caution is called for, the light is usually green and the semaphore horizontal. Now, as the writer looks at it, when any signal indicates *caution*, it is not to be looked upon as a permissive or conditional signal to be interpreted at will by different enginemen. According to the rules and to common sense when a train, at the time a cautionary signal is sighted, is running thirty or forty miles an hour, it calls for a positive and not a theoretical reduction in speed. The cautionary signal is not merely a piece of information to be stowed away in the brain of the enginemen to be utilized when a rear end or a broken rail is sighted.

Although for a number of years the inflexible enforcement of the rules relating to these cautionary signals has been advocated, yet to-day train after train

will run past these semaphores and green lights without any reduction in speed, provided the track ahead of them is seen to be clear.

Here we tackle the very heart of the matter, for in so far as the rules and common sense are concerned, it should not make a particle of difference to the engineman whether the track ahead is or is not known to be clear of trains; his instructions call for cautious running, and by no possible interpretation or juggling with words can cautious running, or running under control, be taken to mean running at full speed. Yet in the way I have indicated the cancer of a very dangerous habit has been allowed to grow into the American system of managing trains. This wrong interpretation of the word caution by enginemen and others has without a shadow of doubt during the past few years cost the corporations thousands upon thousands of dollars and multitudes of human lives. For if railroad managers labor under the delusion that enginemen can run *cautiously at full speed* when the track is clear, and avoid disaster when from unforeseen reasons another train happens to be on the same section, they are very much mistaken.

Practically speaking then, the permissive principle covers the whole field of railroad life and is a constant menace alike to the interests of the corporations and to those of the traveling public. As a matter of fact, we, the employees, are bigger than the rules. According to our way of thinking it is not alone necessary that a rule should be plain and sound from a general standpoint, but its downright meaning and necessity must also be evident in each and every particular instance. If it fails to stand this test, we consider ourselves at liberty to use our judgment in regard to it.

Illustrations of the danger that lurks in this permissive principle can be multiplied indefinitely. But after all, it is only a link in the chain, for there are other features in the personality of railroad men that call for serious attention.

The other day, within a few miles of Boston, an express passenger train approached a railroad crossing at grade. For some reason the gate-tender was negligent and failed to lower the gates. By reason of just such negligence, teams are frequently struck and lives are lost at these crossings. On all railroads, the rules are quite plain and unmistakable in regard to such matters. It is the duty of the engineman to report the incident to the management. As a matter of fact on this particular occasion the engineman failed to do so. He failed to appreciate the fact that the safety of the public at these crossings is altogether dependent upon the strict observance of the rules. He had scruples and emotional objections perhaps, to reporting this gate-tender, and rather than do so he took all the chances in connection therewith, chief among which is the simple fact that on a railroad unchecked negligence can be depended upon to breed disaster.

That railroad men in general are either indifferent to or ignorant of the importance of the above fundamental fact will be made still clearer by another illustration. On September 16, 1907, that is on the day following the disaster at West Canaan, N. H., the writer was a witness of the violation of two most important rules by a number of enginemen, conductors, and brakemen. A switch leading from the west to the east-bound main lines was left open while an express passenger train was passing inward bound. A freight train was on the west-bound track waiting to back over. Two minutes later, *with his train only half way in to clear the main line*, the engineman on the freight whistled in his flagman in the face of an accommodation passenger train which had followed the express. From beginning to end, on the permissive principle, it was a perfectly safe transaction, for there was a mile of straight track in both directions; but the rules for the running of the trains and for the safety of the public were

violated. The witnesses were seven or eight veteran railroad men, who looked upon the affair as perfectly proper and justifiable under the circumstances. It never entered the heads of these men that the affair should be reported to the management. That some of the best men in the service should behave in this way, as it were in the very shadow of the accident at West Canaan, is almost inconceivable. Of course, if these incidents stood by themselves their significance might be comparatively trifling; but as a matter of fact they are illustrations of a condition which is thoroughly typical of American railroads. This condition or situation may be briefly yet correctly outlined as follows: —

There is practically *no out-on-the-road supervision* on American railroads.

Railroad managers depend upon the reports of employees for information in regard to violations of rules. But employees do not, and cannot be compelled to, report their associates, consequently negligence of all kinds is practically unchecked.

Finally: unchecked negligence can be shown to be the root and direct cause of nearly all preventable accidents, and loss of life therefrom, on American railroads.

Here we have a conclusion worth looking into. At a glance we perceive that negligence is the prime and fundamental fact. It is the direct cause of the trouble. The fact that the negligence is *unchecked* is important, yet secondary. It should be treated as a separate issue and it must stand or fall on its own merits.

But our conclusion that accidents result in almost all cases from unchecked negligence should be supported by evidence and proof. For examples in support of it, let us take two of the most disastrous wrecks in the history of New England railroads.

On November 26, 1905, at Baker Bridge in Lincoln, Mass., seventeen people were killed and thirty injured. An express passenger train was following an accommodation train, which was somewhat late. Cautionary signals calling for reduced speed and careful running were passed at intervals by the express train, but, according to the evidence, the engineman paid no attention to them, hence the accident. Now the habitual negligence in regard to these cautionary signals was a matter of common knowledge. In fact, attention was called to the matter both before and after the accident by the writer. The unchecked negligence in this particular case was therefore directly responsible for the accident and the loss of life.

Again, on September 15, 1907, at West Canaan, N. H., twenty-five people were killed and forty injured. The unchecked negligence in this case is by no means so striking as in the previous example, and yet the evidence pointing in that direction is quite as significant. A mistake occurred in the transmission of an important train order. This mistake was the direct cause of the accident. For various reasons it was impossible to say by whom the mistake was made.

Now let us turn to our book of rules and take note of the following instructions to train dispatchers and operators. "In transmitting messages write slowly and firmly," etc.

With all proper consideration for hard-worked and conscientious train dispatchers, I am compelled to confess that train orders are seldom if ever sent "slowly and firmly." Operators will bear me out in the statement that orders are transmitted by dispatchers as fast as the men can handle them. That is to say between veterans in the business they are rattled off at the highest limit of speed. The men concerned in the accident at West Canaan were veterans. Had the man at West Canaan been a "plug," that is, a green hand, in all probability the accident would not have occurred. While, of course, this is merely a supposition, yet the fact remains that the men would have been transmitting *slowly and firmly*,

and the chances for a mistake would have been reduced to a minimum.

I thoroughly understand and appreciate the difficulties with which the train dispatcher has to contend. I am quite aware that he is called upon to handle trains with the utmost dispatch; nevertheless, I insist that, in order to reduce chances of accident to a minimum, train orders should in all cases be transmitted slowly and firmly. I stand by the rules. The issue is between speed and safety, and in all cases the latter should be given the right of way.

Thoughtful railroad men who understand the situation on the railroads at the present day, are yet very slow in suggesting remedies. They say, "It is up to the management to enforce the rules." On the other hand, if a superintendent can be persuaded to express an opinion he will retort, "It is up to the men to obey the rules. They are plain enough and sufficient for the purpose, but we cannot station a spy at every switch to make sure that the rules are obeyed. We have to depend on the personality and general intelligence of our employees."

It will, I think, be evident from the facts and conditions which we have been considering, that whatever secondary causes there may be for preventable railroad accidents, the trainmen themselves hold the key to the situation. They are at liberty to obey the rules and thus solve the problem in the only way in which it ever can be solved. Or, they can continue to place upon these rules a wrong interpretation and thus evade their manifest meaning and purpose. As matters stand to-day between labor organizations and railroad managers, it is very doubtful if by any practical system of supervision or discipline the rules for the safe and efficient running of trains can in all cases and at all times be adequately enforced. Thus the whole business resolves itself into a personal matter with us as conscientious railroad men. Singly and collectively, it is up to us to do the square thing, if necessary, in spite of the management.

As the case stands to-day we railroad men are in a class by ourselves. We are well-paid, well-treated, well-educated, and well-organized. In all that pertains to our material well-being, we compare more than favorably with any other class of workers in the country; but considered as responsible individuals entrusted with the care of railroad property and the safety of the traveling public, our records are very unsatisfactory. The truth of this conclusion is not open to question. We cannot escape from the statistics and the figures; and, day by day, the evidence against us continues to accumulate.

There are many people who think that the intelligence and education of the 20th-century railroad man can be depended upon to guard against the shortcomings to which I have called attention. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that the intellectual independence of railroad men is in itself a danger to be guarded against. Standing by itself, the statement that knowledge is power is a fallacy. Knowledge is only a means. Its benefit to any one is always an open question. In other words, the secret of power is in the application of knowledge. Thus when we analyze a modern railroad accident we are forced to the conclusion that many railroad men take chances by reason of the supreme confidence which they possess in their own cleverness and ability to deal with an emergency, however sudden. This resourceful characteristic of Americans is a splendid thing from a general standpoint, but in the railroad business it has its stern limitations. Only too many of our accidents are illustrations not of lack of knowledge or resource, but of the downright misapplication of these intellectual features. In some cases we find an over-supply of self-confidence, in others a disinclination to knuckle right down to the observance of plain and positive instruction. In such cases a man cannot be called the

fortunate possessor of intellectual advantages, but their manifest victim.

Railroad managers, therefore, sooner or later will come to understand that the one thing needed in the railroad business at the present day is to educate employees to appreciate the fact that successful and safe railroading in the future will have to depend, not upon the multiplication of safety devices or the reconstruction of rules, but upon the personal effort and conduct of conscientious, alert, and careful men.

Meanwhile, thought counts, and it is a good idea for practical railroad men to look into and study these problems, each according to his ability and the light that is in him.

LA TRISTESSE

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THIS is not really the story of a child, though it began when Hypolite caught the measles at dancing-class. And when he was getting better, his uncle, who kept a business-like eye upon his health and his manners, sent him to Madame Dulac at Saint Jacques de Kilkenny, to grow strong in the air of the hills.

Hypolite was a little boy at the time, quiet and brown, with eyes like bronze-purple pansies. It was not his fault that his surname was Gibbs. Even at that age, he preferred to have it ignored. Madame called him "M'sieur Hypolite," or "le petit sieur." But then, Madame had served and loved his mother when that mother was Geneviève de Lemprière, before she married Anthony Gibbs, and before Hypolite was born, or Madame herself took in boarders. To Hypolite, two white shafts in a cemetery outside Montreal represented that ill-assorted father and mother. But before he had been a week in the village, his French began to return to him.

"It is yours by right," said Madame, who would hear nothing of the Gibbses. "What wouldst thou for thy dinner, mon ange?"

Madame fed him royally and made a baby of him, and told him stories of the long-ago days, and spoke to him of his mother. In a little while, the Gibbs part seemed to have dropped out of his life. He loved Madame, and Telephore who chopped the wood, and André who worked in the garden. But most of all he loved Félice.

Félice was Madame's help in the kitchen, a girl who belonged to nobody, for whom nobody cared. Perhaps the incipient artist in Hypolite first rejoiced in her; she made an impression on him never effaced. His canvas in last year's Salon, that canvas full of brown and gold, was a far-off memory of her.

"She was Dian," I have heard Hypolite say, "Dian; not the stately goddess, queen of Nature, but the ever-young Artemis, slender as her own white crescent."

Hypolite ran about the straggling village and made friends with the children: and climbed the little hill beyond the Calvary, and looked at the great river running to the sea, wishing he might follow it.

"There are many nice things here," he said, invading the kitchen for cake, "and nice people. André is nice and Telephore is nice, and so is m'sieur le curé. But Maxime is nicest. I went to-day to see him. He lives in a little cabin all covered with vines, and he has two fields covered with mustard and flowers. He is tall and he has blue eyes.

I picked some of his flowers and he came out and talked to me, and told me his name and I told him mine. Then his dog came out, his big black dog he calls Sorrow, — La Tristesse. Why does he call it La Tristesse? It is a nice dog, and licked my hands."

Madame looked up from her cake and crossed herself, with wide eyes. "Hast thou made friends with Sorrow, mon petit?" she asked, gazing at him strangely. "I am grieved. Maxime and La Tristesse are not for thee."

"It was a very nice dog," said Hypolite, in the gruff tone that was his sole heritage from the Gibbses. Félice was beating eggs at the table. Her long gray eyes turned lazily towards the child, and then were bent upon her bowl again. Her wrists fascinated Hypolite as she whipped the froth, they were so small and strong and firm, sunburned to a creamy brown. He watched them while he ate the cake, and wondered what her cold eyes had tried to tell him.

"Why am I not to make friends with Maxime's La Tristesse?" he demanded of old Telephore.

Telephore stared at him as Madame had done, and made the little sign against evil. "La Tristesse?" he said. "La Tristesse? If you make friends with Sorrow, Sorrow will abide with you."

"But she has not abided with me," put in Hypolite patiently, "she abides with Maxime."

Telephore crossed his scarred, knotted hands upon the haft of the axe and leaned his chin upon them. "Not always," he said in a low voice, "ah! not always. Henri L'Ecossais, he was a strong man last Michaelmas. He stopped to speak with Maxime at his door, and patted on the head that La Tristesse, brute of ill name and ill omen. And she, that La Tristesse, she follows him home, beating with her tail and begging him to look at her, as some dogs will. And he laughs, and gives her bones, and she sleeps a night in his stable. In the morning she goes home, drifting like a black ghost down the road. And Henri, little monsieur, what of Henri? In three days, look you, he is seized with a chill and a weariness, and in a week he is dead, — mon Dieu! dead! And that is not all. If I had my will, Maxime and La Tristesse should be — eh! sent from here."

Telephore's face was as superstitious and cruel as the faces of some of Millet's peasants, and he muttered to himself as the bright blade of his axe fell upon the wood, and the sweet white chips flew in showers like a tiny snowstorm.

"But that is all foolishness," said the round-eyed Hypolite, in the lordly tone Saint Jacques de Kilkenny had taught him. "La Tristesse is a nice dog, though she is so long and black and cries with her eyes. Once I had a little guinea-pig, un cochon d'Inde, black as Sorrow; but it died of an indigestion."

"Foolishness, is it?" muttered Telephore. "Then, little monsieur, there are many fools in Saint Jacques. As for the cochon d'Inde, that was different. Gabrielle has a black sucking-pig, and no one is troubled by it, though it visited every house in Saint Jacques. But this Sorrow of Maxime's — Foolishness, is it? Eh, well! Pray the good saints you may not be taught its wisdom."

Telephore was cross and would not talk any more. André professed to have no opinion at all about La Tristesse. So, as was his way, Hypolite decided to go to headquarters for information.

He crossed one of Maxime's thriftless fields, and went up the path to the cabin. Once the path led through a garden of flowers, but now garden and fields were all one, overrun with blossoms grown small and hardy and wild, which could not be found elsewhere in Satnt Jacques. La Tristesse was lying by the door, in the sun, licking a long red scratch on her side. She put her lank paws on Hypolite's shoulders and thrust her melancholy nose against his cheek.

"Are you come for more flowers?" asked Maxime, rising from among the wild raspberry canes. "There are pretty

flowers in the field beyond the patch of barley. I shall grow oats there next year, they are prettier than the barley, but the flowers are best. My grandfather brought the seeds of some of them from the other side of the world, and a few braved our snows and frosts. Pick all you want, little monsieur." He laughed at Hypolite, showing his white teeth, and yawned and stretched himself. He was tall and strong, with a fine tanned face and eyes of Breton blue softened by many dreams, and he was shabby to the point of rags.

"Thank you," said Hypolite politely, "but I did not come for flowers to-day. I came to ask you why you call your dog Sorrow? Pardon, m'sieur, if I am too curious."

Maxime bowed, ready laughter in his eyes. "I am honored with monsieur's interest," said he. "I call her Sorrow because she has the look of it, as any but these — ganders of Saint Jacques would understand. I found her roaming in the woods, starved, all over of a tremble. I took her home and fed her. That is all there is about her. She would harm no one. Yet, because of her color and her melancholy, she is a witch and a loup-garou and I know not what besides." He laughed angrily, and touched Sorrow's side gently. "Look you here!" he cried. "This was done last night. It is the mark of a bullet, — of a silver bullet, perhaps, they are such fools." Hypolite touched the scratch too, with fingers light and tender, and Maxime's face softened again.

"We have no friends, La Tristesse and I," he said sadly. "I suppose it is because we do not work or go to church. But those stuffy saints — And why should I work? I have no one to work for but myself."

"I'm not very fond of work," confessed Hypolite. "My uncle says I must go into an engineer's office when I leave college, but I do not want to. I would rather paint pictures full of pretty colors."

"And I," said Maxime, "I also love pretty colors. When I want them, I look at the fields and the skies and the hills, and I am content." They smiled at each other with perfect understanding.

"And I am a friend to you and La Tristesse if you will have me," said Hypolite.

"Monsieur honors us," said Maxime simply, "but Loneliness and Sorrow are an ill pair of friends."

Hypolite dined with Maxime and La Tristesse, under the vines, with leaves for plates; dined off bread and baked potatoes and little trout from the brook and wild raspberries. "It is poor fare," said Maxime shyly, "but the air and the sun make it sweet."

"It is lovely," answered Hypolite ecstatically. "I should like to bake potatoes in a little oven and catch little fish for my dinner always. Oh, always."

"The bread is soft and white," went on Maxime, "feast-day bread, such as you are used to eating."

"It is the same as Madame Dulac's," said Hypolite with his mouth full.

"It is the same as Madame's," repeated Maxime, laughing.

Madame scolded Hypolite for the first time when she heard where he had been. "It is an ill place," she cried, "and those who dwell in it have an evil name. That black thing, called a dog, ran and barked at one of Gabrielle's cows yesterday, and already the cow has sickened. Go not near that La Tristesse, I beg of you, child, nor near her master."

"La Tristesse is a very nice dog," repeated Hypolite in the voice of the Gibbses, presenting so stony a front to her shrill vexation that Madame broke into tears and flounced away. When she had gone, Félice slipped over to the child and, without any change in her small, cold, beautiful face, kissed him. He gasped; feeling as if he had been kissed by a flower, so cool and soft were her lips.

Gabrielle's cow died, and the whispers against La Tristesse changed to silence, which was a bad sign. Hypolite did not

know that there were few people in Saint Jacques who would have gone to Maxime's door after dark.

And then the rumors began again, but this time they came from the woods. In the village there was silence and listening. But from the woods there dawned a new dread, — a dread of night and loneliness and the sickness that strikes therein. Telephore first put it into words.

"It is said," he told André in a whisper, "that far to the north there is a deserted village. When that village was full of people, there came to their doors a black dog, long and gaunt and wretched. They took pity on that dog-thing, and fed it for three days, and then it went away. But it had left a gift for those people. La Picotte struck them, coming silently as is her wont. They died like flies, those people that fed the black dog, and the few that were left ran away."

André stared, his face going gray with vague horror. He was slower than Telephore.

"If I were you," said Telephore, with a sort of frightened sneer, "I would change the name of Maxime's La Tristesse. Maybe she is only biding her time."

Two or three days afterward, Hypolite went to see Maxime. It was early evening, and he moved through a golden world. "I have never forgotten anything of that evening," he said long afterward. "The sky was golden, the air was golden, and everywhere about the fields was the golden glow of the mustard. But in front of Maxime's cabin there was a black little crowd of people, and in the road stood Maxime, facing them fiercely, his hand upon Sorrow's head. There were boys there, throwing stones, and one or two of the shouting men had old shotguns.

"I ran to them, and I think I was screaming with anger. But Telephore was in the crowd, and he caught me in his arms gently, and made me keep still; though I kicked, and bit his hands, and my teeth were as sharp as a squirrel's. When they saw me, the men who had the guns lowered them as if ashamed, and the boys stopped throwing stones.

"Josef, Gabrielle's husband, was speaking. 'We will not harm you,' he said, 'but if you would stay among us, you must shoot that black brute you call your dog, there under your hand.'

"'I will not shoot her for any of you cowards of Saint Jacques,' cried Maxime at that. The crowd growled threateningly.

"'Then go!' cried Josef, 'you and your dog-thing!'

"I shall never forget how Maxime looked, his head thrown back and his eyes like points of blue fire, facing the men who were casting him out of his home. I thought he was going to fight them all. But he looked down at Sorrow, cowering beside him and trusting him, and I think he yielded for her sake. He laughed very bitterly.

"'I will go,' he said, and they shrank from his eyes. 'Sorrow has been my comrade and my friend, she has shared my food and my fire, and with Sorrow will I go. She is more faithful than any other.'

"And then a girl pushed suddenly through the crowd, and stood in front of Maxime. It was Madame's Félice, and she was laughing aloud. I had never heard her laugh before. 'If you go, I will go with you,' she said.

"Maxime's face was suddenly strange and wild at the sight of her. 'You — you — you?' he cried. 'You — you, O heart of my life, star of my dreams?'

"I think he forgot all about the angry crowd in an instant.

"'Yes, I,' laughed Félice. 'I have seen your heart in your eyes, Maxime, and now you may see my heart in mine. What is the need of words? If you go, I go with you.'

"'There is a kind priest at Terminaison,' said Maxime, hot and fierce, his blue eyes on her gray ones that were no longer cold.

"Félice laughed still. It seemed as if

she could not stop laughing for very happiness, but her beautiful creamy cheeks showed no blush. 'As you like,' she answered; 'we will go to the curé if it pleases you. But if you go, I go also. I am faithful as La Tristesse.'

"'Come, then,' said Maxime. And that was all. They forgot the people who were watching them, awed and silent before this strange divine thing shown forth in their midst. Maxime never even looked back at his little cabin, and Félice never looked from his face. They moved away down the road together, hand in hand, into the great golden sunset, and Sorrow following them, leaping and frisking. That was absolutely all, and it was over in five minutes. But think of the wonder of it, — a flower of Greece in her golden days, a vision of Italy, a dream of ancient France, there suddenly showing forth for all men to see.

"They went unmolested down the lonely road. Once Félice shook her slim arms above her head as if in a very ecstasy of joy. Once Sorrow jumped up to lick her hand.

"Yes, they went, and were hidden in the golden mist of sunset, and were gone. Nor did I ever hear of them or see them again, — Maxime, with his blue eyes, his gentle hands, his long lazy body, his rags and tatters; Sorrow, black and faithful as her namesake; Félice, beautiful as the ever-youthful Artemis. Nor can it be said that I saw them go. For I was down on my face, crying so that my tears made little gray runnels in the dust of the road, — crying for the loss of the most beautiful thing I had ever known."

THE INDUSTRY OF MUSIC-MAKING

BY WILLIAM E. WALTER

A GROWING enterprise which annually involves the use of several million dollars and each year shows a deficit which seems to increase almost in like ratio to the amount of capital involved, would hardly appeal to the average American as a good business proposition; yet this is the situation which constantly faces those who cater to the musical demand of this country. Here is a business, the ramifications of which reach from New York as a principal centre into nearly all the cities, towns, and villages of the country. It carries on its pay-roll several thousand artists, instrumental and vocal, ranging from the "star," who may receive in one afternoon or evening what most capable clerks would be glad to get for a year's labor, down to the humble struggler on some lyceum circuit who is fighting for a meagre livelihood, buoyed up by the hope that some day recognition and greater rewards may come. On this pay-roll, also, are some thousands of non-musicians, from managing directors down to janitors and ushers in concert-halls, the majority of whom gain their entire living from music. Real estate, and for the most part unproductive real estate, valued at several millions of dollars, is used in this business, for concert halls and the like. The total amount paid to newspapers throughout the country for advertising purposes will run easily into the hundreds of thousands, and the total paid to the railways for transportation is far greater than that. Printers, lithographers, and bill-posters come in for a not inconsiderable share of this expenditure, and the total amount paid the government for carriage of mail would support a very respectable post-office of the second class. Theoretically this total should be offset by the total sum accruing

from the sale of tickets of admission. Practically, it is doubtful if the public pays for more than fifty per cent of the music it listens to. Nor is there any reason to believe that this state of affairs will soon be remedied; for experience has shown fairly conclusively that the greater the outlay, the greater will be the deficit.

Several years ago, shortly before the death of Anton Seidl, some women of New York felt that he should have an orchestra of his own and, incidentally, New York should have what it had never possessed, a permanent orchestra, organized solely for the purpose of giving concerts and commanding the entire time of its members. It was decided that the only way in which this could be done was by the establishment of an endowment fund of not less than one million dollars. These women went to a very rich man who was not only liberal but had given signs of a liking for music, who could, moreover, give the whole amount without feeling its loss. Listening to their arguments he seemed favorably inclined and asked them casually how long they thought it would be before the orchestra would become self-supporting. The answer was frankly given that in all probability the orchestra would never pay for itself; whereupon the millionaire closed the conference abruptly, saying that he could never support so unbusinesslike a project. If they could assure him that in ten, twenty, or even fifty years the orchestra could pay its expenses, he would give the money, but he did not feel justified in giving the public something in which it would not take sufficient interest to support it.

Fortunately for the cause of music, all men do not take that view, for if they did music would soon become, in this country at least, one of the lost and forgotten arts. On the contrary, the luring quality of music did not cease with the death of Orpheus. It may not now be able to charm the beasts of the forests, but it certainly has a powerful influence on the check-book. The music-lover — meaning, of course, the layman — is so curiously constituted that he not only wants to enjoy music himself but he wants others to enjoy it. He wants to force them to enjoy it, and to that end he will pay money out of his own pocket. That is the secret in a nutshell. Such elements as the spirit of speculation and local or civic pride may enter into the process of making up this huge annual deficit, but ultimately the subsidies which, direct and indirect, make possible a musical life in America will be traced to this curious characteristic. And this, incidentally, accounts for the many bored faces one sees wherever music is the entertainment.

The business of supplying music to the public may be divided roughly into three divisions, the opera, the orchestra (including chamber-music organizations), and the soloist. Of the opera little need be said. It is an exotic flower which flourishes only in New York, where special conditions rule not merely in opera but in all branches of music. A population of nearly four millions, a daily floating population now estimated at half a million, great wealth and the desire for pleasure which is its corollary, and last, but not least, the important function which opera plays in the social life of the city, — these are elements which exist nowhere else in the country. Moreover, opera presents music in its most attractive and most easily assimilated form. It gives it as handmaiden, theoretically at least, a plot or a story to be developed in the course of a performance: in other words, a tangible, human element; and it surrounds it with all the illusion the plastic arts can provide. But even in New York, it is only in the last ten years that opera has become profitable, and it remains even now to be seen from the interesting experiment being made at the new Manhattan Opera House, whether it can show a profit at the end of the season without the subvention given to the director of the Metropolitan Opera House by the stockholders of that corporation.

The most important factor in our musical life is the orchestra, and by the continual formation of new orchestras throughout the country it promises soon to be the dominating factor. And yet, there is hardly an orchestra in this whole country, from the great permanent organizations of Boston, Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia, down to the little semi-professional bands of small inland cities, which at the end of a season does not have to call for money to make up a deficit. These deficits run, in the case of large orchestras, from $15,000 and $20,000 to $70,000 and $80,000 a year, and very insignificant is the band which has not a guarantee fund of at least $5000 a year.

The deficits are made up in various ways. In one case, an individual who organized the orchestra has cheerfully made out his check for the needed amount at the end of each season. In another case, what amounts to an endowment fund was raised by public subscription, put into an office building which contains a concert-hall, and the net income from this building is expected to wipe out the annual deficit. In still another case, where the orchestra is a coöperative society, its members dividing as their pay whatever may be left at the end of a season, a fund has been raised which has secured for it an expensive conductor whose personality is expected to increase the size of the receipts. The general rule, however, is to secure a certain number of guarantors for a term of years, who bind themselves to be responsible for a certain maximum amount — and when the amount is exceeded, as it usually is, the guarantors go into their pockets a little deeper and make the best face possible.

The case of chamber music is relatively worse than that of orchestral, for while the supply is naturally small, the public which will pay to hear a string quartette is even smaller. Yet, quartettes flourish throughout the land. It is safe to say that not a single chamber music organization begins to take in at the box-office the money it costs. But here another factor enters into consideration. Chamber music has come to be regarded as having exceptional educational value, and as the cost of giving such a concert is comparatively small, very few concerts are given on the responsibility of the organizations themselves. Clubs, colleges, and the like pay them a certain set sum for a concert, which brings us back again, as in the case of orchestras, to the necessity of a subsidy. If even the most popular of these organizations were compelled to live on what it "brings in at the door" after the actual expenses of the concert are paid, its members would be more prosperous digging ditches.

This brings us to the subject of soloists — the individual virtuoso, the pianist, the violinist, the 'cellist, the whole army of instrumentalists which is touring the length and breadth of the country from October to April, and particularly the singer. Much delicacy should be used in revealing the sordid facts of dollars and cents, for when was there a virtuoso, instrumental or vocal, who had not enormous success, artistically and financially? One has only to read the columns of journals published for the edification of artists and managers to learn that such a one never existed. Unquestionably many of them do make a living from their art, else they would not stick to it as they do. But how many of them have not to eke out the earnings in art by the drudgery of teaching; or worse, how many of them do not spend a good part of the money made in the drudgery of teaching in a vain effort to make a living from the art? What of those who spend the money of others, lent to them or given, to this same futile end? And what of the managers — not the agents who direct tours — but the local managers, the clubs and the like that stand responsible for the concerts?

In the city of New York during a musical season of approximately five months, over four hundred concerts of all kinds

and descriptions are given, and in this number only those are included for which the public is invited to buy tickets through newspaper advertisements. It does not include charity concerts or private or semi-private affairs, If we assume that fifteen per cent of these concerts take in enough money from the sale of tickets to pay the "local expenses" so-called, — hall-rent, advertising, etc., — the estimate is a very generous one. Out of that fifteen per cent must be taken certain fixtures, orchestral and chamber music, choral concerts, and recitals by a few popular artists, all of which are assured of large receipts. This leaves very few for the rest.

To be sure, here again New York is blessed, or cursed, with exceptional conditions. A vast majority of those who give concerts in New York do not expect to make money. They set aside a certain sum to pay for the concert. The hall, large or small, is filled chiefly with deadheads, when it is filled, and the artist hopes to find his reward for all this expenditure in the criticisms which may be found in the newspapers the next day. Of late years in the theatrical business there has been a growing feeling that a "New York endorsement" was not absolutely necessary to the success of a play. However that may be, it is an accepted general rule that no executant musician or singer may hope to get out of the ruck of mediocrity until New York has stamped him with its approval. The very few exceptions to this rule have long since proved its value. For this reason, New York gets much of its music gratis.

The case in the rest of the country is not so bad as it is in New York, but if profit and loss were ultimately the consideration of those who promote music in this country through concerts, the stone-pile would have many recruits. Take first the case of pianists. With a very few exceptions the professional pianist to-day is nothing more than an itinerant advertising medium for the manufacturer whose piano he plays. In fact, if piano houses were not in deadly competition to get rid of their wares, the amount of music made in this country would easily be cut in half, for their largess penetrates into all the cracks and crannies of the business.

If the pianist be a foreigner, more or less distinguished, he makes a contract with a manufacturer to play his piano. In return the manufacturer guarantees him a certain number of concerts at a certain price per concert, or promises to pay him a lump sum for a maximum number of concerts. Naturally, when the artist leaves America in the spring, he is to leave behind him a letter setting forth the unrivaled merits of the instrument he has used. In such cases the manufacturer takes for himself all the receipts which may come from the tour. He counts on from ten to twenty engagements with the leading orchestras, from each of which he expects to get rather more money than he pays his pianist; but in order to place him with such orchestras for the necessary *réclame*, he will sell him for less. He counts on selling him to a few clubs about the country, or on playing him with local managers on a percentage basis, although for high-priced artists there are not many such opportunities. For the rest, he will place his artist in a city, scatter free tickets in all directions, and thus get a house. When the season has come to an end, he will charge up the deficit to the advertising fund, for on the programme of every concert where his artist appears is the announcement that Herr So-and-so plays the Such-and-such piano. This fact also appears in most of the newspaper advertisements and on all the "paper," meaning the posters which decorate blank walls and bill-boards.

If the manufacturer does not care to undertake the whole responsibility of a tour, or if the artist has faith in his own ability to attract the dollars of the public, the manufacturer will pay him a set sum per concert for playing his instrument, will supply the instruments, standing the cost of their transportation, which in a

long tour is very heavy, and will usually contribute a certain sum for advertising. In the end he gets the same returns as under the other plan. Few pianists under this plan receive less than fifty dollars a concert, and it has been plausibly stated that one very popular pianist is to receive a gratuity of forty thousand dollars for playing a certain instrument in a tour of a hundred or more concerts.

This will go toward explaining the mystery which surrounds the existence of so many concert pianists, who play week after week to handfuls of people or to audiences which are obviously of the deadhead variety. It is a sad and solemn fact that of all the pianists who have played over this country since Rubinstein was here, the number that have actually made money, over and above what they cost their managers or backers, is probably less than a score. Indeed, it would be very difficult to name even ten whose tours showed at the end a balance on the right side of the ledger. Of these, a few, a very few, have made large sums. The rest have made what, if music were really conducted on a business basis, would be a modest livelihood.

The activity of piano manufacturers does not end with pianists, although naturally the greatest part of their energy and money is spent on them. They often subsidize tours of orchestras, of violinists, of 'cellists, of conducting-composers and composing-conductors, and few singers of prominence start on a concert tour without the comfortable knowledge that a snug sum is to come from the makers of the piano which is to be used in the concerts. Violinists especially are notoriously a "poor business proposition." Very few of them, however picturesque in appearance, make money for those who back their tours, and an explanation of their personal prosperity is very often found in the "underline" on the programme of the concerts where they appear, to the effect that "The Piano is a Such-and-such," even when no piano appears on the stage. And so it is with other instrumentalists.

What money is made in music in America is made by singers, although the amounts earned by them are usually grossly exaggerated. Still, the singer appeals to a much wider public than the instrumentalist, whether it be an operatic star or a humble worker in the ranks of those who daily make havoc with oratorios and songs. And speaking of oratorios brings us at once to the subject of choral societies and "music festivals." They may be disposed of in a few words. Few music festivals, backed as they usually are by the full influence of civic pride, manage to make more than their expenses; and if choral societies do not enjoy a guarantee or subsidy, it may be inferred with reasonable safety that during the Christmas holidays they give one or more performances of the *Messiah*. Handel's masterwork constitutes the chief source of income of an overwhelming majority of choral societies. The announcement of its performance is sufficient to fill the house — not because of its intrinsic musical worth, however great that may be, but because it has become by tradition, as no other oratorio, a vehicle of worship peculiarly appropriate at Christmas, thus attracting thousands all over the country who are never seen in a concert hall on any other occasion. The money made by the *Messiah* concerts goes far toward paying the deficits incurred by those which present some more modern work.

It is an interesting fact that of all branches of music, it is only among singers that the supply is unequal to the demand, that is to say, of course, the supply of good singers. This naturally accounts for its being for managers, general and local, the most profitable branch of the business, and it is the branch which is conducted most nearly in a really business-like manner. Concerts by singers are bought and sold with the idea that they will make money for all concerned, the singers, the impressario, and the local manager. The singer's fee, in the case of a "star," is regulated generally by what

he or she "can bring into the house." No prima donna (we limit ourselves to them, as men singers of very high price are rarely available for concert work) gets in a series of concerts an average fee of $1000, $1500, or $2000, unless it has been fairly well proved by experience that she will bring in that much and more at the box-office, which is a final test of a singer's success. Very few get such sums, but such as do may be fairly reckoned as earning them.

With the next grade of singers, those who give song recitals, sing in oratorios at the larger festivals and the like, for fees ranging from $150 to $500, their price is largely the result of supply and demand. Few of them, of themselves, could bring to the box-office the amount of money that is paid for their services, but they are necessary, there are not very many of them, and their names combined with others make the prospectus of a concert attractive. As for the great army of obscurities, the "serviceable," the "reliable," and the "conscientious" singers who will accept any fee, they sing chiefly for the sake of advertisement, thus to increase the number of their pupils. Wonderfully enough, they very often succeed in their end.

Yet despite the fact that this branch of the musical business is generally profitable, how many impressarios have died rich? Maurice Grau retired from the Metropolitan Opera House after five years of exceptional prosperity, the possessor of a comfortable fortune. He is the first man in the history of music in this country to do so. Abbey, Strakosch, Maretzek, Mapleson, de Vivo, to say nothing of the scores of "little fellows," left nothing to show for their years of labor. They made singers rich, but the inevitable deficit got them at last.

If one has a commodity, or even a luxury, to sell, and after it has been placed on the market at a large expenditure nothing but loss results, either the public does not want the article and it is a failure or there is something radically wrong with the business methods which have exploited it. Music would be in that case were it not for a factor which is peculiar to itself. It is a luxury for which the public will not pay the amount necessary to produce and market it. Yet one cannot say that the public does not want it, since it spends several million dollars each year for it. Nor can it be said that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which it is sold to the public. All things considered, the business is fairly well administered. While in isolated cases commercial methods are used in its exploitation which are decidedly open to criticism, the musical activity of this country may be generally attributed to an altruistic purpose on the part of a minority to teach the great majority to find pleasure and comfort in the divine art. And until this majority has learned its lesson and has begun to contribute its part to the support of music, this great deficit will continue, increasing as a wider public is reached for, because the only way in which this great majority can ever be reached is by keeping the supply larger than the actual demand, thus leaving empty seats in the concert halls for new converts.

THE WORLD'S WEALTH IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE present French Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux, in a recent letter discussing the proposed income tax, declared that negotiable securities — in the form of stocks and bonds — now represent the larger part of public wealth. This probably exaggerates somewhat the proportion in which such securities enter into the aggregate of the national resources, even in such investing countries as France and England; but the spirit of his statement is correct, that the importance of this element of wealth has increased enormously within the past two or three decades. So great has been this growth, and so easily capable of concealment and quick transfer are the evidences of ownership of property in this form, that the French government permitted a semi-official suggestion to leak out in the summer of 1906, that an international conference should be proposed to devise means to prevent the citizens or subjects of any one country from escaping taxation by keeping their securities abroad. The project was so chimerical, and so little likely to receive the sympathy of the governments of those countries which have profited by the transfer of French capital to their markets, that it was at first regarded as nothing more than an attempt to frighten a few timid owners of securities into declaring their foreign holdings for purposes of taxation. At the session of the Chambers last summer, however, a project was included in the budget report, for requiring foreign banks with branches in France and French banks with branches abroad to furnish to the government lists of their depositors with the amounts of their deposits, whether in money or securities. The project failed for the time being, but the seriousness with which it was pressed indicates the important part which securities now play in the wealth of civilized countries.

Exactly what proportion of the total wealth of the world is made up of negotiable securities, there are not sufficient data to determine with precision. Estimates have been made, however, from available sources of information, of the face value of such securities quoted on European exchanges and, in some cases, of their market value. In the United States a preliminary examination of the field by the present writer has shown visible outstanding securities issued by American corporations to the amount of $34,514,351,382. An inquiry conducted by the Bureau of the Census into the value of the physical property of the country showed a total in 1904 of $107,104,192,410. Upon the face of these figures, nearly one-third of the wealth of the United States is represented by securities.

There are several modifying factors to be taken into account, however, before accepting this estimate as definitive. The most important of these is the fact that a considerable proportion of these securities are owned by holding companies or by other corporations. If the securities issued directly by such companies are considered as based upon their investments in other securities, there is a duplication of the same capital, which should be eliminated in order to reach the net wealth of the country represented by negotiable securities. The amount of such inter-corporate holdings of securities, so far as has been ascertained, is $10,120,418,699. If this amount is deducted from the par value of the total volume of securities ascertained, the net

wealth represented in this form is $24,393,932,683. It is probable that these estimates are considerably within the truth, since the methods which were employed in making the preliminary survey did not permit the searching out of all small local corporations, nor did it permit the ascertainment in all cases of corporate holdings of securities.

The factor of market value of securities is important, but the market value of the stocks and bonds dealt with did not vary radically in the aggregate, in spite of individual variations, from their par value, the par value standing at $34,514,351,382, and the market value of the same securities on June 30, 1905, at $35,460,506,877. In discussion of the aggregate, we can then, for most purposes, deal with par values without straying far from the truth.

The par value of stocks issued by American corporations and ascertained to be outstanding on June 30, 1905, was $21,023,392,955, and of bonds $13,490,958,427. How these were divided among different classes of corporations appears in the table below: —

PAR VALUE OF STOCK AND BONDS OUTSTANDING, 1905

		Stock.	Per cent of Total.	Bonds.	Per cent of Total.
1.	United States Bonds	———	——	895,158,340	6.64
2.	State Bonds	———	——	227,542,863	1.69
3.	County and Municipal Bonds	———	——	2,141,437,283	15.87
4.	Steam Railways	6,554,557,051	31.18	6,024,449,023	44.66
5.	Street Railways	1,761,571,812	8.38	1,455,520,159	10.79
6.	National Banks	791,567,231	3.76	———	——
7.	Banks other than National	649,080,956	3.09	———	——
8.	Manufactures	5,522,774,073	26.27	1,274,347,290	9.45
9.	Mining, Quarries and Oil	2,982,835,544	14.19	314,883,914	2.33
10.	Electric Light and Power	421,343,602	2.00	305,428,923	2.26
11.	Gas Plants	495,859,803	2.36	271,628,581	2.01
12.	Water and Miscellaneous Transportation	370,933,893	1.76	235,188,850	1.74
13.	Telegraph and Telephone Companies	559,084,526	2.66	195,575,666	1.45
14.	Water Supply Companies	144,611,346	0.69	114,932,525	0.85
15.	Realty Companies	411,159,555	1.96	12,534,000	0.09
16.	Insurance Companies	104,685,963	0.50	———	——
17.	Mercantile Distributing Companies	253,327,600	1.20	22,331,010	0.17
	Total	$21,023,392,955	100.00	$13,490,958,427	100.00

In order to get an adequate idea of the proportion of the world's wealth represented by securities, it is necessary to cross the ocean and learn the great output of the chief European countries, which have been so long piling up saved capital that they have invested much of it abroad.

The most complete investigation on this subject is that begun in 1895 by the French economist, Alfred Neymarck, under the auspices of the International Statistical Institute, and continued at various later dates. M. Neymarck did not go far outside of organized markets for his material, so that an addition of about ten per cent is justified for inactive securities in order to bring his figures for 1903 into comparison with those for the United States. The figures presented by M. Neymarck for the principal countries, based upon the total issues, with slight additions made for the securities of corporations not quoted on the stock exchanges, apppear in the following table: —

ESTIMATED OUTSTANDING SECURITIES IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1900

Country.	Par value of Securities owned.	Population.	Amount per Capita.
Great Britain	$26,400,000,000	42,789,600	$616.97
France	19,500,000,000	38,961,950	500.94
Germany	10,000,000,000	56,367,180	177.41
Russia	5,400,000,000	129,004,500	41.86
Austria-Hungary	4,400,000,000	45,405,270	96.90
Netherlands	2,200,000,000	5,431,000	405.08
Italy	2,300,000,000	33,218,330	69.24
Belgium	1,400,000,000	6,985,220	200.42
Spain	1,300,000,000	18,618,090	69.82
Switzerland	1,100,000,000	3,315,450	331.78
Denmark	600,000,000	2,646,770	226.69
Sweden and others	400,000,000	51,537,010	7.76
Total Europe	$75,000,000,000	434,280,370	$172.70
United States (1905)	34,514,351,382	83,260,000	414.54
Japan (1905)	1,563,412,951	47,975,110	29.70
Aggregate	$111,077,764,333	565,515,480	$196.17

Here then we have a total volume of securities, without going to Latin America and Australia, that more than equals the entire wealth of the United States. Is it any wonder that the security markets have come to represent, more than ever before, the pulse of economic life, and that he who contemplates doing anything to disturb those markets, even to further the ends of justice, should weigh carefully the consequences of his acts?

As has been said, there are no data which are absolutely accurate in regard to the ratio of securities in each country to the aggregate wealth of the country. Several intelligent estimates have been made, however, by careful statisticians in Europe as well as in the United States. One of these, made by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall for 1896, printed in the volume of the United States Census on "Wealth, Debt and Taxation," puts the total wealth of Europe, in all forms of property, at $342,528,602,500, or $755 per capita. The richest country is naturally the United Kingdom, with a valuation of $57,453,899,000, which affords an average per capita of $1,455. France is credited with wealth to the amount of $47,156,385,000, which amounts to $1,228 per capita, while Germany shows a valuation of $39,185,058,000, or $751 per capita. Only four other countries rise to a level as high as Germany in per capita wealth, — Denmark, with a computed wealth of $2,462,449,000, or $1,119 per capita; the Netherlands, with $4,282,520,000, or $892 per capita; Switzerland, with $2,394,318,000, or $798 per capita; and Belgium, with $4,808,102,000, or $751 per capita. The Empire of Russia shows a large total, — $31,267,262,500; but when it is distributed over her great population of 105,800,000, it yields an average per capita of only $296.

If all the securities quoted on the Paris Bourse were counted as a part of the wealth of France, it would justify the declaration of M. Caillaux, that the larger portion of the wealth of the country was represented by the value of securities. It is only by weeding out duplications, however, of securities issued in foreign countries and quoted on several exchanges, that the correct relation is obtained between total wealth and wealth represented by securities. With these modifications, it appears that about 45 per cent of the wealth of Great Britain is in the form of securities, about 40 per cent of the wealth of France, and only about 25 per cent of the wealth of Germany. The ratio in the United States, as already seen, is about 23 per cent by

excluding corporate holdings of securities. The gradation of these figures indicates in a measure the relative reserve resources of these countries, since the amount invested in securities represents more directly than some other forms of investment the surplus savings of the country over and above the economic equipment for meeting immediate needs.

The statistics presented by M. Neymarck represent the ownership of securities, rather than the country where the enterprises they represent are established or incorporated. It becomes interesting, therefore, to determine what proportion of the $26,400,000,000 assigned to Great Britain represents British investments abroad, and what proportion of the $19,500,000,000 assigned to France represents the ventures of her capital in Russia and other foreign lands.

In the case of Great Britain, a careful estimate, made by Paul Dehn, in a book devoted largely to inquiries of this sort, puts her foreign security holdings in 1902 at $5,950,000,000. This is considerably below other estimates. Sir Robert Giffen, as far back as 1885, put English investments abroad at $10,067,400,000. The discrepancy is partly due to the fact that the figures of Dehn are based on the income tax returns for foreign investments, while the higher estimates include capital invested in all forms of enterprise in foreign countries, much of which is not represented by securities in the actual custody of Englishmen in England. A still more recent estimate, published in the *Quarterly Review*, puts British investments abroad and in the colonies at about $12,400,000,000 in 1897 and $15,700,000,000 in 1906, from which it is estimated that a revenue is derived of $700,000,000. This estimate seems somewhat excessive, although it is borne out in a measure by the enormous balance of merchandise imports into Great Britain. The allotment made by these figures to British colonies and dependencies is about $8,150,000,000 and to foreign countries $7,550,000,000.

The amount of foreign securities listed on the French Bourse is, of course, no index of the amount owned in France, since whole issues of the Russian and other governments are quoted in Paris, of which large amounts are distributed in other countries. Several careful efforts have been made, however, by comparing the securities deposited in trust at the Bank of France, and by other means, to ascertain the amount of foreign securities actually owned in France. The conclusion reached on this subject by M. Neymarck is that the aggregate of such securities in 1900 was 31,200,000,000 francs or about $6,240,000,000. Of this amount about $4,520,000,000 was in foreign government bonds and similar obligations, and $1,720,000,000 in shares and bonds of corporations. Divided by countries, securities are estimated to be held in France issued in Russia, to the amount of $1,600,000,000; Egypt and the Suez Canal, $540,000,000; Spain and Cuba, $500,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $500,000,000; Turkey, $400,000,000; the Argentine, Brazil, and Mexico, $400,000,000; Italy, $340,000,000; England and her dependencies, $240,000,000, Portugal, $200,000,000; Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, $200,000,000. It is also computed that securities belonging to foreigners residing in France absorb about $640,000,000 of the total held in France, reducing the amount of foreign securities in the hands of French citizens to $5,600,000,000.

The last figure does not differ radically from the estimate of Dehn, who puts French holdings of foreign securities at $5,712,000,000, German at $4,641,000,000, and Belgian at $120,000,000. The Belgians, however, are large investors on their own account of French and German money which is driven to Brussels under the operation of the high taxes and stringent bourse laws which prevail at Paris and Berlin.

What of the earning power of the properties represented by this great mass of paper titles? Here again final statistics

are not easy to obtain, but the known rules of earning on investments will keep us from going far astray. The cases in which payments of dividends and interest were computed for the corporations of the United States in 1905 showed dividend payments of $840,018,022 and interest payments of $636,287,621, making a total of $1,476,305,643. The computed average of dividends was 3.995 per cent, and of interest rates 4.71 per cent. In Europe the return upon invested capital is usually lower than in America, so that it probably would not be safe to compute the earnings upon $75,000,000,000 of securities at a rate above three per cent, or $2,250,000,000. With an allowance at the rate of four per cent for Japan, amounting to about $60,000,000, we find total dividend and interest disbursements in these countries of nearly $3,800,000,000, — an amount equal to the entire gold money stock of the world as recently as 1892, and to nearly two-thirds of that stock at the present time.

The manner in which issues of corporate securities and their earning power have increased in the last two decades is an index of the rapidity with which saving goes on under the existing mechanism of industry. Nearly all investments in securities represent capital saved by the investors beyond their current consumptive needs. Not all savings go into securities, because some go into the extension or foundation of enterprises conducted by individuals and private partnerships. But a change has been going on, from the system of private partnership to corporate organization. The change has not been due to accidental causes, but has been a natural evolution. It has followed the rule of evolution, that the surplus of free capital saved in a country from time to time has permitted the creation of corporate enterprises at a rapidly increasing rate, because corporate enterprises are more likely than individual enterprises to represent savings for new objects. In other words, the growth in corporations for transportation, manufacture, and trading is the result of saving by individuals towards a fund which is in the main a surplus fund for the creation of new enterprises. This consideration explains in a measure the absorption of private partnerships into corporations. Those who have conducted such private partnerships have been enabled in many cases to retire with the proceeds of the conversion of their enterprises into the corporate form, because other persons not related originally to such enterprises had made savings which they were willing to invest in corporate shares. From this point of view the remarkable increase during the last few years in the number of corporations issuing securities is the logical outcome of the accumulation of surplus capital seeking investment, and is, therefore, a more accurate measure of the increase in such capital than might at first seem apparent.

This consideration does not necessarily imply that the ratio of increase in negotiable securities is the ratio of increase in the entire wealth of the country. It is rather the ratio of increase of the surplus fund than of the primary fund required in any civilized country for the maintenance of homes, farms, and the implements of personal industry. Only after a community is equipped with these latter things can it begin to set aside savings for great corporate enterprises, designed to reduce still further the amount of labor required to obtain a given result. This fact, that investments in securities represent a surplus above the bare cost of subsistence of the community, has been illustrated by the present writer elsewhere in the following terms: [1] —

"This growth in the volume of capital has been the phenomenon of our generation. It has been a growth of astonishing rapidity, because the increase in the investment fund has been much more rapid than the increase in the total capital of the community. This has resulted from a simple process of mathematical increment. If an agricultural producer in 1850

[1] *Wall Street and the Country*, pp. 4–6.

had an annual producing power which might be expressed by $350, of which $300 was necessary to supply his actual physical necessities, he would have a surplus of $50, to be made a part of the investment fund of the community. If ten years later, in 1860, he had increased his producing power by one-seventh, his total annual product would be $400; but the effect would be felt upon the investment fund of the community, not merely by the increase of one-seventh, or about 15 per cent, in his total product, but by an increase of 100 per cent in the net product. Assuming that his actual needs were still supplied by $300, he would have $100 for investment where he formerly had $50. If by 1880 his annual producing power had increased still further by one-fourth part of its efficiency in 1860 to a total of $500, the surplus funds seeking investment in the market would have risen by another 100 per cent within twenty years, or by 400 per cent within thirty years."

This view of the subject may be put in another form by stating that the capital invested in stock companies at the present time is largely for objects which did not exist several decades or a century ago. The primary wants of a community, like food, clothing, and shelter, are those which absorb the first efforts of its members. It is only when they have a surplus above these pressing needs that improved methods of transportation, like the railway, of communication, like the telephone, or of distributing risks, like life and fire insurance, can be created.

The most important corporations of the present time, absorbing the largest amount of capital, and having outstanding the greatest volume of obligations, are the results of wants which were not felt or could not be gratified before there had been a large surplus of savings above current needs. As Bagehot put it, in discussing the growth of capital: "A citizen of London in Queen Elizabeth's time could not have imagined our state of mind; he would have thought that it was of no use inventing railways (if he could have understood what a railway meant), for you would not have been able to collect the capital with which to make them."

A glance at the list of the corporations which represent the thirty-five billions of capital thus absorbed in the United States will show that a very large proportion carry on enterprises which were not thought of a century ago, — as the steam railways, $12,500,000,000; street railways, $3,000,000,000; telegraphs and telephones, $750,000,000; electric light and power plants, $725,000,000; and gas plants, $765,000,000. Even under the classifications which do not deal so obviously with new enterprises, analysis would show that a large percentage of them, as in manufacturing enterprises, are also producing things which were not produced in commercial quantities in earlier times. On the other hand, some enterprises which were not in early days managed by corporations, like the slaughter of beef, the packing of meat, and the manufacture of iron and steel, have passed to some extent from the control of individuals and small firms into that of corporations. In many lines of manufacturing also, as of cheap watches and jewelry, carpets, writing and newspaper stock, while the wants filled are not absolutely new, the application of improved machinery by large corporations has permitted a great extension of the market by permitting manufacture at prices within the reach of those who would not have had the means to acquire such articles before the adoption of modern corporate methods of producing them.

Our present equipment in the comforts of life would hardly have been possible without the mechanism of machine production which depends upon the stock company. Through the corporation form of organization, it has become possible for the rivulets of small savings to blend in a broad stream, whose great power is directed by captains of finance and industry. Among the advantages claimed for negotiable securities by an eminent French

economist in a recent publication are:[1]—

(1) By dividing properties into coupons of moderate value, they permit the investment without difficulty of sums as low as one hundred dollars or even twenty dollars. These securities, therefore, correspond to varying degrees of fortune, and one's savings may thus be applied profitably as they accumulate without waiting until they reach a large amount.

(2) The larger part of these securities are quoted on organized markets, like the stock exchanges. The market fluctuations are the subject of daily quotations, immediately reproduced in the journals, which enable the capitalist and even the smallest investor to follow the fluctuations of his fortune and safeguard it. He is warned by the variations in the quotations of the opinion which the capitalist holds of the securities in which he is interested.

(3) Thanks to these daily or frequent quotations, the investor is able to negotiate his securities whenever he feels the need or desire, at rates which are not mysterious or uncertain. He can scarcely be deceived, at least as to the leading securities, by intermediaries. While the fluctuations are frequent, they are — at least over a brief period and under normal conditions — of no great range.

(4) The cost of buying and selling securities is modest. This is of more importance perhaps in Europe than in America, in view of the heavy taxes levied in Europe upon real estate transfers; and the distinction has been diminished to some extent in the United States by the heavy tax laid by the New York legislature in 1905 upon the sale of stocks, even of low nominal value.

(5) The revenues from negotiable securities, at least the principal ones, are paid at fixed periods and at numerous public places. Bankers and trust companies assume the obligation to pay them at all principal points.

(6) The owner of securities may always retain them under his own eye, either in his own strong box or in a safe deposit box. He thus escapes undesirable scrutiny of his possessions, as well as reduces to a minimum the risks of fire and theft. If he prefers, he may, however, intrust the collection of his dividends at a trifling commission to a bank, which will, without trouble to him, carry them to the credit of his account.

(7) Negotiable securities, at least the principal ones, are acceptable in the settlement of dowries as the equivalent of money, and may be divided conveniently by heirs without being marketed.

Amplifying the advantages of securities over other forms of property, the French author points out that those that are regularly quoted permit a man to determine the known value of his property, whereas if it is in lands or houses, the real value may be ten or twenty per cent below the figures at which he puts it. Lands or houses also cannot be easily subdivided; and if the proprietor has need of money, even to only a tenth of the value, he is obliged to sell the whole property or to pledge it for mortgage, which advertises his position to the public.

These obvious practical advantages of the negotiable security as an investment grow out of certain fundamental distinctions in its character from other forms of property. While investing in a property which is in itself fixed in character, the owner of a negotiable security is not himself bound, as he would be in a private partnership, to keep his capital employed in this particular investment until a purchaser can be found for the entire plant. The negotiable security has the peculiar quality of representing the application of capital in a permanent manner to productive enterprise, while at the same time leaving such capital in a form capable of transfer as to ownership almost as simply and directly as the transfer of deposits in a bank. What is really fixed capital in an economic sense becomes transferable in the hands of the holder of shares, almost as readily as if it were free

[1] Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, *L'Art de Placer et Gérer sa Fortune*. Paris, 1906.

capital in the form of money. This advantage in the form of holding property has afforded an outlet for the employment of the great savings of the modern industrial era, which would have been found clumsily and with difficulty under the system of investment in individual enterprises or by private partnerships.

Those negotiable securities which represent the property of a joint stock company usually possess another peculiar characteristic in permitting investment by small capitalists without the assumption of too large a risk. This quality arises from the legal principle of limited liability. If the small capitalist could invest in a railway in the same way only as in an unlimited business partnership, involving liability of his entire property for the default of the railway corporation, he would hesitate long before he would make such an investment. He would reflect, if he were familiar with economic history, upon the unfortunate experience of the shareholders in the Scotch banks, who, in the crisis of 1879, lost their entire fortunes, even where they were small holders, because they were liable individually for the entire debts of the institution in which they were partners. To guard against such risks, and to invite capital from hoards into productive use, civilized states have sanctioned, in regard to the ownership of corporations, the principle of limited liability. By this principle the securities held by an individual represent on his part a liability limited to the amount actually invested, or in some cases (as in the case of national banks in the United States) a further limited liability in the form of a definite *pro rata* assessment. As the result of this limitation, the investor is enabled to calculate when he makes the investment the maximum of potential risk which he assumes.

Without some such device it would have been difficult to induce the owners of savings to contribute to the great funds of capital which have revolutionized modern industry and commerce by permitting the creation of enterprises far beyond the means of an individual. Incidentally the security of such investments has been made stronger by another principle of corporation law, — that corporations have an artificial body and continuous life, not dependent upon the health or life of a single individual. This gives a permanency to such an investment, and a degree of security which cannot be found in this form in an individual partnership, whose organization may be completely changed by the death or withdrawal of one or more of the partners.

Negotiable securities, then, constitute one of the most important parts of the mechanism of modern finance. By their aid manufacturing upon a great scale has become possible, cheapening and multiplying the essential comforts of civilized life; all parts of the earth have been bound together by bands of steel or floating ocean palaces; the inventor, the manufacturer, and the banker have been enabled to transfer the resources of the older countries to new and untried lands.

It is not surprising that in the distribution of such a vast amount as one hundred billions of dollars in this fascinating and flexible new form of wealth, — chiefly the product of our own generation, — mistakes have been made, dangerous risks have been taken, and the manifold possibilities of wealth concentration and ease of transfer involved in the issue of securities have translated themselves in the dazzled eyes and minds of promoters into direct wealth creation. That the state should intervene to establish rules for converting property into this facile form, and to protect investors alike against intentional fraud and self-deception, is natural and proper; but in the long run it is the evolution of the new system itself in the hands of those who have created it — the pioneers in industrial and financial development — which must be depended upon to purge it of weaknesses, to give solidity, steadiness of value, and certainty to its creations, and to perfect still further one of the most potent factors in the progress of modern society.

BEATI MORTUI

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who late wore cerements of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colors of a forest pool,
When Autumn sees
The walnuts splash in, from her thinning trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared almost
As any chantry ghost,
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,
Makes glad a wistful heart!
For life's apologetics read most true
In spirits risen anew,
Like larks in air,
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair;
They from yon parapet
Scorn every mortal fret,
And rain their sweet bewildering staves
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
Leaves men so wondrous gay,
So stripped and free and potently alive,
Who would not his infirmity survive,
And bathe in victory, and come to be
As blithe as ye,
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
Turn not, too fugitive;
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
And sit with us at meat;
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,

Till in ourselves who love them, dwell
The same sure light ineffable;
Till they who walk with us in after years,
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead,
"How blessed are the dead!"

THE TICKET FOR ONA

BY E. S. JOHNSON

At thirty, Poul Zellak was a boy. He had worked all night, and the March dawn was raw to flesh tempered to the even climate of the lower coal seams; nevertheless, when he came home to find his boarding place in cinders, he very coolly perched on the opposite fence, laughed once, and began to whistle.

"Matthias Obeloskie and his wife and the hired girl saved everything, everything!" Mrs. Proutas had announced to him in the street. "It caught from the house next door; they had plenty of time. Everything! The pieces of stove-pipe, even! The shelves and hooks out of cupboards! Also a few doors."

It was at this that Poul had laughed; doors made such ridiculous salvage from the wreck of a home. His own trunk and his clothing were of course safe with the other furnishings somewhere, and he did not worry about them. The fire company were in charge of the embers of two houses and needed no assistance from him. Doubtless one could find a place to eat and a place to wash and sleep when the necessity grew pressing; meantime, life was such a varied game!

Poul perched, therefore, and looked the crowd over with an appreciative eye. It was six o'clock, and the hue of rising day revealed some oddities. The Italian woman next door to the burned house knelt in her gate-space burning candles before a holy picture. There was a neighbor in trousers and shoes, and another sheltering bare legs under an overcoat; both of these men had instinctively clapped on miner's caps, and lighted the lamps to facilitate sight-seeing in the darkness of a four-o'clock alarm.

To Zellak, sitting thus at ease, knees drawn up, face and clothing sooty, cap shoved back revealing a line of forehead under straight hair redder than his lamp-flame, there appeared Mrs. Obeloskie. She was weeping. She addressed him between sobs.

"Our home, Poul! Seven years in that house! Our home is gone! Everything gone, — perished!"

"Hardly that," spoke Poul, genially. "You only rented the house. People tell me you saved everything of ours."

"Everything! Every stick, every dish. They are out in the street there. Oh, sorrow comes by night! — Veronika is up there sitting on them now, our trunks and our best clothes and the clock."

"That's a fine woman, Marta; oh, you did well, well! Stop crying. Nobody is hurt, nobody is dead. Nobody but the house-boss is any poorer. Why, it is no more for you than a moving. Thus, why trouble yourself?"

"The saints have forgotten me! Ah, ah!"

"They'll remember you by afternoon, though. The house-bosses will be in their offices by half-past eight, and you and

your man can go over to them and rent a house. I will stay and help keep the children and the things."

"Ah, the children! Five little mites, and no home!"

"Then you can hire a wagon and ride back in it. We will load in the things and move. It will be settled in no time."

"Ai, no, no, no!" screamed the matron in crescendo of mounting distress. "How little you know about it! There is no house!"

Poul laughed cheerfully. "Oh, but there are always houses."

"There is no house. That empty one next to ours, the one that burned down first, was the only house left. I know! I know! My cousin, Mary Darszas, tried to change houses Saturday, and could not. That was the only empty one. The bosses told her so."

"What a position!" cried Zellak. He laughed out, heartily and long. "I suppose, then, we shall have to live in a barn? Why did n't you think of that before you saved the beds and tables and the pork-barrel? God, we should be better off without them, should n't we?"

Mrs. Obeloskie wept on, mopping her eyes with the corner of her shawl.

"Ah, trouble comes by night! — Yes, the furniture will be put in the English baker's barn on the corner; he told Matthias he would hire him a place for a dollar a month. The boys will go with Matthias and board in some house near their work. I — oh, like a widow with orphans — I go to my cousin's house down in Keckley. Five little children, and no home!" She sobbed again.

"There, Marta, do not give up to despair. Things will change, see. We 'll be at home yet, just as we used to be."

"But it is necessary," pursued the matron, "for Veronika to go with you. You must get married with her now instead of later. There is no room at my cousin's. And nobody I can hear of wants a hired girl."

Poul's hands went deep into his pockets with a jerk. He laughed out blithely once, then fell silent. He jumped to the sidewalk.

"I have arranged it all. Come, we must talk it over with her, see. She can stay at Agalaskie's house for the wedding, and then you two will board over at Alena Popko's cousin's house, on Corn Hill just by your mine. That is convenient, not?"

"She will?" cried Poul Zellak. A thrill of more than gayety rang in his voice.

"This way," ordered Marta Obeloskie. She turned up the street. The tall fellow went behind her, shoulders swinging, red hair vivid in the flare of his mine lamp.

Veronika Boslas had been in America seven months, and her old-country clothes lasted with the endurance of homespun. Her small wages barely supplied a gala wardrobe, so that the Kovno dress, a dark brown woollen thing, plain, stiff, ugly, had to be her work-day uniform. She sat upon a large trunk, her feet braced on a smaller one, and braided her great rope of ash-brown hair. Comb and hairpins were in her lap.

Custom gives the "hired girl" almost a mother's authority over the children in a Lithuanian family. Veronika had all five of the Obeloskies with her, well-wrapped, sleepy, docile, though frightened; they sat or stood among the bundles, holding to her dress.

Veronika was nineteen, of medium height, slender, colorless, not pretty. There dwelt about her, nevertheless, a curious femininity, a rare appeal.

As Mrs. Obeloskie and Poul approached her through the crowd she saw them. Her hands let the thick braid fall on her shoulder and rested motionless with locked fingers across her breast. She met Poul's eyes and smiled. There was no timidity in her air, nor shyness, nor elation; she sat untroubled, the eternal type of women who wait passive upon destiny.

Poul's soot-masked face was blank of expression. Only his eyes in the uncertain gray of dawn held a dark brilliance,

distinct against the lighter iris as a dagger point shows black against the silvered glimmer of its blade.

"I have told him all about the plan," Mrs. Obeloskie cried, designating Zellak with a twist of the thumb as she penetrated through the outer defense of chairs and tables.

"You are willing, Veronika?"

Poul's breath came short as if he had been running, and his voice rasped in his throat.

The girl smiled again, an age-old shadow of submissive melancholy touching her features for an instant. One of the Obeloskie twins, a sturdy toddler, rolled to his knees on the table and steadied himself by her hair in the effort to gain his feet. Veronika loosed the clutching baby hands and helped the boy upright.

Half of Carson's Hollow shared the spectacle with him, but Poul felt something tighten in his throat and in his breast, — a need that in all his careless years had never stung before. Pretty girls, jolly girls, had come and gone, laughed and danced with him, and been forgotten. Now this pale lass had grown to stand for all that was clear womanly.

"You wish it?" he repeated huskily.

"Oh, I suppose so. It would come sometime, and one day is much like another. Besides, the house is burned."

"To-day is Friday. She can stay at my house, and you can begin the wedding Monday," pronounced Mrs. Agalaskie. "You can get married at the squire's office on Tuesday; then there will be no waiting for the priest to read your names in church."

"How black your face is, Red Thatch," Veronika commented. "And where is there left to wash? We have soap and a tub, but no house nor hot water. What will you do?"

"I'm glad it burned, — yes, if I had to go black till Sunday!" cried Zellak, recovering his voice. "I waited long enough for this to happen, you see."

The women laughed. "Polite, your man is, Veronika," Mrs. Agalaskie affirmed, turning away.

Poul Zellak passed through the barricade and seated himself upon the kitchen table, close to the girl, half facing her. He restrained the active twin in the crook of his elbow while he talked.

"Some day, with luck, I'll give you a house of your own, girl."

"That will be years away, I think," Veronika said, smiling, lashes bent on her pale cheek.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe. But I suppose you can save my pay better than I can."

"I have learned the American money, of course. But I understand no English."

"Oh, that is easy! You will learn. Why, if I talk it to you evenings, — or afternoons, every day, when I come from work —"

His voice trembled oddly, and he stopped.

"I am very stupid, and I shall often make you angry," continued Veronika.

"Not angry; not angry. There are other things than anger."

The girl's wide gaze questioned a dim world, a world of black and gray, dreary under the March fog to its far horizons; a world untried, mysterious. She shivered a little in the raw air. Poul Zellak saw the look; and though in his heart he knew himself to be a part of that cold outer desolation upon which she strained her eyes he yearned to shelter her upon his breast.

"At home, — in the old country, that is, — my brother Jonas used to beat his wife with a stick and a strap from the harness. At the time he brought her to the house he did not; but it began later. When he was taken for a soldier she cursed him as he went out of the house-door. But afterwards he came back from Pordarta so white and thin and eating nothing, and she wept bitterly, and kissed him many times those days before he died. I saw that myself. She hated him, but at the end the hate faded away."

Poul stared at the ground, gripping the table-edge hard with both hands. He laughed out shortly.

"You'll not hate me."

"Perhaps, yes; perhaps, no. How can one tell about strangers?"

"I will not beat you with —" He choked upon the sacrilege.

"I hope not," cried Veronika, flashing a little wicked smile over his downcast sincerity. "How I shall cry, if you begin!"

"For one thing, I will not drink after the day of my own wedding. The less beer I have the better I shall know how to behave. It's a good time to stop, also, because after years one gets too fond of it to leave off."

"But a man has to do *something* that is wrong and wastes his money!" the girl protested. "It is necessary. Why, they all do! Else, see, they would be like women!"

"Oh, I always waste enough," he answered her. "No danger. And I can still smoke; tobacco is left."

"Right."

"Veronika," he broke out, bending towards her, speaking low and very earnestly, "you do not hate me?"

"No. Why should I? You are good-natured; you never hurt me. When I had supper late, you laughed. When I burned your shirt with the iron you laughed again. Oh, no!"

"You like me? You like me well?"

"Why, yes. You are kind to me; you took me to balls and the show oftener than any of the others. And anyway, it seems I am to marry you. Marta Obeloskie arranged it."

"You like me better than the others, then?"

"Maybe, Poul."

"Better than the Russian? Better than Vincas Juozapaitis too?"

"Well, no," admitted Veronika. The hidden coquetry of her nature came to the surface, as sometimes before when Poul had pressed her hard. "Just as those two, — I like you just about as well!"

Zellak swore mightily. "I'll break their backs!"

"In that case, maybe there would be only one man left to like. Or, if it happened the other way in my heart, perhaps I should lie under their coffins and go carrying flowers all day to their graves."

"Anyhow," argued the man, "you will not marry them."

"Matthias and Marta say I had better take you."

Poul Zellak looked her full in the eyes. The day was brighter now, and unmistakably his lips were trembling.

"Tuesday," he told her, below his breath. "Tuesday."

"Poul!" cried Mrs. Agalaskie shrilly from the group of matrons just outside. "Hi, Poul! You will have to go tomorrow to buy the wedding dress. You may as well go to Cranston and get the license on the same trip."

"You can get a ready-made dress which will do; that is best, for there is no time to hire a dressmaker," a second neighbor advised.

"They will change the dress to fit the bride as if it was made for her."

"And she needs the veil, and shoes, and nice white gloves!" another cried.

"I will see to the dinner, Poul, and the beer," said Mrs. Agalaskie. "You can pay me out of the money that comes in at the wedding, for I know Veronika has none."

"A wedding dress, a silk one, and two wrappers to work in, will be enough for her," pronounced Mrs. Obeloskie, elbowing herself forward to a position of authority. "You listen to me! I know what she needs. You may as well save your money for furniture and children and house-rent and useful things. If a squire marries you, you do not really need a veil. Still, that can be got for two dollars, and it looks sweeter."

"It looks sweeter," Veronica echoed. Her love of soft fabrics and gay raiment was inborn and passionate, primitive as her charm itself. "Poul Zellak, how much money I shall cost you!"

"Dear God!" cried the bridegroom, coming out of a horrified daze to look from face to face in the vain hope of sympathy. "I — I *have* no money!"

"No money?" shrieked the mothers in chorus.

"None. At least —" He drew out a buckskin purse, poured a handful of change into his palm, and counted it hurriedly. "I have a dollar and forty-one cents!" he announced despairingly.

"A dollar forty-one!" cried Mrs. Agalaskie.

"To get married on!" Mrs. Proutas groaned.

"To buy his girl the dresses on!"

"The license alone is fifty cents, and the two tickets to Cranston and back, to go and get it, are sixty cents more! That leaves nothing at all to pay a squire."

"I can borrow a dollar to pay the squire," spoke Zellak. He knew as the words left his tongue how hopeless the case was, how prejudiced the jury.

"He's spent all his pay in a week!" one woman cried: her tone was an indictment.

"I — you see, I did n't expect the house to burn down," explained the culprit. "I — I did n't know — I did n't think — Oh, I don't know how I spent it all, — but it seems to be gone. I did n't count. — Only I was n't drunk; I know that."

"He does n't know where he spent two weeks' pay!" repeated a voice of horror.

Unexpectedly, at this dreadful moment Veronika came to the rescue.

"I could," said she, with tears in her eyes, "be married without a wedding dress, I suppose. My Sunday clothes, Marta, would do. *If* they had to."

Poul in the fervor of a generous heart blessed her for that saying. But in an instant Mrs. Obeloskie had turned even this kindness to his further undoing.

"If they had to! But he has money. He has money in the bank. I saw his book."

"Oh-h!" said the bride.

"I have," Zellak told her. "Thirty dollars; thirty is all."

The circle seemed to his desperate eyes to be full of nodding heads, buzzing with whispers. — "Two weeks' pay — thirty dollars in the bank. Enough to buy one dress, though, for his girl. Enough to buy shoes and a hat. — Unless he's too stingy to draw it out."

"But that money is not to be spent. Not to be touched!" he repeated doggedly. "Not a cent to be touched."

"You could put it back, Poul, from the wedding money."

"I don't know. I might not, and I cannot run a risk in this thing. That was for a ticket, an old-country ticket, and I have been saving it four months. From my next pay I will take eighteen dollars more, and that will be enough."

"Four months!" said one matron.

"What's the hurry, after so long?" cried Mrs. Agalaskie.

"Whom is it for, Poul?" Veronika's voice demanded.

"A ticket for Ona," he returned. A great longing was upon him to make her plead, even by one word, and so to give up his bank-book and his pledge to her use, staking all things to win or lose in the game of happiness. Yet even as the yearning tortured him, he knew he should not yield.

"And who is Ona? A woman?"

Veronika's voice was silky, but she came to her feet before his eyes transfigured. Her lower lip showed her little teeth; her left hand stroked her right with leopard softness; her glance burned.

"My sister. My little sister. She has to come away from the old country; she sent me word she was unhappy there. Almost starving, some weeks. There is more war than rye now. She is my little sister. Twenty years old by now, and I've not seen her in twelve years."

"Four months," spoke Veronika, still with that gentleness. "One week, two weeks, is no great time to wait, after four months. And you know I too have nowhere to go."

The man shook his head. "I send her the ticket," he repeated. "She is only a

child. I told her I would send the ticket."

"Then," said the promised bride, "I will not be married with you unless you get me the wedding dress and the veil. My Sunday clothes will *not* do, Poul Zellak! You have money enough to afford one of us or the other. Now choose."

"I must send the ticket."

"I will marry the Russian, then! He is the finer, bigger man, anyway."

"I choose," said Poul Zellak, slowly.

His head dropped upon his breast. He took off his cap to brush a hand across his forehead; it was full day by now, and mechanically he blew out his lamp-flame.

Then without speaking, he drew from inside his shirt a bunch of keys, went forward to where his trunk stood upon the ground, unlocked and opened it. An armful of his possessions lay upon a chair at one side; he shut them in; then closed and strapped the trunk.

Poul was a strong man. He lifted the awkward burden, set it with some difficulty over his shoulders and upon his back. Then, bending under the load, he turned out of the circle and down the street. The last sounds that he heard were the sobs of the Obeloskie twins and Veronika's mocking, wicked little laugh.

Zellak found himself another boarding place before noon, and this time it was as near as possible to his work. A widow, a Lithuanian woman, kept the house. She was bitterly poor. Two boys, lads of thirteen and fourteen, earned for her; to buy food for them, four babies, and herself, she took three boarders in her five-room dwelling. It was a comfortless place, bare and dirty. Even in the first bitterness of his flight, Poul vowed to himself that he would not endure his shed-loft beyond the week.

Nevertheless, upon the evening of pay-day his soft heart had the better of his judgment. He came from the mine to find wailing and confusion in the house; the baby, poor starveling, had died of croup, and the girl next older had sickened. Mrs. Lapaitis, mad with grief, alone and penniless, dared not call a doctor or an undertaker. Poul, with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket, could not stand aloof. He paid his bill for the week and a month's board in advance; then, the total seeming yet pathetically small, a donation of three dollars toward the funeral expenses. Afterwards he fled the premises for the day.

On Main Street, there was the legless blind man, human wreckage of a blast gone wrong. The secretary of a Lithuanian society was buttonholing his countrymen for contributions to a patriotic fund. A foreman from Corn Hill mine was gathering "a bit for poor Tom, now, seeing he'll never walk a step again."

Poul denied nobody, and quarters and half-dollars drained steadily away. Then there were shoes to buy, and a mine-drill. Later there was a cocking-main in a stable yard: whereat the wasteful Zellak won two bets, lost five, and bought a cock at the owner's price to save it from being entered in a second match with its breast cut open.

This diversion being pleasantly ended, Poul bandaged the rooster, found a home for his new dependent in a friend's chicken-yard, and hurried to the bank just before closing hour. He was able to add five dollars to the fund for Ona's ticket. Forty cents remained, his pocket money for the next two weeks.

Early spring became midsummer; and still, resolve as he would, the history of that first pay-day duplicated itself again and again. Sometimes it was clothing to be bought, instead of the Lapaitis funeral. Sometimes it was a loan to one in need, or a police-court fine paid for a man who had wife and children and must keep to his job. Then for a month the mines worked less than half time. The fund in the savings bank never grew less, but it grew very, very slowly more. Ona had ceased sending those letters which the Jew marketman wrote for her. Poul meant to save for her, of course, as a dutiful brother should; but money would slip away so easily.

Veronika he had not seen through all this time. If an inward heaviness of heart drove him to reckless pleasure-seeking while money lasted, at least he had the strength of mind to keep away from her. He knew that she had not married Vincas Juozapaitis; and the Russian had left town. But with which family she lived, and on what street, he did not ask.

That summer grew into August before Zellak had the forty-eight dollars necessary for his sister's passage. Then, on the eve of buying the money order and so fulfilling his brotherly duty, the unlucky youth engaged in a combat and landed himself in hospital. The details of this encounter were, in fact, highly creditable both to his heart and to his reputation as a fighter; but its result was inconvenient. Now, with forty-eight dollars at last in bank and forty dollars due him from his latest pay, he was flat upon his back on a cot. Even yet the ticket was not sent!

Eppley Hospital was overfull because of those "mine-gas cases" which so abound during the fogs of March and August. Burned men and surgical patients filled the wards; hearty Poul Zellak was sewed, bandaged, and made beautiful with sticking plaster, and then encamped in an east corridor out of the way. Here upon the first visitors' afternoon a girl found him.

She was a slender thing, pale, with ash-brown hair; she wore her Sunday best, a blue lawn dress that drooped over her shoulders into many ruffles. Her face had the dutiful look of a child who carries out some one else's orders.

"You!" cried Poul. "You!" He stammered unaccountably, then ended in a lame commonplace. "It's a long time."

Veronika did not answer. She dropped upon her knees beside the low cot. Her eyes held with an anguished fascination to the stained bandages, the strips of plaster on his cheek. The instinct of mother-wolf and mother-woman woke to do battle for the helpless.

"Poul! Your poor face! Who did it?"

"Oh, nobody," returned the hero with a shaky laugh. With his one good hand he laid her palms against his cheek and forehead, feeling their trembling in delicious pain. "I ran away from a few Dagoes and fell in a blackberry patch."

"I know better!" spoke Veronika tartly. "I was sent to your house to bring you an old-country letter that Marta Obeloskie had been keeping for a week. I saw that widow, that homely Lapaitis thing, and she told me all about it. She told me that you had killed three. — Oh, Poul, do you suppose there will be scars? All these places?"

"No more scars than dead men. Not a scar."

The fact fell upon Veronika's impulse as a rebuff. "Oh! I am glad they do not hurt you, of course." She drew away one hand and leaned well back upon her heels.

"They hurt a good deal, now I think of it," sighed Poul.

It was an inspiration. Veronika's look melted with a thousand little curves and coquetries.

"Your head aches, my poor quarreler?" she asked. She lifted the affected member upon her arm and drew over till his forehead lay upon her breast; the blue ruffles brushed his eyelids at every heartbeat.

With the appeal of a child, big Poul threw his unwounded arm up and about her neck, so clinging.

"Yes. But forget I said it, Veronika. A man is supposed to be strong and not to mind getting hurt. And I do so love to fight, I never think how it will feel, till afterwards!"

Together they opened the foreign letter, after a time. It was in a strange handwriting, but in the Lithuanian language. It read brief and to the point as Zellak rendered its phrases for the girl's benefit.

"Since writing to you before, brother, I have gone to live in Germany. I am

married with a German Pole, Jonas Sarlitz. But he can talk our language like our own people. He used to come smuggling from Germany and so I knew him first. He has a nice house and some land. He has only his mother living with him so he is very well-to-do. He is writing this letter so I will not talk about him more than I have said already. My health is good; I hope yours also.

ONA.

"Address to Jan Sarlitz, Grafschnee by Inklen, East Prussia."

And the date upon the letter was the first of June!

"So she's not coming to America," Veronika summed up. "Poul, you sent that ticket too slowly."

"Married to a stranger!" groaned the prostrate hero.

"God, but a woman has to do something!" Veronika urged. "If the village was all bad, and she did not like Russia, and she could not get to America in weeks and weeks, why — What would you expect, eh?"

"Perhaps so," Poul admitted. "Still, not all women marry. You, now, — you waited, did n't you, Veronika? You did not marry the Russian? The fine big man of a Russian."

Veronika blushed,

"That is different. You see, I was not anxious — about seeing America — "

"Always a nice child, she was; I wish she had got here. Still, in a way, it is lucky after all. We have that money for the dresses. You shall have a proper wedding this time, my flower."

"You can get the money back from the ticket company? Refunded? Is it that kind of a ticket?"

"Not refunded," Poul mumbled. "I never sent it, yet. There is enough money at last; I was just intending to — I would buy it yesterday — "

"Yesterday! Ah, you are red in the face, Poul, and no wonder! For shame! Yesterday! She is three months married now."

"Well, I tried," urged the spendthrift. "I really tried. But something would always happen to my dollars. However, it is all for the best. And I can save much better when I am married."

"Oh, Poul. Poul, Poul!" sighed Veronika blissfully. "How you do need to have somebody to look after your ways!"

THE PEACE-TEACHING OF HISTORY

BY J. N. LARNED

THE staple of History has always been War. Exhibiting the most forceful as well as the most brutal activity of men, it has shaped most of the primary conditions of life for all communities of the human race. In some way it has determined the career of most nations, from beginning to end.

Personally, in all ages, men have given themselves sacrificially to war more devotedly than to anything else. Collectively, in their tribes and in their corporate states, nations, and empires, they have given to nothing else such assiduous thought and care. For nothing else have they striven so untiringly to perfect themselves. To no other art have they ever applied so much of their minds and their means. To no other purpose have the resources of their knowledge been so strained, from the first rudiments of primitive invention down to the latest attainments of the science of the present hour. Their armies, their fleets, their weapons, their military systems, whether barbaric or feudal or modern, have always exemplified the highest constructive and organizing attainments of the latest day.

War, then, represents the most continuous, the most universal, the most impassioned and energetic of the collective undertakings and activities of mankind throughout the long past. It has exercised them in intellect and feeling, trained the natural forces in them, worked upon their ambitions, moulded national character among them, far more than any other. Of all subjects in history, therefore, it calls for the gravest treatment, and, as a rule, it is not so treated. It supplies to history, as a mere tale of the adventures of man in the world, the more enlivening elements of the story, the more dramatic situations, the more fascinating actors; but, as having a distinct and immense importance in itself, apart from its incidents and apart from the personalities concerned in it, — as being a tremendously dominating influence in history, to be investigated and profoundly considered as such, — how often is it brought to our consciousness by anything we find in a historical work?

The writers and teachers of history lead us into every other special field of human action and make us attentive to the particularities of its importance; to the influences that have worked in it, for and against the welfare and advancement of mankind; to the causes and consequences that are traceable into and from it through wide surroundings of social condition and event. We are stopped thus everywhere in the presentations of history, to contemplate governments, religions, movements of trade, industry, invention, growths of literature and art. But it is not often that we are brought to the same consideration of what, in their nature and their importance, the influences and the consequences of war have been.

Yet all other influences and consequences have been secondary and subordinate to those of war. When we examine the constitutions and institutions of national government, we find more of their provisions and adjustments directed to anticipated contingencies of war than to any other object for which nations organize their rule. Four of the seven articles of our Federal Constitution as it was framed originally, and eight of the twenty-three sections into which they are divided, contain something of reference to that contingency. Eleven of the thirty-

two clauses which define the legislative and executive powers of the general government and those withheld from the states are concerned with the same. Elsewhere in the world, the organization and preparation of nations for conflict with one another enter into the construction of their governments in a measure far greater than this.

When we look at religions in their historical exhibition, we find them moving the greatest masses of men to the greatest animation when their differences have furnished pretexts for war; and we might be taught that very much of what goes into history under the name and show of religion is only the war-passion disguised. But how often are we led to see it so?

When we turn to the scrutiny of commerce as an active agent in the making of history we see a different but even larger intermixture of its incentives and workings with those of war. The two coarse passions, the combative and the acquisitive, which can be the most powerful in human nature if not mastered by moral and intellectual strains, have been in alliance from the beginning of the social state, each using the other for the satisfactions it has craved. The warriors have always been eager and busy in the service of the traders, to break openings for their reaping in wider fields, and the traders have always been ready to give them that employ.

When we study the sciences and the industrial arts in their relation to the historical activities of mankind, they amaze us and grieve us by the alacrity of their devotion to the purposes of battle. It may be that as much knowledge and invention has gone, first and last, to the easing and bettering of the conditions of life in the world as has gone to the production of guns, projectiles, explosives, mines, torpedoes, fortifications, battleships, armies; but that is far from sure.

As for literature, if we should separate all that it has drawn from war of incident, inspiration, motive, color, excited imagination and emotion, would there be a remaining half of equal spirit and power? I fear not.

It is, then, the hideous fact of the recorded past of mankind, that its exhibit of men in battle, or planning and preparing themselves for battle, or glorying in memories of battle, is the most persistent and conspicuous exhibition that it has to make. It is the most hideous of historical facts, but its hideousness is not made impressive to us in history, as history is too commonly written and taught. It ought to fill us so with horror and pain that the shows and trumpetings, the heroic and tragic romance, which garnish it and disguise the underlying savagery of it, could never divert our thought from its meaning of shame to the human race; but it does not.

I think the main cause of this is not far to seek. Each generation of the past, in leaving its records to posterity, has left them permeated with its own feelings and judgments — its own estimates and valuings of men and things — its own admirations — its own ideals. These carry an influence which has stayed more or less through all the centuries, in the impression which historical reading and study have made on successive generations of mankind. To this day it is hard for us to think of what was done in ancient Judea or Greece or Rome with feelings that are really fit and natural to the moral and rational state of the modern mind. Our ethical and logical standards, considered abstractly, at least, differ widely from those of the pre-Christian ages; but how easily we can read the Hebrew chronicles and the Greek and Roman histories, with no more than half-consciousness of the difference, and with less than half-consciousness of the moral infidelity, which this involves!

It is only by a determined effort that we can realize how much of a coloring from primitive ideals of excellence and primitive conceptions of right has been carried down the current of written history, and how much of modern feeling takes a tone

from it that is untrue to modern knowledge and belief. Its most mischievous perversion is in the admirations it keeps alive, for actors in history who were naturally admirable to their own times, but who cannot with reason be admirable to us. The heroes of an age and a people who imagined for divinity itself nothing loftier than the attributes of the gods of Olympus ought not to be the heroes of a generation which looks to Jesus of Nazareth as the perfected man; but what homage we pay even yet to the memory of men in Greek and Roman history who looked heroic to their contemporaries because they fought with surpassing valor and strength, whatever the object, whatever the motive, whatever the consequences of their fighting might be!

In the early stages of civilization, when social order is but beginning to take form, strife is a normal exercise of body, will, intellect, and energy in men; and it is natural that they should look to it for the high tests of human superiority. To society in that state war could not look otherwise than glorious, because it afforded those glorifying tests; and Poetry was born then, in passionate song-bursts of admiration for the invincible warriors of the tribe. Those birth-songs of poetry, which glorified war and the heroes of war, in Homeric Greece, in the Rome of the kings and the early republic, in the younger ages of all peoples who have sung any songs of praise, seem to have been powerfully the carriers of that glorification, out of times and conditions in which they expressed a natural feeling into conditions and times in which the feeling was wholly natural no longer. From generation to generation poetry has inspired poetry, arousing the emotion that demands it for utterance, and each has sent forward its motives and its themes. In that way the primitive hero-motive of the poets went into history and has been projected through it, from first to last, with an influence much greater than we comprehend.

Of course that influence has always found lingering barbarisms of temper in large parts of all society to nourish it well; but *it* has nourished *them* even more, and they would not otherwise have kept the mischievous vitality they have to this day.

On the rational side of their nature men have always, in the process of civilization, been taking slowly into their understanding and belief a code of morality that would question every war, to find whether or no it could show on either side a necessity of defense that gave righteousness to that side; and that would put every hero of battle on trial, to learn what it was that he fought for and with what warrant he slew his fellow men. Civilization could not be a process of rational evolution if it did not work toward moral enlightenments like that. And it has. But feeling is stronger than reason in the majority of mankind, and antiquity, even primitive antiquity, has been able to transmit to us a thousand times more of its feelings than of its beliefs.

If history, in its large sense, embracing the whole literature of the past, serves as the vehicle of that transmission, the fault is our own; for it does not proffer to us from its cargoes what we are choosing to take. In all its showing of the conflicts of nations, races, parties, religions, its appeal to us intellectually is for abhorrence of one side or both sides of every war that ever was fought. It never justifies forgetfulness of the awful crime that is somewhere in every war, or indifference to the placing of the crime, or admiration for any performance of ability or bravery in the committing of the crime. If we permit ourselves to feel that indifference of admiration for deeds which morally indifferent generations in the past have called heroic, we are simply servile to traditional habits of feeling, and do a wicked violence to our own better knowledge of right.

And this tends to deprave the moral judgment we exercise on kindred deeds of our own time. If the blood-drenched

figure of Napoleon shines heroical and glorious in the eyes of more than half of the people of the Christian world to-day, it is mainly because they see only his likeness in kind to Alexander of Macedon, to Julius Cæsar, to Charlemagne, and feel impelled by what we may call the habit of the ages to make their estimate of him correspond with the Greek, the Roman, and the mediæval estimate of them. Let us not blame history for bringing thus the barbaric standards of twenty centuries ago to the weighing and measuring of this modern prodigy of atavic barbarism. As much as we allow it to do so, history will keep to each age its own gauges of human quality, its own rules of conduct, its own heroes. When they are shifted out of place and bring confusions, perversions, distortions of moral sense into our view of events and of men in our own day, we do it ourselves; and in doing it we are false to the study and teaching of historical truth.

Not many of us go far enough in the following of Christ to feel that no wrong and no blow should be resisted, and that there can be no righteousness in war. But we cannot read history with just attention to motives in it and be doubtful of the wicked criminality of all wars on one or the other side, and of most wars on both sides. In many conflicts each party has persuaded itself that a righteous necessity compelled it to take arms; but the righteous necessity was never imperative to both; and the strict showing of history will concede it very seldom to either. Almost always, on the defensive as well as on the aggressive side of a war, there has been enough of wrongful temper, of needless provocation, of inward willingness for the sword, to burden it with a serious share of guilt.

We tried long to hold the fathers of this republic wholly blameless for the war in which they won its independence; but the farther we have been moved out of the atmosphere of their time the more impossible it has become for us not to see that some considerable excuses, at least, were given to the British government for the angry unwisdom of its measures, and that all the belligerent temper which exploded in a revolutionary war was not engendered in the cabinet and court of King George.

In like manner, the clarifying, cooling influence of time is working among us, in the North and in the South, a modification of our views of the sectional temper that was heated on each side to its conflagration in the terrible Civil War. Reason and just feeling compel us. in both sections, to see a large action of motives and excitements and instigations on both sides of the whole issue concerning slavery that were not purely patriotic, nor purely moral, nor purely from any unselfish conviction of right. I think there was never more of sincerity and pure motive in any war than in that; but it is clear to me that even that was an unnecessary war; because the best mind and the best feeling of the people never had control, on either side, of the discussion of the questions that led them into it. Influences more partisan than patriotic, and more of passion than of principle, were working for years to push the sections into conflict, and they did not work on one side alone.

We often say of the Civil War that it was inevitable; and that is true if we mean what Christ meant when He said, "It must needs be that offences come." In his thought He reckoned the inevitableness of wrong-doing among men, and was pointing to no necessity which they do not themselves create; for He added, "But woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Of all offences to God and man, that of war is assuredly the blackest we know or can conceive; and if ever we find reason to say of any war that "it must needs be," let us take care to remember that men have made the need; that the woe and the crime of it are on their heads; and that we must not look for the whole guilt on one side.

History, written with truth and read with candor, carries this teaching always;

and my plea is for graver attention to it than our tradition-colored habits of mind incline us to give. Especially in the introduction of the young to historical reading, it seems to me of great importance that we train them to a justly abhorrent attitude of mind toward war; to such an attitude of thought and feeling as will check the easy excitement of interest in armies and commanders and incidents of battle, awakening a moral and rational interest instead. If they read a story of war with the feeling that it is the story of somebody's or some nation's crime, they are sure to be moved to a judicial action of mind, and find their liveliest interest in searching out and apportioning the guilt. By this leading they can be carried into more or less critical studies of the moral, the political, and the economic antecedents of a war, scrutinizing the right and the wrong, the practical wisdom or the unwisdom, the true or the false reasoning, in public policy, in popular feeling, in the aims and measures of statesmen, that are discoverable to them in the doings and disputes that brought it about.

For example, in our own history, if young students of it, when they approach the occurrence of the War with Mexico, in 1846–47, are led to a serious examination of the circumstances which preceded it, not casually, as if they were only pursuing a common routine in the learning of facts, but with the especial attentiveness of a feeling that the conduct of their country is to be judged, as to its consistency with principles of right and plain rules of honor, the investigation cannot fail to interest them, generally, more than the mere story of the battles of the war. And it will give them new moral convictions, and a new conception of patriotism; for they will begin to see that a true lover of his country must care more for keeping uprightness and honor in the conduct of its government than for having victories in battle with other peoples to boast of, or for having conquered populations to rule, and conquered lands to cultivate, and conquered ports for extended commerce, and augmented wealth in conquered mines.

And when such young students discover, as they will, that the taint of dishonor, of false pretense, of iniquitous motive, is in all the procedure by which our government forced Mexico to engage in war with us; when they read the words of Benton, and of other honorable leaders of the party in power, who proclaimed and denounced the flagrant wickedness of its course, and when they note the emphasis of the vote in the elections by which a majority of the people condemned it, — then, if they are reminded of the value to us of California, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, and large parts of Colorado, Wyoming, and Arizona, with Texas stretched to the Rio Grande, which were our conquests in the war, and are asked, "How could we afford to do without them to-day?" — then, I say, they will be brought face to face with such a question as will probe their moral sense to its depths, and have, on the moral side of their education, a tremendous effect.

Can anything that a nation gains by a wantonly wicked, aggressive war be thought of by honest citizens as the justification of its war? Can a nation win covetable territory by means that would be criminal and shameful to an individual if he used them for winning his neighbor's lands, and yet not be criminal, or disgraced, or merit less from its citizens of their fealty and love? Can a man uphold his country in an aggressive war with less wrong-doing than if the aggression were his own? If such questions could be threshed out with earnest thoroughness, again and again, as they arise naturally in historical study, and in their bearing upon the facts of particular wars, I am sure that a new aspect would be given in another generation to the whole subject of war.

Now that the nations of the world are instituting a great, august tribunal for hearing and adjudicating disputes among

them that threaten war, we may hope that it will become a prevailing natural habit, in the reading and study of history, to imagine a summoning of the authors of past wars to submit the grounds of their contentions to such a court. Apply that imagination, for example, to the abominable wars of the eighteenth century, in which half the world was desolated and tormented by thieves' quarrels among the monarchs and ministers of Europe, in the evil time of their unrestrained power! Apply it to the War of the Spanish Succession, or to the War of the Austrian Succession, or to the Seven Years' War! Imagine a bench of disinterested and honorable jurists attempting to give serious hearings and decisions as to whether Louis the Fourteenth may repudiate the solemn engagements that he entered into when he married the Infanta of Spain and joined her in renouncing all contingent claims to the Spanish crown; or whether Frederick the Great and his confederates may attack and despoil Maria Theresa, whose inheritance of the Austrian dominions of her father they had pledged themselves to uphold; or whether Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia may revenge themselves on Frederick by organizing a powerful combination to carve and partition his kingdom!

There is no slightest open question between right and wrong to be found in the origin of one of those wars. There is nothing to argue about in the grounds on which they were fought. They offered, therefore, no case that could come before a tribunal like that of The Hague. And, what is more to be considered, no tribunal of that character could exist under the conditions which produced such wars. From which it follows, that the conditions producing a Hague tribunal are conditions that may fairly be expected to extinguish the possibility of wars as openly wicked as those into which Europe and colonial America were dragged by Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth of France and Frederick of Prussia called the Great. A generation that is able to contemplate the submission of its national disputes to a rational adjudication cannot easily be tolerant of a war that has no rationally debatable cause. We have gone far in the way of civilization within the past century and a half if we have come to this; and, realizing the advance, we realize how much of the actuality of civilization lies in the movement toward suppression of war.

Yet war has not only its tolerant apologists, who look upon it as a necessary evil, but its admiring upholders, who commend it as an exercise of energies and virtues in man which his best development requires. In their view he could not be manly if he did not sometimes fight like a wild beast. Courage, resolution, independence, love of liberty, would suffer decay. Rights no longer to be contended for and defended would be valued no more. Peace, in a word, would emasculate the race. Does history sustain such a view? Not at all. The peoples which have exercised their self-asserting energies most in war are the peoples in whom those energies went soonest and most surely to decay.

Among the strong nations of the ancient East, the Assyrian pursued the busiest, most constant career of war; and its end was the most absolute extinction, leaving the least mark of itself behind. What has value in the ruins of its buried cities is what it took from the more ancient Babylonia. Among the Greeks, it was the Spartans who illustrated the fruits of the culture of war; and how much of Greek influence in history came from them? The Romans were a great people, doing a great work in the world, — for how long? Till they had exhausted the forces of genius and character that were native in them by persisting in war; and the exhaustion had begun before the Republic went down and the Empire took its place. The Romans had then organized and given their name to a great incorporation of the energies of many other peoples, — Latin,

Greek, Gallic, Germanic; but the freshening absorption only retarded and did not arrest the decay. If war could ever invigorate and better a people we should surely have seen the effect in the history of Rome, and, surely, we do not.

Among modern peoples the French have had the most of whatever culture war can give; and the French have a less hopeful future than any other important people in Europe to-day. On the other hand the English have been and are, unquestionably, the people of highest achievement in the modern world; the people who have done most for the liberation and general uplift of mankind; and, of all who inhabit Europe, the English have had the least of whatever culture war and battle can give. If this seems to be a misstatement, bear in mind that the many wars of England have been naval more than military, involving relatively few men in actual fight; that she has used soldiers who were not of English blood, from subject races or subsidized allies, to a great extent in her wars; that a large British army, on the scale of the armies of Germany and France, has rarely been seen on any battlefield; that Englishmen had never had, since Cromwell's day, at least, so extensive and so serious a personal experience of war as that which they went through in their late conflict with the Boers. It is no exaggeration, then, to say that the qualities exhibited by the people of English blood have been developed less by the culture of battle than those of any other living race, and that the barbaric doctrine which commends war as an exercise necessary to the moral training of mankind, is refuted sufficiently by that single fact.

It is far from my thought to question the moral nobility of the spirit which accepts battle as a stern, imperious, terrible duty of defense, when home and country, or sacred rights and institutions, are wickedly assailed. Then it is self-sacrifice, the very sublimation of the human soul. Then it is purely and truly heroic, and uplifts humanity by inspiring example. But courage and fierce energy of the kind to which battle is attractive, — what good to the world can come from the cultivation of them? They are forces, to be sure, that have usefulness in other exercises than that of war. They are part of the power which drives men in that conquest of Nature which we call the material progress of the world; but are they not the part of that power which is ruthless, oppressive, dangerous to society, by the hard aggressive selfishness with which it works against the common good?

But, leaving that question aside, and assuming that the coarsely militant courage and militant energy, as well as the courage and the energy that are militant only when duty makes them so, are good qualities in men, and to be cultivated for the improvement of the race, we are confronted by the discouraging fact that the very process of cultivation is destructive of the good effect we seek. We exercise the fighting temper in men by war, and kill them in the exercise, or keep them from marriage, and, in one or the other way, lessen the breeding of the quality of man that we are supposed to be endeavoring to increase. Every great war is a dangerous drain upon the stock of valor and fortitude in the spirit of the peoples engaged; and the drain runs near to the dregs when war succeeds war, as it does and will if war is believed to be a national good. There has been no lack of assiduity in the cultivation of humanity by war; and what has the product been? Look at the training-grounds of Europe, where the schooling has been busiest and longest, and see!

History, not well studied, but written or read lightly, for its incidental romance, can make no other impression than those I have alluded to at the beginning of my paper. War puts a deluding emphasis on its own part of the story by its rubrication of the text. The past has tinctured it with states of feeling and thinking which ought to have faded long ago, in

the light of increasing knowledge and in the warmth of the increasing neighborliness of mankind, but which stay and give their color to the influence of historical reading, if we take it with no proper filtration through the moral beliefs of our own day. The songs of the heroes of those ages when battle was a normal exercise of high qualities in men can still play upon our imaginative and sympathetic brains, just as the trumpets, the drums, the fifes, the banners, the plumes, the splendid pageantry of a marching army can play on our quivering nerves of bodily sense.

A poet, Richard Le Gallienne, has described the deceit of the emotion in exquisite verse: —

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

. . . . . .

The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 't is all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

THE WORD

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

To-day, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy:
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of wingèd things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor, and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth —
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whate'er there be of Sorrow
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes, why then
'T will be To-day and Joy again!

A NEW LIFE OF GOETHE

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

THE consciousness that biography is a particular and a difficult art is borne in upon us when we stop to consider how few, how very few, of our really heroic figures have been set before us in anything that approaches a standard or authentic record. For intimate knowledge of da Vinci, of Luther, of Byron, or Napoleon, to whom do we turn? It cannot be argued that to the biographer Byron and Napoleon, for instance, are not alluring subjects. Repeatedly great men have rushed in. Yet Moore failed with Byron, and the Napoleons of Scott and Hazlitt have long since started on their way to oblivion. Not infrequently failure may be attributed to lack of sympathetic insight, more often still it may be ascribed to a misconception of the biographer's privilege and function.

Biography is not excellent in proportion as it approaches the "secret memoir." The biographer is not one who has been chartered to explore the backstair happenings in the houses of great men. To be sure, significant, relevant detail is his by right; only in so far, however, as, taken with the body of the portrait, it denotes its subject truly. This, unfortunately, is often forgotten, and the foremost of living biographers, John Morley, in discussing history, though animadverting, doubtless, upon his own art, could write in his *Diderot*, "There have been many signs in our own day of its becoming narrow, pedantic, and trivial. It threatens to degenerate from a broad survey of great periods and movements . . . into vast and countless accumulations of insignificant facts, sterile knowledge, and frivolous antiquarianism, in which the spirit of epochs is lost, and the direction, meaning and summary of the various courses of human history all disappear."

The subject of a biography should be as consistent and as explicable as is the hero of a work of art. The writer is to make him the familiar of his readers; he is dramatizing, or shall we say novelizing, a life's story. We do not forget that one of our classic biographies was made by merely joining naïvely phonographic records of conversation with links of admiring comment. To set forth a cause by its effect is, of course, a valid principle of artistic representation, and Boswell's impression is an index of Johnson's greatness. From his account we carry away a stronger impression of the reality of the old lexicographer than if we had been privileged to con his large, seamy face in the portrait of some eighteenth-century Meissonier. Such a work, however, can only be written by a contemporary. A *Life of Goethe*, on the contrary, written by a German scholar at the close of the nineteenth century, ran a particular danger of becoming "narrow, pedantic, and trivial." The great world-figure has moved back into his century. University scholars have given us the histology of every section of his career, save only the diplomatic, for which documents are wanting. Through this maze of erudition the writer would have to thread his way carefully, lest he sacrifice living knowledge to pedantry, reality to "frivolous antiquarianism." Bielschowsky,[1] fortunately, has not thus lost himself. More clearly than any of his predecessors, he has revealed to us the fullness of Goethe's many-sided personality. He has gone forward steadily and surely, extenuating little, and setting down naught in malice. He has not

[1] *Goethe.* By ALBERT BIELSCHOWSKY. Munich: C. H. Beck. Translation in three volumes by W. A. COOPER. Volumes I and II now ready. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

deviated from his path to force himself into the old bogs of controversy; nor does he approach each new incident as if he were handling a case in chancery. There is progression, there is growth. A great life is lived before us and he who runs may read. Without the author's avowal it would have been plain that he considered Goethe's life the greatest of his works, and the narrative is set forth in the main in the poet's own words, as culled from the works, letters, and journals. The biographer has challenged forth the old Titan once more to tell his story, though this time we are given to understand it is to be *Wahrheit* only.

In a conversation with the artist, Heinrich Meyer, Goethe had said, "All the pragmatic characterizations of biographers are of little value compared with the naïve details of a great life." Such details have of course been given before. Lewes has told us, for instance, with what delight the august Privy Councillor could dance through midnights with the peasant girls in the mines of Salzburg, and how the author of *Werther* could write to his beloved (Frau von Stein) and beg her to send him a sausage.

Bielschowsky's work is pitched in a higher key. Yet he has accepted Goethe's dictum and made it a principle of procedure, and his wealth of characteristic incident, behind which we never lose the sense of the mastering personality, exhibits his hero in all his multifarious endeavor. We see him at his home, at the council chamber, in the laboratory, at his desk, climbing the Harz, on the hills above Rome, and in the grain-fields of Sicily. He writes, ponders, makes love before us, and the resultant portrait allures, engages, then compels our interest. We are made to feel with Wieland that Goethe was the most human of men and that with more truth than Terence he might have called out in challenge, *Homo sum*. This was the motto which he carried on his shield. All things were his, and had he written alexandrines, he too might have said,—

"Mon âme aux mille voix, que le Dieu que j'adore
Mit au centre de tout comme un écho sonore."

Like Victor Hugo's, nay, even more than Hugo's, Goethe's works are the *Memoirs of a Soul*. In his preface to *Les Contemplations*, the author made clear the secret of the appeal of every sane lyric poet. "Quand je vous parle de moi," he says, "je vous parle de vous." This will admit of even stricter application in Goethe's case, for as his life and personality were the more normal, his works as the reflection of that life possess a larger measure of universal truth. This brings us to the brink of a much-mooted question, that of Goethe's romanticism. As opposed to Hugo, he is a classicist in so far as his experience is the more typical, in so far as it was controlled and dominated not by phantasy, or by imagination even, but by reason; and in considering his work under this aspect we shall be reminded of that nice distinction which has been made between Goethe and Shakespeare, the poet of the *Fausts*, and the poet of *Macbeth* and the *Sonnets:* the one is a *dichtender Denker*, the other a *denkender Dichter*.

Most readers of Goethe will remember his remark that all his poems are *Gelegenheitsgedichte*. Bielschowsky presses this point and raises it to the perilous dignity of a thesis. He contends that all that is good and great in the poet's achievement, in prose or verse, mirrors events participated in by the author. This theory has led him into a fruitful field. He has collated the events and their appearance in the works with much acumen, and has often welded then indissolubly. He has discovered significant relations that had previously been either only dimly divined or entirely unknown, and it is on this side that lies whatever his study may possess in the way of original contribution. The results are most satisfying in the illuminating chapter on Goethe's *Lyrics*. When the author applies his theory to certain of the other works, *Hermann and Dorothea*

for instance, the reader who is interested only in Goethe and not in the thesis will feel that he protests too much and that he is forcing a work of art into a frame for which it was not made. It may be that the misfortunes of Lili suggested the epic. This is an interesting conjecture. Yet it is a mere conjecture, for the poet himself was strangely reticent about his sources here and refused to commit himself even when a similar story had been discovered by his critics in Göcking's chronicle. Such being the case, it would have been more profitable to establish the fact than to elaborate the theory, though the fact itself would after all have been for the critic of comparatively minor importance. We mention it at length only because it is characteristic.

Bielschowsky, unlike Lewes, for instance, is the type of the scholar who delivers himself up, bound, as it were, to a particular study. This close focusing of all his interests on one man has enabled him to enter into the fullness of the poet's life, to coördinate, to reconstruct, to illuminate. Yet with gazing too intently upon his star he has lost sight of the skies. His criticisms, and this is the weakness of the work, are often clearly ex parte judgments, and reveal a naïve lack of literary perspective. There are fewer arcana in the life of this essentially normal man than we are led to believe. He had gathered experience with full hands and much that he wrote was autobiographical, though in a remoter sense than his biographer would lead us to infer.

Goethe's greatness lies in the fact that he could enter sympathetically into all of human life, *ins volle Menschenleben*, that he found it everywhere interesting, that he could understand and pardon all things. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner.* Of him more than of any other singer, we feel that he could have struck every chord in the lyre, that he could have sung every theme, and if he did not it was only because of the limits of time that hedged him in. His personality was essentially mobile and he did not infrequently write surpassing well of things in which he had no part. And why should he not? The problem involved is as old as Plato's *Ion*. Was Homer a great charioteer because he so excellently and accurately describes a chariot race? The philosopher's answer was "inspiration." It is not necessary to believe with Taine that Shakespeare was once a Hamlet in real life. Iago is as convincing as the hand-palsied Dane. It is not necessary to have thrown an ink-pot at the devil to be able to draw a Satan, and he who could make a Mephistopheles of a Merck, could, more easily than his own Faust, have made a man of an homunculus. Because *Prometheus* is a good poem, Goethe is not necessarily a Prometheus, any more than Æschylus or Shelley. And whether we agree with Taine or not, it is perfectly certain that Shakespeare experienced Hamlet when he created him; and whether Goethe had ever been the son of a village innkeeper or not, he certainly lived like one and felt like one in the year when he wrote *Hermann and Dorothea.*

This laudatory absorption in his subject leads the biographer to accept with but little correction the estimates of contemporaries. How immoderate expression could become in that age of sentimental excess, we may gather from the following quotation. "Let us make of him our Christ and let me be the least of his disciples," Werthes wrote of the twenty-five-year-old author of *Werther* and *Götz*. Occasionally just a suspicion of this attitude has passed to the biographer. On the other hand, we are often given only Goethe's impression of his contemporaries. Thus we are told that Frau von Stein was "a gentle, pure, and talented nature." There are other estimates distinctly less flattering. All this adds markedly to the singleness of his portrait, though in the interest of the strict truth it might have been well to forewarn the reader unfamiliar with the Weimar circle. Goethe's play, *Clavigo*, was based on an episode in Beaumarchais's *Memoirs*, at that time believed to be true. Bielschow-

sky likewise leaves us with this impression, though in fact the episode had been romanced and distorted out of all recognition by the good-natured buffoon and adventurer who wrote it.

In the critical portions of the work, the reader will occasionally be taken aback by unabashed superlatives. In the suicide Werther "fell the noblest and purest of human souls." This is distinctly an eighteenth-century estimate. "*Werther*, the great masterpiece," is, "next to *Hamlet*, the most unique [eigenthümlich] figure in the literature of the world." We are given reasons why Goethe's *Iphigenia* is greater than the *Iphigenia* of Euripides. Of the youthful fragment, *The Marriage of Hanswurst*, it is written, "If the play had been completed we should possess a comedy little inferior to Aristophanes in wit, and superior in bold license." Those who feel that Aristophanes was conscious of the limits of his art will necessarily misconstrue Bielschowsky's intended compliment.

When he turns to the works of the closing years, in which the aging Goethe occasionally wanders far from the poet's province, the concrete, and writes in that compressed, telescoped style not unlike Shakespeare's last manner, the critic confuses two categories. He seems to believe that a work of art is beautiful in proportion as it is profound, forgetting that when poetry ceases to be simple, sensuous, and passionate, it runs grave danger of ceasing to be poetry. Thus the second part of *Faust* is coupled with the first in one indiscriminate laud, though the first is a poem of man's experience with desires and the world, and the second of his experience with phantoms, ideas, and that essentially morbid person, himself. To many they are as different in quality as *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The second poem of both masters has been anticlimaxed by the first; the *griffe du lion* is less and less evident, and the greatest poetry less and less frequent. Bielschowsky follows many commentators in speaking of *Faust* simply as the Gretchen Episode. Part II contains the body of the poem. Yet nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed between the publication of the two. The fact that *Paradise Regained* was Milton's favorite does not make it his greatest poem, and for the critic Goethe's views will not be decisive here. His two works, whatever their relation to the central theme, exhibit two distinct conceptions of poetry, and if they are both great world-literature they are great for different reasons and they should have been treated separately.

Through following his master so closely, Bielschowsky has given us a convincing, by all odds the most convincing, portrait of the great Sage of Weimar, the largest, fullest personality in history. He shows us how he lived and moved and had his being, how "he could split a day into a million parts and rebuild it into a miniature eternity." As such it is an independent and valuable contribution to literature. For estimates of the literary achievement of Goethe, we shall still read with profit the book of his larger-minded, saner admirer, George Henry Lewes.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

In 1833 Coleridge, full of enthusiasm for Beaumont and Fletcher, exclaimed, "How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays!" Ten years later the Reverend Alexander Dyce, a scholar and a gentleman, and the man to whom the Elizabethan drama owes more than to almost any one, re-collated the early texts and published an edition which has remained standard for sixty years. Now two new complete editions[1] are offered to the public. It is to be hoped that this means, or will create, a renewal of interest in the old dramatists, and that a generation which has been somewhat surfeited with Ibsen will turn its attention for a time to plays of a different character. To be sure, Beaumont and Fletcher are infinitely grosser than the prophet of the North, but it may be doubted whether *The Chances* is not, in fundamentals, less unhinging to the moral sense than *Ghosts*, and the English play is certainly the more entertaining of the two.

Mr. Bullen reserves elaborate critical discussion for a supplementary volume; but each play is preceded by a brief introduction, of which the most original feature is a sketch of the theatrical history of the piece. In determining chronology it is unfortunate that the editors should not have taken account of Professor Thorndike's admirable *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere*. Even if they could not accept Professor Thorndike's views, they should certainly have considered them, particularly as to the relation of *Cymbeline* to *Philaster*. In explanatory notes Dyce is usually followed, but with valuable additions. For text the old editions have been re-collated and many variants, disregarded by Dyce, have been noted. Not all, however. For example, *Maid's Tragedy*, IV, 1, line 1, Mr. Bullen's edition, in common with *all* others, omits the at least possibly solemn and dramatic "God" of the first quarto.

The Cambridge edition, like the Cambridge Shakespeare, pays no attention to anything but the text, although a supplementary volume of comment is promised. The second folio is reprinted *verbatim et litteratim*, apparently with great accuracy, and a very extensive collection of variants in earlier editions is given in an appendix; but all emendations of modern editors are disregarded. In a work which appears, from its price, to be intended largely for popular reading, this method of procedure cannot be too emphatically condemned. Wantonly to reject everything that has been done to make the old poets more approachable and intelligible, and to hide carefully at the back of the book all the different readings of earlier and perhaps often better editions, is simply without excuse. To show what this leads to, I may point out that we get the beautiful verse of *The Elder Brother* in its plain prosaic second-folio garb; and although in this case the earlier verse form is printed in the appendix, the editors take pains to state that in general they have paid no attention to the efforts

[1] *The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. Variorum Edition. London: George Bell & Sons and A. H. Bullen. (In course of publication.)

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller. Cambridge (England): The University Press. (In course of publication.)

The Maid's Tragedy and *Philaster*. By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph. D. Belles Lettres Series, Section III. General Editor, George Peirce Baker. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1906.

of modern editors to extract verse from the old chaotic prose.

Professor Thorndike's unpretentious volume shows the care and scholarship which we should expect from him and from the excellent "Belles Lettres Series." The introductory matter is abundant and suggestive, both for scholars and for the general reader. The bibliographics, especially, as with other volumes of the series, are very useful. The text has evidently been prepared with much thought and labor. I must confess to a shadow of doubt as to the advantage of following the lawless spelling of the old quartos; but Professor Thorndike's whole treatment of the question is totally different from the slavish process of facsimile adopted by the Cambridge editors.

It has long been well known that in the vast collection of dramas printed under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, Beaumont had but a comparatively small share. Massinger was recognized by contemporaries as an occasional collaborator with Fletcher, while Shakespeare, Jonson, Middleton, Rowley, and Shirley are all mentioned as part authors of different plays, and many were undoubtedly written by Fletcher alone. The elaborate investigations made in recent years by Fleay, Boyle, Oliphant, and others, have put the question into much more scientific shape, and it is now possible in a large number of cases to distinguish the different authors with a reasonable degree of certainty. This result has been brought about mainly by the careful study of different forms of verse. In the work of Shakespeare, taken in its chronological order of development, we find a very great variety in the iambic metre, a steady progression from simple and primitive numbers in the early historical plays to the complicated and subtle harmony of *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale*. In Shakespeare's contemporaries no such elaborate process of development has yet been traced; but many of them seem to have inclined to some special phase or phases of metrical expression, by which, when once recognized, it becomes a comparatively easy matter to distinguish their work. Of all the dramatists, Fletcher is the most marked in this respect. In the plays which are known to be by him alone, he shows such striking peculiarities of metre, as well as of style, that any one who is thoroughly familiar with him will hardly confuse his work with that of others. The same thing is true, though in a less degree, of Massinger, and, in a less degree again, of Beaumont; so that we can say, with a reasonable amount of confidence, that certain plays are by Massinger and Fletcher, others by Beaumont and Fletcher; and, in the case of the former, especially, we can point out the acts and scenes that are attributable to each author. With Beaumont and Fletcher this is more difficult, for we often find distinct traces of both authors in the same scene, and these marks of intimate association of thought and workmanship agree pleasantly with old traditions of the poets' close friendship and intimate association in their lives.

Unfortunately tradition and shreds of doubtful hearsay are all that have come to us in the matter. As with Shakespeare, and with so many of his great fellows, we know little of Beaumont and Fletcher beyond a dry and meagre collection of dates. Fletcher was born in 1579, entered as a pensioner in Benet College, Cambridge, 1591, probably began playwriting about 1604, and died in 1625. Beaumont (sometimes spelled by contemporaries Bewmont and possibly so pronounced) was born about 1585, went to Oxford in 1597, was entered at the Inner Temple in 1600, married, perhaps in 1613, and died in 1616, the year which also saw the death of Shakespeare. Both poets were of good family, Fletcher being the son of a bishop. Both had certainly the opportunity of a good education, and were well qualified to mingle on equal terms with the gay and courtly gentlemen who figure so largely in their plays. Both were intimate with their fellow drama-

tists. The most brilliant account that has come down to us of the witty doings at the Mermaid Tavern is contained in a letter of Beaumont's to Ben Jonson; and Jonson's answer shows genuine affection, although in his frank talks with Drummond he remarked "that Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses!" For any closer acquaintance with the characters and fortunes of the two celebrated partners we have to rely, as with Shakespeare, mainly upon the study of their writings.

In considering Beaumont's work we must always bear in mind his extreme youth. If Professor Thorndike's chronology is to be accepted, Beaumont began play-writing at twenty, and some of his best pieces had almost certainly been produced by the time he was twenty-five, an age at which Shakespeare had not attempted even such immature performances as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors*. Dying at but little over thirty, Beaumont is to be classed with Chatterton and Keats and Shelley, among those who had time to give the world only the promise of what they might have accomplished.

Yet the contemporaries of this precocious genius seem to have thought quite as highly of his discretion as of his inspiration. Pope's remark that Beaumont "checked what Fletcher writ" is hardly to be accepted as final, any more than Dryden's astonishing statement that Jonson "used his [Beaumont's] judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots;" but such observations must have been founded on an enduring tradition which had much basis in fact. And, in general, the plays written by the two poets in collaboration, as compared with Fletcher's unassisted work, show a greater solidity of design, more forethought and broad sense of dramatic effect in the conduct of the action. They have not Fletcher's verve, his inexhaustible fertility of resource; but Beaumont would hardly have been guilty of the structural defects of *The Chances*.

And the finish, the perfection of Beaumont's workmanship are much more apparent in his style than in his handling of plot. In this regard he is as remote from Fletcher as he is from Shakespeare. Shakespeare crowds his lines, strains them with thought and figure. sometimes sublime above all other sublimity, sometimes ill-chosen and tasteless; he loads and strains language almost beyond its capacity of bearing. Fletcher rushes onward in a golden flood, clear, but unchecked, exuberant, garrulous at moments. Beaumont is as clear as Fletcher, as simple, no labor in him, no overstrain; but every word tells. The progress the modulation of the thought is as delicate and perfect as the modulation of the verse, and moves with it in absolute harmony. From the nature of the case these qualities can be well shown only in passages longer than I have space to quote; but let the reader turn to Philaster's well-known description of his first meeting with Bellario and observe the exquisite adjustment of sound to sense, the grace and purity of the diction, the delicate restraint in the use of figurative expressions. An odd little illustration of the working of prejudice in these matters occurs in a note of Steevens on *Twelfth Night*. He calls attention to the lines of Viola, —

> Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy, —

and adds, "how much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakespeare than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Philaster*: —

> I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
> Without an heir.

We must remember that Viola's mood tends to irony; but surely any one who is not blinded by the good Steevens's Shakespeariolatry will feel that, taken in itself, the *Twelfth Night* passage, with its fanciful conceit and its tricky alliteration, is far inferior to the Beaumont bit in grace, in delicacy, in short, precisely in elegance.

This instinct of perfection in Beaumont has been too often overlooked, because until recently critics have not been sufficiently able to separate his work from the glittering imperfection of Fletcher; and no better testimony can be found to the utility of minute investigation in questions of authorship than that it clears the way for such a result. It is worth while to insist on Beaumont's excellence in this respect, because it is so peculiarly un-Elizabethan. Ben Jonson complained that Shakespeare wanted art, and, after all the frenzy of German hypercriticism, I think the sober reader of the twentieth century will end by agreeing with Ben Jonson. Beaumont did not live to arrive at maturity. He was hampered, as well as benefited, by association with a genius of a totally different stamp. But if he had lived and had come to work independently, I cannot help thinking that he might have given to the English drama just the something which Shakespeare, supreme poet and supreme creator as he was, did not give to it. In all the peculiar excellences of the dramatic art we may, perhaps, take Racine to have been the exact opposite, the complement of Shakespeare. And Beaumont had it in him to have become the English Racine.

In the creation of character Beaumont has also much of Racine, as well as in style and in faculty of design. Like Racine, the English poet succeeded best with women, and his heroines have the grace, the delicacy, the peculiarly feminine qualities, which belong to Phèdre, to Andromaque, to Bérénice. Beaumont's heroes undeniably fall short of the heroic. Amintor, Philaster, Arbaces, Ricardo, are too much victims of the storms of passion, they lack command over others and even over themselves; we feel in them the want not only of heroism, but too often of simple manliness, which, perhaps, is the same thing as the only heroism that counts. Nor, indeed, have his women always quite that element of womanliness which corresponds to manliness. Beaumont has no Portias, no Imogens. But who can resist the passion of the forlorn Aspatia, offering her own likeness as the model of Ariadne's sorrow? —

> Do it by me,
> Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
> And you shall find all true but the wild island.
> Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
> Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
> Wild as that desert; and let all about me
> Be teachers of my story.

Or the pathos of the abandoned Viola? —

> Woman, they say, was only made of man.
> Methinks, 't is strange they should be so unlike.
> It may be, all the best was cut away
> To make the woman, and the naught was left
> Behind with him. — I 'll sit me down and weep.
> All things have cast me from 'em but the earth.
> The evening comes and every little flower
> Droops now as well as I.

Or the divine tenderness of Euphrasia (as the boy Bellario) comforting Philaster who mourns that her life should be cut off before the prime? —

> Alas, my Lord, my life is not a thing
> Worthy your noble thoughts. 'T is not a life;
> 'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away.

On another side, however, Beaumont shows his truly Elizabethan affinities and reaches out into a world of comedy quite beyond the grasp of the classical author of *Les Plaideurs*. Bessus and Merrythought are as far removed from the starched humors of Jonson as from the dry brilliance of Fletcher. They have the warmth, the mellow, fruity richness in which only Beaumont, Dekker, and Middleton approach the golden sunshine of Shakespeare. Merrythought, especially, is a real comic creation and stands out as such in that rather elementary burlesque medley, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. How gay he is, with his old tags of song, his inextinguishable laughter, his joyous confidence that the future will be like the past and that, if it is not, mirth will mend it.

> "How have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room but at eleven and six o'clock I found excellent

meat and drink o' the table: my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit: and without question it will be so ever. Use makes perfectness: if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary and laugh myself to death."

Looking at the comic aspect of Beaumont's work, the first thing that occurs to us is the phrase which Dryden used of Fletcher, "a limb of Shakspere." But if the name has aptness in connection with some elements of Beaumont, it is hardly appropriate to Fletcher at all. With Jonson, though in an entirely different way, Fletcher stands more apart from Shakespeare than does any other of the great dramatists. His constant exaggeration in plot, in character, in thought, his redundancy of expression, his avoidance of prose even in the lowest comedy — all these qualities are un-Shakespearean. And there is a still deeper difference, which Dryden perfectly expressed in one of the most searching touches of his searching criticism: "The scholar had the softer soul, but the master had the kinder." Fletcher was brilliant, spirited, vigorous always. He was quick to feel and to perceive and over-ready to express. But he rarely went below the surface. He had little power of thought, little depth of emotion.

To this essential superficiality we may trace all of his very marked and undeniable defects. In plot-making he was unwilling to go to the bottom of a subject and work it out seriously. He preferred to rush off a hasty sketch and get his effects by heightened situations and sparkling dialogues, turning tragedy into melodrama and comedy into farce. In his earlier days Beaumont corrected this tendency, and Massinger in later. But it is curious to note that in a number of plays written with Massinger, Fletcher leaves to his younger associate the responsibility of opening the action and again of closing it; as if Massinger worked out the plot and began the development, then Fletcher became interested, caught the thread, hurried it along beyond the climax, then lost his enthusiasm and left the conclusion to be elaborated by the original designer.

Again, Fletcher's lack of depth shows in the material and physical aspect under which he views everything. All critics since Coleridge have insisted on this peculiarity of Fletcher's heroines, in particular; their virtue is a mechanical property, not a spiritual grace. And the same thing is true when we go back of the heroines to Fletcher himself. It is the outside of goodness, its conventional value, its utilitarian advantage, that especially appeal to him. His sympathy with the inner loveliness of noble character is vague and insufficient. This accounts not only for his general grossness of language, but for the almost insufferable æsthetic as well as moral impropriety which makes him defile the fairest people and things by impure association. His play of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is perhaps the most striking example of this. In it he seeks to present an ideal example of pure and devoted love, and to that end he employs all the most varied and exquisite means of poetical expression; but he fails because he has not sufficient depth of nature to justify the beauty of virtue by itself and therefore tries to enhance it by contrast with the foulest and most deformed shapes of ugliness. Milton's *Comus*, which owes so much to Fletcher's play, excels it far more in purity and dignity of moral conception than in mere poetry.

One trifling yet significant mark of the physical element in Fletcher is his singular fondness for the undignified practice of kicking. I do not think Shakespeare's gentlemen ever resort to this, certainly not often. They refrain from it, not so much from regard to others as from respect to themselves. Fletcher's heroes are always kicking their antagonists and dependents about the stage. Nay, even the finer temper of Beaumont becomes infected, and in *The Maid's Tragedy* the delicate Aspatia, disguised as a boy, wishing to provoke her lover to fight

with her that she may die by his hand — kicks him. Shades of Imogen and Viola!

But Fletcher's lack of profound grasp of human life shows most in his treatment — or ill-treatment — of character. Here again, as in his plots, he makes up for sober, profound study, by exaggerated emphasis and an extravagance often approaching caricature. This is much less marked, at any rate less offensive, in comic than in serious personages; yet even in comedy Fletcher cannot get the rich, delicate humor of Beaumont and Shakespeare. A curious instance of this is Bessus, who was doubtless created by Beaumont and through the earlier portion of the play speaks prose and is a thoroughly Beaumontesque and Shakespearean figure. Then Fletcher takes him, puts dancing verses into his mouth, and he becomes a member of a different comic family altogether.

With tragic characters this fault of exaggeration grows almost unendurable. Fletcher's heroes all brag; not so much as Dryden's, to be sure, but too much for heroism. The noble Caratach, the generous Aëcius, not only show their generosity and nobility, but repeatedly call our attention to them. With the women it is the same. They all lack dignity. The sweetest of them, like Ordella and Juliana, tend to become abject in their submission. Those of an opposite type are so very opposite! The Brunhalts are not only monsters, but vulgar monsters, and talk like fishwives. Worse still, spirits of the noblest strain, like Edith and Bonduca, suddenly break out into the same fishwifery, and rail with an excess of epithet that is as repulsive as it is picturesque. We have noted the change in Bessus, as he passes from Beaumont's hands to those of his partner. The same thing takes place even more strikingly with Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*. During the first part of the action, Beaumont depicts her with real tragic restraint. But as soon as Fletcher takes a hand, she tends at once to deteriorate, to become fiendish in her revenge and groveling in her repentance, in short, to show the true Fletcherian lack of dignity.

Yet we must not let these defects of characterization lead us to Darley's and Oliphant's conclusion that Fletcher's creations are without power and without charm. After all, he was an Elizabethan, which means that he thronged his scenes with human faces, often ugly, often caricatured, but alive, studied, and reproduced for the pure love of them: and so his work is infinitely more interesting than, for instance, the drama of Calderon, with its perpetual repetition of the same primitive types, its fantastic cavaliers, veiled ladies, and silly *graciosos*. In the Spanish, even in the French drama, the logical necessity of the dramatic movement makes the characters seem to live not for themselves, but for the action. In Shakespeare and in all the Elizabethans, high and low, the characters live for their own pleasure and walk in and out of the story with a lovely indifference, letting it adapt itself to their individuality, as best it can.

If we want to get on with Fletcher, we must let him have his way. His most characteristic work is that in which a grain of exaggeration is permissible: romance, which oversteps the boundaries of humdrum reality, or rollicking farce crammed full of lyrical grace and charm. The very titles of his romantic plays carry their atmosphere with them, as do Calderon's: *The Pilgrim*, *The Island Princess*, *The Sea Voyage*, *The Beggar's Bush*, *Love's Pilgrimage*, *The Maid in the Mill*. *The Pilgrim*, especially, perhaps comes nearest to the outdoor plays of Shakespeare, with its woodland scenes, its gay and sprightly heroine and her waiting-maid, its quick interchange of tenderness and laughter. Even better are the comedies, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Wild Goose Chase*, *The Chances*. "A whiffling vagary" Darley called the latter, with all the scorn of a serious-minded person.

But one should love "whiffling vagaries," that is to say, trifles of human passion beaten up into light foam by the wind of fancy. Such are the delicious comedies of Meilhac and Halévy, between which and Fletcher's there is a good deal of kinship. Only the great attraction of *La Petite Marquise* and *Fanny Fear* is best indicated in the remark of Frondeville to Fanny herself: "The charm of your conversation lies not only in what you say, but still more and above all in what you don't say." Now there is nothing that Fletcher does not say.

In these merry Fletcherian farces everything is gay, sparkling, full of life, movement, and theatrical effectiveness. "A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams and to scatter away Nightmares," says Lamb. And Coleridge: "I could read *The Beggar's Bush* from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is!" The characters flash and sputter about like so many fireworks set off all at once. Everywhere there is the light tinkle of fresh young voices, the careless glee of fresh young faces. I have said hard things of Fletcher's women and they deserve it; yet his comedies abound with jolly girls whose piquancy more than outweighs their occasional disregard of the lesser proprieties. The greater they rarely fail to respect. Mr. Saintsbury says of them very justly, "For portraits of pleasant English girls, not too squeamish, not at all afraid of lovemaking, quite convinced of the hackneyed assertion of the mythologists that jests and jokes go in the train of Venus, but true-hearted, affectionate, and of a sound, if not a very nice morality, commend me to Fletcher's Dorotheas and Marys and Celias."

Of Fletcher's young men much the same is to be said, *mutatis mutandis*, as of his young women. Dr. Johnson had "heard that Steele practised the lighter vices." So do the young gentlemen of Fletcher, and with such zeal that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish their practices from the heavier sins. Yet one would fain believe that they are all somewhat after the model of Hylas in *Monsieur Thomas*, of a monstrous dissipation in words, but with deeds not quite in "a concatenation accordingly." At any rate, if one disregards their love-affairs, there is much to be said for them. They are keen of wit, ready of sword, quick in sense of honor, loyal in friendship, apt to remember a kindness, generous, and not incapable of sacrifice. A very little acquaintance with the skeptical, cynical, selfish gallants of Dryden, Congreve, and Wycherley makes one ready to find Fletcher's Don Johns, and Pineros and Rutilios a harmless and even a lovable generation.

Many critics have found fault with Dryden for his remark that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better" than did Shakespeare. But there is some truth in it. Shakespeare's young men are proud of their wit and too often seem to be thinking about their own smartness. Fletcher's heroes think about pretty girls, about their tailors' bills, the last run of the dice, or the newest fashion in doublets; and when they discuss these things they *are* smart. Even in the essentials of gentlemanliness perhaps Shakespeare is not so much superior as is sometimes thought, and the ugly passages of Fletcher are well paralleled by Lysander and Demetrius, by Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Claudio in *Measure for Measure* and Bertram in *All's Well That Ends Well*. Indeed, high authorities have attributed to Fletcher a peculiar perception and appreciation of the gentlemanly character. Professor Ward says, "I have been much struck by the passages in his works where he recurs to a conception which undoubtedly had a very vital significance for him — that of a gentleman. See, above all, the fine passage in *The Nice Valor*:—

I cannot make you gentlemen; that 's a work
Raised from your own deservings: merit, manners,

And in-born virtue does it; let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater.

Lysander in *The Lover's Progress* is a really fine gentleman every inch of him." And our own Emerson, who surely knew, tells us that "in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher there is a constant recognition of gentility."

Fletcher's style is absolutely characteristic of the man and has all his defects and excellences. It fails in tragedy, and generally in passages of serious reflection; it is too jaunty, too flippant, too highly-colored. Wolsey's farewell speech in *King Henry VIII* represents probably the best that Fletcher could do in this kind, and effective as it is, it is far enough from the enormous grandeur of *Macbeth* or *Lear*. Fletcher uses two words where Shakespeare would use one, he lavishes adjectives and particles, his old men and young women and clowns and heroes are all garrulous alike. He has tricks of style, too, pet tricks that he indulges in on all occasions. For instance, he loves a ringing repetition of words: —

She is fair and young and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious, too,
In all her entertainments, as men report.

They are cozening mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud mad;
They are all, all mad. I come from a world of mad women,
Mad as March hares: get 'em in chains, then deal with 'em.
There 's one that 's mad; she seems well, but she is dog-mad.
Is she dead, dost think?

And certainly no English or other poet ever had a greater fancy for alliteration or got more cunning or more preposterous effects from it. See how it haunts the noble reply of Ordella to Thierry when he urges the terror of her fate and declares it to be full of fearful shadows: —

So is sleep, sir,
Or anything that 's merely ours and mortal;
We were begotten gods else. But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

But all these whims and dainty devices, unworthy of the serious dignity of high tragedy, are immensely effective in comedy; and of easy, vivid, brilliant comic dialogue Fletcher is certainly a master. In this, as in everything, his work is peculiarly adapted to immediate presentation before an audience. Critics have sought out many explanations of the fact that Fletcher's plays were so much more frequently acted during the seventeenth century than Shakespeare's. But this is the most obvious reason: that Fletcher always expresses himself with limpid clearness and intelligibility. His language, in the French phrase, gets over the footlights, instantly explains and emphasizes itself. It is difficult to imagine any average audience in any age following with pleasure the elaborate thought and compact expression of Shakespeare's Ulysses. But a child can catch, without effort, the easy, flowing rhetoric which Fletcher gives to wise men and fools alike. It is rare that our author is even so subtle as in the beautiful line which Coleridge called one of the finest in the language: —

You are old and dim, sir,
And the shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment.

Usually his figures, his descriptions, his narrative, his dialogues of passion and of reflection, all run on with the golden, sparkling clearness of a sunlit brook. One charming passage from the *Elder Brother* may serve to illustrate most of the points which we have been considering: —

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study:
'T is meat and sleep. What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are and shine like courtiers.
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are armed in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers;

The silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging
And has no aid nor partner in her labours.
Why should we care for anything but knowledge
Or look upon the world but to contemn it ?

Our study of Fletcher's style would not be complete without some comment on his verse, which is even more thoroughly characteristic than his diction. In verse, as in diction, Fletcher has a manner. An author has a style when he rules his expression and has it thoroughly under control. He has a manner when his expression rules him, and forces his thought into a fixed mould, no matter what its subject. Carlyle and Browning have a manner. Shakespeare is the most glorious example of the absolute possession of a style. Now Fletcher found out a few inventions in rhythm in his younger days and they pleased him so greatly that he clung to them till his death, in season and out of season, for every subject and every character.

Without insisting on technicalities too much, it is sufficient to say that the chief of these inventions was that of ending two thirds of the lines with an extra, unaccented syllable. In the above-quoted passage every line thus ends. This practice is common enough in the Continental languages, but Shakespeare and Milton use it very soberly. In serious writing it is apt to tend to monotony, as, for instance, in the sing-song blank verse of Schiller. And in Fletcher's tragedies it is simply one more added to his long list of defects, as will be seen by comparing the Wolsey speech with any Shakespearean passage in the same play. But, here again, when we come to Fletcher's comedies, the result is altogether different. In writing easy, natural dialogue, he combines the above-mentioned peculiarity with others which go far to relieve its monotony, shakes out the folds of his lines, as it were, adds extra syllables internally, throws the pauses in unexpected places, above all adapts rhythm to sense and emphasis in the most wonderfully varied and telling manner.

Just how far Fletcher was original in seeking these effects and how much he owed to Plautus and Aristophanes it would be difficult to say. Coleridge clearly recognized the Plautian affinity. Critics since his day have surprisingly neglected it. But it is certain that no dramatist of modern times has come anywhere near producing the comic effects of the Roman poet as Fletcher produces them. Shakespeare, when he wrote comic dialogue, turned to prose. So did most of his contemporaries. And the stiff Alexandrines of Molière are about as un-Plautian as can well be imagined.

It was a verse-quality like Fletcher's that Goethe referred to when he said, in connection with Byron's *Don Juan*, that "English poetry has developed a comic medium which we Germans are entirely without." And, though Byron probably knew nothing of Fletcher and got his octave entirely from the Italians, the swift flight of the Byronic stanza has something very Fletcherian about it.

As for the bass, the beast could only bellow.
In fact, he 'd had no singing education ;
A timeless, noteless, tuneless, ignorant fellow.

But the free movement of comic blank verse gives an opening for such things which no stanza could possibly afford, and Fletcher used that opening to the full. His verse dances, sparkles, quivers. It leaps like a serpent and lashes like a whip. Of course, his careless temper pushes everything to excess, and to crowd seventeen syllables into one ten-syllabled line is an excess undoubtedly.

Do they think/to car/ry it away/with a great band/made of bird-/pots ?

Yet even this monstrosity, read as I have marked it, rather enhances than trammels the contemptuous bearing of the thought; and it is just here that Fletcher's cunning and his greatness lie, in his extraordinary faculty of emphasizing sense by sound. His lines speak themselves, they fling themselves right

in the faces of an audience, they flutter through the theatre, drenched with laughter and glittering with gayety. They are simply made for dramatic declamation and nothing else; and if actors could be found to deliver them understandingly, I am convinced that critics would be astonished at the effect.

I went up, came to the door, knocked, nobody answered.

Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows.

And blast, blast, blast, those buds of pride that paint you.

SEBASTIAN

Why that 's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her,
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

LAUNCELOT

Kissing?
An honest, moral man? 'T is for a constable.
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules.

It is difficult to find longer passages suitable for quotation, but at least I must give this edifying dispute between Don John and Don Frederick in *The Chances*, on the subject of conjuring. Don John inquires how devils may be raised: —

FREDERICK

With spells, man.

JOHN

Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb, such a penny footpost?
Compelled with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Asteroth and Behemoth and Belphagor?
Why should he shake at sounds that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do —

FREDERICK

Without all doubt, he does, John.

JOHN

Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of bullions?
They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?
These make as fell a noise.

The movement of Fletcher's verse cannot be better described than by his own glittering lines in *Bonduca:* —

Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough, tumbling storm.

I have dwelt at much more length on Fletcher's work than on that of Beaumont, first because critics almost universally praise Beaumont at Fletcher's expense, and second because, though Beaumont was a higher and purer spirit and a more delicate artist, Fletcher was much more original, a more complex character, and on the whole stronger and more vigorous.

To enjoy Fletcher and to enter fully into his plays, one should be young, at any rate in spirit. In this respect he is like Scott. Sir Walter had a purity and dignity of moral tone which Fletcher never knew; and Fletcher was an Elizabethan in imagination. But they both loved the grace, the variety, the picturesqueness of romance; they both preferred to look at the outside of life; neither of them wished to dwell upon

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Such writers give us no help in passionate struggles or profound problems. No wise man would go to them for such a purpose. But if one wishes, with Lamb, "to scatter Nightmares," to relax and let go, to throw off the burdens, to flood one's soul with sunshine and sweet laughter and bright, immortal gayety, I do not know a surer resource than the comedies of Fletcher. And though he does not set up for a preacher or a framer of wise saws, there have been more foolish ones uttered than the remark of Cacafogo in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife:* —

What need we fiddles, idle songs, and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

LUGGAGE AND THE LADY

I WRITE as one pursued through life by the malevolence of inanimate objects. My singular subjection to things was never brought so painfully home to me as last summer during four months in Europe. Of course, my soul had been to Europe a great many times, but my body never, and now I was taking it, as well as certain scrip and scrippage for its journey. I chained up my soul and held it under lock and key while I took counsel with certain seductive guidebooks. These paternal manuals left no detail untouched, until there was no fear left for me of cabs or custom houses, of money-tables or time-tables. It was all as simple as bread and milk. One thing all my guides inveighed against, a superfluity of baggage; with them I utterly agreed. A trunk was an expensive luxury on foreign railways; there stood ready always an army of porters to escort one's hand-bags. A lady could travel gayly with a single change of raiment; after a day's dust and soil, merely the transformation of a blouse, and behold a toilet fit for any table d'hôte. Moreover, so remarkable were foreign laundry facilities that on tumbling to bed all you had to do was to summon an obliging maid, deliver, sleep, and on the morrow morn, behold yourself all crisply washed and ironed. As to the expense of a trunk and the battalions of porters, the guidebooks were correct; as to the rest, they lied. The single blouse theory is all very well if you don't wear out or tear out by the way; and as to the laundry fallacy, do I not still see myself roaming the streets of Antwerp searching vainly for one single blanchisserie? My conclusion is that one needs clothes and a right mind about as much on one side of the Atlantic as on the other.

But I had not reached this conclusion when I bought my baggage, therefore I limited myself to two hand-pieces. For the first of these I had not far to search. It was that frail, slim, dapper thing, a straw suitcase. It was very light, just how light I was afterwards to discover, but before embarkation I regarded it with joy; it seemed to me suitable and genteel, with its sober gray sides and trim leather corners. With it I was satisfied, whereas from the first I felt misgiving about my second article of impedimenta. There was nothing genteel or ladylike about this, that was certain, but perhaps I am not the first traveler who has yielded to the mendacious promises of a telescope. It looks as if it would so obligingly yield to the need either of condensation or expansion. You may inflate or contract at will, and it's all the same to the telescope. My telescope was peculiarly unbeautiful. Its material was a shiny substance looking like linoleum, called wood fibre, and having a bright burnt-orange color. Its corners were strengthened with sheet iron, lacquered black. You have seen the same in use by rural drummers, but rarely in a female hand. I don't know why I bought it. It is part of my quarrel with inanimate objects that they always exert an hypnotic influence upon me in the shop, and always excite loathing so soon as they arrive at my home. In this instance it was both the saleswoman and the purchase that excited the hypnotism. She was of that florid, expansive, pompadoured type that always reduces my mind to feebleness. Moreover, she jumped up and down on my prospective telescope, bouncing before my eyes in all her bigness. Now, in my sober senses I do know that one's primary motive in purchasing a hand-bag is not that one may dance upon it; but at that moment, as I watched her pirouetting as if on a spring-board, I felt that no piece of luggage was

anything worth unless you could jump upon it. I bought.

Almost at once that tawny bedemoned box began its career of naughtiness. The first thing it did on shipboard was to disappear. It stopped just long enough to be entered in the agent's book, and then it leaped down into the hold and hid. I searched; the purser searched; so did six several stewards and stewardesses. The stewards searched the staterooms; I searched the passages; together we searched the hold, penetrating even the steerage to see if the missing article were congregating with the motley collection down there. We were four days out when, in a passage repeatedly searched, on a ledge near a porthole, behold my tawny telescope leering at me! My steward was genuinely superstitious over it. So was I.

It was during my first travels on land that I discovered that a capacity for being jumped upon, far from being a recommendation in a piece of luggage, is distinctly a detraction. I did a great deal of jumping during three weeks in Scotland. I am sure I shall have sympathizers when I declare my difficulties in packing a telescope. In the first place, it is very hard, when both ends are lying on the floor, supine and gaping, to distinguish which is top and which is bottom. It is only after sad repacking that you discover that while top will sometimes go over bottom, bottom will never go over top. Having ascertained which is bottom, you begin to pack. You soon are even with the edge; but in a telescope this is nothing. You continue to pack, up, up into the air, a tremulous mountain of garments upon which at length you gingerly place top. Firmly seating yourself at one end, you grasp the straps that girdle the other, and bravely you seek to buckle them. Result, while that end of the telescope on which you are sitting undoubtedly settles under your weight, from the gaping mouth which you are attempting to muzzle there is belched forth an array of petticoats, blouses, collars, postcards. You dismount, reopen, replace scattered articles, and reseat yourself on the opposite end. Result, the end which sank under you before now pops wide, and spouts forth a stream of Baedekers red as collops. Again you repack all, replace top. Starting from across the room, with a running high jump, you aim to land on the very middle of the thing. Result, the top goes down, it is true, but from all edges there dips a fringe of garments. In the privacy of your room, with the assistance of Heaven and the chambermaid and the Boots, you may sometimes contrive to shut a telescope; but I once had to open and restrap mine, sole and unaided, in the waiting room of a station. It happened that I had placed my ticket to London in the toe of one shoe, placed the shoe in the bottom of the straw suitcase, locked this, placed the key in the toe of the other shoe, and placed that in the bottom of my telescope. Why did I do this? Simply because I had just visited Melrose Abbey. I frequently suffer from a tendency of my costume to disruption in moments of stress. At times of great muscular exertion and mental excitement my hat tends to take an inebriate lunge, each several hairpin stands on end, my collar rises rowdyish from its moorings, impeccable glove fingers gape wantonly. All these circumstances attended the closing of my telescope on that occasion. It was immediately after that I decided upon the necessity of a third piece of baggage.

I bought it in Edinburgh, on Princess Street, the wonderful street where you vainly seek to apply yourself to mundane shopping with Edinburgh Castle ever filling your vision, standing over there on its craggy hill, all misty with legend, while a hundred memories of Mary Queen of Scots come whispering at your ear as you soberly endeavor to buy gloves. If my previous impedimenta had been outrageously American, my third handbag was Scotch, every inch of him. He was gentlemanly and distinguished, frank and accommodating. I have never seen any-

thing like him over here, — shiny black sides of oilcloth, bound by leather strips, plentifully studded with tacks, but otherwise strictly unornamented. But his chief charm was the way he opened, the whole top flapping easily apart at will, and afterwards the two sides closing over all as easily as if his only desire were to please. In capacity he was unlimited; you could pour into him, on and on, and always he closed upon his contents smilingly, without protest.

For a brief space, as I trickled down through England from cathedral to cathedral, my Scotch companion was my chiefest comfort, the mere sight of his black, rising-sunshiny face cheering me as it looked down upon me from the luggage rack of a third-class carriage. More and more I came to impose upon the generosity of his interior, until one day my confidence in his Scotch integrity was rudely shattered; for I discovered that the reason he could hold so much was that he had quietly kicked out his bottom! He continued to accompany me. it is true, but thrust from his high gentlemanly estate, resembling now rather those bleary, dilapidated Glasgow porters that greet one's arriving vessel, his frail form, like theirs, begirt and bandaged in order to support the few light belongings I now dared to entrust to his feebleness.

Meanwhile, the strength of my yellow telescope continued unabated, but so did also its averseness to accommodating my possessions, which daily, all unwittingly and unwillingly, increased. My dapper suitcase had suffered by the way, its neat sides were bruised and staved in, one leather corner was missing, another stood up like an attentive ear. It still smiled, "brave in ragged luck," but its own America would not have known it. It now appeared that England, and as it happened, rural Devon, must contribute another article to my retinue.

Now, ever since I had touched Great Britain my unaccustomed eye had been fascinated by a piece of luggage quite new to me, I mean that most British thing, the tin trunk. We have nothing like it in luggage, but we have copied it exactly in cake boxes; the only difference is that the English original has a bulge top and a lock and key. In character my British baggage was much better natured than my American telescope, but in color it was much the same, orange tawny; it had grown very easy for me to spot my belongings in the miscellany of the luggage van.

These representatives of the American, Scotch, and English nations followed in my wake from Southampton to St. Malo, and perhaps their company need never have been increased on the continent if in Brittany I had not bought a pair of sabots, life size. Nothing so unaccommodating as sabots! Seemingly each was big enough to sleep in, but if I attempted to pack the inside of one, behold, it would hold nothing at all; it was built to hold a foot, and if it could n't have a foot, it would have nothing. In true peasant insolence, each sabot demanded a whole handbag to itself, and, once in, refused to accommodate its substantial bulk to the needs of any of my other possessions. In much difficulty I managed to get across France, but once in Paris, especially in view of certain aristocratic purchases that absolutely refused to consort with wooden shoes, the need of still a fifth hand-piece was evident.

Paris luggage, like a Paris lady, is built to show a pleasing exterior. Diversion rather than utility is its motive. My Paris handbag still preserves its suggestion of perpetual picnic. It looks as if it were always just off for a Sunday in the Bois. It is a woven wicker thing, exactly like an American lunch-basket, vastly magnified. The handle must be grasped from the top, and is not the handy side appendage of all American grips. I never look at it without seeing within dozens upon dozens of boiled eggs and sandwiches. As a matter of fact, it has never held anything of the sort; rather it carried my new Parisian costume safely from Paris to New York.

By dint of fast and furious touring through Belgium I managed not to acquire anything more to pack or to be packed, but in Holland once again I fell. I was within a few days of sailing when I visited Alkmaar. There a tall polyglot young Dutchman showed me through a most delicious cheese factory. Innocent and round, ruby or orange, smiled those cheeses down at me from their long shelves. My guide gave me to eat. Thus it was that the last thing I bought on the other side was — cheeses! Oh, he assured me, they were perfectly well behaved; even had they so desired they could not get out of their strong cases; no more innocent gift to be taken home to appreciative friends. That Dutchman understood American credulity better than he did the American language. Those cheeses did not stay in their cases. They came out and performed in all ways after the manner of cheeses. Now throughout my trip, whatever inconveniences I might suffer by reason of possessions acquired, I could never make up my mind to abandon any. Having bought them, I did not desert my cheeses, but it became increasingly apparent that they would have to travel in a home of their own, together with such of my goods as would not be corrupted by evil communications. I purchased my last bit of luggage in Rotterdam. It was a gray canvas bag, in shape like a dachshund without the appendages. It was capable of as much lateral expansion as a Marken fisherman. It received and held the cheeses, but frankly, so that their contour was clear to the eye. To all appearances I was taking home a bushel of turnips out of brave little Holland.

I embarked at Rotterdam, and for ten days sank into that state of coma to which ocean travel stimulates me. It was not till we had touched the Hoboken dock that I became once more acutely alert. I had donned my Paris traveling dress, had walked through the great shed until I found my letter X, and then turned about to wait with the rest for the arrival of my luggage. Then for the first time realization overwhelmed me. I was waiting for my bags, *my* bags: those six disreputable traveling companions would here and now seek me out and claim my society, right here in America, with V and W to right of me, Y and Z to left, my haughty steamer acquaintance, looking on! Over on the other side one is not known by one's baggage, but here one is! I had faced many a white continental porter with nonchalance, but with which one of my motley collection in my hand could I face the black Pullman porter of my own country? I cowered with shame, so slowly they arrived, each several one of the six, tediously threading its way to X, never losing itself, never losing me, always hunting me down! The joy of homecoming was turned to gall. I saw V and W, Y and Z, turn away their faces. To my eyes each several hand-piece looked more bizarre than the last. Which one should I select to accompany me on an American railroad? Which of the motley crew would least endanger the respectability of a lady traveling alone in an American car? Through the crowd my Parisian lunch-basket came mincing up to me, still ready for perpetual picnic. Silly chit! I would n't travel with her. My Rotterdam purchase, bulging and redolent with cheeses, came waddling up, respectable perhaps, but with it I should have been as conspicuous as with one of the Marken imps in copious trousers that it so much resembled. My former pride of Scotch travel was now so fallen away that he looked as if he were in the last stages of his native whiskey, and as if his physique would hardly have supported the weight of a hairpin. No help to be had in him! My American suitcase, in May so trig and debonair, had been punched and pounded out of all semblance to anything belonging either to America or a suitcase. My British cake-box had suffered likewise, and in its decrepitude supported the loss of a lock, and appeared to my horrified eyes carefully roped with clothesline by a friendly steward. Even

though I promptly sat down upon it, spreading my Paris skirt wide, I could not conceal that yellow cake-box from the fashionable steamer folk that swarmed about me. Suitcase and tin trunk both had lost all distinction of nation; they both belonged now to the international species, tramp. There remained to me only my evil genius, the orange-tawny telescope. Foreign labels had but scantily subdued the natural aggressiveness of his demeanor. He was possible — perhaps. Then I considered how he had flouted me, scorned me, spilled out at me, jeered at me in my helplessness. I pictured opening and shutting him in the berth of a sleeping car; then quietly, inconspicuously, and virulently, I kicked him.

I fastened the last strap the customs officers had loosened. Just one moment I hesitated, regarding my rakish European retinue, then I fell upon the waiting baggage-agent. "Check them all," I cried, "all!" Free as a bird, as a gipsy, as an American, I traveled from New York to Chicago, a lady luggage-less.

OF BEING MIDDLE-AGED

When are we middle-aged? There is no very definite year for its beginning, nor any special aspect to tell of its arrival — you may *be* it either before or after you look it. Superficially, much depends on the point of view, for there's a wide angle between twenty and eighty; but not so much in reality. Let us consider the matter.

It, this middle-age, comes gradually, of course; though, as a rule, each of us realizes it for himself, suddenly, with a shock. One day we say of a contemporary, "Oh, of the usual age," which means, I take it, "between thirty" as Mark Twain (I believe it was he) has happily euphuized it. A Harvard professor once called this period the "Cambridge age," which struck me at the time (I had not arrived at it then) as very clever. I dare say, now, however, this specific Cambridge age has advanced along with him and me. It may be between forty now; come to think of it, I rather think it is. I did n't connect any of these terms with myself for a long time. One day, however, I remarked of some one, "Oh! of the usual age." Instantly I said to myself, with a horrid shock, "That's just what you are! *You are it!*" This was the beginning of my rise, or fall, to middle-age.

Here let me digress a bit for the benefit of the "young person." As soon as you, "my youthful reader," begin to think about these things, it is the beginning of them; if you want to study the psychology of the further coming, now is the time to start. Before you know it, you will be *it*, — that is, middle-aged, — and the crucial moments will be gone. But let me beg of you, don't. Don't, I pray you, "dear youthful reader," don't, until you are obliged to, don't have more than two classes of people in your mind — the young and the old. It is much nicer then; and so long as it is so, you yourself are young. What a sad thought it is (its coming to me is a sure sign of my own middle-age, for it's a stock thought and expression of this period; let me give way to it once more!) what a sad thought it is that every one in the world, no matter what his condition, is for years of his life possessed of the one desirable, the one most beautiful thing in the world — youth, — and does not appreciate it till it is gone! If we could only be young and realize all that youth means at one and the same time! If only we did not, with youth's perversity (almost its only one), want to be grown up! Some happy mortals, happy I call them, never do really grow up, though alas! by the time they and their friends realize it, they have lost the physical beauty of youth — which is half the game!

But to get back to middle-age. I did not (nor do any of us of ourselves, probably) realize being middle-aged for some time. It came to me, personally, when a youth, of twenty or so, called me "sir." And even now, although I 'm

almost between forty, I can't quite get over it, when another youth whom I see frequently, and who *treats* me confidentially as no older than himself, always *addresses* me as Mister.

My most violent and painful shock was, however, when I read of some play that it was "familiar to the older generation of playgoers, but unknown to the present." And I remembered that play! and not even vaguely, as one remembers the plays of one's childhood! It was a shock, too, in speaking of Julia Marlowe with a young woman, who seemed to me to be as old as I, when she said, "I am so glad that Miss Marlowe is beginning to play Shakespeare. What a lovely Rosalind she will make!" "But," I began; then I realized that Julia Marlowe *was* Rosalind when this young woman was bread-and-buttering in the nursery. I went the next week to see "As You Like It;" but, alas! I did not see *my* Rosalind. Incidentally, what a pity it is that there are no good parts for actresses of the "usual age" (let us use the euphemism). If I were a playwright I'd try my hand at them. But I suppose they would be turned down — stage folk being always either young or old.

I "acknowledged it" (I still cling to certain expressions in vogue before I was "between") and went on to tell the young woman of seeing Maude Adams when she *might* have suggested youth in Peter Pan (and was well scored for my use of "*might*"), of seeing Janauschek as Hortense, Booth as Hamlet, of laughing, and crying, with Warren and Mrs. Vincent at the Museum. Having thus confessed to her, she asked (innocently, I know), "And did you very much admire Charlotte Cushman?" I changed the subject before she could ask me how I liked Jenny Lind or the elder Booth. It was all one to her: I was a middle-aged man "reminiscing" of my youth. And I had started in to talk on equal terms! The stage is a terrible indicator.

And books! We are certainly middle-aged "Misters" and "Madams" when we remember the sensation of "Called Back," the flood of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the advent of "Mr. Barnes." And we do not even have to remember waiting for the installments of "Trilby:" it was but yesterday. Yet those superficially of our time know it not; and to them Kipling is as old as George Meredith!

And the cities! We remember when eight stories was a high building, when we watched steel construction with interest. We remember horse-cars, and the sensation of our first trolley ride, and squinting when we talked into a telephone! But no, no more! else I shall seem garrulous — a word of Old Age, not the "between."

When, then, are we middle-aged? When we have had these experiences, can remember these things. The keeping or the losing of our hair is a matter of health, of inheritance. The preservation or the loss of our enthusiasms is the same. Success and failure are personal affairs. Any one may mistake our ages on the street, or when they hear us talk of the weather — we do not yet say that in our youth winters were colder, or summers hotter. But when we have let slip the "between thirty" words, or thought of the "usual age;" when we remember these things; when we desire Youth; then indeed are we middle-aged, — just plain middle-aged, a word without a constant epithet. Youth is charming, joyous, exuberant: Old Age is serene, pathetic, terrible: middle-age is not even worth a capital letter. And yet, it has its compensation — we have an outlook in two directions — the only period which has; we have attained and not lost (it is to be hoped this is the case; Heaven help us if it is not!) a sane charity and a saving sense of humor.

THE DEVICE

If I might take unto myself a device, not for the family silver, but for my own contemplation, it would be this: a tall

man in rude attire standing in the midst of a high hill-road, the sun rising out of the sea at one side, the land stretching off and off, with hidden rivers and villages, to the other side. And above him there would be an apple-tree, blowing continually in a west wind; but having more fruit than leaves, for I think the time would be autumn.

The man I see to be journeying always, and smiling as if he had no fear. For he is always young; weary often, but always young.

He is my soul. He is a pilgrim or a vagabond; perchance he is both. The road is the highway made by generations on generations of pilgrims and vagabonds who have gone on quests throughout all time. Yet now he is alone, for the soul must travel far without pleasant company.

It is on a hill that he is, for the conquest of hills is needful in that journey. And since I would have the soul always setting forth at dawn, as it were, the sun comes up mightily out of the sea, which is a deep limitless divine glory. But his golden setting is beyond the lands, the abode of men and women, of love and sorrow and labor.

As for the apple-tree with few leaves and much fruit, I think it is the Tree of Joy. But why the wind is ever from the west, so that the few leaves point like withered yellow tongues to the sea, I do not understand. I see it so, but its meaning is not plain to me.

The time is autumn. That is a time not like spring with its restless languor and tremulous leaping beauty, nor like summer, sated with colored heat. The autumn is a keen time, a superb time; when a man is strong to journey and the wind is bold to blow.

That is my device.

If one asks me what the quest of my soul may be, I cannot tell him duly. Sometimes it is no more than a shadow on the hills, or the wing of a wandering moth; and again, it is a planet, great fires in space, the very sun himself. Then perhaps it is a wind, a song, a delicate curve of sound, or the hoarse thunder of waves. The eager soul desires knowledge, too, of old intricate things, stored in books and minds of wise men; or of new intricate things, hidden since the first light, in the earth and the air and the fleeing elements. And then it desires knowledge of men's hearts. And then, a thing whereto I dare not give a name. But it is beneath and beyond all the rest.

Now as I meditate upon it, I perceive that this is the most common, most worn device, belonging to all men since the beginning of days.

This being so, I am fain of an answer to two questions. I have no desire for the name of the quest. Perhaps I know that name. But these things I do not understand with clearness.

Wherefore should the apple-tree, the tree of joy, if it be that, blow ever towards the rising sun and the sea?

And if every traveling soul must pass that tree, why have so many the appearance of hunger and meagreness? Is the right to eat thereof denied to some?

Some one in all of the world should know these things, for every one must traverse that road.

I am fain to be told.

DOG AND UNDER-DOG

It seems a queer thing, on first thought, that the multitudes are always for the under-dog. At a tennis tournament the cheers are for the loser when he pulls up his score a bit, and for him are the sighs and the feminine "Too bad!'s" when he makes a good try which fails. "Why are you always on the side of the under-dog?" asked the man who wondered about such things of the girl who turned her head away and would n't look because the game was being lost.

"The under-dogs are always so appealing and — so nice," she said, and then, smiling, "I 'm an under-dog myself." That was just it.

The common feeling for under-dogs

is not so much pity as it is affection, tenderness — they warm the cockles of the heart; one likes to have them around. And this is because we are most of us under-dogs ourselves, in the depths of us, and we feel for each other the sympathy which comes from resemblance, the attraction of like for like.

Under-Doggism does not arise wholly from condition (you find under-dogs in the very seats of the mighty) but from a winsome quality of mind which is inherent. You may know the under-dog by a certain negative attitude, an absence of assertion, a denial of superiority, a smiling air of seeing the humor of the situation, a droll hint of a wink at his own discomfiture. Some of them, it is true, do make the mistake of trying to be something else: they put on an imposing front, and in a momentary flood of favor and fortune pose as dogs rampant. Yet, even in that lofty attitude, the tail may be observed between the legs.

Decidedly (if one may be allowed a bit of under-dogma) one likes best the under-dog who knows what he is, and who accepts his humble but comfortable lot with complacence, even with relish and gusto. The young woman who dispenses with society columns and suitors and with a droll little smile confesses that she did n't "make a go of it," but who is, nevertheless, a most enchanting under-doggess; the young author whose life-work is certainly not of the Six Best Sellers, and who makes pleasant little jokes about returned manuscripts; the little girl at a piano recital who has to go on and on tearfully repeating her "piece" because she has forgotten the end of it; young men and maidens disappointed in their loves; small round boys who can't do their sums; little forlorn, abandoned cats; Cinderellas — what is the universal appeal of these, wherein lies their dear power to claim affection and stir emotion, but in their under-doggism?

Contrast with these beloved browbeaten, the browbeaters of society — officials, inspectors, authorities, champions, directors, good-spellers, winners of beauty contests, powers that be, governesses, boy orators, street-car conductors, successful candidates, belles-of-the-season, prize bulldogs, trust magnates, cooks, floorwalkers, tax-collectors, infant phenomenons — the whole inglorious horde of disagreeables. Ah! the super-dog, the dog rampant, is the real outcast, the miserable one, for he ramps alone.

WORDS

Last night it was long before I could let sleep overtake me. Words, mere words, pursued me so hotly that sleep lagged far behind.

To-day, as I sit in the sun and write, the words are but my none-too-ready servants. They come at my bidding, yet slowly, grudgingly, as if they were sullen laborers, well-nigh on the verge of a strike. I wish that last night I could have been writing and writing. The thing I might have written would be like a great unearthly jewel, flaming the seven colors, sharper than a two-edged sword. For a host of words was all about me, crowding, urging, flashing, making outcry.

It is a hard thing to relate clearly. If I say, "Last night I was full of splendor, last night I was ready with great speech," one would scarce believe me. Where is it all fled, then? And alas, I do not know. Yet I cannot hold my peace in the matter. For an hour I was overwhelmed by triumphant words.

I have read that the time between waking and sleeping is the time for visions to slide across the quiet lids, and charm away the sense with a riot of symbolic color and shape. This has been well proved in my own small fashion, for many a night I have lain quiescent, watching a weird procession that flowered magically out of the half-dark in my eyes. Blossoms and birds and fish, brilliant with color; wide deserts, high seas, blazing sunsets flecked with masts and leaves to make them blaze the more; wood paths

and glimmering brooks; and faces upon faces, mad, distorted, scarred, or pale and beautiful. And I have seen far stranger things: once a red-capped peasant unearthing a chest of treasure under a waning moon; once a silent company of folk in dull ancient garb, lifting what seemed to be many dead bodies from a great wagon that stood beside a field of sunken graves; and countless curious pictures more.

I am aware that this motley procession arises from no singularity of my own brain, and am become accustomed to it; but last night, the hosting of the words seemed novel, disquieting, terrible, and glorious. Doubtless it was but another manifestation of the old half-occult mental power, but to me it was strange.

An army of words, in companies and battalions and charging ranks, gave chase to me. It was as if I ran, ran, forever ran, and the words were forever upon me: strong words, delicate words, glittering and gloomy words; those that cry aloud and those that whisper close; plodders to a funeral march, dancers to a twinkling tarantella. Now a phrase, round and robustious as from a demagogue's mouth, clapped me upon the back; and then a line of lazy lovely poetry clasped my throat like a woman's hand. An old refrain meriting tears, and a proud thought with a windy buffeting breath, trod close upon each other.

And they were all gloriously new: bold as the sun, unused as the dawn, full of might; not the poor empty echoing shells listened to for countless noisy centuries, but live things, young as Adam in the garden, urgent as the tides of the sea.

Had they but stayed a little with me, how the world would bow down and listen! How I would shout in the ears of the fat rich folk who grow deafer day by day; how I would sing for the thin poor folk who are in peril of forgetting music through very lack. How I would flame and sparkle and work splendid miracles on earth!

Alackaday! so is it with dreams. The power is gone with the night. At last I fell asleep, and awoke to the sun, happy, clear of head, strong of body, but dumb as ever before.

I only know that somewhere between waking and sleeping, between the light and the dark, the great words live untarnished and unworn. Mighty are the men who can snare them and carry them forth to the light of day; but it must suffice me to have felt their pursuit even in a feverish half-dream.

THE MUSE ASTRAY

Once in a land where memories throng,
  By a far southern sea,
A poet sang a little song
  Of rhythmic ecstasy.

He caught — or thought he caught — the glow
  Of rapt Italian vales,
The lustre of unstainèd snow,
  The thrill of nightingales.

And not alone it charmed the sense,
  Since on the theme was cast
The precious antique influence
  Of a long, storied past.

"Now," cried he, "for a magazine;
  I'm puzzled as to which
My brilliantly word-painted scene
  Most fitly shall enrich."

The dove returned; one tiny leaf
  Dejectedly it bore.
The singer stood transfixed with grief,
  Yet sent it forth once more;

And back it came, and back, until —
  So early trained to roam —
If one but gave the thing its will
  The carrier song flew home.

MORAL

Be good, sweet muse, and wisely choose
  Some fresher, homelier strain:
Shall Kalamazoo, Metuchen, too,
  And Oshkosh sue in vain?

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF POLITICAL PARTIES

BY ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN

In some ways what we call the party management, or the machine, appears to have existed in America before the party. "This day," wrote John Adams in his journal in February, 1763, "learned that the caucus club meets, at certain times, in the garret of Tom Daws, the Adjutant of the Boston Regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in the garret which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator who puts questions to vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, fire-wards, and representatives, are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town." In other words, the town-meeting of Boston, with its vaunted freedom of will and frank discussion, only registered the decision of an exterior government. Sam Adams, attending the caucus, scribbling for the newspapers, appealing in shrewd and simple fashion to the artisans and watermen of Boston, was the primitive boss who brought things to pass. The father of the American Revolution was the leader of the machine.

Although the framers of our Federal Constitution must have had experience with scheming caucuses and with wise political managers, they had no conception of parties in any broad sense. Of intrigue, of faction, of enmity between rich and poor, of tendencies in old-fashioned government, of human ambition, they had knowledge in abundance; but of parties organized, officered, drilled, manipulated, fitted to work consistently for power with inconsistent principles, they knew next to nothing. This was natural, for colonial history had not taught them the lesson, though the colonists had had long controversies and had even made occasional combinations. England had not yet achieved systematic party government, but was giving an example of confusion, out of which in the course of the next few years were to arise clear-cut party systems and managements. With infinite pains the men who framed our Constitution laid down ideas of individual freedom; they devised with great cunning a clever system of checks and balances in order that the government might do no harm; but they left to haphazard arrangements, or to voluntary associations unknown to the law and unknown to the theory of the state, the difficult task that was in itself the great problem of democracy. To these associations, which soon arose, was left the task of furnishing a medium for transmitting the will of the people to the government — this balanced mechanism which the Fathers had so nicely fashioned.

Here was the great political and constitutional problem of the decade to come; and clearly enough, if we omit the tremendous struggle over slavery and secession, the development of these associations is the greatest fact in our constitutional history. Little by little these formless voluntary associations were hardened into institutions. They were for a long time altogether extra-legal; only within the last few years have statutes distinctly recognized the existence of

parties and made regulations for nominations, with an acceptance of the fact that parties and party mechanism are established and have their important function in the conduct of the body politic. Until about twenty years ago, even ballots were printed by the party officials; the candidates or the political managers were themselves responsible for a large part of the expense of conducting an election. The party organization was allowed to grow undisturbed, and to develop its own capacity for representing or controlling the popular will and for controlling the government described on a piece of parchment locked in a safe at Washington.[1] These party systems themselves came to have constitutions and tens of thousands of zealous officials, whose great object was, not to transmit the unsullied will of the people to the government at Washington, but to advance the interests of their own organizations.

No one doubts the importance of the little group of party leaders in England who by virtue of their inherent capacity rise to the head of the loose party organization and in the Cabinet determine the policies of the government. No one doubts that the English Cabinet is an institution, though it is unknown to the law, and though its conferences are as secret as those of the Vatican. But we have not seen, or are just beginning to see, in America, that the complicated system which manages parties and directs government in this country is an institution to be taken seriously as an established fact, and that the problem of self-government now is the problem of controlling this institution that manages the government which is described by the parchment at Washington. Much of the confusion in our discussion of political problems, much of the incoherence of popular effort, comes from the failure to look facts fairly in the face and to watch the make-up, the methods, and the purposes of the government that has for its purposes the management of what we call the Government. The present task of democracy is not to prevent the party management from getting possession of the government, but to make that management responsive to the will of the people. This task is as dignified, as important, and as difficult as the old struggles for representative government, for a responsible ministry, for, in fact, any of the devices and arrangements which were worked out in the course of the long effort to reach political liberty. England, by the revolutions of the seventeenth century, established the principles of her constitution; but her great victory for real self-government came when the party machine was fully recognized as legitimate and was made, in part at least, subservient; the great event was this establishment of the party management in the Cabinet and the fixing of its responsibility.

In America the situation is confusing because we have so many interacting systems and because the mechanism of the government that is described by the Constitution does not easily lend itself to the management of a single party organization. If the party machine could boldly take possession of the government at Washington and manage it in all its ordinary law-making operations, carrying out secret determinations openly and as of right, then we could see the simple fact. But we have clung stupidly to the worn-out idea that the President should not be a party leader but a representative of the whole people, and that his cabinet is not a party council but a meeting of administrators. In England the party machine — though the law does not see it — is frankly in possession of

[1] It is an interesting fact that this aspect of our constitutional history has received little attention in our histories. A few scholarly treatises have covered some portions of the subject. The most brilliant of these treatises, and perhaps in some ways also the most mistaken, is written by a foreigner, who has the perspective of posterity but also its opportunities for error: Ostrogorski, *Democracy and the Organization of Parties*. See also Macy, *Party Organization and Machinery*.

the government. In America the national party mechanism is organized outside of the government: its make-up is scarcely known to any one save the professional; we go upon the humorous supposition that since the party is made up of many people, we really control it. Just at present in national politics the situation is comparatively simple. One party controls both houses of Congress, though between the organization in the Senate, where a small band of veterans is in command, and in the House, where one dominant figure valiantly and frankly leads and directs, there are not infrequent differences of opinion. The same party is in control of the executive offices, and the President makes no bones of the fact that he is the head of the party in whose principles he believes and whose success he thinks helpful to the nation. The national committee is under the influence of the real head of the party, who is also the head of the government. When Mr. Roosevelt four years ago insisted that he must decide who should lead the national committee, he took a step toward simplification, toward bringing it about that the party should in considerable measure be organized in the government. If now party government and legal government could be made one, — perhaps forever an impossible ideal in the complexity of our system, — the task of realizing democracy would be lightened or at least made plain; the task would be to direct and influence the party system that is frankly in control of the government, and to do this in such a way that the main body of the people would actually determine what policies should be followed and what men should be put into high office. I need not pretend that, even under such circumstances, even with this one government to be looked after, the task would be easy. It is doubtful if even then democracy would be realized as an actual form of political control; but the work of direction would then be made at least comprehensible.

And yet such a discussion as this is absurdly academic and theoretical. We have a complex system outside of the government with an occasional approach to organization within the limits marked out by the Constitution; and the task of a democracy that craves realization is to manage this superior organization and not to let it get entirely away from popular influence. Everybody knows dimly that corporate wealth in this country is managed by remarkably few men; we have recently been instructed with much rhetoric about the "system," and, though we may not take all the rhetoric seriously, we know that what we fear is the domination either of organized wealth or of organized labor. If the emperors of organized riches could overcome their own internal disorganizing individualism and set to work to control the government, what would be their method? Surely not to send their own lieutenants and their trained legions into the offices, or to grasp themselves the places of trust, — if one dare use that good word to describe places of profit; not even to seize themselves upon the offices in the party management, the pretorian guard, which controls the government. In their own way, they would from without manage the government which manages the Government.

That this sort of thing has taken place in our cities in a more or less disorganized and incoherent way nobody would deny. If the big concerns, which wish to rule the cities in behalf of their own yawning coffers, were fairly organized and not struggling among themselves, we should have three governments: first, the one described by the charter; second, the one represented by the boss and the party machine; third, the one of wealth and lucre. And of these the last would be — not to be sure the only government reaping profit — but the one whose wishes were finally regarded and which could transform desires into acts and pelf. Under such circumstances, would we still cling to the notion that by occasionally casting pieces of white paper

into black ballot-boxes we had self-government, and would we content ourselves with thinking that the government described by the charter was our government? Surely it is clear that the thing we want to do is to control the party government, and not to let it fall into the hands of a third combination, for whose power, when once it is made complete, there is no remedy but revolution. This thought, of course, underlies the objection to corporate contributions to party committees. Our means of controlling and holding in check the party management of the national parties are so inadequate, that we almost hold our breath for fear of the annihilation of popular government, when we think how difficult it would be for us to prevent government by organized wealth if the contest were once on.

A glance at our history will illustrate the difficulty of controlling party management and of making it really subject to the will of the main body of the party. The earliest system of presenting candidates for office was through a caucus of office-holders. The governors of the states were nominated by a caucus of legislators, and candidates for the presidency were put forward by party caucus in Congress. Those persons who, because of social standing or influence, were thought capable of holding office, assumed the duty of telling the people for whom they might cast their ballots, — a negation of popular determination. This superimposed system was bound to disappear with the rise of democratic sentiment, with the extension of self-confidence among the people, and with the widening of the suffrage that came as the West developed. In the years after the war of 1812, when the masses of the people were beginning to feel their power distinctly, changes were wrought in the nominating system in the states. First came the "mixed convention," made up in part of office-holders, who received into their number persons who were not office-holders; and soon in some of the states the "pure convention" was in existence — a body of men coming from the various parts of the state for the purpose of selecting the candidates of their party for state office. This was the result of a revolt against the self-assumed authority of the office-holders. It was an effort to make the government more nearly and immediately what it pretended to be, the people's own.

In 1824 the régime of the congressional caucus was overthrown. There was then but one party, and personal rivalries within it were the order of the day. When therefore a rump caucus nominated the palsied Crawford for the presidency, this "regular" nomination was treated with little respect by the supporters of Jackson, Adams, and Clay. This disrespect was in part due to the fact that there was only one national party, for under such conditions the authority of customary mechanism is endangered; but to be understood aright the situation must be seen in connection with the general democratic upheaval which was everywhere apparent, which marked the new rise of popular self-confidence, and which shortly, in the advent of the spoils system, heralded an effort of the people to make the government really their own. The protest against King Caucus must be read in the light of the social temperament of the day; it ushered in the reign of Jacksonian self-satisfied democracy, which meant so much in the political, educational, and intellectual history of America.

As no one of the candidates received a majority of the electoral votes, the election of 1824 was decided by the House, a fact hard to be borne by the protestants against congressional nomination. In the next few years the democratic protest was variously registered: by the total disappearance of the congressional nomination; by the triumphant election of Jackson as the man of the people; by the attack on the office-holders and the installation of the spoils system; and by the holding of national conventions to present candidates for election.

Here came, however, one of those recurring contradictions which show the difficulty of popular government, which apparently prove that mechanism is a necessity, and which on the other hand indicate clearly that a mechanism established to register popular desire tends irresistibly to control it. It is apparently an impossibility to set up a transformer the purpose of which is to transmute public wishes into governmental action, and to have that device work as an inanimate sensitive mechanism. The invention is used at once for the old end, not to transmit power from the people to the government, but as a means of controlling the people; the power passes through such a mechanism downwards to the masses and not from them upwards to the government. The convention system, the result of an insurrection against dictation from office-holders, was not long a means for expressing popular wishes. The party management used it freely and deftly; it gave new opportunities for the skill of the professional political mechanic. And we are now seeking to get rid of this device originally established to give greater scope for popular desires; in the various states of the union we are now making attempts to establish systems of popular nomination, because it is believed that we can make the government our own by transferring to the people the right to say for whom they may cast their ballots. In national politics, too, we have come to have little faith in the nominating convention, though at times it is impressively subservient, in spite of the management, to popular demands, expressed in all sorts of unmechanical and unsystematic ways.

But of greater significance than the convention system, which came in Jackson's time as a protest against superimposed control and dictation from office-holders, was the spoils system. This, too, was, in national politics at least, the effect of a protest against an office-holding régime, the result in some measure of the notion that the government was not for any official class but for the people. As a matter of fact, of course, it did not operate to democratize the government; on the contrary it provided a means of financing party management; it furnished the sinews of war to party government. The men who occupied their time in manipulation for the purpose of getting and holding office and for managing the government were now furnished by the public with the funds for political warfare and for carrying out their plans of campaign. When once a party is fairly organized, with a selected body of leaders, with lieutenants and subalterns in every nook and corner of the land, it needs funds. No matter how praiseworthy the party principles, continuous activity under expert guidance requires funds; and the spoils system was a device whereby the great governmental system which managed the party was provided with funds from the public treasury; for office was given by party leaders to pay party debts, and, moreover, portions of the official salaries were paid over to the party management to finance its operations. It is worthy of note, too, that under the spoils system persons inducted into office because of their activity as party workers were expected to serve the party and its organized board of direction. When once that idea prevails, the real government is obviously the party organization; the so-called government is the instrument, the conventional grooves through which the system standing without expresses its authority.

There has been a great outcry against the spoils system by many who do not appear to see the simplicity of the whole matter and its preëminent rationalness. The establishment of so-called popular government brought parties, — parties with principles and parties with hunger. We cannot conceive of the possibility of getting on without them; it is easier to imagine the demolition of any part of our constitutional organization, the

submersion of a large part of what the Constitution describes, than to imagine our getting on without political combinations; they are our vital institutions, they abide in the innermost spirit of the people. We cannot live under a scheme in which every one acts as a disassociated atom; organization is an absolute necessity, and we may thank our stars that our genius for politics, if not for real self-government, has brought about the establishment of two big parties instead of a crowd of factions like those which masquerade as parties in continental Europe. Nothing is a greater proof of American political capacity than this organization of two competing parties to manage a government, and that too a government strikingly ill adapted to the party régime.

If then we are to have parties and if we really desire their presence, if they are an essential part of the great task of democracy, how shall they be financed? Under the spoils system they were financed by the government itself, which gave offices and salaries sometimes to incompetent persons, and sometimes when there were no duties to be performed; for the question was not fitness for the office but capacity as partisans. The party machine was furnished with fuel and lubricant at public expense. Recently it has been proposed that campaign expenses should be paid openly from the state or national treasury. This would be to do only what was done indirectly and amid great protestations of patriotism for half a century or more under the spoils system and is still done to some extent. The spoils system is a method of financing political parties, which are the inevitable companions of so-called popular government. Unless men through the country at large are willing to contribute openly and for legitimate purposes to the party organization, or unless men become suddenly so virtuous and altruistic that they are ready to do party service at their own expense, some legal method of furnishing the party organization with funds must be discovered. We should have little hesitation in preferring the spoils method of financing party management to the secret system, whereby large corporations with special interests to be subserved furnish the funds in exchange for favors. Surely the spoils system, if for no other reason, because of its flagrant publicity, is preferable to the system described by Mr. Platt in his testimony before the insurance investigating committee. Of course managers who are honest and are not in the pay of the corporations do get some recompense personally for arduous party service; they get a mild distinction, they get a sense of power, they get the fun of the game. As good whips in England die in the House of Lords, so here a big party leader like Mr. Hanna may become a king-maker in the Senate. But we are forced also to contemplate a leader of a different kind who slips across the Atlantic to open a racing stable and shake the dust of hurrying America from his feet. What shall be the means of financing the party machine is without exception the greatest question of the hour. Without some proper method, honest party government is extremely difficult and real democracy a hopeless dream.

My main theme is the general organization of national parties and their influence in our history; but one cannot approach completeness in discussing the subject without realizing that private autocrats and local rings of the most corrupt character have often retained their power because of their service to the national mechanism. And one must notice too that, in the course of time, there came various predatory methods, which I have no desire to connect intimately with legitimate party machinery. The support of these rings by open use of the spoils is infinitely preferable to the systems that have been largely followed. The practice of direct stealing, whereby Mr. Swartwout, Collector at New York, some seventy years ago purloined over a million dollars, has been given up as

hopelessly banal and crude. The methods of the Tweed ring, though partly those of common stealing, showed more adroitness and originality; they have recently been followed in some measure in other states and cities, and conspicuously in unimaginative Pennsylvania. But the last refinement is to finance the local rings and irrigate their systems, by subjecting corporations to demands for ransom and by leaving the corporations to recoup themselves by the use of privileges or by opportunity to pile up legitimate wealth without fear of brigandage. At times, on important matters, this system has transferred the government from the machine to the corporation. The licensing of crime by the local ruler who owns the government and can issue immunities is again an interesting fact in the general history of popular government. We shall see all these things more clearly, if, amid our denunciation of their odious criminality, we see their connection with the great public duty of furnishing funds for the party system.

There appear at times evidences of an amusing incapacity to see the actual situation. Strong objections, violent protests are made because a member of the party organization is put into office — because, for example, he is given the opportunity of drawing the salary and holding the title of postmaster. Let us ask the protestants frankly why the political managers should be expected to ask the advice of those who have done nothing to care for the interests of party. So long as we have popular government, we shall have parties; so long as we have parties, we shall have party managers; so long as we have managers, we must expect them to look after their interests and their party's nurture. If any one wishes to stay outside of the party lines, let him do so and let him make just as big and violent a protest as he can against unfit appointments; by his outcry, he too is serving the state; but let him not be amazed at the temerity of the party manager charged with a public duty — for the management of a party can be called nothing less — in putting into office a wheel-horse of the party, rather than some decorous citizen who leaves to others the responsibility for making quasi-popular government a possibility.

I have spoken of the party as if it were bent on controlling the government for certain ends, and as if for that reason it acquired the offices and financed its operation by the spoils system. As a matter of fact, principles are often, if not commonly, adopted to aid in the acquisition of position. While parties have tendencies, almost a personality, and are occasionally really enthusiastic for principles, the party organization and especially the inner circle of party managers have for their end the acquisition of control and of office. This cannot all be explained on the ground of mere greed for positions and salaries, or by any simple and easy statement of impulse and motive. The statement is just as true of the English parties as of the American; and in England with a change of government — a noteworthy phrase — there is little change among the tenants of the civil service. And yet what do we find in England time and again, indeed with ludicrous repetition? We find a party looking for a principle. We ask ourselves quite seriously what principle must be accepted by the Conservatives to get into office, or what by the Liberals; we find over and over again that the party in power has accepted the principles of its opponents and has begun to put those ideas into operation, not without expressions of indignation from the former advocates of the doctrines, who expected by these means to get into office themselves. Such statements as these appear to be a severe condemnation of the whole party régime, and by most persons they will not be accepted as true. But surely they have much truth in them; and our purpose here is not to indict parties or to praise them but to consider their characters and qualities. What do we mean when we say the Democratic party is

looking for an issue? We mean at least — do we not? — that the party has a consistency, a being, quite removed from any body of doctrine or any hope of especial legislation or political accomplishment. It is easier to trace a party by its character than by its principles.

A political party may be truthfully defined — or its content roughly suggested — in some such way as this: it is a body of men, somewhat fluctuating in personnel and in numbers, who have begun to work together to attain some political purpose or to oppose other men to whom for some reason they have felt antagonistic. This body, acquiring organization, and gradually developing *esprit du corps* and a sense of self, continues in existence even after its first purpose is accomplished or abandoned, indeed after it has lost a dominating purpose of any kind; it accepts new doctrines to wrest office from its opponents; its activities rest largely on tradition, on party name, on personal pride, and sometimes on a dominating principle. We should not be far wrong if we should declare that there are two or more great armies in existence, each controlled by a select few whose main ambition is victory, and that objects of the people's desire are attained by the organization's accepting a principle as a means of winning success. This does not mean that party leaders have no sincerity. It does mean that they have their full share of human nature, and that a party government would usually throw over a principle which it believed was unpopular and likely to bring disaster. If this is not true, why condemn Mr. Bryan for adhering to free silver when its advocacy had not brought success?

While principles are being hopefully advocated, most party leaders enthusiastically believe in them. This is a beneficent provision of Providence; because human nature is thus constituted, we get such self-government as we do have — a government, organized to get office and to manage Government, absorbs popular principles and fights valiantly for their realization. This is also why a party must have a principle; for though it may live without a principle for years, it loses its usefulness, and finds its enlisted men, little by little, deserting. The history of the Whig party is thus explained; for years largely a party of opposition, living for some decades in incoherence and feeding on opportunism, it failed at a critical juncture to accept principles for which the people were beginning to ask organized championship; it "swallowed candidates and spat upon the platform;" it tried to exist by crying out against its opponents and by relying too long on the vague social and economic sympathies which had been its foundation and support.

We need not believe that a party without principles is necessarily unprincipled; it is for the moment unfortunate, not vicious — of course I am not speaking of any local machine that is organized merely for public plunder. We may be sure that leaders are anxiously scanning the horizon hoping for a breeze to fill their sails. But does not this mean that a party is not a body of men united for the purpose of carrying out a principle? Is it not plain that a party is a body of men who act together more or less coherently under discipline of party government and who accept a principle to win success? I am fully aware of the permanence of the tariff issue of the Republican party. No doubt the leaders believe in it and perhaps they would not throw it aside to win the election; but any one who thinks that the Republican party and the Republican organization do not exist outside of any principles has not thought very much of the significance of political phenomena. Above all, we should recognize that men are born into parties, and that the system exists as a social phenomenon, and that partisan compactness is due to the operation of forces in society and in human nature far beyond the advisability of mere doctrine.

This coherence of the elements of a

party, even without reference to principles, has altered our constitutional system. We have on the face of the Constitution a republic made up of republics, each one of which is supposed to be interested in its own affairs and to manage them as it likes; and with these republics is a central government whose operations are confined to caring for a limited number of general interests. But although the Fathers sought to establish a *federal* state, they did establish *national* parties — a strange contradiction, for the tendency of these organizations from that day to this has been to transform the federal republic into a national republic. From these political associations, spreading over the whole country, reaching out into the remotest hamlet, came the unceasing pressure of the national idea. To-day the domination of the national party is nearly complete; there are no state parties which look after state issues and which are distinct from the parties and the policies that are of continental dimensions. In every step taken in ward or township, in every nomination made for local office, there is deference to the interests of the great national organization; local interests are nearly submerged; they are regarded occasionally only as the interests of the wider organization allow them to be. When this system is complete, it means nothing more nor less than the disappearance of local self-government; it means a surrender of the local will and the local interest to a wider and stronger power without.

The force of parties as a nationalizing agency, and their influence for conservatism, was shown with especial clearness in the decade before the Civil War. How long the nation was held together by the strong ties of party affiliation it would be hard to say; how long, in other words, the fact of party delayed attempted secession. Party allegiance held leaders together, prompted them to deprecate sectional strife, and forced them to accept principles in which they otherwise would not have believed; it was stronger in some ways than fealty to the nation itself. Nearly every other bond was broken before these ties of party allegiance gave way. Even the church organization had in considerable measure disappeared before the Douglas Democrats in the Convention of 1860 refused to go the length demanded by the extreme pro-slavery element of the party. As the break-up of the Whig party eight years before had given the solemn warning, so the cleavage of the Democratic party was the end of the Union. The simple fact is this: if we look at the party as a real institution, as of course it is, we must realize that it was almost the last to yield to forces of disunion and disorganization; and, when it did yield, disunion was a fact. The national party proved the presence of national sentiment; but when once a party like the Democratic party was fairly organized, it had its own consistency, which remained to show astonishing powers of cohesion after sectional passions were aroused, after the real interests of the elements of the party were divergent.

I have said that under the unceasing pressure of national parties local self-determination has largely disappeared. We have thus become in reality, if we are willing to see actualities and pass by appearances, a national rather than a federal state, because it is the will of the national organization which overrules local impulses. If we look at the situation a little more closely, we shall find that we have become not only a national state but a centralized state. It is easy, when one is trying to be precise and clear, to allow emphasis to become exaggeration, and my readers should be warned therefore that there are modifications to be made to my general assertions; but, when all is said, to what a marked extent are local affairs managed, without violent dictation, by the central authority of the party! The object of the party government is not to seek the will of the people and by diligent obedience do what the people may wish; it is not, above all, to

give free play to local whims or fancies. A steady gentle pressure is laid upon the remotest school district of the country, in order that in all parts of the land the interests of the continental system may be first regarded. The central organization is busied in quietly and simply smoothing away local differences, in ironing out difficulties that may set the interests of the locality above the success of the whole. Year by year, power and authority do not pass up along the lines of influence from the road district to the committees at Washington; quite the reverse. The vastly complicated party mechanism is not made to obey or to register the behests of the people; it strives for uniformity; it seeks to put the tariff or free silver above good roads or a new schoolhouse or the personnel of a candidate for local office, if the contention over the new schoolhouse or the local candidate endangers partisan homogeneity.

Again let me say this is not pessimism, or even an attack on the party system or the party machine. The party system must be maintained and the management is a necessity; but the tendency of all organization is toward uniformity; organization, whether it be religious organization, trade organization, or political organization, tends to perpetuate itself, to dominate, and above all to be out of patience with differences, peculiarities, local or personal idiosyncrasies. And this is so because system and individualism, system and local assertion, are inherently antagonistic. As well whistle to the whirlwind as expect that any organization should not respond to the laws of its being.

The disappearance of federalism under the influence of nationalism is most obvious in the election of senators. Of late there has been much discussion as to the desirability of popular election of senators; but the means employed in some of the states to avoid the constitutional provision by providing for popular nomination is not likely to prove entirely efficacious; certainly not in states where parties are fairly well balanced. For the trouble to be remedied is not the mere method of election by legislators, who are supposed to be approachable — to employ a euphemism. The trouble, or at least the fact, is that the method of electing senators has subjected state politics and state welfare to the interests of a national party. And here again is humorously plain the failure of the framers of the Constitution to see into the future and to do what they hoped. They constituted the Senate as it is, for many reasons; but the equal representation of the states was the result of a demand from the delegations of the smaller states, who feared that, unless such representation were allowed, they would be overridden by their larger neighbors or entirely absorbed by the national system. The Senate, it was supposed, would safeguard the interests of the states. But the system of election made it impossible for the Senate to stand for retention of the real autonomy of the states. As soon as national parties were fairly organized, there was evident necessity of electing state legislators on national issues; to preserve the interests of the party, every effort had to be made to keep the legislature in line. A voter must subserve the interests of his national party by electing a legislator of that party, because a senator's election was at stake; and in consequence national issues were at once involved in every state election, and supremely so when the legislature was to elect a senator. The voter, filled with enthusiasm for his party, would be ready to cast his ballot for a scamp or to neglect every measure of local interest in order to save the senatorship.

Thus again through the influence of continental parties, the federal character as distinguished from the national character of the republic tended to disappear. Time and time again a party which had disgraced itself in state management, which was under the influence of a corrupt machine, and which was even acting

in neglect of the most obvious interests of the commonwealth, has been retained in power, lest its defeat injure the party at large. One can understand how the citizens of Pennsylvania, out of regard for the tariff, are content with a corrupt party management, and even smilingly consent to pay for a state house and its furnishings several millions more than they cost; one can understand their placid acceptance of villainy when by such acceptance they assure a stand-pat policy on the tariff, if that is what is most dear to them. But one could not understand such subjection of common morals and of local interests, if there were no intimate connection between the tariff and the state house, and if our political system were so arranged that a state, without pressure from a national system and a national issue, could look after its own housekeeping. The simple unadorned truth is that, because of the stupendous organization of national parties in a so-called federal republic, federalism in its most desirable aspects has largely disappeared, and all local issues are so inextricably connected with national politics and dominated by national issues that the locality can with difficulty freely express itself on its own immediate business.

Some one will say that the people can avoid this subjection of state to national issues, if they so desire; that if the people divide on national party lines in electing aldermen and auditors and constables, it is because they wish to do so. That may be true in a sense. The people of Russia could throw off the power of the czar if they wished to. But my purpose is not to argue or to advocate, but to state facts. To say that the people can cast aside the domination of the national party régime is, however, to disregard the control of a powerful organization, a part of whose strength comes from the very multiplicity of local interests and the commonness of the general interests; to disregard the influence of prejudice and pride and party allegiance; to fail to reckon with the imagination to which national party leaders and party contests strongly appeal; and, above all, not to estimate correctly the force of inertia and the sheer difficulty of maintaining state or local organizations distinct from the national party system; in short, to say that the people can if they wish is not to see the difficulty in the real affairs of the political world of clinging tenaciously to complicated federalism instead of yielding to the simplicity of highly organized nationalism.

The situation in the South whimsically illustrates the general condition, because in that section forces are working in a direction quite opposite to that of which we have just spoken. The people of the South are confronted with a difficult local problem and they fear the intrusion of one of the national parties. To subserve, therefore, their distinct particular desires, they continue to support a national party with whose purposes in general they may have little or no sympathy; or, to put the case more guardedly, such is undoubtedly the course of a good many men. Were it not for the local issue, the people in Georgia and Louisiana would presumably soon be divided into hostile companies on questions which separate the national organizations, — if it can be said that national organizations are really divided on questions or principles. The people of Pennsylvania, believing it for their benefit to adhere to the tariff party, subject their local politics and internal polity to an organization which is a cog — the fly-wheel more properly — in the general party mechanism. The people of the South, that they may deal with their own local difficulties, adhere to a party in which many of them at least have no particular interest; at all events they work in a party for many of whose tendencies they have no absorbing affection. Partly because local concerns are preëminently significant to them, dwarfing all matters of contention between great organizations, partly because of the force of tradition and the bitter deposit

of memory, they vote solidly with a party with whom on the question of tariff, imperialism, money, or corporate influence they, or many of them, have no essential sympathy. The people of Pennsylvania, because of an industrial condition, and from phlegmatic inertia, subject local politics to a corrupt machine. The people of the South, that they may manage their own politics, accept the economic policy of the national party. If the Democratic party should obtain control of the national government and be in power for a considerable period, — if I may be allowed a humorous suggestion, — if it had general national principles of an industrial significance, and if the Republicans, breaking in on the traditional distrust of the South, could obtain a slight footing in that region, there would then be continuous pressure from the general Democratic organization to induce sturdy partisans to forget local issues and avoid factional struggles, lest the result of a cleavage within the party on some matter of state politics should give standing ground for Republican managers.

Party systems and the natural psychological trend of organization are inevitable. If we wish democratic government, we may possibly discover some scheme for managing the party and for transforming its leaders into servants and for retaining their obedience. That was what was accomplished through centuries of struggle against the kingship and against legal government; the government was made constitutional, and that means that it was controlled and checked by a power without. And perhaps by the accumulation of devices, in the course of time, parties may likewise be made responsive and responsible; we may find a new system of ministerial responsibility within the party. There is evidently an attempt to do this or something like it by recent legislation which strictly describes local party committees, and the time may not be far distant when the boss will be recognized as an official. At the present time, as in Rhode Island, he may be the government, without holding office. What value has nomenclature under such conditions?

There is, however, no chance of the disappearance of party and of party machinery. Can we not hope for a surcease of the outcry against party management as if it were something that could be done away with by a fit of anger or the sulks? Every movement to overcome it must itself be organized, and, like a party made up to champion an idea, may live to accept reluctantly new ideas to perpetuate itself. At present our self-government depends on our ability to control the party management as best we can, and, when it is evil or too dominating, to administer defeat. In Russia they are said to have despotism tempered by assassination. This is the system of government that we have in some of our states. The extent of the enlightenment of the despots depends on their good nature and the extent to which they fear annihilation or temporary deposition. In the restraining effect of a rebellion lies the value of reform movements, the temporary tempests, which are wont to elicit laughter from the experienced because in the course of a year or two the older organization is once again in the saddle. But let us not suppose that rulers laugh at insurrections. Fear of defeat will make even the local kinglet, safely guarded within his own winter palace, at least offer libations to virtue by presenting clean candidates for office. Surely, however, in the course of time we can do better than this; we ought to be able to work out a scheme of internal control that will make insurrections needless. Some time we shall democratize and constitutionalize parties.

THE FACE OF CLAY

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

During the midsummer morning hours, the house, of white plaster, in the neo-Italian style, presented to the garden a sleepy exterior. The green blinds were slanted down over the windows, giving them the appearance of drowsy, heavy-lidded eyes, and making small shadow patches on the walls below. It was the southern exposure; the sunlight bathed the red-tiled roof and the garden, glistened on the fountain in the centre, and lulled the Buddha who looked forever down the box-bordered path. So it was every fair morning in June and July; and after Madelaine had cut her flowers and had made her daily search for rosebugs and had drawn off her gloves, she would sit on the stone seat near the Buddha, under the plum tree, and read or dream. Often she would follow the direction of his eyes and look across beyond the fountain, where the robins were flirting their wings, and beyond the roses and the foxgloves, where the bees were launching themselves from flower to flower. The Buddha had his eyes fixed on the red brick wall that bounded the garden on the farther side; it was high and partly overgrown with grapevines, and against it some prosperous young peach trees were planted. But the object on which, as it seemed to Madelaine, the Buddha concentrated his gaze, was not the grapevine or the peach trees or the slowly seasoning wall. It was the sculptured decoration of a fountain, which issued from a niche in the wall and was smaller than that in the middle of the garden; under the jet of water was the marble statue of a laughing, naked little boy. Gazing upward, he held the inverted goblet from which the shower poured over his shoulders and splashed into his basin. In the hot sunny mornings Madelaine's first care was to turn on the water and regale him with this bath; his joyousness then seemed more reasonable and appealing.

She had, of late, got into the habit of sitting idly like the Buddha, and gazing like him across at the little laughing bather.

But on a certain July morning the boy of the fountain failed to attract Madelaine's musing eyes. There was a new inhabitant of the garden this morning, a little girl in white marble, of about the age to have been the boy's sister; she was poised on a pedestal at the end of the western path and had a flower basket on one arm and a small bare foot advanced; she was stepping forth with a face upturned as if to survey the morning; over her shoulder was draped her single, fanciful garment. She was a well modeled, graceful little girl; there was an infantile softness of arms and legs expressed in the marble, a beguiling, childish seriousness of face. Altogether this was a more winning bit of sculpture than the boy, whose vivacity — especially when the water was turned off — would have seemed to most persons, though, as it happened, never to Madelaine, a little tiresome. The newcomer in the garden stood where the terraces began; beside her were the wide stone steps which descended to the lake.

Madelaine regarded the bit of sculpture for a while with amused, approving eyes, and then for a while with eyes more wistful and quite as tender. She rose and walked towards the marble image, her slender figure moving along the grassy path with the noiselessness of light. Beside the figure of the little girl she stopped; she looked at it and smiled.

"You are a dear little thing," she said. "I'm surprised that a man could have made you." The little girl looked up with her beguiling childish seriousness — as if she was surprised too and wondered about it all the time.

Madelaine stood off and viewed the statue, walked slowly round it, examining it; and in her eyes the approving light grew warm and on her lips the smile lingered wistfully.

The bees hummed and a yellow-throat sang in the plum tree. It was a fine, drowsy morning. One might sit down again under the plum tree and drowse; or one might be energetic and go after one's knitting.

A rapid succession of dull throbs, as of a resonant oil-can being compressed between a resolute thumb and finger, broke the stillness. From the opposite shore a motor-boat was putting forth on the lake. Madelaine watched it until she was sure that it was making for the foot of her steps — not that she had, for even a moment, been in much doubt about that. Then she decided that whatever else she did, she must not appear to be watching and waiting. It would be better to be energetic and go after the knitting. And when Herbert entered the garden a few minutes later, she was seated under the plum tree, engaged in the manufacture of a red and brown waistcoat.

"Good-morning," she said. "You're not working to-day?"

"I am if you'll let me. See, I've brought a sketch block."

"To do what?"

"Oh, to make a few sketches. Besides I wanted to take another look at the little girl. Do you think she wears well?" He gazed down the path at the new marble statue.

"I think she's lasted well over night," replied Madelaine demurely. "Yes, really, I think she's charming — nicer even than that engaging little boy."

"He's a trifle perky. Besides being in my earlier manner — which is n't at all good. But you really like the girl?"

"Very much."

"Well enough to let her have a playmate — on the other side of the steps? One is needed there, to balance —"

"That would be splendid. Only this one must be a commission — not a — not a gift."

"Please! If you only knew what fun it is for me to do these little things! You would n't deprive me of the pleasure of setting them up when they're finished."

"I don't like to have quite such important contributions — the time as well as the expense —"

"Well, if you insist on making it a sordid business transaction, you can. I want to do a figure — I have an idea in mind which I can't tell you about, but I can get suggestions from you, if you'll let me. So just go on knitting and talking and let me draw. That will square the account."

"If I could pay all my debts so easily! What sort of an idea is it?"

"A very nice one, I assure you. But you're to know nothing about it until the whole thing is finished."

"Is it a big piece of work? Will it take a long time?"

"Two or three months perhaps. It's quite big — for me."

He worked for a while in silence; she glanced at him with amusement, interest, and respect — the respect of one unable, as she would say, to draw a line. She studied the way he held his pencil and carefully imitated it with one of her knitting needles; the next time she got a pencil in her fingers she was going to see if there was any magic in that peculiar grip. But her interest was mainly human; she smiled in sympathy when he intently puckered his lips and when the serious frown came between his eyes. He saw her smile and said, "What are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," she answered, "how funny that any one who looks so much like a stock-broker should really be an artist."

"Why do I look like a stock-broker?" His tone was aggrieved.

"Dear me, I meant that as a compliment. Don't you know how all the most attractive college boys, the ones with eager eyes and clean-cut chins, go into brokers' officers, to lead useful and remunerative lives? And they always wear such becoming, well-fitting clothes — just like you."

"Is it one of them who is to be favored with that waistcoat?"

"Exactly — one of them. My brother."

"I know a warm heart that would beat even more warmly if it were covered with such a piece of goods as that."

"Dear me! Would you wear one really? I was awfully dubious as to how it might strike the artistic eye. Well, you shall have one. And I can feel that I'm really doing something then to pay for the statue!"

"You're paying for the statue all right. Little you know!"

His blue eyes twinkled at her for a moment; then he became again absorbed in his work. His lips were parted in his earnestness, and somehow, glancing at him over her knitting, Madelaine again had to smile. He cocked his head at his sketch, and then at her.

"That will do temporarily for the front elevation," he observed. "Now if you will allow me, I will cope with your Grecian profile." He changed his seat.

"And I can't look at you now at all?" she asked.

"Oh yes, once in a while you may have that privilege. Just keep on talking naturally — incessantly —"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and you may throw me a languishing glance now and then. There, don't set your lips like that; that's hopeless. Think of something pleasant. If you won't look at me, look at that pretty little girl — there, kindly preserve that softened expression. But talk, please; you're not a graven image — yet."

"Good gracious, how can I talk when you keep nagging me so!"

"Oh, just babble; what you say is unimportant. Give your opinion of the latest book, or of anything else that interests you. Just prattle along."

"Indeed I shan't be so fatuous. I am perfectly willing to engage in any serious important discussion with you —"

"Aha, now you've done it!" He laid down his pencil and his sketch block and regarded her with mingled satisfaction and reproach. "Now you've done it. The one impossible thing is to make love to you while I work — the one thing you clamor for —"

"Of all the deliberate, willful, impertinent perversions —"

"Come now, be honest; don't dodge. You know that when you announce your anxiety to engage in serious important discussion with me, you compel me to hold forth on my one serious important topic. Very well, since you insist, let's begin; my work must suffer."

"You don't deserve to be anything as nice as a stock-broker. You ought to be a lawyer. Such malicious ingenuity in misinterpreting and misrepresenting a person's innocent remark —"

"It was *not* innocent. It was premeditated."

"You assume altogether too much. As far as that — that disagreeable subject is concerned, I've heard all that is necessary — and I've already said all that I have to say."

"Of course you would begin by saying that, naturally. Now will you promise to be honest and frank?"

"I don't know. I shall very likely just be silent."

"Well, we'll see. You did in the beginning want me to make love to you, did n't you? — You might as well say yes as be silent."

"I object to the expression — 'make love to you.' It's vulgar."

"We won't quibble about phrases. As I have reasoned the thing out, you liked me well enough to want me to make

love to you. You thought that, if I did, it might kindle something responsive inside you. And if it should do that, you were not unwilling. So you built a big fire under me, and got me to boiling and jumping and crying out in the most satisfactory agitation — and you stood by, holding your pulse and watching to see what the effect on it might be. And by the most careful scientific count, you found that its beat was n't quickened by one-sixtieth part of a second. Meanwhile the poor pot went on boiling and rattling its lid and getting its brains all addled; and having found the pulse test a failure you tried other scientific methods, — the blood count, the laboratory test, the capillary attraction test, the telepathic test, and I don't know what else; and when they all failed, you went back again to holding the pulse."

"You must think that I was extremely anxious to discover some symptoms."

"I don't know how anxious you were, but at least you were willing. For mind you — all this time you did n't blow out the fire under the crackling pot."

"I suppose I have been showing you a mistaken kindness — "

"Now, now! Be frank, be honest! It was n't kindness or thoughtfulness for me at all — you know that. It was just that you kept on hoping — on your own account! "

"Of course after a certain age a girl begins to think about getting married — I don't deny that."

"Exactly. So you cast about, and I seemed on the whole worth encouraging — just as a possibility. For a while I think you thought I was indifferent — which piqued you — put you on your mettle. You don't think that any longer, do you? I have made you realize, have n't I, how much I do care? "

"Yes," she admitted. "I think — I'm afraid — you really care."

"You're afraid! " he cried, wrinkling his brow dolorously. "That's the aggravation of it. Here you've coaxed me along and got me into this condition — you never would have been satisfied until you *had* got me into it — and now you say in that contrite voice you're afraid I am exactly where you've arranged to have me! Well, I suppose it's the sex."

"I don't know what I can say, except that I'm sorry."

"Be truthful; we're talking now as man to man. Don't you honestly feel just a little glad? "

She hesitated, making geometrical figures on the bench with her knitting needle. "No," she said at last. "I don't believe I do. I believe I just feel worried."

"And you don't care for me any more than for any other of your men friends — any differently? "

Slowly she shook her head. "No; there are — well, there's one other; it seems to me I like you both just the same." Then in a sudden burst of confidence she cried, "Oh, I may as well tell you — I'm a disappointment to myself. It's a humiliating thing to confess to any man; I should like to love and be loved. And I can't qualify for the first — I don't believe I have it in me to love any one. I think I must be just a cold, unemotional person; I don't believe I shall ever have the slightest feeling for any one outside of my own family."

"I 'm not afraid of that. You've emotion enough — why, don't I see it in your eyes, hear it in your voice! But I suppose I have n't waked you up emotionally — I've got to do it somehow."

"How is a girl to know? " she asked piteously. " I don't know what it is to be in love. How am I ever to know? "

"Without pretending to any great experience," he replied, "I have a few theories. It will be interesting to test their value. Personally I never could understand why or how any girl should fall in love with any man, — we are all so terribly unattractive. I should think a certain degree of possession was necessary before a man could ever convince a girl that she loved him."

"I don't see that this train of thought leads anywhere — except back to barbarism."

"It would seem so," he confessed. "Let's try another. Why did you ever single me out for special encouragement? You must have had a little different feeling for me than for your other friends."

"I did n't single you out — any more than I did — well, suppose we say for the sake of argument, one other. I just like you very much — I like you just as I do my best girl friends."

"In just the same way?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Well, that does seem pretty hopeless," he conceded.

"What makes you think I have such a capacity for emotion?" she asked.

"I've told you one thing — your eyes — the curve of your lips. What's the use of being a sculptor if you can't get at the meaning of lines and curves? Besides — your kindness; no really kind person ever lacked in feeling. The way you stood and talked the other day to the gardener's little girl — while she stood off in the grass with her finger in her mouth and giggled in joy and fright — I saw the smile on your lips and the twinkle in your eyes and I thought you were the sweetest and most human creature I ever saw. I've thought that when I've seen you jolly your brother and put your arm round your mother. I thought it when I watched the look in your eyes as you stood by that little figure there at the steps — the same look that you have when you're watching children playing. Really, Madelaine, I love you just because you're so loving — even though you don't know it."

She shook her head. "It would be nice to hear such things if only I could believe them. But I'm afraid you're mistaken in me. I wonder what I ought to do; I wonder if I ought n't to refuse to see you any more. It might be happier for you — "

He laughed. "If you'd just keep conscience out of this! It's the thing that keeps feeling the pulse. Some time there's going to be an explosion and conscience is going right up through the ceiling."

"If you mean I'd do anything that I thought was wrong — "

"Of course you never would. And you'll never do anything that's really right until you let yourself go and do it. See here, Madelaine, we're getting on in life — at least I am. Now a man can't be eternally making sheep's eyes at a woman and a woman can't be eternally holding her pulse and wondering if she cares about the man. Did you ever read 'The Statue and the Bust'? Much better for us to take a chance and find we must throw the dishes at each other, than to prolong an existence of utter, fatuous futility. Take advantage of the first impulse — I mean, give me the benefit of it — make the jump. I'll guarantee myself — why, I would n't sell you a horse, would I, that I knew was n't a good, safe horse? Much less would I offer you myself if I did n't think that whatever else I might be I was at least sound and kind. Come on; have n't I waked you up a bit — not the least bit?"

"Please don't!" she entreated. "It does n't do the slightest good. It only worries me."

"Oh, all right." His tone became matter-of-fact and cheerful. "I guess I've wasted enough time this morning. Let's have another whack at that profile."

He took up his sketching implements.

"I make a solemn vow," he declared, "I will not be cajoled, wheedled, led, prompted, or induced to make love to you again for the space of sixty days. You may as well give up all hope of it right now. And thereto I set my firm mouth and my clean-cut stock-broking chin."

"I will try to bear up under the deprivation."

He worked for a while in silence. Then he sighed; she said nothing, and

after a while he sighed even more dolorously. "I'm sorry if it annoys you," he said with resignation. "I shall have to do it every now and then."

"I am glad to have you do anything that affords you the slightest relief."

He finished the sketch. "Rather spiritless, I'm afraid. Oh, well."

"If your heart had been really in your work — in the subject — " she suggested.

He looked at her reprovingly. "Temptress! Your machinations are vain. Good-by."

He gave her a languid hand, and with his sketching materials under his arm walked in a wilted fashion down the garden path.

It was several days before he came again, and then he announced that he desired to make some more drawings. "Details from a Grecian Head — the Escaping Ringlet — the Classic Nose — What! — no, must it be? — well, then, the Slightly Pouting Lip."

"Such nonsense as you talk — "

"You may well say that."

He sighed deeply; he sighed at intervals in heavy gusts, and having finished his work and made a derogatory comment on it, he departed with an air of dejection.

Again he came, bringing an armful of roses for her to hold. "Please look at them as affectionately as possible — as if they meant something to you," he urged; and then, when he saw the mischievous glance in her eyes, he exclaimed, "Don't flatter yourself; I don't mean at all what you think. I want you to put expression into your face for purely artistic reasons. Stand up, please, and hold the roses so — and now look down at them. Oh dear me, don't look at them like that! You surely don't want me to think that you're sentimental, — and now you're even worse! Do mollify that face — I ask it for the roses, not for myself. There, that's better. Oh, you could really be trained into a very good model; I'm getting on quite fast now with the statue."

"I should n't think you could do it entirely from sketches."

The only answer this remark drew was a sigh.

"I shall have another little playmate for the garden soon," he said.

"You're very industrious; but if you'd spend your time working on something that would give you a reputation — "

"Ah, wait till you see the fruit of these labors."

"Joe Morrison's working very hard. Did you know he'd been made president of a bank? "

"Good for Joe. — Please look tenderly at those roses."

"How soon may I sit down? "

"In just a moment. I'm just finishing. There. Thank you."

She dropped into the seat under the plum tree, and picking out one of the roses swayed it musingly back and forth beneath her nose.

"I should think a bank would be a very heavy responsibility for a man as young as Joe," she observed.

"Very. It would certainly be most unwise of him if he sought any additional responsibility."

"But he's a strong man; he carries responsibility lightly — don't you think so? "

"Why should you question me about it? Joe Morrison is a perfectly good friend of mine, and I will not be goaded into aspersing his character or abilities. I bid you a dignified farewell."

A week later he brought his contribution to the garden. He set it up on the pillar opposite that which supported the little girl. Then he went in search of Madelaine, but found only her mother. Madelaine had gone motoring with Joe Morrison, who was making them a visit. So, without mentioning the subject of his errand — for the garden after all was Madelaine's, not her mother's — Herbert returned across the lake. He felt rather dispirited; but he consoled himself by anticipating Madelaine's glad cries through the telephone when she re-

turned from her drive and made the discovery. In fact, the rest of that day he did not go to his studio, because it was too far from the telephone. But the day passed, and the evening, without his being called; consequently he went to bed sulky and despondent. It was possible, of course, that they had not got back from their motoring until after dark — still there was not much comfort to be derived from that thought.

The next day it rained — clearing late in the afternoon. Herbert loitered about the house until eleven o'clock, hoping for some slight word of gratitude. None came, and he repaired to his studio, thinking that in work he might forget his disappointment. But work interested him less than speculation; he would pause to debate with himself from what windows of Madelaine's house the new statue could be seen, what were the chances that any one house-bound by the rain would be drawn to those windows, what were the probabilities that even on such a rainy day some one would not venture into the garden — and so on. Perhaps she did n't telephone because of a mistaken idea that such informality of acknowledgment would seem unappreciative; perhaps she was even at that moment bending over her desk striving to express herself sweetly for his sake!

Charmed and convinced by this idea, he devoted an hour to enhancing the spirituality of a face of clay. It was not a portrait, this face; it was a thing that he could touch and re-touch, alter and remodel endlessly; he wondered if he would ever be satisfied with it. He wished to give the faintest suggestion of a personality — a suggestion so faint that it could never be apprehended by any eye, only by a sympathetic and understanding soul; and there was but one such — his own. To satisfy that with this ideal thing — he felt that he must do it some day, that the solution was just evading him, that he was pressing closer and closer in pursuit.

In the afternoon, when the rain had ceased, Henry Bronson came over and beguiled him into a game of tennis. But after that was ended and Henry had gone home in triumph, gloom enveloped Herbert once more. He had deluded himself with false hopes. If Madelaine had written to him, she would not have intrusted her note to the dilatory post; she would have, she ought to have sent it across the lake at once. Could it be that she did not like the statue and did not know what to say about it? Or perhaps she had taken offense at the subject; if so, it was very silly of her; what else could she expect? Or perhaps — and this was most dismal of all the suppositions — she had definitely made up her mind to shut him off, and so was choosing to be as rude and unlovely in her treatment of him as possible. That might be one of the consequences of Joe Morrison's visit. She had spoken of "one other," and Herbert knew well enough it was Joe. And bank presidents and business men were such forceful persons, always having things their own way.

When the next morning came and still no word, anxiety and gloom gave place to stern resentment. Very well; if she thought he would be Old Dog Tray, she would find herself mistaken. He would wait a little longer, and then perhaps he would write her a cutting note. It would be cold, polite, dignified. Dignity, that was it; because he was a sculptor, an artist, and not a bank president, she probably thought he had no dignity. Just because he had a sense of humor she felt free to expose him to levity and neglect. Yes, it was true that he had a sense of humor; that he would frankly acknowledge; perhaps it would startle her to find that he was master also of a blighting sarcasm. The Old Dog Tray! To think she had adopted that banal conception of the part to be taken by the artist as soon as the emotions of the massive bank president are touched!

At that moment the telephone bell

rang, and Herbert sprang from his chair to answer it.

"Herbert!" There was a pleasing thrill of excitement in her gentle cry. "How long has that bewitching little creature been in my garden?"

He was not going to soften towards her at once — not he. So he said frigidly,

"Oh, three or four days."

"Three or four nonsense! I discovered it only this moment. When did you put it there?"

So she had telephoned in the moment of discovery! How sweet of her! And there was no need of his being stern and resentful after all!

"Why," he said in a most gracious voice, "it has n't really been there long. Only since day before yesterday."

"And I've only discovered it this moment! It's perfectly dear! Do come over and see it and let me thank you! It would be so much more satisfactory to thank you with it right before our eyes!"

"When shall I come?"

"Whenever you can."

"This moment?"

"Oh, do! Joe Morrison will be so glad to see you!"

Herbert jolted the receiver back upon the hook. That was so gratuitous!

However, Joe was not visible when he stepped out of his motor-boat, and Madelaine was. In fact she came tripping down the steps to meet him — bareheaded and with a bunch of sweet peas in her belt.

"Oh," she said, "you don't know what a surprise it gave me. I came out into the garden after breakfast, and at first I did n't notice it, and then suddenly it seemed to jump at me. I stood for a moment, and then I ran to look at it; oh, I think it's ever so much better than the little girl. It's beautiful, it is really. And I thought you must have come over and put it up in the middle of the night."

They climbed the steps and stood at the top beside the new statue, the little Cupid; he was drawing an arrow from his quiver and smiling as if at a destined victim. Yet there was nothing knowing in the smile; he was not a sophisticated young godlet, he was a plump and charming and happy little boy. Madelaine stood looking at him with soft eyes, and Herbert stood looking at Madelaine.

"You do make adorable children," she said. "It's queer you should, being a man."

"In other words this should be women's work?"

"I think usually it is — it seems more like a woman's work."

"There's a slur in that. You think less well of me because I can do this sort of thing well?"

"Dear me, why do you want to pick a quarrel? I think this is perfectly enchanting. And now that you've finished it, you must turn to and do something big — some subject that will show your vigor and your grasp and your — "

"I see what you mean — something more virile. A bank president or a stock-broker. Well, I'm sorry you think my work is ladylike."

He sulked quite openly, quite dejectedly. She smiled at him and her eyes twinkled.

"Let's go and sit under the plum tree," she suggested. "Joe will be out pretty soon — at least as soon as he's finished writing a poem in the guest-book."

"I guess that will hold him a while," said Herbert with savage satisfaction. "So Joe is leaving to-day?"

"Yes. We did our best to get him to stay longer; we held you out as an inducement — he's sorry to have seen nothing of you. But he has to go back to his old bank. He's told me a lot about his new work; gracious! but he has a responsibility on his shoulders."

Herbert gave a moody assent.

"Joe's very good-looking," she continued. "I was struck by it yesterday, and I thought, 'What a fine subject for a sculptor.' Notice his head especially and see if you don't think it is quite magnificent. I'm sure that if you got

him to sit for you, you'd find him a good subject for inspiring the — the big thing."

"I should n't wonder. He's an able man certainly and a good fellow."

Herbert strove to speak with enthusiasm, but there was a deadness in his voice. When he raised his eyes, Madelaine was looking down the path towards the new statue.

"It's the oddest thing," she said after a moment, "that I never noticed the Cupid when I sat out here yesterday afternoon."

This remark aggravated his sense of injury. "If you sat out here, I don't see how you could have helped seeing it," he said.

"I was facing away from it — and Joe does n't notice such things. Besides we got so interested talking — one does, sometimes. I'm afraid you thought me very rude not to have sent you some acknowledgment."

"Oh, no. It was presented so casually that I expected the acknowledgment to be casual."

He spoke stiffly; the thought of that engrossing conversation with Joe Morrison filled him with questions that could not be asked and forebodings that were most disturbing. And just then Joe Morrison appeared. He was as good-looking as Madelaine had said, and he came strolling down the garden path with what seemed to Herbert the unconscious grace of a triumphant bank president.

"Hello, Herbert; how are you, old man?" Joe's greeting was cordial — tainted, however, Herbert thought, with a subtle hospitality. Business men had such a way of slipping comfortably into the most ecstatic human relations and taking them as a matter of course. "Been having a good summer? — Quite a productive one, I see. Madelaine has had me dabbling in one of your kindred arts."

"Then you've finished your poem?" said Madelaine. "Do recite it; I don't want to run after the guest-book."

"It's very short — I guess I can remember it. Herbert, would n't your heart bleed for one who is driven to this:

„I am going away,
And the things urbane
That I would say
Ere I take the train
I find it hard,
Not being a bard,
To embody in verse for Madelaine."

"That is merely dodging the issue," said Madelaine.

"No, it's coming up to the scratch," said Herbert. "So you're leaving soon?"

"In about half-an hour."

Thereupon Herbert bade him good-by. He certainly would not intrude upon their last half-hour. The cheerfulness, the masterfulness in Joe's manner, the way in which Madelaine had harked back to Joe — it was all conclusive. "She ought to have told me there was definitely some one else," he thought; and then he excused her; no doubt it had just happened — within a few days, a few hours.

At home Herbert sat in his studio and gazed at the figure on which he had been working so hopefully, so happily. The achievement to which his heart had been urging him had been so bound up with the attainment of his heart's desire. He felt that he would never be able to go on with it now. He felt so about it for three days, and then he was seized with a determination to finish it and make it the best thing he had ever done — to finish it, not in the lyrical spirit in which he had begun it, but as a testimony to himself of his character.

"If I can put it through now —" he muttered sometimes while he worked — "if I can put it through now —!"

And so on this test for his own inward eye, heedless of the achievement as it might affect any one else, or as it might affect his own fortunes, he concentrated all his mind and heart. And he soon knew that he was making a thing better than he had dreamed of making.

And all this time he did not once see

Madelaine. She telephoned to him on a Sunday that Joe Morrison had come down for the week-end, and invited him to dinner; but he made an excuse. One afternoon he stood off to look at his work. It was finished.

It was the figure beautiful, ideal — the complete expression of his thought, the utmost creation of his hands and brain; his vision stood there at last all realized before him.

Madelaine came over to see the statue.

"I hope you'll like it," said Herbert. "You remember speaking of 'the big thing' that I ought to do? This is it — as nearly as I can come to it."

"Then I'm sure I shall like it."

She walked with him up through the pergola, which was overhung with clematis in bloom.

"I think I'll tell you before rather than after," he said. "I want to prejudice you in its favor all I can. Harrison was down the other day and saw it; he wants to buy it for the museum."

"Splendid! That's a tremendous honor, is n't it?"

"Pretty good for me."

They passed through the garden brilliant with white phlox and white hollyhocks, and then through an orchard of apple trees. Beyond that appeared the studio, a square white building, with rosebushes planted along the wall. Herbert unlocked the door.

Madelaine entered; before her was the clay image of a young woman holding a baby in her arms; the baby gazed upward, wide-eyed and smiling, and the young woman smiled down at him as if wondering what the baby saw and what thought was pleasant in his brain. But there was more than an amused sympathy declared; there was a joyous isolation and detachment — an unconscious happiness in the fact that there within her arms she held her entire world.

Herbert had been watching Madelaine's face. He saw the look of expectancy lighten into surprised pleasure — and then, after a moment, darken into doubt. In sudden alarm he looked from Madelaine to the statue.

In that glance the truth stabbed him. Only the faintest suggestion of a personality — and yet — and yet too much! With sickness and sorrow in his heart he turned again to Madelaine; her cheeks were aflame.

He stepped over to the statue, caught up a mallet, and dashed it into the happy, smiling face; and where before had been the joy and pride of motherhood was now merely a blot of clay.

"Oh!"

The girl uttered the involuntary cry, made the involuntary step forward; her face was now white. Before she could draw back Herbert caught both her wrists and held them in tight, trembling hands.

"Madelaine," he said, and his voice trembled like his hands, "I did n't know — till you stood here I did n't realize — I'm sure nobody but you and me could ever have seen — and *I* did n't — believe me, I did n't, till just now! I'm sorry to have hurt you; it's the last thing I could ever have wanted to do!"

"I'm sorry — I'm so sorry!" Madelaine's voice was piteously appealing, as if she herself had been in some way to blame. "To have to spoil anything that must have cost you so — so much labor — "

"So much love! I never thought — I was possessed with my idea — my ideal, Madelaine." His voice choked for a moment; then he went on. "I thought I knew you better than you knew yourself — I'd seen so much in your eyes, I'd watched you so when you looked at those little children that I'd done — I thought I could prove something to you with this. I was doing it all for you, Madelaine."

"What can I say? Oh, I'm sorry, Herbert." And then, as he still held her wrists, she said, "Please, Herbert — please let me go."

He obeyed at once. "I beg your par-

don." He recovered something of his old light manner. "I was n't aware of what I was doing — just as in the other thing. I hope I did n't hurt you?"

"No, it was n't that — only I must go." But she lingered in the doorway; the light fell on her dark hair and soft eyes, her lips were parted uncertainly — as if she had not said all that in her sympathy she would like to say.

He startled her by stepping forward and exclaiming in a sudden, authoritative voice, "You can't go yet. Give me your hands again." He took them; in her bewilderment she did not resist. "Now then, look at me. Do you remember my saying that I did n't see how any girl ever could love any man until after she had somehow belonged to him? That ruin there — you know now that somehow you belong to me. Madelaine," — he drew her hands closer to him and his eyes shone with a humor that was nearly all tenderness, — "I dare you to look me in the eyes; I dare you, Madelaine."

She did not respond; her hands were trembling now. "Come," he urged; there was gentle, coaxing laughter in his voice. "I never knew you when you lacked courage, Madelaine. I dare you to look me in the eyes."

Then she met his challenge — with a faint smile on her lips and with eyes that were steady and brave.

"And don't flinch. For you do love me, Madelaine, you do, you do, you know you do!" He bent and kissed her and drew her close, and then held her, murmuring, "Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"Oh Herbert!" She looked up at him with radiant wet eyes. Her lips were trembling; she put one hand on his shoulder and said, "Herbert, I believe — I believe I do;" and gently she drew his face down to hers.

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

II

BY EDITH WHARTON

POITIERS TO THE PYRENEES

THE road from Poitiers to Angoulême carries one through a country rolling and various in line — a country with a dash of Normandy in it, but facing south instead of west.

The villages are fewer than in Normandy, and make less mark in the landscape; but the way passes through two drowsy little towns, Civray and Ruffec, each distinguished by the possession of an important church of the typical Romanesque of Poitou. That at Civray, in particular, is remarkable enough to form the object of a special pilgrimage, and to find it precisely in one's path seemed part of the general brightness of the day. Here again are the sculptured archivolt and the rich imagery of Poitiers — one strange mutilated figure of a headless horseman dominating the front from the great arcade above the doorway, as at the church of the Sainte Croix in Bordeaux; but the façade of Civray is astonishingly topped by fifteenth-century machicolations, which somehow, in spite of their later date, give it an air of greater age, of reaching back to a wild warring past.

Angoulême, set on a promontory between Charente and Anguienne, commands to the north, south and east a vast circuit of meadowy and woody undula-

tions. The interior of the town struck one as dull, and without characteristic detail; but on the front of the twelfth-century cathedral, perched near the ledge of the cliff above the Anguienne, detail abounds as profusely as on the façade of Notre Dame at Poitiers. It is, however, so much less subordinate to the general conception that one remembers rather the garlanding of archivolts, the clustering of figures in countless niches and arcades, than the fundamental lines which should serve to bind them together; and the interior, roofed with cupolas after the manner of Saint Hilaire of Poitiers, is singularly stark and barren-looking.

But when one has paid due tribute to the cathedral one is called on, from its doorway, to recognize Angoulême's other striking distinction: its splendid natural site, and the way in which art has used and made the most of it. Starting from a long leafy *cours* with private hotels, a great avenue curves about the whole length of the walls, breaking midway into a terrace boldly hung above the valley, and ending in another leafy *place*, beneath which the slope of the hill has been skilfully transformed into a public garden. Angoulême now thrives on the manufacture of paper, and may therefore conceivably permit herself such civic adornments; but how of the many small hill-towns of France — such as Laon or Thiers, for instance — which apparently have only their past glory to subsist on, yet manage to lead up the admiring pilgrim by way of these sweeping approaches, encircling terraces and symmetrically-planted esplanades? One can only salute once again the invincible French passion for form and fitness, and conclude that towns as well as nations somehow always manage to give themselves what they regard as essential, and that happy is the race to whom these things are the essentials.

On leaving Angoulême that afternoon we saw the first cypresses and the first almond blossoms. We were in the south at last; not the hot delicately-pencilled Mediterranean south, which has always a hint of the East in it, but the temperate Aquitanian *midi* cooled by the Gulf of Gascony. As one nears Bordeaux the country grows less broken, the horizon line flatter; but there is one really noble impression, when, from the bridge of Saint André de Cubzac, one looks out on the lordly sweep of the Dordogne, just before it merges its waters with the Garonne to form the great estuary of the Gironde. Soon after comes an endless dusty faubourg, then the long stone bridge over the Garonne, and the proud river-front of Bordeaux — a screen of eighteenth-century buildings stretched along the crescent-shaped quay. Bordeaux, thus approached, has indeed, as the guide-book says, *fort grand air;* and again one returns thanks to the motor, which almost always, avoiding the mean purlieus of the railway station, gives one these romantic or stately first impressions.

This river-front of Bordeaux is really little more than the architectural screen, a street or two deep, of a bustling, bright but featureless commercial town, which, from the Middle Ages to the close of the eighteenth century, seems to have crowded all its history along the curve of the Garonne. Even the early church of the Holy Cross — contemporaneous with Notre Dame la Grande of Poitiers — lifts its triple row of Romanesque arcades but a few yards from the river; and close by is Saint Michel, a stately example of late Gothic, with the unusual adjunct of a detached bell-tower, not set at an angle, in Italian fashion, but facing the church squarely from a little green enclosure across the street. But these vestiges of old Bordeaux, in spite of their intrinsic interest, are, on the whole, less characteristic, less personal, than the *mise-en-scène* of its long quay: a row of fine old hôtels with sculptured pediments and stately doorways, broken midway by the symmetrical buildings of the Exchange and the Custom House, and

extending from the Arch of Triumph opposite the Pont de Bordeaux to the great Place des Quinconces, with its rostral columns and balustraded terrace above the river.

To the modern traveller there is food for thought in the fact that Bordeaux owes this great decorative composition — in which should be included the theatre unfolding its majestic peristyle at the head of the Place de la Comédie — to the magnificent taste and free expenditure of the Intendant Tourny, who ruled the province of Guyenne in the eighteenth century. Except at such high moments of æsthetic sensibility as produced the monuments of republican Italy all large schemes of civic adornment have been due to the initiative of one man, and executed without much regard to the rights of the tax-payer; and should the citizen of a modern republic too rashly congratulate himself on exemption from the pillage productive of such results, he might with equal reason remark that the tribute lawfully extracted from him sometimes seems to produce no results whatever.

On leaving Bordeaux we deserted the *route nationale* along the flat west bank of the Garonne, and re-crossing the Pont de Bordeaux ran south through the white-wine region between Garonne and Dordogne — that charming strip of country which, because of the brackishness of the river tides, goes by the unexpected name of Entre-deux-Mers. For several miles we skirted a line of white houses, half villa, half château, set in well-kept gardens; then came vineyards, as exquisitely kept, and packed into every cranny of the rocky *côteaux*, save where here and there a little town broke the view of the river — chief among them Langoiron, with its fine fortress-ruin, and Cadillac enclosed in stout quadrangular walls.

The latter place has the interest of being one of those symmetrically designed towns which, toward the close of the Middle Ages, were founded throughout southwestern France to draw "back to the land" a population depleted and demoralized by long years of warfare and barbarian invasion. These curious made-to-order towns — *bastides* or *villes neuves* — were usually laid out on a rectilinear plan, with a town-hall forming the centre of an arcaded market-place, to which four streets led from gateways in the four walls. Among the most characteristic examples are Aigues Mortes, which Saint Louis called into existence to provide himself with a Mediterranean port, and Cordes, near Gaillac, founded a little later by Count Raymond of Toulouse, and somewhat ambitiously named by him after the city of Cordova.

At Cadillac the specific physiognomy of the mediæval *bastide* is overshadowed by the lofty proportions and high pitched roof of the château which a sixteenth century Duke of Epernon planted in an angle of the walls. The adjoining parish church — itself of no mean dimensions — was once but the private chapel of these same dukes, who have left such a large architectural impress on their small shabby town; and one grieves to learn that the chief monument of their rule has fallen to base uses, and been stripped of the fine interior decorations which its majestic roof once sheltered.

Southwest of Cadillac the road passes through a vast stretch of pine forest with a dry aromatic undergrowth — an outskirt of the great "Landes" that reach inward from the Gulf of Gascony. On and on runs the white shadow-barred highway, between ranges of red boles and sun-flecked heathy clearings — and when, after long hours, one emerges from the unwonted mystery and solitude of this piny desert into the usual busy agricultural France, the land is breaking southward into hilly waves, and beyond the hills are the Pyrenees.

Yet one's first real sight of them — so masked are they by lesser ranges — is got next day from the terrace at Pau,

that astonishing balcony hung above the great amphitheatre of southwestern France. Seen thus, with the prosaic English-provincial-looking town at one's back, and the park-like green *côteaux* intervening beyond the Gave, the austere white peaks, seemingly afloat in heaven (for their base is almost always lost in mist), have a disconcerting look of irrelevance, of disproportion, of being subjected to a kind of indignity of inspection, like caged carnivora in a Zoo.

And Pau, on further acquaintance, utterly refuses to be brought into any sort of credible relation with its great southern horizon; conducts itself, architecturally and socially, like a comfortable little spa in a plain, and rises only by a great deal of hoisting on the part of the imaginative sight-seer to the height of its own dapper brick castle, which it has domesticated into an empty desultory Museum, and tethered down with a necklet of turf and flowers.

But Pau's real purpose is to serve as the hub of a great wheel, of which the spokes, made of smooth white roads, radiate away into every fold and cleft of the country. As a centre for excursions there is no place like it in France, because there is nothing in France that quite matches the sweetness and diversity of the long Pyrenean border. Nowhere else are the pastoral and sylvan so happily mated, nowhere the villages so compact of thrift and romance, the foregrounds so sweet, the distances so sublime and shining.

Whichever way one turns — down the winding southern valleys toward Lourdes and Argelès, or to Oloron and the Eaux Chaudes; westward, over low hills, to the old town of Orthez and the Salies de Béarn; or east, again, to the plain of Tarbes in its great ring of snow-peaks — always there is the same fulness of impressions, always the same brightness and the same nobility.

For a culminating instance of these impressions one might choose, on a spring afternoon, the run to Lourdes by the valley of the Gave and Bétharram. First rich meadows, hedgerows, village streets; then fields again and hills; then the brown rush of the Gave between wooded banks; and, where the river threads the arch of an ivied bridge, the turreted monastery walls and pilgrimage church of Bétharram — a deserted seventeenth-century Lourdes, giving one a hint of what the modern sanctuary might have been had the millions spent on it been drawn from the faithful when piety still walked with art.

Bétharram, since its devotees have forsaken it, is a quite negligible "sight," relegated to small type even in the copious Joanne; yet in view of what is coming it is worth while to pause before its half-Spanish, half-Venetian church-front, and to obey the suave yet noble gesture with which the Virgin above the doorway calls her pilgrims in.

She has only a low brown church to show, with heavy stucco angels spreading their gilded wings down a perspective of incense-fogged baroque; but the image of it will come back when presently, standing under the big dome of the Lourdes "Basilica," one gives thanks that modern piety chose to build its own shrine instead of laying hands on an old one.

There are two Lourdes, the "grey" and the "white." The former, undescribed and unvisited, is simply one of the most picturesque and feudal-looking hill villages in Europe. Planted on a steep rock at the mouth of the valley, the mountains pressing it close to the west and south, it opposes its unbroken walls and stern old keep to the other, the "white," town sprawling on the river bank — the town of the Basilica, the Rosary, the Grotto: a congeries of pietistic hotels, *pensions*, pedlars' booths and panoramas, where the Grand Hôtel du Casino or du Palais adjoins the Pension de la Première Apparition, and the blue-sashed Vierge de Lourdes on the threshold calls attention to the electric light and *déjeuner par petites tables* within.

Out of this vast sea of vulgarism — the more aggressive and intolerable because its last waves break against one of the loveliest landscapes of this lovely country — rises what the uninstructed tourist might be pardoned for regarding as the Casino of an eminently successful watering-place — as the Grotto beneath, with its drinking-fountains, baths, bottling-taps and *boutiques*, might stand for the "Source" or "Brunnen" where the hypochrondriac pays toll to Hygeia before seeking relaxation in the gilded halls above. For the shrine of Bernadette has long since been overlaid by the machinery of a vast "business enterprise," a scheme of life in which every heart-beat is itemized, tariffed and exploited, so that even the invocations encrusting by thousands the Basilica walls seem to record so many cases of definite "give and take," so many bargains struck with heaven — *en souvenir de mon vœu, reconnaissance pour une guérison, souvenir d'une prière exaucée*, and so on — and as one turns away from this monument of a thriving industry one may be pardoned for remembering the plane tree by the Ilissus and another invocation: —

"Ye gods, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the inner and the outer man be one."

But beyond Lourdes is Argelès, and at the first turn of the road one is again in the fresh Pyrenean country, among budding crops, sleek fawn-coloured cattle, and the grave handsome peasantry who make one feel that the devotional *ville d'eaux* one has just left is a mushroom growth quite unrelated to the life of industry to which these agricultural landscapes testify.

There is always an added interest — architectural and racial — about the border regions where the idiosyncrasies of one people "run," as it were, into those adjoining; and a key to the character of each is given by noting precisely what traits have survived in transplantation. The Pyreneans have a certain Spanish seriousness, but so tempered by Gallic good-humour that their address recalls the perfectly-mingled courtesy and self-respect of the Tuscan peasant. One feels in it, at any rate, the result of an old civilization blent with independence and simplicity of living; and these bold handsome men, straight of feature and limb, seem the natural product of their rich hill-country, so disciplined by industry, yet so romantically free.

Argelès is a charming old hill-town, which has kept itself quite aloof from the new watering-place of Gazost in the plain; but the real object of the excursion lies higher up the valley, in a chestnut forest on the slope of the mountains. Here the tiny village of Saint Savin swarms bee-like about its great Romanesque church — a naked massive structure, like the skeleton of some prehistoric animal half-emerging from the rock. Old as it is, it is rooted in remains of greater antiquity — the fallen walls of an abbey of Charlemagne's building, itself raised, the legend runs, on the site of a Roman villa which once served as the hermitage of Saint Savin, son of a Count of Barcelona.

It has been the fate of too many venerable architectural relics to sacrifice their bloom of *vétusté* to the scrupulous care which makes them look like conscious cossetted old ladies, of whom their admiring relatives say, "Should you ever suspect her age?" — and only in such remote monuments as that of Saint Savin does one get the sense of undisguised antiquity, of a long stolid existence exposed to every elemental influence. The result is an impression of rugged taciturn strength, and of mysterious memories striking back, as in the holy-water basin of the transept, and the uncouth capitals of the chapter-house, to those dark days when Christian civilization hung in the balance, and the horn of Roland sounded down the pass.

But a mediæval church is always more or less in the order of nature: there is

something more incongruous about a mediæval watering-place. Yet the Pyrenees abound in them; and at Cauterets, farther up the same valley, the monks of this very monastery of Saint Savin maintained, in the tenth century, "habitations to facilitate the use of the baths." Of the original Cauterets, however, little remains, and to get an impression of an old *ville d'eaux* one must turn westward from Pau, and strike across the hills, by ways of exceeding beauty, to the Salies de Béarn. The frequentation of these saline springs dates back as far as the monkish charter of Cauterets; and the old town of the Salies, with its incredibly picturesque half-timbered houses, its black balconies and gables above the river, looks much as it must have when, in 1587, a charter was drawn up for the regular "exploitation" of the baths.

Pushing still farther westward one meets the highway to Bayonne and Biarritz, and may thence pass south by Saint Jean de Luz and Hendaye to the Spanish border. But the spokes of the wheel radiate in so many different directions and lead to scenes so extraordinarily varied — from the savage gorge of the Eaux-Chaudes to the smiling vale of Saint Jean Pied-de-Port, from the romantic pass of the Pied de Roland to Fontarrabia perched like a painted Spanish Virgin on its rock above the Gulf of Gascony — that to do them any sort of justice the comet-flight of the motor would have to be bound down to an orbit between Bidassoa and Garonne.

Familiarity cannot blunt the wonder of the climb from Pau to the crest of the hills above Tarbes. Southward the Pyrenees unfold themselves in a long line of snows, and ahead every turn of the road gives a fresh glimpse of wood and valley, of thriving villages and farms, till the last jut of the ridge shows Tarbes far off in the plain, with the dim folds of the Cévennes clouding the eastern distance.

All along the northeastern skirt of the Pyrenees runs the same bright and opulent country; and at the old market-town of Montrejeau, where the Garonne cuts its way down the vale of Luchon, there is just such a fortunate grouping of hill and river, and distant high-perched ruin, as our grandparents admired in landscapes of the romantic school. It was our good luck to enter Montrejeau on Easter Monday, while the market was going on, and the narrow streets were packed with mild cream-coloured cattle and their lively blue-smocked drivers. Great merriment and general good-humour marked our passage through the town to the big inn with its open galleries and old-fashioned court-yard; and here, the dining-room being as packed as the streets, our table was laid in a sunny old walled garden full of spring flowers and clipped yews.

It seemed impossible that any incident of the afternoon should be quite at the height of this gay repast, consumed in fragrance and sunshine; but we began to think differently when, an hour or two later, we took the first curve of the long climb to Saint Bertrand de Comminges. This atom of a town, hugging a steep wedge of rock at the mouth of the vale of Luchon, was once — and for many centuries — a diocesan seat; and who, by all the spirits of incongruousness, should one of its last bishops be, but the uncle of that acute and lively Madame de Boigne whose memoirs have recently shed such light on the last days of the Old Régime?

By no effort of imagination can one project into the single perpendicular street of Saint Bertrand, topped by its rugged Gothic cathedral, the gallant figure of Monseigneur Dillon, one of those philosophical prelates whom one instinctively places against the *lambris dorés* of an Episcopal Palace hung with Boucher tapestries. But in truth the little town has too old and strange a history to be conscious of so fugitive an incident of its past. For its foundations were laid by the mountain tribes who

harassed Pompey's legions and were driven back by him into the valley of the Garonne; and in due time a great temple rose on what is now the rock of the cathedral. Walls and ramparts presently enclosed it, and the passage of the Vandals having swept the dwellers of the plain back into this impregnable circuit, Comminges became an episcopal city when the Catholic Church was organized in Gaul. Thereafter it underwent all the vicissitudes of barbarian invasion, falling at last into such decay that for five hundred years it is said to have been without inhabitants. Yet the episcopal line was maintained without more than one long break, and in the eleventh century the diocese woke to life at the call of its saintly Bishop, Bertrand de l'Isle Jourdain. Saint Bertrand began the cathedral and built about it the mediæval town which bears his name; and two hundred years later another Bertrand de Comminges, raised to the papacy as Clement V, but still mindful of the welfare of his former diocese, completed the Romanesque pile by the addition of a vast Gothic nave and choir.

It is the church of Clement V that still crowns the rock of Comminges, contrasting by its monumental proportions with the handful of houses enclosed in the walls at its base. The inhabitants of Comminges number at present but some five hundred, and the town subsists, the guide-books tell one, only on its religious festivals, the fame of its monuments, and the fidelity of a few "old families" who are kept there *par le prestige des souvenirs.*

One wonders, climbing the steep street, which of its decrepit houses are inhabited by these interesting devotees of the past. No life is visible save that contributed by a few bleary old women squatted under mouldering arches, and a fire-fly dance of children about the stony square before the church; and the church itself seems withdrawn immeasurably far into the past, sunk back upon dim ancient memories of Gaul and Visigoth.

One gets an even intenser sense of these distances from the little cloister wedged against the church-flank and overhanging the radiant valley of the Garonne — a queer cramped *enceinte*, with squat arches supported by monster-girdled capitals, and in one case by a strange group of blurred battered figures, supposedly the four Evangelists, one of whom — the Saint John — is notable in Romanesque archæology for bearing in his arms the limp lamb which is his attribute.

The effect of antiquity is enhanced, as at Saint Savin, by the beneficent neglect which has allowed the exterior of the building to take on all the scars and hues of age; so that one comes with a start of surprise on the rich and carefully-tended interior, where a brilliant bloom of Renaissance decoration has overlaid the stout Gothic frame-work.

This airy curtain, masking choir, rood-screen and organ-loft in a lace-work of delicate yet hardy wood-carving, has kept, in the dry Pyrenean air, all its sharpness of detail, acquiring only a lustre of surface that gives it almost the texture of old bronze. It is wonderfully free and fanciful, yet tempered by the southern sense of form; subdued to the main lines of the composition, but breaking into the liveliest ripples of leaf and flower, of bird and sprite and angel, till its audacities culminate in the scaly undulations of the mermaids on the terminal seats of the choir — creatures of bale and beauty, who seem to have brought from across the Alps their pagan eyes and sidelong Lombard smile.

The finger-tailed monster of Chauvigny, the plaintively-real bat of the choir-stall at Poitiers, and these siren evocations of a classic past group themselves curiously in the mind as embodiments of successive phases of human fancy, imaginative interpretations of life.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTRY BANKER

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

ENTER the small town for almost any purpose, — to sell books, to seek a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt, — and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on a corner fronting the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice-crowned counter, and be admitted to a small room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker.

Day after day, year after year, he has sat in that little room, receiving calls from his townsmen and from visitors like yourself. He has devised *coups* that upset plans of a lifetime; he has helped men make fortunes — but very likely has no large fortune himself.

The city bank president is to most of his customers a remote and impersonal figure. He sees only the checks for thousands and tens of thousands. The country banker is close to his patrons — he knows their private lives, their hopes, their fears. Not even the doctor or the preacher is so truly a confidant of the community as is the banker in the small town or village.

This is not because he knows how much money the individual has on deposit — that is the least of his insight into the community life. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, is started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest, goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance — more money than she ever saw together in all her life before — asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this class would take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods — he comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third, and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

"I suppose," said one, "that the doctor thinks of his fellow townsmen's physical condition, and the minister of their souls, but to me every face tells a story of a financial dream, of success or of hardship. Practically every adult citizen in this town has at one time or another confided to me his worldly cares and plans."

The financiers of the city understand this. During a stringency on the "street" it is not uncommon for the millionaire's agents to telegraph to what they term the "interior," asking bankers in the smaller towns, "What is the outlook in your locality?" They know that the opinion of the bankers at twenty typical country communities is practically that of the entire rural section of the nation.

He who thinks the country banker's duty is merely to stand behind the brass-railed counter and cash checks, with now and then a digression in the way of discounting notes at a large profit, sees but part of the banker's life.

"I thought I was out of politics for good when I completed my four-year term and started a bank," remarked a former office-holder, "but I find that I never knew what politics was until I got into the banking business. The many clashing interests to harmonize, the differences between business men to heal, the rivalry for the good accounts

and the distaste for the bad ones, together with the effort to avoid losses without making enemies, give to the country banker's life a piquancy that to the public servant is unknown."

In the first place, banks are thick — too thick in places, the bankers themselves agree. They are thickest in the western states. Nebraska has a bank for every 1750 persons, Kansas one for every 1850 persons. It would seem that a bank for every 350 families is too many, or that it argues a state of unexampled surplus prosperity. The real cause lies deeper. The western states have been yielding wonderful prosperity to the bankers for years. Hundreds of country banks have paid their stockholders fifteen to twenty per cent annually in dividends and surplus. As the debts on the farms have decreased and a savings fund has accumulated, the possessors have sought to invest it where it would return the largest interest — naturally seeking banking as offering great reward. While the farmer's first thought is land, he may be waiting the chance to "buy right" — and in the mean while puts his idle money in bank stock.

When a new town is started there is a rush for the position of banker. It is common to have four or five applications filed for the incorporation of the "First" National Bank before the townsite is fairly ready for settlers. Two or three banks are started when the first train whistles at the unpainted depot. Some of these are little more than real-estate firms under another name; others have actual banking intelligence behind them; time weeds out the poorer ones and strengthens the substantial institutions. A Boston capitalist saw an opportunity to start a bank in a town out near the Colorado line. Some local business men heard of his plan and there was a two-hundred-mile race to the capital to secure a charter. The Boston man won — but there were two new banks in the town.

In the older settled states this does not occur. There the bank is almost a heritage, kept in a single family or group of families, and he is indeed hardy who ventures to dispute the business monopoly. But there is less profit in the old community, for loans are at a lower rate and demand for them is light.

Yet there has seemed to be plenty of money for deposit in all the new banks. Said the cashier of a little bank, whose stockholders are nearly all farmers, in a town of two hundred and fifty people, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, —

"When we started five years ago experienced bankers told us we might get $15,000 in deposits but we could not hope for more; that we might pay 10 per cent dividends, and probably would have some losses. We have $61,000 deposits, all out of the immediate vicinity, have paid 24½ per cent dividends each year, and have not yet lost a dollar!"

Little wonder that there is a desire to start banks in prosperous western villages!

In the mean while these bankers are doing much to educate their patrons in the proper functions of a bank. Said one, "We have taught many farmers to carry a bank deposit and pay their hired help with checks. In this way we have secured accounts from many hired men. It is surprising, the number of persons who, in the past half-decade, have been educated to modern business ways. At first some hesitated because of their inability to write checks properly, but patience and education are showing them the advantages of the system."

One of the treasured resources of the country banker for years has been the public auction — or "vendue," the Easterner might call it. Sitting by the side of the crier or auctioneer, the banker would accept at a discount the notes given for the stock and implements purchased, and would reap a handsome profit from the day's work.

That is changed. The other day an old-fashioned banker took his assistant's

place and went out to a public sale — for this survival of early custom remains with us throughout the land. He had not done this for years, but remembered the old way. He waited at the table while the sale went on, but was astonished to see buyer after buyer walk up to the auctioneer, give a check for the purchase, and go away. Others paid currency — but very few came to him. The farmers knew his business there and were much amused. Finally one approached him.

"Why did you come out to-day? It 's rather cold."

The banker was game. "Oh, I just wanted to see how things were selling — I am glad to know you are so prosperous." He then ordered his livery team and drove back to town.

At many a sale running into thousands of dollars practically every purchase is for cash. The banker of to-day seeks business, rather than selects from an abundance of business offered him, as in the past.

Fortunately for the banker the "interior" has been using a great deal more money of late years than ever before. The many investment enterprises at home, the remarkable growth of western and southern cities, the development of the small town as a business centre and as a residence for retired farmers, the building operations exceeding the ability of contractors and manufacturers, the land boom of the Middle West, the irrigation enterprises of the semi-arid region, all have combined to make a demand on the country banks that has led constantly toward the expansion of credit. When the financial disturbance of last October went, like a paralytic stroke, from the cities of the East to the remotest hamlet of the newer states, it found the country banks with large loans, with heavy balances at reserve centres, and, with few exceptions, compelled to suspend currency payments either altogether or temporarily, or to limit the amount paid over the counter to a single depositor to fifty or one hundred dollars a week. It was the severest test that ever came to the country banker, and the success with which he met the embarrassing conditions, and his sturdy fight back toward normal conditions, are evidence of the substantial basis of his business.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop-harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the South, or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest, as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state twenty thousand harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureaus and railway departments whole trainloads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly itinerants and they have no local standing. A grain-raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night, and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one.

"Cash them at the bank, of course."

"Who will identify us?"

The employer saw the point, tore up the checks, and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centres" every harvest, and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.

This outpaying goes on until autumn, and then the farmer begins to sell his grain and the tide turns. It does not turn so rapidly now as it did when the western farmer was heavily in debt. Then he sold all his products as soon as possible and took the check therefor to the bank, where it was applied on his mortgage

notes. Now he has few debts, or at least has them well in hand and can manage them without haste; hence comes about a new condition. From what he sees outside the brass-railed window the country banker can answer the query that has puzzled more than one captain of finance — why does currency disappear so rapidly from circulation in autumn?

The farmer needs money in autumn — clothes to buy, help to pay, preparation for winter. Whether or not he has a bank account, he likes to have plenty of cash at home; so he sells a load of grain or other farm products and secures fifty dollars or thereabouts. This he takes from the bank in currency, putting the bills deep in his capacious pockets.

Supposing that out of the hundreds of farmers surrounding each country bank ten do this in a day — the banker pays through the brass-railed window $500 in currency, most of which will for a time be carried in pockets or hidden in bureau drawers. Suppose this goes on in two thousand country banks of the agricultural states, and is continued for one hundred days preceding December 15 — it accounts for a vast sum and is one explanation of the "interior's" mysterious absorption of currency each autumn. It is a direct outcome of widespread prosperity, which allows to each farmer the privilege of having his pocketbook bulging with money.

Of course this currency returns. In summer the harvest hand spends some for clothes, some for amusement, some for railroad fare. The farmer buys necessary articles and holiday goods at the local stores, and the money comes back in the merchants' accounts; he pays his tax, and the county treasurer sends it to the bank; he makes his annual settlements and the bank deposits grow — but every year for half a decade the return has been slower and longer delayed. Increasing prosperity has allowed the farmer to carry his pocket money more generally and for a more extended period.

The Western farmer's fiscal year really ends with the first of March. Then it is that he moves to his new farm; then he settles with his neighbors; in some states that is the date for listing his possessions for taxation. As that time approaches, he begins to arrange for the business of the coming months. If he has a larger amount of grain in store, he sells it; if he has been feeding stock, this is the time when he sends shipments to market; he deposits his surplus in the banks or invests it, which is but another way of sending it on its way to the banker's care; and there is a general readjustment of the financial situation in the grain-raising states. In the older commonwealths and in those communities where the industrial activity overshadows the agricultural, less variation occurs.

As a result of these new conditions the country banker has had each year a larger problem to consider.

It is really a three-fold problem. In addition to furnishing funds for the working period, there is the function of helping the farmer hold his crop when he so desires. The after-harvest prices may be low; it may be advantageous for the producer to hold his corn and wheat. He goes to the local banker. The bank lends its capital and gives its advice in the undertaking, sometimes to its own loss.

Then, too, there is the development of local industries. In every community are certain opportunities, or what are believed to be opportunities, for the profitable use of capital, and there are men, usually without sufficient capital, who wish to test the propositions. The banker has another visitor to the little room behind the brass-railed counter, and upon his advice and promise is the enterprise launched. These enterprises employ local capital, give work to those who are usually compelled to be idle during certain months of the year, bring new families to town, build up the community in wealth and in commercial importance, and altogether are its inspiration. Behind them is usually a country bank and the country banker's advice.

In addition there is the handling of the bank's funds between harvest periods. For a few months there must be a large supply of currency and loanable capital; for another period, little is demanded. This applies to sections where mixed farming is not the general rule. The Eastern and New England states do not have this condition to the same degree as the Middle West, the South, and Pacific Coast states. Thus it is that this problem comes in its most striking form to the newer banking sections of the nation, and is a new feature of the country banker's service.

This very prosperity has compelled the country banker to learn in late years a broader system of financiering than he knew in earlier times. The banks of the West's first period of development were freebooters of finance. They "charged what the traffic would stand" to a greater extent than the most predatory railroad manager ever dared. The interest rates were at times confiscatory, and the wonder is that the borrowers were able to pay them without going into bankruptcy. As the conditions of settlement became more stable, the interest rate decreased, the business became systematized, and the banker met his customers on the level.

Then, as there came about yet greater financial independence in the newer states, the bankers of the country towns had to learn another lesson: how to care for their surplus deposits. The farmers were not borrowing, the merchants needed only moderate accommodations, and the bankers sought other means of employing their money safely and profitably.

Out of this situation has grown the western market for "commercial paper," — the notes and short-time loans of great manufacturing and mercantile houses. Every bank of prominence, in country as well as in town, receives daily long lists of offerings of this sort. The interest rate was as low as 4 per cent in 1904 and 1905. It has risen until 7 and 7½ per cent were offered last summer for the best securities, the borrower reserving the option of taking up the loan at a premium before maturity. The country banker has learned to buy and to sell this kind of paper, and in the exercise of these broader operations has become familiar with national financial trends and influences in a way that would have been impossible had he served only his immediate community.

Along with the development of the country banker's business has come a new medium of contact with more extended fiscal operations, the "financial drummer." He represents the commercial enterprises that need a great deal of outside money and are not content to wait on the purchases of their securities through the usual method of mail communication. He goes directly to the banker, carrying his offerings, and makes a sale of sixty-day notes as a commercial traveler would dispose of an order of dry goods or clothing. Further, he initiates the banker, unfamiliar with the larger field, into wider interests and so is helpful in many ways.

Perhaps, too, the banker has lost something of his imposing personal influence in this changing attitude of the rural sections toward financial matters and broader knowledge of world events, owing to the reading of daily papers and magazines in remote localities. With the accretion of wealth there is less awe for mere dollars than in early times.

For instance, — in the frontier village the banker was formerly the only man with money. He held the reins of the town; if he had a rival, it was some other banker. Then the little room behind the counter was much more potential than to-day; without the consent of its presiding genius few of the town's enterprises could succeed. A reciprocal honoring of the man who made all this possible came in the electing of the banker to every position of prominence for which he expressed a desire. He was the state senator, the mayor, the Sunday School superintendent, the president of the fair

association, and the chief delegate to the conventions of his party.

When one of these financial Pooh-Bahs failed, paying three cents on the dollar, at his request I prepared for publication a blanket resignation in which he laid down twelve presidencies and civic positions at one swoop. Perhaps, had he been content with a modicum of glory, he might have managed his bank more successfully.

But much of that has passed away. The banker occupies, naturally, a place of prominence in a small town as he does in the large one; but he is in these days merely one of many business men, each independent of his fellows financially and each working for the town's good. The banker works with them hand in hand, lending capital's aid in helping them across the rough places and aiding them in the transaction of the everyday affairs of trade; but he does not assume to patronize and dictate as in the earlier period of greater dependence on his good will.

Of course, if the time comes when there is doubt of the country bank it is a serious thing — much more serious for the banker than is such condition for the city financier. The latter may call on the clearing house to protect him; his fellow bankers may heap gold coins on his counters to reassure the frightened depositors — but the country banker must fight it out alone. The other bank in the town is usually too anxious for its own safety to spare much of its cash, and it may take many hours before assistance can be secured from the nearest city. The country depositors have had sometimes an ugly way of sitting in the bank office with drawn revolvers, guarding their rights, and the town policeman is often unable to regulate matters to the bank officers' desires.

However, those scenes are of the old order rather than of the new.

In eleven Middle West agricultural states, where the development of country banking has been most notable during the past decade, are seven thousand banks, state and national. Of the state banks over two thousand have a capital of ten thousand dollars or less each, and they are the banks in the small country towns. In all this territory failures during the past decade have been rare, those occurring being due to rascality and special weaknesses rather than to general conditions. To this group of banks, more than to any other, does the East look for financial indications affecting trade and money. Next to them is the South and then the Pacific Coast. Into every financial discussion enter the problems of these country bankers' opinions, their plans and their needs.

The state legislatures are constantly raising the standard of the banks. In few commonwealths can a banking house have less than ten thousand dollars capital. Every legislative session adopts new laws to insure the safe management of banks; many of these laws are so framed that the smaller banks especially will be protected.

In Oklahoma, the newest state of the Union, has been enacted a law, to take effect February 15, 1908, whose operation is intended to insure depositors against loss. It provides that, after rigorous examination, state banks shall be allowed to participate in the benefits of a guaranty fund secured by an assessment of one per cent of the average deposits of the past year. This fund, gathered from all the banks, is in charge of the state banking board and may be increased as necessary by further assessments. When a bank fails, the bank commissioner takes charge of its affairs and forthwith pays off the depositors in full, using money from the guaranty fund for that purpose. He then settles the bank's business as would a receiver, paying his collections to the guaranty fund, which becomes a preferred creditor. If there be more than enough to recoup the fund — in other words, more than enough to settle the depositors' accounts — the remainder is turned over to the

stockholders. Provision is made for similar participation by national banks of the state if the comptroller will allow such action. This is the first guaranty deposit law ever enacted, though similar bills have been introduced in legislatures and in Congress. It is possible that other states will adopt such a measure, both to protect banks on their borders, in close proximity to states which have such a provision, and to restore confidence to depositors who have withdrawn large sums in the closing months of 1907. While there are weak points in such legislation and many bankers do not approve it, the plan appears exceedingly plausible to the average depositor, and its advocates believe that through the allaying of timidity it will bring stability in the volume of local deposits. Hence bankers are watching Oklahoma's experiment with interest.

Little of mystery surrounds tiled floors, shining brass gratings, and polished counters in these latter days, when dozens of persons in the community are as able to possess the fixtures — and the bank, too — as the banker himself. The science of business and investment has become common knowledge in increasing measure, and, though many an undergraduate woefully overestimates his knowledge therein, all have acquired a passing acquaintance with financial methods that tends to sensible and sober dealings rather than to hysterics.

In no one thing has the country banker made greater progress than in the arrangement of his surroundings — his banking-office and its accessories. Once it was thought that any room was good enough for the bank. It might be in the rear of a real-estate office, or in an ordinary storeroom, with cheap fixtures. With the advent of prosperity this has changed, and the banking-rooms, in the newer states particularly, are remarkable for their magnificence.

This is not true alone of the large cities, nor of the boom banks that were built out on the prairies with Eastern-ers' money. In straggling prairie towns stand some of the latter structures — gorgeous, marble-pillared, ornately frescoed creations, now occupied chiefly by insurance agents and real-estate firms.

These are the exceptions. Far out toward the Rocky Mountains, in the Mississippi Valley, in growing towns, are banking-houses that would surprise the Wall Street capitalist who is wont to think yet of the "American Desert." The floors are tiled, the walls are richly ornamented, the fixtures are brass and marble! — modern safes, adding machines, loose-leaf ledgers, vaults with electric-wired burglar protection reaching to several central points of the town, safety-deposit boxes, electric lights, steam heat, mahogany desks — every convenience and every adornment that go into the office of the city banker's business home is here, though on a smaller scale. It is done both because the banks can afford it and because it has come to be recognized as due to the dignity of the business.

Even in the little towns is an effort to be distinctive. The frame building with the bank and post-office in the front end and living rooms of the cashier in the rear, is exceedingly simple, but into it the modern appliance has made its way, and labor-saving devices and other evidences of touch with the outside world are manifest.

The country banker has had a varied experience in the past decade, — ranging from abundant prosperity, with deposits and profits heaping up faster than loans could safely be placed, to sudden reversal, when everybody looked askance at the bank doors, and for a few weeks caused managers of the soundest institutions sleepless nights and nerve-wracking days. Perhaps the sharp corrective was, on the whole, helpful, in that it emphasized the need of caution and preparation in such sensitive financial undertakings. It has also brought about a clearer comprehension of the relations of country banks to the reserve banks of

the cities, and the future ought to see such readjustment in currency volume and movement as shall prevent another similar trial.

With peace of mind brought to his depositors, and with his own course so arranged that he can look forward to stability in his own operations, the country banker should have a life of comfort and satisfaction.

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

I, WHO have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night —

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous; — and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me — the city clod; —
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride — with God.

THE POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE poetry of Leigh Hunt has more importance historically than actually. Historically, it has its place in the romantic movement, where Leigh Hunt is seen fighting, though under alien colors, by the side of Wordsworth. His chief aim was to bring about an emancipation of the speech and metre of poetry, and he had his share in doing so. The early style of Keats owes much of its looseness and lusciousness to an almost deliberate modeling himself upon the practice and teaching of Hunt. "I have something in common with Hunt," Keats admitted, in a letter written in 1818; and the *Quarterly*, in its review of *Endymion*, defined Keats as a "simple neophyte of the writer of *The Story of Rimini*." That poem had only been published two years, but had already made a small revolutionary fame of its own.

For its actual qualities, this poetry, which seems now to have so slight an existence by the side of the still almost popular prose-writings, is not so easily valued. Infinite tiny sparks flicker throughout, but are rarely alight long enough to set a steady fire burning. One lyric, a few sonnets, an anecdote or two, a few passages of description or of dialogue, — can we reckon up more than these in a final estimate of the value of this poetry as a whole? Yet are not these few successful things, each rare of its kind, themselves sufficient to make the reputation of one who was content to be remembered in whatever "humble category of poet, or in what humblest corner of the category," it remained for "another and wholly dispassionate generation" to place him?

The Story of Rimini as it was published in 1816 is a very different thing from the revised version of 1832, with its "rejection of superfluities," its correction of "mistakes of all kinds." It may be quite true, as the author protested, that the first edition contained weak lines, together with "certain conventionalities of structure, originating in his having had his studies too early directed towards the artificial instead of the natural poets." Yet, in fact, the second version is much more artificial than the first, and what was young, spontaneous, really new at the time, has given way to a firmer but less felicitous style of speech and versification. Such puerilities, of the kind which Hunt very nearly taught to Keats, as, —

> What need I tell of lovely lips, and eyes,
> A clipsome waist, and bosom's balmy rise?

are indeed partly, though not wholly obliterated, and for the better; and the terrible line, revealing all Hunt's vulgarities at a stroke, —

> She had stout notions on the marrying score,

disappears into the discreet —

> She had a sense of marriage, just and free.

Yet what goes, and is ill supplied, is such frank bright speech as, —

> A moment's hush succeeds; and from the walls,
> Firm and at once, a silver answer calls, —

which turns into the droning, —

> The crowd are mute; and from the southern wall,
> A lordly blast gives welcome to the call.

The simple country landscape is changed, because the author has seen Italy, to the due citrons and pine-trees; but such evocations of the fancy cannot be done twice over, and the freshness goes as the "local color" comes on. Even more inexcusable are the moral interpositions, such as the tears and explanations of Francesca at the fatal moment, by which

Dante and the picture are spoiled. "The mode of treatment still remains rather material than spiritual," Hunt admits, without fully realizing how much he is losing in material beauty, and how incapable he is of replacing it by any kind of spiritual beauty.

Byron, to whom *The Story of Rimini* is dedicated, said of it in a letter, "Leigh Hunt's poem is a devilish good one — quaint here and there, but with the substratum of originality, and with poetry about it that will stand the test." It has not stood the test, and is now quoted nowhere but in the footnotes to Keats; but it is full of those suggestions which lesser men are often at the pains of making for the benefit of their betters. All its "leafy" and rejoicing quality, its woodlands and painted "luxuries," were to have their influence, direct or reflected, on much of the romantic poetry of the century.

Before writing *The Story of Rimini*, Hunt had published a satire in verse, called *The Feast of the Poets*, which he was to rewrite and republish at intervals during his life. It was the first of what was to be a series of bookish poems, in which he expressed the most personal part of himself, but that part which was best fitted perhaps for poetry. Few men have loved literature more passionately and more humbly than Leigh Hunt, or with a generosity more disinterested. Books were nearer to him than men, though he sought in books chiefly their human or pleasing qualities. But his poetry about books never passes from criticism to creation, as when Drayton writes his letter to H. Reynolds, and Shelley his letter to Maria Gisborne. We shall find no "brave translunary things" and no "hooded eagle among blinking owls." He tells us that what the public approved of in *The Feast of the Poets* was a "mixture of fancy and familiarity;" but the savor has only gone out of it. The criticism in the twenty-five pages of the poem is superficial and obvious, and the verse jingles like the bells on a fool's bauble. The criticism in the one hundred and twenty-five pages of the notes has still interest for us, if not value. There is always, in Leigh Hunt's criticism, something of haste and temporariness, and it is generally revised in every new edition. Here, the recognition, on second thoughts, that Wordsworth is the chief poet of the age, together with the good-natured, superior, and impertinent advice which he gives him for the bettering of his poetry, has something more than curiosity as coming from Leigh Hunt, and in 1814. The scorn of Southey, who "naturally borrows his language from those who have thought for him," remains good criticism, and there are phrases in a somewhat unjust estimate of Scott which are not without relevance; as when we are told that "he talks the language of no times and of no feelings, for his style is too flowing to be ancient, too antique to be modern, and too artificial in every respect to be the result of his own first impressions." He is reasonably fair to Crabbe, though with evident effort, and sees through Rogers without effort. But the accidental qualities of his taste betray themselves in the sympathetic praise of Moore, in the preference for "Gertrude of Wyoming," as "the finest narrative poem that has been produced in the present day," in the contemptuous reference to Landor as "a very worthy person," and to "Gebir" as "an epic piece of gossiping," and in the uncertainty and apparent distaste of what is meant to be said not unfavorably of Coleridge. In the final edition, nearly fifty years later, Coleridge, "whose poetry 's poetry's self," is promoted to the place of Wordsworth.

Hunt's miscellaneous mind was active, sympathetic, foraging; he made discoveries by some ready instinct which had none of the certainty of the divining rod; he was a freebooter, who captured various tracts of the enemy, but could not guard or retain them. He was among the first to help in breaking down the eighteenth-century formalism in verse, in let-

ting loose a free and natural speech; but his influence was not always a safe one. In 1829 Shelley writes to him, in sending the manuscript of "Julian and Maddalo:" "You will find the little piece, I think, in some degree consistent with your own ideas of the manner in which poetry ought to be written. I have employed a certain familiar style of language to express the actual way in which people talk with each other, whom education and a certain refinement of sentiment have placed above the use of vulgar idioms."

It was just that proviso that Leigh Hunt neglected. What he really brings into poetry is a tone of chatty colloquialism, meant to give ease, from which, however, the vulgar idioms are not excluded. He introduces a new manner, smooth, free, and easy, a melting cadence, which he may have thought he found in Spenser, whom he chooses among poets "for luxury." The least lofty of English poets, he went to the loftiest among them only for his sensitiveness to physical delight. His own verse is always feminine, luscious, with a luxury which is Creole, and was perhaps in his blood. He would go back to such dainty Elizabethans as Lodge, but his languid pleasures have no edge of rapture; the lines trot and amble, never fly.

Hunt mastered many separate tricks and even felicities in verse, and acquired a certain lightness and deftness which is occasionally almost wholly successful, as in an actual masterpiece of the trifling, like "Jenny kissed me." But he did not realize that lightness cannot be employed in dealing with tragic material, unless it is sharpened to so deadly a point as Byron and Heine could give to it. It is difficult to realize that it is the same hand which writes the line that delighted Keats, —

> Places of nestling green for poets made, —

and, not far off, these dreadful lines, —

> The two divinest things the world has got,
> A lovely woman in a rural spot.

The ignoble quality of jauntiness mars almost the whole of Hunt's work, in which liberty cannot withhold itself from license. The man who can wish a beloved woman

> To haunt his eye, like taste personified,

cannot be aware of what taste really is; and, with a power of rendering sensation, external delicacies of sight and hearing, which is to be envied and outdone by Keats, he is never quite certain in his choice between beauty and prettiness, sentiment and sentimentality.

In his later works Hunt learned something of restraint, and when he came to attempt the drama, though he tried to be at the same time realistic and romantic, was more able to suit his manner to his material. The *Legend of Florence* has his ripest feeling and his most chastened style, and more than anything else he did in verse reflects him to us as, in Shelley's phrase, "one of those happy souls

> Which are the salt of the earth."

The gentle Elizabethan manner is caught up and revived for a moment, and there is a human tenderness which may well remind us of such more masterly work as "A Woman killed with Kindness."

Hunt was convinced that "we are more likely to get at a real poetical taste through the Italian than through the French school," and he names together Spenser, Milton, and Ariosto, thinking that these in common would "teach us to vary our music and to address ourselves more directly to nature." Naming his favorite poets, he begins with "Pulci, for spirits and a fine free way." To acquaint English taste with Italian models he did many brilliant translations, Dante being less perfectly within his means than Ariosto or Tasso. He was best and most at his ease in rendering the irregular lines of Redi, whose "Bacchus in Tuscany" he translated in full. In this, and in the version from the Latin of Walter de Mapes, there is a blithe skill which few translators have attained. It was through his fancy for Italian bur-

lesque that Hunt came to do a number of his characteristic and least English things, like the laughing and lilting verses which sometimes, as in "The Fairy Concert," attain a kind of glittering gayety, hardly mere paste, though with no hardness of the diamond. There is some relationship between this verse and what we call *vers de société;* but it is more critical, and has something of the epigram set to a jig. So far as it is meant for political satire, it is only necessary to compare even so brilliant a squib as the "Coronation Soliloquy of George IV" with Coleridge's "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," to realize how what in Hunt remains buffoonery and perhaps argument, can be carried to a point of imagination at which it becomes poetry.

Hunt has a special talent, connected with his feeling for whatever approached the form of the epigram, for the writing of brief narrative poems. Can it be denied that so masterly an anecdote as "Abou ben Adhem" has in it some of the qualities, as it seems to have some of the results, of poetry? Read the same story in the French prose of the original: nothing is changed, nothing added; only the form of the verse, barely existent as it is, has given a certain point and finish to the prose matter. Here and in the two or three other stories there is a very precise and ingenious grasp on story-telling, worthy of Maupassant; and there is a kernel of just, at times of profound, thought, which suggests something of the quality of an Eastern apologue. Was it the more than half prose talent of Hunt that gave him, when he concentrated so tightly his generally diffuse and wandering verse, this particular, unusual kind of success? When, as in blank verse pieces such as "Paganini," he tried to get a purely emotional effect, not by narrative but in the form of confession, his failure was complete; all is restlessness and perturbation. But, once at least, in a little piece called "Ariadne Walking," there is something of the same happy concentration, the same clean outlines; and the poem may be paralleled with a lovely poem of Alfred de Vigny. The technique, as in almost, or, perhaps, everything of Hunt, is not perfect; and there are words of mere prose, like "the feel of sleep." How was it that a man, really poetically minded, and with so much knowledge of all the forms of verse, was never quite safe when he wrote in metre?

A stanza in a poem on poppies may be compared, almost in detail, with a corresponding sentence in prose, which occurs in a rambling essay. They both say the same thing, but the verse says, —

> We are slumberous poppies,
> Lords of Lethe downs,
> Some awake and some asleep,
> Sleeping in our crowns.
> What perchance our dreams may know,
> Let our serious beauty show.

And the prose says, "They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe," and comes nearer to poetry.

From the epigram to the sonnet there is but one step, and Leigh Hunt's finest and most famous line, —

> The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands, —

is found in a sonnet on the Nile, written impromptu in rivalry with Keats and Shelley, and more successful, within its limits, than its competitors. And the sonnet, written against Keats, on the subject of "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," would be good as well as characteristic if it were not flawed by words like "feel" and "class" and "nick," used to give the pleasant charm of talk, but resulting only in a degradation of refined and dignified speech. Three sonnets called "The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit," which might easily have been no more than one of Hunt's clever burlesques, seem to me for once to touch and seize and communicate a strange, cold, inhuman imagination, as if the very element of water entered into chill communion with the mind. Lamb might have shared the feeling, the epithets are

like the best comic Greek compounds; the poetry, which begins with a strange familiarity, ends with a strangeness wholly of elemental wonder: —

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt love and graves,
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped round in waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

There, at least, Leigh Hunt speaks the language of poetry, and with a personal accent.

ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XVI

Electra felt very much alone in a world of wrongdoers. To her mind moral trespassing was a definite state of action fully recognized by the persons concerned in it. She made no doubt that everybody was as well able to classify obliquity as she was to do it for them. She had stated times for sitting down and debating upon her own past deeds, though she seldom found any flagrant fault in them. There was now and then an inability to reach her highest standard; but she saw no crude derelictions such as other people fell into. It was almost impossible for her to think about grandmother at all, the old lady seemed to her so naughty and so mad. Billy Stark, too, though he was a man of the world, admirably equipped, was guilty of extreme bad taste or he could never have asked Madam Fulton to marry him. Why was he calling her Florrie and giving her foolish nosegays every morning? Rose and Peter, when it came to them, seemed pledged to keeping up some wild fiction beneficial to Rose; only Markham MacLeod was entirely right, and so powerful, too, that his return must shake all the warring atoms into a harmonious conformity with Electra and the moral law.

Moreover she had the entire programme of the club meeting to reconstruct. Nothing, she inexorably knew, would tempt her to allow for a moment any further consideration of her grandmother's pernicious book. Yet the club was to meet with her, the honorable secretary, and it had no topic to whet its teeth upon. In her dilemma, she put on her hat and walked over to inquire of Rose when her father was to return. MacLeod's bubbling kindliness seemed to her so generous that she made no doubt he would talk to them for an hour, or even allow her to give him a reception.

Rose was in the garden, as usual, in the long chair, and Peter was painting. Ostensibly he was painting her, but the mood escaped him and he was blurring in a background. Electra remembered, as she went up the path, that still nothing had been said to her about Peter's painting. He might have been any sort of young 'prentice for all she heard about his work; and here it was beginning incidentally, like an idle task, with no reference to her. She had thought painting was something to be carried on gravely, when one had reached Peter's eminence. There ought to be talk of theories and emotions inspired by pictures in the inception, not merely this prosaic business of sitting down to work and characterizing beauties with a flippant jargon of words misused. "Very nice," "stunning" — that was what she

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had heard Peter say even of sunsets that ought to have moved him to the skies. He had a delicate-fingered way of touching everything, as if the creative process were a little one, of small simplicities: not as if art were long.

When she appeared that morning, behind the hollyhocks, Rose was about to spring up, and Peter did stand, expectant, with his charming smile. Electra at once made proper disclaimers and insisted that the sitter's pose should not be broken and that it would be an immense entertainment to see the work go on. Peter brought a chair out of the arbor, and she sat down, erect and handsome, while Rose sank back into her unconstrained reclining. Rose wore the simplest dress, and her slender arms were bare. There were about her the signs of tasks abandoned, even of pleasures dropped and not remembered — the book half closed upon her finger, the rose and fan. Her great hat with its long feather lay beside her on the ground, and Electra, justly appraising its picturesqueness and value, thought, with brief distaste, that it looked as if it might belong to an actress. She asked her question at once and Rose answered. No, her father would not be here in time for the important meeting. She had no doubt he would indeed have said more than a few words, since the entertainment had fallen through. Here Electra interrupted her delicately and challenged the use of that term for so serious an issue. It could hardly be called an entertainment; they had simply been unable to consider the topic fixed upon, and it was necessary to find a substitute.

"Let me do something," said Rose, with her appealing grace. "I'll sing for them."

That accounted for her again, Electra thought, the unconsidered ease, perhaps the boldness. She belonged to public life; yet as such she might well be taken into account.

"What do you sing?" she asked.

Rose forgot all about her picture and sat up, looking quite in earnest. Peter held his brush reproachfully poised.

"I tell you what I can do," she said, after a moment's thinking. "I can give a little talk on contemporary music — what they are doing in France, in Germany. I can give some personal data about living musicians — things they would n't mind. And I really sing very well. Peter, boy, tell the lady I sing well."

"She sings adorably," said Peter. "She has a nightingale in her throat: —

> Two larks and a thrush,
> All the birds in the bush.

You never heard anything more sympathetic. I never did."

The "Peter, boy," had spoiled it. Electra grew colder. She wished she were able to be as easy as she liked; but she never could be, with other people perpetually doing and saying things in such bad taste.

"The club is composed of ladies who know the best music," she heard herself saying, and realized that it sounded like a child's copy-book.

Rose was still sitting upright, Peter patiently looking at her, evidently wishing she would return to her pose, and yet quite as evidently enriching his attention with this new aspect of her. She had turned into a vivid and yet humble creature, intent on offering something and having it accepted. The thought that she had something Electra wanted seemed for the moment the next best thing to knowing that Electra tendered her kinship and recognition.

"Please like me," her look begged for her. "Please tolerate me, at least, and take what I have to give."

The end of it was that Electra did accept it, and that Peter's painting was quite forgotten while Rose ran eagerly over the ground she could cover. One moment of malice she did have. While Electra was hesitating, she looked up at her with a curious little smile.

"You can introduce me," she said, "as you always have, as 'the daughter

of Markham MacLeod.' That will give your afternoon an added flavor."

Electra answered seriously, "Thank you," and resolved to do it. Madam Fulton, she thought, would have the decency not to break the situation by her intemperate "Mrs. Tom's." Electra had no experience of contrition in her grandmother, but she could but feel that any woman who had done what that old lady had might be trusted to observe the decencies for at least a week thereafter.

"That was my public name," Rose added hastily, as if she had invalidated her claim. "I sang for eight months or more as Rose MacLeod."

It was a new triumph for her, Electra realized when the day was over. The ladies came down from the city and, in perfect weather, sat about on the veranda and in the two front rooms, while Rose, at the piano, sang to them and then gave them a charming talk. Electra, who could do no creative work, could not take her eyes from the young creature, all eager brilliancy and dressed in a perfect Paris gown. The dress, Electra knew, was no finer than she herself could amply afford to buy in her own country. Only it was worn with a grace, the air of a woman born to be looked at, and used to fervid tributes. The other women, too, were worshipers of notability, and Rose knew she had raised a wave of admiration. To her, unused to the American woman's passion for new things, it was a real tribute, something she could count upon to-morrow after the epoch of to-day; and the afternoon left her exhilarated and warm in momentary triumph. The women crowded about her with intemperate comment and question. They wanted to know as much about her father as they did about her. They were all eager to show their conversance with the Brotherhood, its aims and potencies, and they were more than ready to besiege her father and to entertain her. Some of them even wanted to make dates for the coming autumn, and Rose found herself the recipient of a score of visiting cards, all pointing to new alliances. She slipped away before the afternoon was over, to spare Electra the pains of thanking her, and going home, found Markham MacLeod at the gate. Immediately her hopes died. She had forgotten the issues she had to reckon with in him. From these no ladies' club could save her.

He was affection itself in greeting her.

"I have just come," he explained. "Peter is in town and Mrs. Grant is taking her afternoon rest. Let us walk a little way."

"I have n't my hat," she demurred.

He looked at her sufficient parasol and took her hand, turning her toward the road again.

"Come. We'll walk along to that grove. It is shady there. I want to see you before we meet the others."

She yielded, and presently they stepped in at the bars to the field where the grove invited. Under the trees she furled her parasol, and sat down on a stone. She looked involuntarily toward the plantation, below them to the west. There were the little clumps of nursery trees, the green patches of seedlings, and, dotted through the working area, men with backs bent over the rows. She wondered if Osmond were there, and the thought gave her, if not courage, at least the defiance that answers for it. MacLeod threw himself on the ground, and her eyes came back to him. He looked so strong, so much a part of all living things, that he seemed to her invincible. He spoke quite seriously, as if there were matters between them to be gravely settled.

"I have been wondering about the bearing of these people toward you. What explanation did you make when you came?"

"I made no explanation."

"What attitude did you take?"

"Peter introduced me to her. He went in advance, to tell her I was coming."

"Electra?"

"Yes, Tom's sister."

"What did Peter tell her?"

"He told her I was her brother's wife."

"Ah! and she accepted you?"

"No, she has never accepted me."

"What!"

He glanced sharply up at her, and she met the look coldly. Her cheeks were burning, but there was nothing willingly responsive in her face. She repeated it: "Peter told her Tom had married me. I have reason to think she told him she did not believe it."

"Has Peter said that to you?"

"No, but I think so."

"Did she send for you, to go to see her?"

"No, I went without it."

"Now, how did she receive you?" His voice betrayed an amiable curiosity. He might have been interested merely in the vagaries of human nature, and particularly because Electra, as a handsome, willful creature, had paces to be noted. Rose laughed a little, in a way that jarred on him. He liked mirth to sound like mirth.

"She was civil to me. But she has never once given me Tom's name, nor has she allowed me to introduce myself by it."

"The old lady used it."

"That was because I followed an impulse one day and told her. She followed an impulse and used it. She is a naughty old lady."

"Ah!" He considered for a moment. "If she did believe you, is it your impression she would expect you to — inherit?"

"I would n't have it." Her face quivered all over. "I never thought of that for a moment. Can't you see why I came? I was beside myself in Paris. There were you, hurrying back from the East and bringing — him."

"The prince?"

"You had written me he would come with you. When he saw me again, you said, he would not take 'no.' Peter was going home. Kind Peter! He said, 'Why don't you come with me?' He said Electra was beautiful, quite the most beautiful person in the world. I thought she would receive me. I could tell another woman — and so kind! — everything, and I could settle down for a little among simple people and get rested before —" She stopped, and he knew what she had meant to say: "Before you and your prince began pursuing me again."

But he did not answer that. It was a part of his large kindliness never to perpetuate harsh conclusions, even by accepting them.

"I shall go to see your Electra at once," he said.

She raised a forbidding hand.

"Do nothing of the kind. I insist on that."

But he was again reflecting.

"That puzzles me," he said at last: "that she should receive you at all if she does not believe you. Why?"

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment, a satirical smile coming on her face. These emotions he was awakening in her made her an older woman.

"I really believe you don't know," she said, at length.

"Certainly I don't know."

"Why, it's you!" He stared at her. It was, she saw, an honest wonder. "She adores you. They all do, all her ladies. They meet and talk over things, and you are the biggest thing of all. I am the daughter of Markham MacLeod. That is what she calls me."

"I see." He mused again. "I must go over there to-night."

"No! no! no!" It was an ascending scale of entreaty, but he did not regard it. He got up and offered her his hand.

"Come," he said. "Peter will be back. By the way," he added, as she followed him laggingly, "does Peter know why you came to America?"

"Peter thought it the most natural thing in the world to wish to be with Tom's relations."

"You have n't told him about the prince?"

"I have been entirely loyal to you — with Peter. Don't be afraid. He, too, adores you."

They walked on in silence. At the house they found grannie, now in her afternoon muslin, cheerfully ready for a new guest, and Peter in extreme delight at seeing him.

Markham MacLeod, once in his own room, sat down and stretched his legs before him. As he ruminated, his face fell into lines. Nobody ever saw them, — even he, — because in public, and before his glass, he had a way of plumping himself into cheerfulness. His tortuous thoughts were for his inmost mind. Whatever he planned, no one knew he was planning; only his results came to him in the eye of the world.

XVII

After supper, which had been, grannie thought, a brilliant occasion, MacLeod took his hat and said to Peter with an air of proposing the simplest possible thing,

"I am going over to pay my respects to your neighbor."

Peter stared frankly.

"She was so kind as to invite me to luncheon, you know," MacLeod explained from the doorway. "I want to call at once."

"I'll go with you," said Peter.

"No, no! It's a first occasion. She'll want to catechise me, and you've heard all the answers. I rather depend on her putting straight questions."

It was not the custom to wonder at MacLeod. Whatever he did bore the stamp of privilege. He was "the chief." So he walked away through the summer dusk, and Peter and Rose, on the veranda, talked Paris while grannie listened, in a pleasant daze, not always sure, through age's necromancy, whether all the movement and action of their tone and subject belonged to the reality they knew, or to her own dream of a land she never saw.

Electra, the lights turned low, was sitting at the piano, nursing her discontent. She could hear the murmur of Madam Fulton's voice from the next room, broken by pauses when the old lady waited for Billy Stark to laugh. It all made Electra feel very much alone. Perhaps she had gone to the piano in a tacit emulation of the mastery Rose had shown, to see if, by a happy miracle, she also could bring to birth some of those magical things she never knew she felt until she heard others expressing them. But when she struck a chord, it was no richer and no more responsive than she remembered it in her old practicing days. Then she tried singing a little: —

Drink to me only with thine eyes.

And all the time she was recalling the liquid flow of another voice, its restrained fervor and dying falls. A thing so beautiful as this song, so simple, had its root, she began dimly to feel, not in happy love but in despair, and as it often happened with her, she seemed to be timidly reaching out chilled fingers toward emotions she feared because they were so unrestrained, and yet which had to be reckoned with because the famous people made them of such account; they were like the earth where all creative power has life.

Electra had given carefully apportioned time to music. She knew something of harmony, in a painstaking way; but at this moment she felt more than ever outside the house of song. She was always having these experiences, always finding herself face to face with artists of various sorts, men and women who, without effort, as it seemed, could coax trees out of the ground and make them blossom before your eyes. And sometimes she had this breathless feeling that the incredible might happen and she, too, might do some of these amazing things. Often, it seemed to her, she was very near it. The turning of a key in the lock, a wind driving through vapor, and she might be on the stage of the world, no longer wondering but making others wonder. These were real hungers. She wanted great acknowledged supremacies, and her own

neat ways of action had to end ingloriously.

And at the moment MacLeod came up the steps, without hesitation she went to meet him. Any one that night might have been a messenger from the richer world she coveted. She saw him there smiling at her in the dim hall light, and the old feeling came back that she had known him before and waited for him a long time. They had touched hands and he had gone with her to the sitting-room before she realized that such silent meetings were not the ordinary ones.

"Did Peter come with you?" she asked unnecessarily.

"No. He wanted to."

"I am glad to see you!"

MacLeod spared no time.

"You have been very kind," he said, "to my little girl."

Rose, as any sort of little girl, implied an incredible diminishing; but the phrase served in the interest of conversational ease. Electra's eyes were on him, absorbed and earnest. There was nothing she believed in so much, at that moment, as the clarity of MacLeod's mind and heart. It seemed belittling him even to withdraw into the coverts of ordinary talk, and, if she wanted his testimony, to surprise it out of him by stale devices. She was worshiping the truth very hard, and there was no effort in putting her question crudely: —

"Mr. MacLeod, was your daughter married to my brother?"

He met her gaze with the assurance she had expected. It seemed noble to her. At last, Electra reflected with a throb of pride, she was on the heights in worthy company.

"Yes," he said, not hesitating, "she was his wife."

Electra drew a long breath.

"Then," she answered, "I shall know what to do."

He bent toward her an embracing look. It promised her a great deal: comprehension, sympathy, almost a kind of love.

"What shall you do?" he asked.

Electra choked a little. Her throat hurt her, not at the loss of what she was going to relinquish, but at the greatness of sacrifice with somebody by to take cognizance of the act. He would not, like Madam Fulton, call her a fool. He might even see where the action placed her, on ground he also had a right to, from other deeds as noble.

"I supposed I had inherited my brother's property," she said, in a low and penetrating voice. "I shall make it over to her."

MacLeod put out his hand, and she laid hers within it. When he spoke, it was with a moved restraint.

"That is a good deal to do."

"It is incumbent on me — ethically." At that instant she had a throb of high triumph in remembering that he, at least, would not gird at her choice of terms.

"It is what you would do," he said warmly. "It is exactly what you would do."

"I cannot do otherwise."

They seemed to be engaged in antiphonal praises of abstract right. It gave Electra a solemn satisfaction. She could hardly leave the subject. "I wish to do everything in my power," she announced. "I cannot ask her to live here, because I may not be here long myself."

"You will marry Peter and go away!"

Electra felt her face growing warm in the dusk, and an unreasonable vexation possessed her against any one who should have mapped out her purposes and given him the chart. He might know her. He was evidently destined to, she intemperately thought, better than any one else, but she could herself induct him into the paths of intimacy. There was no pleasure in feeling that he was bound to prejudge her through cognizance of this other tie she had for the moment forgotten.

"Did Peter tell you that?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I guessed it."

His frankness put her back on their

pleasant ground of intimacy; it even brought them nearer.

"Why did you guess it?"

Here was foolish talk, she following upon the heels of his venture, as if there were something in the very dust of his progress too precious to be lost. But MacLeod, who cared nothing about inanities once their purpose was served, whirled her away from further challenge and reply.

"You must come to Paris," he said; "with or without Peter, you must come."

Her heart warmed and her voice trembled as she answered, —

"I should like it. I should like nothing better."

"You have been in Europe?"

"Oh yes, for a year at a time. Three times in all."

"Lately?"

"No, the last time I was very young."

"You will see things with different eyes."

He seemed to be promising her something, in the fervor of his speech. Some one had said of him once that, in talking to women, he always said "you" as if it meant "you and I." It may not have been to women alone. Young men felt that in the reconstruction of the earth it would not be merely MacLeod who led the van, but MacLeod and each one of them.

"I should like," she dared, "to see the things you are doing. I should like to know — the Brotherhood."

"You shall know it. There are as many women in it as men. When the starving citizens marched up to Paris to ask King Louis for bread, the women's voices were loudest, I fancy. There is no distinction in our membership. Men and women serve alike."

"When could I join it?"

"Not too fast, dear lady." He was smiling at her. That warm tone of personal consideration soothed her through the dusk. "It involves hardship, the laying down of self. Are you ready for that?"

"I am ready," said Electra. Her heart beat high. At last life seemed large enough and rich enough to satisfy her.

"Your entire allegiance and a tenth of your income," he went on. "Do not pledge it unless you can keep the pledge."

"I promise. I pledge it, myself and all I have."

In her uplifted state, it seemed as if some spell had been laid upon her, and she sought to recall her lost composure. The occasion, she knew, was a very large one, and she must not, she earnestly thought, deprive it of dignity. He rose.

"Stand up," he said; and she also was upon her feet, with a swift compliance. "Give me your hand." She laid her hand in his. "Do you believe in the Brotherhood of Man?"

To say "yes" was not enough. She repeated the words, —

"I believe in the Brotherhood of Man."

They stood so for a moment, and then he released her hand.

"That is all," he said.

Electra felt as if she had sworn allegiance not only to some unknown majesty, but to him, and she was ineffably exalted. They two seemed to be together in a world of wrong, pledged to right it, and taking the highest delight in their joint ministrations.

"When do I — " she hesitated — "when do I pay in — money?"

"Twice a year," he answered cheerfully. "Peter will tell you those things, if I am not here."

If he were not there! Her wings of pleasure drooped. It seemed as if he were always to be there. And Peter! he looked like a small and callow personage seen through the diminishing end of a glass, compared with this great presence.

"I must go," he said, and Electra pulled herself out of her maze. "May I tell my daughter you accept her?" He made it all very delicate and yet prosaic, as if he quite understood Rose could hardly expect to be received without dif-

ficulty, but as if Electra had made it magnificently possible. Still she felt a little recoil.

"I can't talk about it," she faltered, "to her. I could to you. Let me settle all the details, and my lawyer shall submit them to you. Would that satisfy you?"

She spoke humbly, and Markham MacLeod, the chief of the Brotherhood, bent over her hand and touched it with his lips. Then he was gone, and Electra was left standing with that incredibly precious kiss upon her hand. She was poor in imagination, but at the instant it flashed into her mind that this was actually the touch of the coal red from the altar.

Markham MacLeod, walking with long strides through the summer night, drew in deep breaths, and delighted, for the moment, in the voluptuousness of his own good health and the wonder that he had been able to carry youth on into middle age. He had not been accustomed to think about the past or what might come. It was enough to recognize the harmonious interplay of his muscles and the daily stability of a body which until now, and that briefly, had shown no sign of revolt. What insurrection there was he meant to quell, and meantime to forget its possibility, as a chief may, for the time, ignore rebellion. MacLeod was plagued neither by unsatisfied desires nor by remorse. In his philosophy, to live meant to feed upon the earth as it appeared to the eye and to the other senses. He believed, without argument, that all the hungers in him were good lusty henchmen demanding food. Now, in spite of certain grim warnings he had had of late, he was filled with the old buoyant feeling that his body was a well-to-do-republic with his own impartial self at the head of it. Justice should be done to all its members that they might live in harmony. If discomforting forces assailed the republic, they must be crushed. Some of these he might have recognized as regrets, the sort of spectre that was ready to visit Napoleon on a night after the campaign in Egypt. They were, he thought, inseparable from great power and the necessities attending its administration. But they were enemies of the republic, and he killed them. So his voice was always hearty, his eye clear, and his cheek that healthy red.

Peter he found in fits of laughter, and Rose mimicking certain characters known to them in Paris. It was encouraging, he judged, to find Rose out of her dumps. But she was only keeping Peter by her until MacLeod should come and help detain him. Peter had said something in the early evening about going down to find Osmond, who had of late, he averred, been off at night on his deep wood prowls. "No," Rose wanted to say, — and there would have been a choking triumph in her throat, — "he has been in the playhouse waiting for me." And because she could not go that night to the wide liberty of the fields, she would not have Peter wandering off that way and hunting up her playmate, breaking spells and spoiling wordless messages. MacLeod had not seen her so gay, not since the days in Paris before she met Tom Fulton, when she had been one of a changing wave of artist life, made up of students delirious with possibilities and all bent toward the top notch of reputation. He joined her and Peter now in precisely their own mood, his laugh and voice reinforcing theirs. Rose warmed more and more. Not all her dreary memories could keep her from delighting in him. He carried her along on that high wave of splendid spirits, oblivious for the moment to all his faults. Thus, she paused to remember again, it had been in her too-wise childhood when, seeing her mother wan with tears, she had yet put her little hand in his and gone off with him for an hour's pleasuring, though he was the fount of grief as well as gayety. He compelled her, the sheer physical health of him.

Peter rose finally, to give them a moment alone, and wandered off down the

garden, singing a light song and then whistling it farther and farther into the dark. Something constricted the girl's throat. She remembered, in the silence fallen between them, that she was alone with the enemy of her peace, and felt again that old passionate regret that he had not allowed her to keep the beauty of her belief in him. He had swept away something she had thought to be indestructible. That, more than any deed, was the wrong he had done — he had set his foot upon the flower of hope. But MacLeod, his forehead bared to the night air, hummed to himself the song Peter was singing and then spoke with a commonplace assurance: —

"She asked me the question."

"Electra?"

"Yes. She asked me plainly whether he married you."

"She asked you! How could she?"

"She did it without preamble. It was really rather magnificent."

"Did you answer without preamble?"

"I think so. At all events, it contented her. I said, 'yes,' — not much more, if anything."

There was a long silence, and he felt her determination to remain outside the issue, even to the extent of denying herself the further news he brought. When that became apparent, he spoke again, rather lightly: —

"She took my assurance without question. She said she should know what to do."

"What will she do?"

"The simplest thing possible — make over Tom's money to you. She does n't consider, apparently, whether you are entitled to the whole of it, any more than she had previously guessed that, if your claim were just, you could have pushed it without her concurrence. She is a very intemperate person."

Rose did not intend to comment on the situation, however warmly she might express herself over Electra's personal standpoint.

"Electra did not strike me as intemperate," she said. "She seemed to me very collected, very cold and resolute."

"Yes, but her reactions! they'd be something frightful. I can fancy that pendulum swinging just as far the other way. They are terrifying, those women."

"How are they terrifying?"

Governing the wild forces in herself at that minute, she felt as if all women were terrifying when they are driven too far, and that all men might well beware of them. MacLeod rose, and stretched himself upward in a muscular abandon.

"Good-night, my dear," he said. "I'm going upstairs. I will see her again to-morrow. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the outcome. You need n't even concern yourself with the details. I shall arrange them with her."

Rose was quickly upon her feet. She felt more his equal so than when he towered above her at that height.

"If you see her," she threatened, "I will overturn everything."

"No, no, you would n't. Run upstairs now and go to bed. You are overwrought. This whole thing has been a strain on you."

"Yes." She spoke rapidly and in a low tone, fearing grannie's window above. "It has been a strain on me. But who brought it on? I did it myself. I must meet it. But I will not have you meddling with it. I will not."

"Not to-night, at least," said MacLeod, with unblemished kindliness. "Don't do anything intemperate. But you won't. I know you too well."

After a good-night she could not answer he went in and up the stairs. She could hear him humming to himself that gay little song. She stood there quite still, as if she were in hiding from him and he might return to find her. When the door closed above, she still stood there, her nails clasped into her palms. And for the instant she was not thinking of herself, but of Electra. It seemed to her that it would be necessary to protect Electra from his charm. Then she heard Peter whistling back again. She stepped down

to the end of the veranda and stole across the orchard into the field. The night was still, yet invisible forces seemed to be whispering to one another. In the middle of the field she stopped, tempted to call to Osmond, knowing he was there. But because it was late, and because her thoughts were all a disordered and protesting turmoil, she turned about and fled home.

XVIII

The next night Rose went early to her own room, and when she heard Peter and MacLeod on the veranda, their voices continuing in a steady interchange, she took her cloak, locked the chamber door behind her, and ran downstairs and out by the long window to the garden, the orchard, and the field. The night was dark and hot, and over in the south played fitful lightnings. In spite of the heat, she wrapped her cloak about her for an invisible shield: for now that MacLeod had come, she felt strangely insecure, as if eyes were everywhere. It was apparent to her that these meetings might be few, and as if this even might be the last; so it must not be interrupted. When she was once in the field, the hush of the night, the heat, and her own uneasy thoughts bewildered her. She stopped in doubt. His voice assured her.

"This way, playmate."

"I am coming," she found herself answering, not once but twice, and then, as she reached the seat he had ready for her, it came upon her overwhelmingly that such gladness was of the scope and tumult to bear two creatures to each other's arms, to mingle there, face to face and breast to breast.

But the quick thought neither threw her back in shame upon herself nor forward to his side. The night and the things of life together were too great to admit of fine timidities or crude betrayals. It was not of so much avail to consider what was done as whether the deed was true. She sat down, in deep relief at finding herself near him.

"Playmate," she said, "things are very bad indeed."

"Are they, my dear playmate?"

Her breath came in a sob, his voice sounded so kind, so altogether merciful of her, whatever she might do.

"Dreadful things are happening," she said.

"The prince?"

"Not the prince, this time. Worse things."

"Tell me, child."

She had ceased to be altogether his playmate. Deeper needs had called out keener sympathies, and she found some comfort even in his altered tone. She waited for a time, listening to the summer sounds, and vainly wishing she had been a more fortunate woman and that these sad steps need not be retraced in retrospect, before life could go on again.

"You will have to listen to a long story," she said, at last. "And how am I to tell you! Ask me questions."

"How far shall I go back?"

"To the beginning — to the beginning of my growing up. Before I met Tom Fulton."

"When you meant to sing?"

"I did sing. But you must n't think that was what I wanted. I never wanted anything but love."

"Go on." To him, who, in his solitude, had never expected to find close companionship, it was inconceivable that they should be there speaking the unconsidered truth. She, too, who, in the world, had tasted the likeness of happy intercourse, only to despair of it, had found a goal. Here now was the real to which all the old promises had been leading.

"You must understand me," she said, in a low voice. "I'm going to tell you the plain truth. How awful if you did n't understand!"

"I shall understand. Go on."

"I don't know how it is with other girls, but always I dreamed of love, always after my first childhood. I thought of kings and queens, knights and ladies.

They walked in pairs and loved each other."

"What did you mean by love?"

"Each would die for the other. That was my understanding of it. I knew the time would come some day when a beautiful young man would say to me, 'I would die for you,' and I should say to him, 'And I would die for you.' It was a kind of dream. Maybe it would not have been, except that I was never much of a child when I was a child. I had ecstatic times with my father, but I was lonesome. The lover was to change that, when he came."

"When did he come?"

"He came several times, but either he was too rough and he frightened me, or too common and he repelled me, or—"

"And Tom Fulton came!"

"Yes, walking just the right way, neither too fast nor too slow, and all chivalry and honor. Oh, my heart! my heart!" She was sobbing to herself.

There was a long pause.

"So you married him," Osmond reminded her.

"Osmond!" At last she had said his name. She knew it with her mind, but how did her heart have it so ready? To him it seemed natural that she should use it, until he thought of it next day. She continued in that hurried voice that pleaded so, "I must make you see how I had thought of those things always."

"What things, dear child?"

"Loving and being loved. It was like your plants, coming to flower. There was to be one person who would give me a perfect devotion. There would be music and dancing and bright weather, day after day, year after year. That was coming to flower, like your plants."

"A rose in bloom!" he murmured.

"It was a kind of possession with me. I can't tell you what hold it took on me. There were years when I tried not to have a wrong thought or do an ugly act, so that I could be beautiful to him when he came."

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" mused the voice, in involuntary comment, as if it responded to the man's own wondering mood.

"He came. He made himself irresistible to me. He knew my father first."

"Were they friends?"

"My father has no friends — not as you would understand it. He touches people at one little point. They think they have everything; but it is nothing. Still, they understood each other. My father sold me to him."

There was silence from the darkness under the tree; only she heard him breathe.

"I was to blame, too," she cried. "But I did not see it then. I truly did not see it. My father told me it was nobler and purer to go with my lover so. Marriage, he said, had been profaned a million, million times. Where was the sacrament, he asked, in a church that was all rotten? He told me so, too — Tom Fulton I went with him. I never married him." She paused for the answering voice, but it delayed. The silence itself constrained her to go on. "Do you know what Tom Fulton was?"

"He was a handsome beast."

"You never knew the half. But my father knew. He knew men. He knew Tom Fulton. And he delivered me over to the snare of the fowler. I lived a year with him. I left him. He had the accident, and I went back. He died. I thanked God."

Osmond had not often, to his remembrance, formulated gratitude to any great power, but he also said, —

"Thank God!" In a way he did not understand, she seemed to him austere in her purity and her rebellion against these bitter facts. There was no hesitation and no shame. She had only wrong to remember, not willful sin. One thing he had to know. He asked his question.

"Was Fulton — kind to you?"

"At first. Not at the last."

"How was he — not kind?"

That, too, she was apparently thinking out.

"I can hardly tell you," she said, at length. "He seemed to hate me."

"You!"

"I have seen the same thing twice, with other men and other women. You see, it was a terrible blow to him — his vanity, his pride — to stop loving me."

"I don't understand."

"You may not, ever. But he had had unworthy things in his life, attachments, those that last a short time. When he cared for me, he thought he cared tremendously. He believed it would last. But it did n't. He had nothing left to give me."

"He had gambled it away!"

"I think it hurt his pride. He could only justify himself unconsciously — it was all unconscious — by finding fault with me. By proving I was not worthy to be loved. Do you see?"

"You are a strange woman to have guessed that. You must be very clever."

"No, oh, no! It was because I thought so hard about it. For a long time, night after night, I thought of nothing else. When it died — what he called love — I thought the world died, too."

"My dear good child!"

"When he was dead, what was I to do? I thought I should sing. But my father was coming from the East with another suitor, the prince. The prince had seen me here and there for a couple of years. I had always been known as Madame Fulton. I called myself so at first, proudly, honestly. Then other people called me so, and even when I had left him, I let them do it. Peter stepped in then, honest Peter in his ignorance. He wondered why I did n't come here to Tom's people. Electra was a kind of goddess. I came. That is all." She paused.

Osmond spoke musingly.

"So you were not his wife! And Electra knew it."

"She did not know it."

"But she suspected it. She refused to own you."

"She suspected me because she knew Tom too well. I believe he had shocked her and frightened her until his world was all evil to her. There was another reason." This was a woman's reason, and she was ashamed to have put her finger on it. Electra's proud possession of her lover and her instant revolt at his new partisanship, what was it but crude jealousy? Yet there were many things she could not even dimly understand in Electra's striving and abortive life — the emulation that reached so far and met the mists and vapors at the end. "But there was one thing I did not want," Rose cried, "their money. I never thought of it. I only thought how I might come here for a little and be at peace, away from my father. Then when Electra hated me, I had to stay, I had to fight it out. Why? I don't know. I had to. But now it's all different."

"How is it different?"

"Because she has accepted me."

"But you wanted her to accept you."

"Ah, yes, on my own word! I believe I had it in my mind to tell her the next minute, — to throw myself on her mercy, the mercy of the goddess, and beg her to see me as I was, all wrong, but innocent. It is innocent to have meant no wrong. But when she met me like an enemy, I had to fight."

"And now she has accepted you."

"Yes." The assent was bitter. "On my father's word."

"His word?"

"Yes. He stands by me. He confirms me. She asked him if I had been married to her brother. 'Yes,' said my father."

"Why?"

"The money. Always that — money, position, a pressure here, a pull there."

"Then" — his tone seemed to demand her actual meaning, "your case is won. Electra owns you."

She was on her feet gripping the back of her chair with both hands. The rough wood hurt her and she held it tighter.

"Range myself with him — my father? Sell myself in his company? No! When I was fighting before it was from bravado,

pride, mean pride, the necessity of the fight. But now when he confirms me — no, no, no."

"We must tell the truth," she heard Osmond murmuring to himself.

To her also it looked not only necessary but beautiful. There were many things she wanted to say to him, at that moment, and, as she suddenly saw, they were all in condonation of herself. Yet the passionate justice in her flamed higher as she remembered again that it was true that others had marked out her way for her. When she walked in it, it had been with an exalted sense that it was the one way to go.

"I cannot understand about the truth," she said. "I can't, even now."

"What about it?"

"Once it seemed as if there were different kinds. He told me so — my father. He always said there was the higher truth, and that almost nobody could understand. Then there were facts. What were facts? he asked. Often worse than lies."

"I don't know," said Osmond. Whatever he might say, he was afraid of hurting her. It seemed impossible to express himself without it. "Facts are all I have had to do with."

She seemed like a bewildered creature flying about in a confined space.

"You would n't say what my father does," she concluded miserably. "You would n't feel we have a right to the higher truth, if we feel great desires, great hungers the world would n't understand?"

"I only know about facts," said Osmond again. "You see, I work in my garden, all day, nearly every day in the year. I know I must sow good seed. I must nourish it. I know nature can't lie. I did n't suppose things were so incomprehensible out in the world — or so hard."

"Have n't they been hard for you?"

"For me!" He caught his breath, and immediately she knew how the question touched him. It was as monstrous as his fate. But he answered immediately and with a gentleness without reproach, —

"Things are different for me in every way. But I should have thought you would reign over them like a queen."

"A queen! I have been a slave all my life. I see it now. A slave to other people's passions — Tom Fulton's cruelty, my father's greed."

"His greed for money? I don't always understand you when you speak of him."

"For money, power, everything that makes up life. My father is one great hunger. Give him the world and he would eat it up."

Images crowded upon her. It seemed to her that here in the silence, with the spaces of the dark about her and that voice answering, her thought was generated like the lightning.

"Do you see," she asked suddenly, "how I blame those two men, and not myself? I am the sinner. The sinner ought to own his sin. I don't know whether I have sinned or not. I believed in love, and because I believed in it, those two men betrayed me. That was how I was taught not to believe in anything."

"Don't you believe any more?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" It was a despairing cry. "There is kindness, I know that. Peter is kind. Your grandmother is the kindest person in the world. But that one thing I dreamed about — why, Osmond, that one thing was the most beautiful thing God ever made."

"Tell me more about it."

"You have thought about it, too. We can't be so much alike, you and I, and not have thought the same things."

"Are we alike?"

It was a wistful voice. She laughed, a little sorry laugh.

"Well," she said, "at least we are in our playhouse together."

"Ah!" He seemed to speak in spite of prudence. "That's not because we are alike. It is because we are different." But he went on at once, as if to keep her

from interrogating that, or even perhaps remembering it. "I have forbidden myself to think of some things. When they came upon me, I went out and dug them into the ground."

She was filled that night with an imperative sense of life. It made her forget even him and his claim to be heard. The great resolve in her to be for once understood was like a crowning wave drenching the farthest shore.

"I have never had enough of life, life," she avowed passionately. "I have always had the appearance of it, the promise that the next minute the cup would be given me. But the cup was never there. Or if it was, there was muddy water in it. The lights have never been bright enough, the music has never gone on long enough. Why?" She seemed frightened. "Is that like my father? Do I get that from him?"

"It is because you are young," said Osmond. "And because you are beautiful and the world ought to be yours — to put your foot on it."

The passion of his voice recalled her.

"No," she answered humbly. "Not to put my foot on anything. No! no! no! Playmate," she added, "you are the dearest thing in all the world."

The voice laughed out harshly. The man was lying prone at full length where she could not see him, his hands upon the earth he loved, his fostering, yet unheeding mother that had saved his life for her own service. At that moment, it seemed to him, his eye turned inward upon himself, as if there were foolish irony in that friendly comment. He looked to himself rather one of the earth forces, supremely strong, waiting for some power to guide it.

"Elemental things are no good until they are harnessed and made to work," he heard himself saying, as in a trance; and then it was apparent she had not noticed, for she went on, —

"To be able to speak to any one as I speak to you! Playmate, it seems to me men might as well kill a child as kill women's innocent faith in love."

"But men love, too," he heard himself answering her.

"If I thought that! But when anything so beautiful turns into something base, and the creature we worshiped laughs and says it is always so, he kills something in us. And he can't bring it to life again. Neither he nor any other man can make it live. It is a dream, and the thought of it hurts us too much for us even to dream it over again. — What is that?"

Out of his web of pain he could only answer, —

"What, playmate?"

"Something sweet in the air."

That recalled him to his dear garden and the homely sanities that awaited him. He sat up and brushed the wet hair from his forehead.

"It is the lily field," he said. "A wind has risen. The flowers have been coming out to-day, and you get their scent." He laughed a little, tenderly, as at a child. "You said you never had enough of anything. You would have enough of them if you were there."

"Why should I?"

"The fragrance is so strong. You can make yourself drunk with it."

"Come, playmate! Take me there. Let us walk through them in the dark and smell them."

"No!"

"Why not?"

"It is n't good for you." He spoke seriously. "I know all about the preservatives of life, the medicines that keep us sane. I know we must n't go and smell strong lilies at ten o'clock at night. We must go home and say our prayers and brush our hair and go to bed."

"Do you say your prayers?"

"Not exactly."

"But almost?"

"Well, since I have known you, I say something or other to the heathen gods at night about making you safe and sleepy."

"The heathen gods?"

"Well, not precisely. Grannie's unknown God, I guess it is. Unknown to me!"

"Why do you say we must brush our hair?"

He laughed a little, yet soberly.

"I read it in a novel, the other day. There were two young women talking together while they brushed their hair. Then I thought of yours and how it must hang down your back like a golden fleece."

"That's in Shakespeare."

"It's in me, too. A golden mane, then."

"Do you like novels?" Suddenly she had back her absorbing curiosity over him.

"Not much. I have n't read many."

"Why?"

"It's best not. They make me discontented. Seed catalogues are better."

"But you are reading them now!"

"That's because you have come."

"What's that to do with it?"

"For the manners and customs. I want to know how young women behave."

"You know how Electra behaves."

"Electra behaves like a Puritan's god. If an early colonist had hewn him a deity out of stone, it would be like Electra."

"Poor Electra!"

"Yes. You're far happier, all fire and frost."

"But why do you read novels to find out about me? Why don't you observe me?"

"Because I don't see you in the light."

"But you will."

"Never!"

"Never, playmate? You hurt my feelings. What if we should meet face to face in the lily field at twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

He answered sternly, and she believed him.

"I should never speak to you again. You must keep faith with me, or we shall both be sorry."

"Why, of course!" Rose said it gently, as if she wondered at him. "Of course I shall keep faith with you."

She heard him rising from his place.

"Now," he said, "you must go home."

"Why must I? The little side door is never locked."

"No, but you have been through a good deal. We must take care of you."

"I feel as if I had all the strength in the world. I could waste it and waste it and then have enough to waste again."

"It is n't altogether strength. It's fire — the fire of youth. Bank it up and let it smoulder, or it will burn you up."

"How are you so wise, playmate? You are as wise as dear grannie."

He stretched up his hands in the darkness. The face he lifted to the shrouded heavens only the unseen citizens of the night could see, the beneficent powers that nurse and foster.

"It has been my study," he said, in a tone of awe, as if he had not before thought how strange it is never to squander. "All these years I have done nothing but think of my body, how to build up here, how to husband there. So much exercise, so much sleep, so much turning away from what burns up and tears. Well, I have done it. I have made myself into something as solid as the ground, as enduring as the rocks."

"Has it been — easy?" she ventured. "Have you liked to do it?"

"No, I have not liked to do it." Afterwards, in her own room, she thought of that question and understood the answer better. "I have never lavished anything," he said. "As soon as I saw what grannie was about, trying to give me a body to live in, I began to help her. We have done it. Sometimes I think she did it sitting there in her chair and praying to her God. I have n't done any spending. It has been all saving. But when the time comes, I shall spend it all at once."

She felt very far away from him.

"How, playmate?" she asked timidly.

He roused himself. "Never mind," he said. "That's not for us to think

about to-night. Now run home, child, and go to bed."

"But we have n't decided about me. What must I do?"

He was silent for a moment and then he said, —

"A long time ago, grannie told me what to do. She said, 'Do the thing you think God wishes you to do.'"

"But I don't know anything about God."

"Nor I, playmate. But I think very often about what grannie said."

"Have you tried to do it?"

"I have kept it in my mind."

It was her turn to brood in silence. Then she said to him, —

"It does n't seem to mean anything to you, — that thing — I told you."

"Everything you tell me means more than anything else in the world."

"But about Tom Fulton. I was not married to him. I lied about it. It is n't possible that I seem — the same — to you."

"You would always seem the same to me," he answered, — and she found herself smiling at the beauty of his voice. "How could you be different? These things are just things that happen to you. Should I like you less if you were caught in the rain, or got your pretty dress muddy?"

"How do you know it is a pretty dress?" she asked irrepressibly.

"Because it's your dress. Run home, now, and brush your hair."

She went at once, and, in spite of her doubts, lightheartedly. He made her feel, as the night did, that here in this present life, as in the outer universe, are great spaces still unexplored. Everything had possibilities. Sprinkle new pollen on a flower, and its fruit would take on other forms. Stretch out a hand and you might be led into unguessed delights, even after you were dulled with pain. Sleeping in the air even were forces to nourish and revive, dormant only because we do not call upon them. She smiled into the night, and her heart called believingly.

XIX

Madam Fulton sat on the veranda, in the shade of the vines. It was rather early in the morning, and Electra was about her methodical tasks. Billy Stark sat reading the paper, but nevertheless not failing, from time to time, to look up and give his old friend a smile. Madam Fulton could not answer it. She felt estranged in a world where she had failed to learn the values.

"Billy," she said, at length, "do you think she is right?"

"Who?"

"Electra. She says the money I got out of that pesky book is tainted money. Is it?"

Billy folded his paper and hung it over the veranda rail. His face began to pucker into a smile, but, gazing at Madam Fulton, it became apparent to him that she was really troubled. She even looked as if she had not slept. Her faint pinkness was overlaid by a jaded ivory. Her eyes interrogated him with a forlorn pleading. All his chivalry rose in arms.

"Hang the book, Florrie!" he said. "Forget it. You've had your fling with it. You wanted fun and you got it. Stop thinking about it."

"But," she persisted, "is it really true? Have I done a shocking thing, and is it monstrous to use the money?"

"You've been exceedingly naughty," said Billy. He eyed her with anxiety. "You ought to have your hands slapped, of course. Electra's done it, so far as I can see. So now let's get over crying and go out and jump rope."

"It is n't so much the book nor the money nor Electra. It's because I can't help wondering whether I'm a moral idiot. Do you think I am, Billy?"

"I think you're the gamest old girl that ever was, if you want to know. Let me have the horse put into the phaeton, Florrie, and we'll go out and jog awhile."

But she was musing. Suddenly he saw how old she looked.

"It's always been so, Billy. I never

was able to see things as other people saw them. These rules they make such a pother about never seemed so vital to me. It's all a part of life, seems to me. Go ahead and live, that's what we're in for. Growing things just grow, don't they? They don't stop and take photographs of themselves on the twenty-third day of every month. Now, do they?"

"Florrie," said her old friend, still watching her, "I'll tell you what you do. You just run away with me and come to London. We've got fifteen good years before us yet, if we take 'em soberly."

She seemed to be considering. Her face lighted.

"I could almost do it," she owned. "Electra's having me here helps out a lot, but I could almost do it — on my polluted gains."

Billy Stark looked into the distance. In his earlier years he had loved to ride and take his fences well, even when they loomed too high. He could not remember many great challenges in life; but what he had recognized, he had not refused. Everything he had met like an honest gentleman.

"Florrie," he said, "I shan't want to leave you here in Electra's clutches. You come — and marry me."

She laughed a little. It was sadly done, but the pink came back into her cheeks.

"As true as I am a living sinner, Billy," she said, "I'd do it, if I were half sure how we were coming out."

"Coming out?"

"Yes. If I thought I should be pretty vigorous up to the end, and then die in my chair, like a lady. Yes, I'd do it, and thank ye, too. But a million things might happen to me. I might be palsied and helpless on your hands, head nodding, deaf as a post — damn, Billy! I could swear."

"I might give out myself," he said generously. "You might be the one to tote the burden."

The old lady laughed again.

"The amount of it is, Billy, we're afraid. Own up. Now are n't we?"

Billy thought it over.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said contentiously. "I'm not prepared to say I'm afraid. Nor you either, Florrie. Come on, old girl. Chance it."

"I'll think it over," said Madam Fulton. The brightness had come back to her eye. So much was gained, at any rate, Billy told himself. "There's that handsome girl coming, Tom's widow. — Electra!"

Electra's scales were beginning, with a serious emphasis.

"I love to see them together," Madam Fulton said. "She makes Electra mad as hops."

Rose was coming very fast. She had the walk of women well trained, for the stage perhaps, the spring and rhythm of art superadded to nature's willingness. She wore no hat, and the sun made her bright hair brighter and brought out the tragic meaning in her face. She had been thinking in the night, and this morning forbade herself to falter. All through her fluctuating moods there had been a division of joy and dread. The perplexing questions of her past lay heavily upon her, but when she thought of Osmond, she was light as air. He made everything easy, his simplicity, his implied truth. She felt a great loyalty to what seemed good to him. Her conscious life throughout the night and morning became a reaching out of hands to him in the passionate asseveration that she would be true.

Electra came, in answer to Madam Fulton's call. She, too, was grave, but with a hint of expectation on her face. She had been looking for MacLeod. Since their meeting, she had done nothing but wait for him again. Rose was running up the steps. She glanced from one to another of them with a recognizing swiftness, and when Billy Stark rose and placed a chair for her, she thanked him with a word, and took her place behind it, her hands upon it, so that she faced them all. There was a momentary hush. Madam Fulton put up

her eyeglasses and gazed at her curiously, as if she were a species of tableau arranged for notice. Billy Stark felt uneasily as if this were one of the occasions for him to take himself away. Rose spoke rapidly, in her beautifully modulated voice, but without emotion.

"I want to tell you something. I was not his wife."

Electra was the one to show dramatic feeling. She threw her hands up slightly.

"I knew it." Her lips formed the words. Her triumphant glance went from one to another saying, "I told you so."

Rose stood there with perfect self-possession, very white now and with the chilled look that accompanies difficult resolution. She glanced at Madam Fulton, and the old lady met her gaze eagerly with an unbelieving query.

"For heaven's sake!" she ejaculated, "Electra, why don't you speak?"

"I lived with Tom Fulton as his wife," said Rose, in the same moving voice. She might have been engaged in the rehearsal of a difficult part. No one looking at her could have said whether she duly weighed what she was announcing. "I called myself his wife because I thought I had a right to. Other people would have called me a disgraced woman."

Billy Stark now, without waiting to find the step, walked off the edge of the veranda and was presently to be seen, if any one had had eyes for him, lighting a cigar in the peaceful garden. Madam Fulton had spoken on the heels of these last words. She brightened into the most cordial animation.

"This is the most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life," she commented, with relish. "Sit down, my dear, and tell us all about it."

"There is nothing more to tell," said Rose. Her eyes traveled to Electra's face, and stayed there, though the unfriendly triumph of it shook her resolution. "I had to say this because I must say, too, that I do not want money and I will not take it. I do not want to be known as Tom Fulton's wife. I was not his wife."

"You wanted it a week ago," said Electra involuntarily. She had made up her mind not to speak, not to be severe, not to be anything that would destroy the picture Markham MacLeod must have of her in his own mind; but the words escaped her.

"That was before —" Rose stopped. She had almost said it was before her father came, but it was borne floodingly in upon her that this was not alone the reason. It was before she had felt this great allegiance to Osmond Grant.

"Your father confirms you," said Electra, yielding to her overpowering curiosity. "He says you were my brother's wife."

"My father —" Rose held her head higher — "I have nothing to do with that," she concluded. "It is the truth that I was never married."

Electra turned away and went into the house. They heard her step in the neighboring room. She had paused there by the piano, considering, in her desire to be mistress of herself, whether she should not go on with her music as if nothing had happened. But the thought of Rose and her mastery of the keys forbade that, as display, and she turned away and went upstairs, with great dignity, though there was no one by to consider the fashion of it. There she sat down by the window, to watch for Markham MacLeod. Madam Fulton had been regarding Rose with an exceedingly friendly smile. The girl looked tired, though her muscles had relaxed with Electra's going.

"Come here, my dear, and sit down," said the old lady, indicating a chair. Rose shook her head. Then, as she found herself trembling, she did sit down, and Madam Fulton laid a hand upon her knee. "You are a very interesting child," she said, with an approving emphasis. "Now what in the world made you fall in love with Tom Fulton? Did he seem very nice to you?"

"I can't talk about him," said Rose.

It seemed to her as if now his shadow might be lifted from her. "It is over. He is dead."

"Of course he's dead. It was the best thing he could do. Well, well, my dear! What made you come over here and play this little comedy for us?"

The girl's eyes had filled with tears.

"I can't tell you," she answered. It was easy to defend her cause to Osmond; not to this eager creature who wanted to read her like a curious book. But Madam Fulton was almost whispering. She looked as if she had something of the utmost importance to communicate.

"I ask you, my dear, because I am thoroughly bad myself, and it's beyond me to understand why it's so important whether we are bad or good. And I thought maybe if you could tell me — did you know you were bad before you came and Electra found you out?"

Rose was looking kindly into the vivid face.

"No," she said, "I did n't think I was bad."

"That's it!" cried the old lady, in high triumph. "We don't any of us know it till they find us out. My dear, it's the most awful system — now, is n't it? You go on as innocent as you please, and suddenly they tell you you're a criminal. It's as if you made up your mouth to whistle, walking along the road, and somebody pounces on you and tells you whistling's against the law and claps you into jail."

Rose was smiling at her now, forgetful, for the moment, of her own coil, Madam Fulton seemed to her so pathetically young and innocent of everything save untamed desires.

"What under heavens does it mean?" Madam Fulton was insisting, with the greatest irritation.

"I must go now," said Rose. "I had to tell you."

Madam Fulton kept the detaining hand upon her knee.

"But where are you going?" she insisted. "Back to France?"

"No, I shall stay in America. I shall sing."

"Do you think anybody 'll want to hear you?"

"They 'll love to hear me!"

Madam Fulton eyed her smilingly.

"You're a brazen hussy," she said. "But of all things, why did you come here with your little comedy in your hand, if you did n't mean to play it out?"

"I did mean to play it," said Rose, laying her head back against the high rail of the chair. She closed her eyes, for again she felt the tears coming. "But I — got sick of it."

Madam Fulton nodded confirmingly.

"That's precisely it," she agreed. "We do get sick of it. We get sick of conduct, good or bad. They don't, the good ones. They go on clambering, one step after another, up that pyramid, and peering over the edge to see us playing in the sand, and occasionally, if they can get a brick, they heave it at us."

"Who are the good ones?" Rose asked languidly. "Electra?"

"Electra? She's neither hot nor cold. But she's of the kind that made the system in the first place."

"Grannie is good," said Rose absently.

"Bessie Grant? Yes, she's God's anointed, if there is a God. My dear, I love to talk with you, almost as much as with Billy Stark. You come and stay with me next winter."

Rose smiled.

"There's Electra," she reminded her.

"Bless you, Electra and I don't live together! I only visit her here half the year, to save my pocket-book. That's another proof of my general unworthiness. I flout her and mad her all the time. She would n't do that to me, but she'd drive me to drink trying not to. No, I've got a little apartment in town, like a hollow tree, and I crawl into it in the winter. You come, too, and I'll introduce you to all the people I know, and you can make 'em listen while you sing."

Rose was looking at her in a moved warmth and wonder.

"How kind you are!" she breathed.

"No! no! Only when you said you were a liar, and worse, I suddenly felt the most extraordinary interest in you. I feel as if you might speak my language. I don't know that I want to do anything bad, but I don't want to be kept so nervous trying to decide whether things are bad or not. You come, my dear — unless I marry Billy Stark. I may do that. I must, if it will plague Electra."

Rose gave her a quick glance, at once withdrawn, and while she allowed the last possibility to sink into the depths of her mind, Madam Fulton was interrogating her again.

"You don't think it is possible," she was urging, with the insistence of one who sees incredible good fortune, "you don't suppose you have n't any moral sense?"

She seemed to hang upon the answer. Rose, in spite of herself and the unhappy moment, laughed.

"I hoped I had," she rejoined, "but I don't believe I ever thought much about it."

Madam Fulton nodded quite gayly.

"That's it!" she cried. "Don't you see you have n't? When they have it, they're always thinking about it. It's like a cinder in the eye. My dear, you're just as bad as I am, and I thank my stars I've met you."

But all this touch and go was a strange, poor sequel to the task of that confession. It had all turned out very small beer indeed, except so far as Electra was concerned. Electra, Rose was convinced, in a moment of sadly mirthful fancy, was upstairs setting her judgments in order and decorously glad to have been proved right.

"I'll go now," she said, rising. She felt very tired with it all. "I've told you."

"But come again, my dear," the old lady insisted. "Be sure you come again. You are so understanding, I shall miss you sadly. Come every day."

Rose went down the garden path and noted, with some irony, that Billy Stark, still smoking, turned away into the grape arbor. It looked like the shyness of decorum. She could hardly know that Billy felt unable to bear any more revelations from womenfolk. And now she said to herself, "I shall have to tell grannie and I shall have to tell Peter."

Opportunity was easy, for Peter was at that moment coming whistling along the road on the way to Electra's. When she saw him, her purpose failed. He looked so boyish, so free and happy-hearted. How could she give him a sordid secret to keep, in place of their admiring comradeship?

"Where is my father?" she asked him, when they met and Peter had pulled off his hat and salaamed before her.

"Gone down to the plantation to see Osmond."

She took fright.

"To see Osmond! How does my father know anything about him? How does he dare — "

"Osmond sent for him," said Peter, turning to walk with her. He was tossing up his stick and catching it, in love of the day. "It's the first human being Osmond has expressed an interest in. But I don't wonder. Everybody wants to see the chief."

"Why should he have sent?" she repeated to herself.

"I'll tell you something," continued Peter. "The chief will tell you when you see him. He has been summoned."

"My father?"

"Yes. He is needed."

"Where?"

"He won't tell me. But it's urgent. It means canceling his engagements here. Of course there's but one supposition."

"Russia?"

He nodded.

"I wish I could go with him," he said impetuously:

She looked at him, and his face was glowing. She had seen that look so many

times on other faces, that wistful longing for the unnamed beautiful. It was what Markham MacLeod was always calling out in faces. They might be young, they might be the faces of those who had suffered long experience, but always it was those who were hungry, either with the hunger of youth or the delay of hope, the cruelty of time. He seemed to be the great necromancer, the great promiser. Could such promises come to naught?

"To leave here?" she suggested. "To leave — " she hesitated.

"I should n't leave Electra," said Peter simply. "When I met you I was going to ask her to go with me."

She stopped and held out her hand to him.

"Go," she said. "Go to her and ask her. I wish you luck, Peter — dear Peter!"

He did not look altogether a happy lover, as he stood holding her hand. He gazed at her, she thought, sadly, as if he dreamed of things that could not be. What was it in youth that made everything into twilight, even with the drum and fife calling to wars and victories? She was impatient with it, with deceiving life itself that promised and then lied. She took her hand away.

"Good-by, Peter," she said again, sadly now in her turn, because it occurred to her that after Peter should have seen Electra he would never again be her own good comrade. He would know. She left him standing there looking after her, and then, when he found she would not turn again, he went on his way. But Peter did not toss his stick up now. He walked slowly, and thought of what he meant to do.

They seemed to be walking with him, one on each side, Rose and Electra. It was chiefly the thought of Electra, as it had moulded him from year to year while he had been absent from her; but it was the delicate presence of the other woman, so wonderful by nature and so equipped with all the arts of life that the pleasure of her was almost pain. They seemed to keep a hand upon him, one through his fealty to her and the other by compelling and many-sided beauty.

(*To be continued.*)

A CURE FOR WINTER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

> For, lo, the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone —

yet the snow lies white upon the fields, the little river huddles under the ice, and a new calendar hangs against the faded wall. But the storm is spent, the sun is out, there is a cheery *drip, drip, drip* from the eaves, eggs are sixty cents a dozen, and I am writing to the golden cackle of my hens. New Year's Day and winter gone! No, not quite gone, with eggs at such a price; still, it must be plain to every one that I can have but little of winter left: eggs are liable to come down any day.

It would be different, of course, were I buying eggs at sixty cents — all the difference between a winter-sick and a winter-well condition. Selling eggs for sixty cents is a cure, though not for poverty when one has only thirty hens; but it is a cure for winter. The virtue, however, is not in the sixty cents. There is no cure for winter in mere money. The virtue is in the eggs, or, perhaps, it is really found in keeping the hens.

Keeping the hens, and the two pigs, the horse, the cow, the four boys, and the farm, for the year around, is a sure cure for winter, and for a great many other ills. In addition to the farm, one must have some kind of a salary, and a real love for nature; but given the boys and the farm, the love will come, for it lies dormant in human nature, as certain seeds seem to lie dormant in the soil; and as for the salary, one must have a salary — farm or flat.

The prescription, then, should read:

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A small farm of an acre or more,
A small income of a thousand or more,
A small family of four boys or more,
A real love of nature.

Sig: morning and evening chores; to be taken daily, as long as winter lasts.

This will cure. It is an old-fashioned household mixture that can be compounded in any country kitchen. But that is the trouble with it — it is a *home* remedy that cannot be bought of the apothecary. There is more trouble with it, too, largely on account of the regularity with which milking time returns and the dose of chores. But it is effective. A farm and congenial chores are a sovereign cure for uncongenial time.

Here on the farm the signs of coming winter are not ominous signs. The pensive, mellowing days of early autumn have been preparing the garden and your mind for the shock of the first frost. Once past this and winter is welcome; it becomes a physical, spiritual need. The blood reddens at the promise of it, the soul turns comfortingly in and finds itself, and the digging of the potatoes commences, and the shocking of the corn, the picking of the apples, the piling up on the sunny side of the barn of the big golden squashes.

A single golden squash holds over almost enough of the summer to keep a long winter away from the farm, and the six of them in the attic, filing the rafter-room with sunshine, never allow the hoary old monarch to show more than his face at the skylight. Pie is not the only thing one brings in with his winter squashes. He stores the ripe September in their wrinkled rinds, rinds all ridged and bossy with the summer's molten gold.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antitoxin before going into a fever-plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all this digging and picking and piling that lasts until warm weather comes again; and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after-harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after-harvest season, upon him, — upon him and his fields and woods.

The stores are all in: the acorns have ripened and lie hidden where the squirrels will forget some of them, but where none of the forgotten will forget to grow; the winged seeds of the asters have drifted down the highways, over the hillsides and meadows; the birds are gone; the muskrats' lodge is all but finished; the hickories and the leaf-hid hepaticas are budded against the coming spring. All is ready, all is safe, the stores are all in. Quiet and a golden peace lie warm upon the fields. It is Indian summer.

Such a mood is a necessary condition for the cure. Such a mood *is* the cure, indeed, for such a mood means harmony with earth and sky, and every wind that blows. In all his physical life man is as much a part of nature, and as subject to her inexorable laws, as the fields and the trees and the birds. I have seen a maple growing out of the pavement of a city street, but no such maple as stands yonder at the centre of my neighbor's meadow. I lived and grew on the same street with the maple; but not as I live and grow here on the farm. Only on a

farm does a man live in a normal, natural environment, only here can he comply with all the demands of Nature, can he find a cure for winter.

To Nature man is just as precious as a woodchuck or a sparrow, but not more. She cares for the woodchuck as long as he behaves like a woodchuck; so she cares for the sparrow, the oyster, the orchid, and for man. But he must behave like a natural man, must live where she intended him to live, and at the approach of winter he must neither hibernate nor migrate, for he is what the naturalists call a "winter resident." It is not in his nature to fly away or to go to sleep, but, like the red squirrel and the muskrat, to prepare to live up all the winter. So his original, unperverted animal instinct leads him to store.

Long ago he buried his provisions in pits and hung them up on poles. Even his vocabulary he gathered together as his word-hoard. He is still possessed of the remnant of the instinct; he will still store. Cage him in a city, give him more than he needs for winter, relieve him of all physical necessity, of all possibility of want, and yet he will store. You cannot cage an instinct nor eradicate it. It will be obeyed, if all that can be found in the way of pit and pole be a grated vault in the deep recesses of some city bank.

Cage a red squirrel and he will store in the cage; so will the white-footed mouse. Give the mouse more than he can use, put him in a cellar, where there is enough already stored for a city of mice, and he will take from your piles and make piles of his own. He must store or be unhappy and undone. One got into my cellar last winter and found it, like the cellar of the country mouse in the fable,

Full benely stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of beirris and nuttis, peis, ry and quheit —

all of it, ready stored, so that

Quhen ever scho list scho had aneuch to eit.

Enough to eat? Certainly; but is enough to eat all that a mouse wants? So far from being satisfied with mere meat was this particular mouse, that, finding herself in the cellar in the midst of plenty, she at once began to carry my winter stores from where I had put them, and to make little heaps for herself in every dark cranny and corner of the cellar. A pint, or less, of "nuttis" — shagbarks — she tucked away in the toe of my hunting-boot. The nuts had been left in a basket in the vegetable cellar; the boots stood out by the chimney in the furnace-room, and there were double doors and a brick partition wall between. No matter. Here were the nuts that she had not yet stored, and out yonder was the hole, smooth and deep and dark, to store them in. She found a way past the partition wall.

Every morning I shook those nuts out of my boot and sent them rattling over the cellar floor. Every night the mouse gathered them up and put them snugly back into the toe of the boot. She could not have carried more than one nut at a time — up the tall boot-leg and down the oily, slippery inside. I should like to have seen her scurrying about the cellar, looking after her curiously difficult harvest. Apparently, they were new nuts to her every evening. Once or twice I came down to find them lying untouched. The mouse, perhaps, was away over night on other business. But the following morning they were all gathered and nicely packed in the boot as before. And as before I sent them sixty ways among the barrels and boxes of the furnace-room. But I did it once too often, for it dawned upon the mouse one night that these were the same old nuts that she had gathered now a dozen times; and that night they disappeared. Where? I wondered. Weeks passed, and I had entirely forgotten about the nuts when I came upon them, the identical nuts of my boot, tiered carefully up in a corner of the deep, empty water-tank away off in the attic.

Store? The mouse had to store. She had to, not to feed her body, — there was plenty in the cellar for that, — but to satisfy her soul. A mouse's soul, that something within a mouse which makes

for more than meat, may not be a soul at all, but only a bundle of blind instincts. The human soul, that thing whose satisfaction is so often a box of chocolates and a silk petticoat, may be better and higher than the soul of a mouse, may be a different thing now; but originally it, too, had simple, healthful instincts, and among them, atrophied now, but not wholly gone, may still be found the desire for a life that is more than something to eat and something to put on.

To be sure, here on the farm, one may eat all of his potatoes, his corn, his beans and squashes before the long lean winter comes to an end. But if squashes to eat were all, then he could buy squashes, bigger, fairer, fatter ones, and at less cost, no doubt, at the grocery store. He may need the squash, but what he needs more, and cannot buy, is the raising of it, the harvesting of it, the fathering of it. He needs to watch it grow, to pick it, heft it, and have his neighbor heft it, to go up occasionally to the attic and look at it. He almost hates to *eat* it.

A man may live in the city and buy a squash and eat it. That is all he can do with a boughten squash, for a squash that he cannot raise, he cannot store, nor take delight in outside of pie. And can a man live where his garden is a grocery? his storehouse a grocery? his bins, cribs, mows, and attics so many pasteboard boxes, bottles, and tin cans? Tinned squash in pie may taste like any squash pie; but it is no longer squash; and is a squash nothing if not pie? Oh, but he gets a lithograph squash upon the can to show him how the pulp looked as God made it. This is a sop to his higher sensibilities; it is a commercial reminder, too, that life even in the city should be more than pie, — it is also the commercial way of preserving the flavor of the canned squash, else he would not know whether he were eating squash or pumpkin or sweet potato. But then it makes little difference, all things taste the same in the city — all taste of tin.

There is a need in the nature of man for many things — for a wife, a home, children, friends, and a need for winter. The wild goose feels it, too, and no length of domesticating can tame the wild desire to fly when the frosts begin to fall; the woodchuck feels it; carry him to the tropics and still he will sleep as though the snows of New England lay deep in the mouth of his burrow. The partridge's foot broadens, at the approach of winter, into a snowshoe ; the ermine's fur turns snow-white. Winter is in their bones; it is good for them; it is health, not disease — with snowshoes provided and snow-colored fur.

Nature supplies her own remedies. Winter brings its own cure — snowshoes and snowy coats, short days and long nights, the narrowed round, the widened view, the open fire, leisure, quiet, and the companionship of your books, your children, your wife, your own strange soul — here on the farm.

Where else does it come, bringing all of this? Where else are conditions such that all weather is good weather, — the weather a man needs? Here he is planted like his trees; his roots are in the soil; the changing seasons are his life. He feeds upon them, works with them, rests in them, yields to them, and finds in their cycle more than the sum of his physical needs.

A man lives quite without roots in a city, like some of the orchids, hung up in the air; or oftener, like the mistletoe, rooted, but drawing his life parasitically from some simpler, stronger, fresher life planted far below him in the soil. There he cannot touch the earth and feed upon life's first sources. He knows little of any kind but bad weather. Summer is hot, winter is nasty, spring and autumn scarcely are at all, for they do not make him uncomfortable. The round year is four changes of clothes — and a tank-sprinkled, snow-choked, smoke-clouded, cobble-paved, wheel-wracked, street-scented, wire-lighted half-day, half-night something, that is neither spring, summer, autumn, nor winter.

A city is a sore on the face of nature; not a dangerous, ugly sore, necessarily, if one can get out of it often enough and far enough, but a sore, nevertheless, that nature will have nothing kindly to do with. The snows that roof my sheds with Carrara, that robe my trees with ermine, that spread close and warm over my mowing, that call out the sleds and the sleigh-bells, fall into the city streets as mud, as danger on the city roofs, — as a nuisance over the city's length and breadth, a nuisance to be hauled off and dumped into the harbor as fast as shovels and carts can move it.

But you cannot dump your winter and send it off to sea. There is no cure for winter in a tip-cart; no cure in the city. There is consolation in the city, for there is plenty of company in the misery. But company really means more of the misery. If life is to be endured, if all that one can do with winter is to shovel it and suffer it, then to the city for the winter; for there one's share of the shoveling is small, and the suffering there seems very evenly distributed.

There is neither shoveling nor suffering on the farm, no quarrel with the season. Here you have nothing to do with its coming or going further than making preparation to welcome it and to bid it farewell. You slide, instead, with your boys, do up the chores early in the short twilight, pile the logs high by the blazing chimney, and — remember that there is to be a lecture to-night by the man who has said it all in his book; there is to be a concert, a reception, a club dinner, in the city, sixteen blissful miles away — and it is snowing! You can go if you have to. But the soft tapping on the window-panes grows faster, the voices at the corners of the house rise higher, shriller. You look down at your slippers, poke up the fire, settle a little deeper into the big chair, and beg Her to go on with the reading.

And She reads on: —

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

. . . . . .

And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

But you will be snow-bound in the morning and cannot get to town? Perhaps; but it happened so only twice to me in the long snowy winter of 1904. So twice we read the poem, and twice we lived the poem, and twice? yes, a thousand times, we were glad for a day at home that was n't Sunday, for a whole long day to pop corn with the boys.

A farm, of all human habitations, is most of a home, and never so much of a home as in the winter when the stock and the crops are housed, when furrow and boundary fence are covered, when earth and sky conspire to drive a man indoors and to keep him in — where he needs to stay for a while and be quiet.

No problem of city life is more serious than the problem of making in the city a home. A habitation where you can have no garden, no barn, no attic, no cellar, no chickens, no bees, no boys (we were allowed *one* boy by the janitor of our flat), no fields, no sunset skies, no snow-bound days, can hardly be a home. To live in the fifth flat, at No. 6 West Seventh Street, is not to have a home. Pictures on the walls, a fire in the grate, and a prayer in blending zephyrs over the door, can scarcely make of No. 6 more than a sum in arithmetic. There is no home environment about this fifth flat at No. 6, just as there is none about cell No. 6, in the fifth tier of the west corridor of the Tombs.

The idea, the concept, home, is a house set back from the road behind a hedge or trees, a house with a yard, with

flowers, chickens, and a garden — a country home. The songs of home are all of country homes: —

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view:
The gutter, the lamp-post, the curb that ran by it,
And e'en the brass spigot that did for a well.

Impossible! You cannot sing of No. 6 West Seventh, fifth flight up. And what of a home that cannot be remembered as a song! It is not a home, but only a floor over your head, a floor under your feet, a hole in the wall of the street, a burrow into which you are dumped by a hoisting machine. It is warm inside, She is with you, and the baby and your books. But you do not hear the patter of the rain upon the roof, nor the voice of the wind in the trees; you do not see the sun go down beyond the wooded hills, nor ever feel the quiet of the stars. You have no garden, no harvest, no chores, — no home! There is not room enough about a city flat for a home, nor chores enough in city life for a living.

For a man's life consisteth not in an abundance of things, but in the particular kind and number of his chores. A chore is a fragment of real life that is lived with the doing. All real living must be lived; it cannot be bought or hired. And here is another serious problem in city life — it is the tragedy of city life, that it is so nearly all lived for us. We hire Tom, Dick, and Harry to live it; we buy it of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. It is not so here on the farm, for here one has the full round of life's chores, and here, on a professor's salary, one may do all the chores himself.

We may hire our praying and our thinking done for us and still live; but not our chores. They are to the life of the spirit what breathing and eating and sleeping are to the life of the body. Not to feed your own horse is to miss the finest joy of having a horse, — the friendship of the noble creature; not to "pick up" the eggs yourself, nor hoe your own garden, nor play with your own boys! Why, what is the use of having boys if you are never going to be "it" again, if you are not to be a boy once more along with them!

There are some things, the making of our clothes, perhaps, that we must hire done for us. But clothes are not primitive and essential, they are accidental, an adjunct, a necessary adjunct, it may be, but belonging to a different category from children, gardens, domestic animals, and a domestic home. And yet, how much less cloth we should need, and what a saving, too, of life's selvage, could we return to the spinning-wheel and loom, as we go back to the farm and the daily chores!

She, harvest done, to char work did aspire,
Meat, drink and twopence were her daily hire.

And who has not known the same aspiration, — has not had a longing for mere chores, and their ample compensation? It is such a reasonable, restful, satisfying aspiration! Harvest done! Done the work and the worry of the day! Then the twilight, and the evening chores, and the soft, peaceful closing of the door! At dawn we shall go forth again until the evening; but with a better spirit for our labor after the fine discipline of the morning chores. The day should start and stop in our own selves; labor should begin and come to an end in the responsibility of the wholesome, homely round of our own chores.

Summer is gone, harvest is done, and winter is passing on its swiftest days. So swift, indeed, are the days that morning and evening meet, bound up like a sheaf by the circle of the chores. For there is never an end to the chores; never a time when they all are done; never a day when the round of them is not to be done again. And herein lies more of their virtue as a winter cure.

Life is not busier here than elsewhere; time is not swifter, but more enjoyable, because so much of life is left unfinished and time is thrown so much more into the future. There is no past on the farm;

it is all to come; no sure defeat, but always promise; no settled winter, but always the signs of coming spring.

To-day is the first of February, snowy, brilliant, but dripping with the sound of spring wherever the sun lies warm, and calling with the heart of spring yonder where the crows are assembling. There is spring in the talk of the chickadees outside my window, and in the cheerful bluster of a red squirrel in the hickory, No bluebird has returned yet: spring is not here; not quite, I hope, but it is coming, and so near that I shall drop my pen and go out to the barn to put together some new beehives, for I must have them ready for the spring. Winter! The winter is almost gone. Why, it is barely a month since I brought my bees into the cellar, and here I am taking them out again — in prospect.

The hives have just come from the factory "in the flat:" sawed, planed, dovetailed, and matched — a delightful set of big blocks — ready to be nailed together. You feel a bit mean, keeping them from the children. But the oldest of the boys is only six, and he had a walking bear for Christmas. Besides, when you were a *little* boy you never had many blocks, and never a walking bear. So you keep the hives. And how suddenly the February day goes! You hammer on into the deepening dusk, and the chickens go to roost without their supper. You would have hammered on all night, but the hives ran out. Five hives won't last very long; and you sigh as they stand finished. You could wish them all in pieces to do over again, so smooth the stock, so fragrant the piny smell, so accurate and nice the parts from cover to bottom board!

Winter! with January gone, and February two days short! It is all a fiction. You had dreams of long evenings, of books, and crackling fires, and days shut in. It still snows; there is something still left of the nights; but not half enough, for the seed catalogues are already beginning to arrive.

The snow lies a foot deep over the strawberry bed and the frozen soil where the potatoes are to be. Yet the garden grows — on paper? No, not on paper, but in your own eager soul. The joy of a garden is as real in February as in June.

And so the winter goes. For if it is not the garden and the bees, it is some of a thousand other chores that keep you busy and living past the present — and past the present is the spring.

I am watching for the phœbes to return to the shed — they are my first birds. I long to hear the shrill piping of the March frogs, to pick a blue hepatica from beneath the pines — for these are some of the things, besides cheaper rent, more room, more boys, fresh air, quiet, and a cow, that one lives for here on the farm. But I am not waiting, winter-sick, for I have stored the summer in attic and cellar; I am already having my spring — in prospect; and as for the actual winter, the snow-bound days are all too few for the winter-joys of this simple, ample life, here in the quiet, among the neighbor fields.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET MICROSCOPE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

To that rude scientist in dim historic time who first acquired the knowledge of a simple lens, how strangely must have come the wizardry of magnifying-glass. Before his wondering eyes his hand was doubled, blades of grass grew great, an insect seemed a monster. And when one day a brilliant dragon-fly fluttered within the microscopic field, what startled awe must have arisen in the gazer's soul to find upon its wings slight cords and filaments, veinings and colorings never before conceived. Yesterday our microscopic lore had reached a boundary, set fast as that which held mankind before those first experiments with light released the world until then hidden from the naked eye. The microscope of glass, with sunlit field, had come as near perfection as the hand and brain of man could reasonably achieve. To-day a single leap into the unknown dark gives new and living empires up to light, doubles the power of any microscope ever produced, revolutionizes the study of the infinitely small. A new aid to scientific discovery has done all this, a microscope with quartz lenses, using light far beyond all visible light, that of the ultra-violet.

Light comes to us in spherical waves which rise and fall like the restless waves of the sea. Still clinging to the old nomenclature, we speak of it as coming in rays as well as in waves. A convex lens, such as a burning glass, holds from its shape the power to take the light rays of the sun and bring them to a focus. So the camera, by use of a similar simple lens, takes the image of a summer landscape, transfers the light waves which proceed from tree or rock, and prints them on a plate covered with sensitive film. In both these cases the object is comparatively distant from the lens. Used thus, the simple lens converges light and concentrates its power. Change the distance between the object and the convex glass, bring it close, and the simple microscope results, which, like a reading glass above a printed page, diverges light from every letter and magnifies each word to twice or thrice its size. Instead of concentration, such usage gives diversion, and the printed word beneath the lens has, to our eye, swollen, widened and lengthened. If we combine these powers, and, having placed one lens to concentrate our light, use another like it to enlarge the image given by the first, we have a compound visual microscope. This microscope possesses in its simple form two lenses only: one placed directly above the object to be magnified and taking from that cause its name, "objective;" a second, the "eye-piece," below the eye, which magnifies yet more the object which the first has thrown into its range.

The light for such a microscope comes from the white light of the sun, or from its substitutes, the artificial lights of daily life. The rays which reach the instrument from window or from arc are caught on a reflector which directs them upward, passing them through a transparent slide on which the specimen rests. This object, being opaque, is seen through the lenses by reason of its contrast with the light around.

Two factors determine what a microscope can do: the light illuminating the object to be seen, the lenses, mirrors, or prisms which transmit its rays. Given the light most favorable for magnification, — given, too, the substance which will most perfectly transmit that light, — and the ideal microscope comes nearest to attainment. The microscope from which have come the vast advances of the

years past used sunlight, transmitted through, and by means of, glass. The microscope of the future, the ultra-violet, uses waves invisible to mortal eye, and transmits them through fused quartz.

To recognize the reasons for the change from old to new, we must understand that the crux of the problem, the reason why one microscope is better than another, lies in the resolving power of the instrument, its ability to separate two points closely together. Simple enough this seems, an act which we unconsciously perform every time we read a letter from a friend, separating *a* from *n* and *d* from *t*. Carry the matter further and new conditions rise. Take a beetle shining with gold and crimson armor. To the naked eye it shows a broad design. A simple lens gives definition to each varied part. Here are ridges, lines, and traceries. More powerful microscopes take up the work. Tiny crevasses now appear. Small differences in size and shape before unnoted suddenly spring into view. Each microscope, more powerful than the one before, presents new wealth of vision clarified! And as each latest, greatest telescope gives myriads of new stars to add to our known universe, so each increase in microscopic power gives realms unknown before, and all because of one supremely simple fact, — two points so close together that man has never seen them as two points before stand now distinct and separate.

Bit by bit, step by step, the cunning polishers of glass, the wise men who by mathematics figured out each lens, advanced on microscopic lines. Decade after decade showed microscopes revealing more, till in these latter years the limit of the instrument which used our common light was practically achieved. To pass that limit, new theories of construction must be opened, using the new beliefs in light transmission for which Abbé and others had done so much. Wonderful indeed are those conceptions which were ready for the worker's hands.

The gleaming wonder of the spectrum, shown by the filmy rainbow arch or cast by prismatic glass on wall or floor, had sorely puzzled many a philosopher ere Newton, with his master mind, took up the task of elucidation. He placed a prism so that it barred the path of light rays from the sun. They entered white. They emerged broken into a million wavering bands which ranged upward from red through orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo, to violet. That showed that white light must be made from all those parts. But Newton went still farther. He took the glimmering strands of color just achieved and passed them through a lens. Issuing from the rounded glass, the light came forth pure white as when it first entered the prism. So Newton proved that white light broken down gives all the colors of the spectrum, and conversely showed that all the colors of that spectrum joined produce white light. On the swiftness with which the light of any color reaches the eye depends the color sensation which we feel. A crimsoning sunset and the light green of the spring woods differ only, in color, by the rapidity of the waves. Red is the slowest color of the spectrum. Violet is the swiftest. Down far below the lowest wave of red we know that energy of similar kind exists, a light invisible, the infra-red. At the other end of the spectrum, far above the shimmering violet, range yet other invisible light waves, the waves of the ultra-violet. These are the shortest and the swiftest waves of all. It is a fact easily susceptible of proof that the swifter or shorter the wave, the greater the resolving power of any microscope, the closer together the points which it can separate. On that fact rest the principles which underlie the discovery of the new instrument.

White light is far slower than much of the ultra-violet light. It was not long, therefore, before scientific research began to turn towards the upper regions of the spectrum, seeking a source of illumination which should produce a new microscope. The experimenters who entered

upon this work were not many in number, but the chief centre of investigation was one known for its microscopes from Tokio to St. Petersburg, and from Buenos Ayres to San Francisco, — the house of Carl Zeiss of Jena. Dr. A. Köhler of their scientific staff designed the apparatus. Dr. M. von Rohr, another member of their staff, worked out the difficult computation of the objectives. At first the work progressed along the lines of violet light, which contains the shortest visible waves of the spectrum. As the research went on, however, it turned gradually but certainly towards the use of the ultra-violet. No simple problem lay before the workers. Microscopes had always depended upon the sun for light, and the use of a new illuminant meant an overturn of the work of many years. To obtain a microscope which should successfully substitute ultra-violet for white light, required a whole series of changes and developed new requirements which appeared in succession.

It was of the first importance to secure a source of energy which would give a constant unvarying supply of ultra-violet waves. Fortunately there was such a source at hand. If we pass an electric current between two poles made up of either metallic cadmium or magnesium, that is to say, if we form either a cadmium or a magnesium arc lamp, there will be given off a number of light waves, visible and invisible. Among these latter waves are some of the shortest and swiftest, and, as a result, some of the most useful of the ultra-violet. One serious difficulty with white light has always been what is known as chromatic aberration, its constant tendency to break down into its component colored parts. Look at an ordinary pin through a common lens, and see the red, yellow, or blue of the spectrum appear around it. The lens, unable to transmit the white light from the pin as a whole, has broken it down into its component parts as it passed through. For that reason, the matter of chromatic aberration has been a fruitful and continual source of trouble in glass lenses. It seemed especially advisable to do away with mixtures of colors in this new microscopic work, and to get rid of illumination made up of waves of different rapidity. That could not be done with white light or composition light, but it could be accomplished by taking a wave of a single length out of the ultra-violet. If that could be achieved, a light of a single tone would be obtained which could not break down when passed through lens or prism, because there was nothing for it to break into.

To separate out such a monochromatic ultra-violet light, to get it where it would illuminate the object below the microscope, and to pass it through the microscope itself, some substance other than glass had to be used. Glass, permeable as it is to white light, is opaque to ultra-violet waves. Place a bit of glass across the path of such rays and you raise as complete a barrier as if you raised a wall of iron. The search for some substance which would transmit these waves was long and arduous. It was ultimately found. Fused quartz would let the waves pass through. With that discovery, the two major difficulties were practically settled. The ultra-violet source of illumination was certain to give a far greater resolving power than white light had ever given. It would pass through quartz as white light does through glass. By quartz prisms the experimenter separated out a single-toned wave of ultra-violet light, passed it up to a quartz reflector, sent it from there through a slide, and finally through quartz lenses. At the slide where the object to be examined rests, be that object what you will, a colony of typhoid germs, or a group of blood corpuscles, opens a whole new set of difficulties. As ultra-violet waves are invisible to the human eye the appearance of an object illuminated by that light makes the word "illuminated" seem a misnomer. We see nothing but blackness. That lack of visual power might years ago have been a barrier, but now photo-micrography,

the art of photographing with a microscope, is so advanced that it offers an easy solution of that question. Photography can be accomplished without white light. Not only can it be accomplished, but it is far easier when done with ultra-violet waves, since the essential rays of white light which break down the chemical salts, and impress the image on a photographic plate, are the so-called actinic rays. These are found in greater quantity in the waves above the violet than in those below it. Photo-micrography, which uses the ultra-violet, gives beautifully sharp, clearly-defined images.

There is, however, another lion in the way before this process can be used. A camera or a microscope must be focused, the lenses must be so placed as to give a clear sharp image on the plate. When the eye can bring a sharp image from a blurred outline, focusing is a simple matter; but here, when the eye is of but little avail, it becomes a tedious and difficult process. An approximate focus can be obtained from that property of the ultra-violet waves by which they impart a glow, fluorescence, to uranium glass. In focusing by this process, a piece of uranium glass is placed on the slide on which the object is to rest, the light is turned on, and the microscope adjusted as the glow sharpens or grows dull. This is, however, more or less of an expedient. For more careful work, a series of films are exposed in succession. The focus is changed and noted for each exposure, and the one giving the sharpest image is chosen.

More than one microscopic tool which has proved a useful servant in the past becomes with ultra-violet light a serious hindrance. The ordinary microscopic slide on which the specimen rests is of glass, sealed with Canada balsam, a substance through which light passes exactly as it does through glass. Such a slide placed beneath an ultra-violet microscope instantly cuts off all illumination. None of the waves will pass through. Therefore the slides, like everything else through which the ultra-violet waves pass, were necessarily made of quartz. The old liquids which held the specimens were likewise impassable to the rays. To obviate this, a mounting fluid, a substance which would afford a food and home for germ growths, was prepared by using a solution of salt with agar (a nutrient), in distilled water. This mounting fluid gave nutrition, non-distortion, and, most of all, transparency to the rays.

When all these changes had been completed, a microscope was obtained of practically the shape and construction of a compound microscope, having eye-piece and objective of fused quartz instead of glass, having quartz prisms for transmission instead of glass mirrors, and slides of quartz instead of glass. The source of illumination had become short, swift, single-toned waves of ultra-violet, instead of long complex waves of white light. What will this instrument do? It will do just double what the old can accomplish. It will show an image of objects just half the size of the smallest the most powerful visual microscope in the world can show. Reduce it to that essential necessity already stated, the ability of the microscope to separate two points near together, and the figures show the tremendous advance. With glass lenses and visible light, the ultimate boundary for separating two such points is one twenty-thousandth of a centimeter. With quartz lenses and ultra-violet waves it is half that, one forty-thousandth of a centimeter. At one bound the new microscope has added one hundred per cent to the power of the old.

If the new microscope did nothing more than that it would be one of the great advances of the century, but there inheres in it another power which promises great future use to medical and biological science, — its action on organic tissue and micro-organic life. The science of microscopy, much as it has given to the world of knowledge which has to do with body-building, with disease, and with the infinitesimal inhabitants of our

world, has been at best a science of dead things. As the astronomer gazes at a dead world on the moon, so the microscopist has gazed through his lenses at a bacterial world made up of dead microorganisms, and of organic tissue hardened and distorted from its natural form. With the visual microscope such conditions were inevitable. The light of day would not show tissue properly until it had been so hardened and fixed by the fluids used in preparation that its normal appearance was gravely altered. It would not show cavity or bacterial form until some colored liquid which mapped out the specimen was injected into it. Such liquid perforce killed the specimen, yet it was essential to proper examination. To recognize the necessity for this, suppose for a moment that we desire to study the structure of a jelly fish. As we hold the semi-transparent mass up to the light, the cavities within by no means show their whole structure or extent. If, however, we could inject into them some brilliant crimson fluid which would fill every channel, we can readily imagine that every tube and hollow would stand out, mapped in red upon the yielding surface. So staining, for microscopic use, mapped out the specimen in the slide and gave clear definition, but as it gave that definition it killed or changed the substance.

As the experimenters carried on the new work and at last forced the light of the ultra-violet through every part, they first tried specimens prepared as for the visual microscope, but, to their surprise, they found that every kind of treatment, such as hardening, mounting, staining, made the specimen absolutely opaque to the rays. No result could be obtained. They went from prepared specimens back to fresh and live specimens. Right there developed one of the most interesting features of the whole matter, the fact that ultra-violet light is selectively absorbing. Just what does that mean? Simply this, that this light is so extremely sensitive to minute changes in the thickness of any substance through which it passes, that the slightest difference in density makes a marked difference on a photographic plate exposed to that light. Every hollow, every cavity of tissue must have a boundary wall to separate it from the flesh or tissue about it, and those walls must be thicker than the surrounding mass. With rays far more potent than those of white light the ultra-violet maps out the whole interior of a specimen, and shows the boundaries of every part. In like fashion a red staining fluid might map our jelly-fish example, or would map a microscopic specimen. That opens instantly, not only the world of organic tissue, unhardened, unmounted, and unstained, but it also opens a wide untrodden field, the study of the living bacteria. Sunlight would not reveal the history of the living germ. The ultra-violet can trace that history from its beginning to its end.

With the new microscope we can imbed a typhoid bacillus in a solution where it can live its allotted time of existence under constant observation. We are able to study germ processes of growth, methods of reproduction, the spread of disease, and the effects of inoculation. The winding way of the blood corpuscles, of those myriad travelers which carry with them disease and cure, can be traced as never before. The struggle between the toxins and the anti-toxins opens to our view. Once more, the ultra-violet microscope has not opened up a single road. It has opened up a new world.

No advance in science moves with ordered ease. Each new achievement comes from constant struggle, from a persistent overcoming of obstacles. The new microscope has been no exception to this rule. The effect of ultra-violet light upon living matter seemed at first a barrier which might check the onward movement. It was claimed that these rays, having serious physiological effects, would kill protoplasm and render it opaque to the short waves of light. This theory has now been proved incorrect. In recent experi-

ments typhoid bacilli were exposed to ultra-violet rays without harm for some forty minutes, an exposure distributed through a period of three hours. The focusing still remains a serious obstacle. Whether it be done by fluorescence, or by the taking of a series of photographs, the two methods already described, the process is long and vexing. The preparation of specimens has been difficult in the extreme, and the evolution of satisfactory mounting media, a matter of recent development, is still under discussion.

Until we have one vital piece of evidence, complete proof of what this microscope can do will be impossible. For that we should possess a complete series of comparison pictures, showing numerous instances of the same subject taken by ultra-violet and by white light under precisely similar conditions. An apparatus which will give us such an ocular demonstration is now under process of construction, and we shall in time have plates which show the exact relative values of old and new. Then pictures will tell the tale. Until that time we shall have to do our best with words.

So ends the beginning of the story. Only the beginning, for years of patient labor, tens and hundreds of researches, will not complete the tale. Yet a great thing has been done. The black spots on the earth-maps that stand for unexplored countries are growing smaller and smaller. The light is vastly greater than the shrinking dark. Few strange lands are left for the geographer to chart or for the explorer to search out. But in another world, the world of science, all about the light of the explored hang heavy clouds of the unexplored. Not a science but is inclosed by a blackness of unknown extent, which hides many of the basic truths of each individual branch of the study of nature and her laws. What is electricity? What is the ultimate composition of matter? What is life? How that list could be extended! Every now and then by patient search a key is found that unlocks a door in the black wall, and a great new country is opened to the explorer. Such a key has been found in the ultra-violet microscope.

UPON READING AN APPRECIATION OF ALDRICH

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

From the hard clamor of the brazen throat,
Man's moving legions in the metal street, —
How shall we find the tranquil old retreat
With thatchen quiet and the robin's note?
How shall we fly from millionaires that bloat
The yellow acres into pits of wheat,
Distilling commerce from the crocus sweet,
Straining a profit from the Shepherd's oat?

Ah, into thy cool close of verdurous verse,
Aldrich, I turn and find a green recess
Where the pure simples of Parnassus nurse
Mine ear offended, and my heart's distress —
Where rumble of the inevitable hearse
Stirs not a leaf of life's seclusiveness.

THE REVIVAL OF THE POETIC DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE divorce between poetry and the drama is acknowledged to be most unfortunate for both parties to the matrimonial contract; and those of us who have a warm regard for either of them cannot help hoping that they may be persuaded soon to make up their quarrel and get married again. The theatre is flourishing more abundantly than ever before; and the prose-drama of modern life, dealing soberly and sincerely with the present problems of existence, has at last got its roots into the soil, and is certain soon to yield a richer fruitage. Perhaps it is even not too much to foresee the possibility of a speedy outflowering of the drama in the next half-century, in the English language as well as in the other tongues. In all the earlier epochs of dramatic expansion, in Athens, in London, and in Madrid, in France under Louis XIV and again under Louis Philippe, the masterpieces of the art have been truly poetic, in theme and in treatment. Have we any reason to suppose that our coming drama will also be poetic, both in essentials and in externals?

If the law of supply and demand were as potent in the arts as it is in commerce we should be justified in expecting that return of the poetic drama which is eagerly awaited by all who cherish the muses. But when we station Sister Anne on the watchtower and when we keep on asking if she sees any one coming, we ought to have in our own minds a clear vision of the rescuer we are looking for. When we cry aloud for the poetic drama, what is it that we stand ready to welcome? Of course, we do not mean that bastard hybrid, the so-called closet-drama, the play that is not intended to be played. A mere poem in dialogue, not destined for performance by actors, in a theatre, and before an audience, may have interest of its own to the chosen few who can persuade themselves that they like that sort of thing; but it is not what the rest of us want. The poetic drama, in its most splendid periods, has always been adjusted to the playhouse of its own time. It has always been dramatic, first of all, and its poetry has been ancillary to its action. In the theatre, and not only in the library, do we desire now to greet the noble muse of tragedy with her singing robes about her.

The closet-drama is like poverty in that it is always with us; and it is far removed from the poetic drama which we hoped to see revived in our language. But what is the exact nature of this poetic drama that we long for? It is not — or at least it ought not to be — a sort of dramatized historical novel, full of high deeds and pretty words, a costume-play in blank verse, as empty of true poetic inspiration as the *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles or the *Richelieu* of Bulwer-Lytton. In the illuminating address on "Literature and the Modern Drama" which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones delivered at Yale in the fall of 1906, he asserted that playgoers on both sides of the Atlantic have a notion that a costume-play, with its scenes laid anywhere except in the last half-century and its personages talking "a patchwork diction, compounded of every literary style from Chaucer to a Whitechapel costermonger," has a literary distinction and a profound significance "which rank it immeasurably above the mere prose play of modern everyday life," and which give to the ravished spectator an elevation of mind and "a vague but gratifying sense of superiority."

Probably this notion is to be found in the heads of not a few playgoers, pleased

with the belief that they are revealing themselves possessed of fine literary discrimination when they pay their money to behold a costume-play in blank verse. But the clothes of long ago and the lines of ten syllables have no power in themselves to confer literary merit, even when they are united. These are but the trappings of the muse, often laid aside when she warms to her singing. They may deck a play wholly artificial, unreal, false to life, — and therefore wholly devoid of literature. It ought to be evident to all of us that an unpretending farce, which has happened to catch and to fix a few of the foibles of the moment, is really more worthy of serious critical consideration than a tawdry melodrama, bombasted with swelling sonorities and peopled by heroes strutting in the toga or stiff in chain-armor. It ought to be evident also that this farce, in so far as it has its roots in reality, is a better augury for the future of the drama and may have even more of the genuine literary quality than the more pretentious costume-play in blank verse, illumined by no gleam of the light that never was on land or sea.

Poetry, essential poetry, is not a matter of versifying only. Many a play in verse is prosy, whether written in French alexandrines or in English pentameters. Many a play in humble prose is shot through and through with the radiance of poesy. Perhaps the most truly poetic dramas of the end of the nineteenth century are the little pieces of M. Maeterlinck; and neither the *Intruder* nor *Pelleas and Melisande* is in verse. Certainly the most poetic plays of the middle of the nineteenth century are the delicious fantasies of Alfred de Musset; and *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, and its fellows, did not need the aid of verse. And it would be easy to give many another example. Aldrich's *Judith*, for instance, which is in verse, is not only less dramatic, it is in a way less poetic than his *Mercedes*, which is in prose. More significant still is the fact that the most charmingly lyric of all the comedies of Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, filled with the fragrance of young love and of perennial springtime, is very largely in prose. So is the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth, tense with tragic emotion lifted to the loftier altitudes of poetry.

It may not be too bold to suggest that Shakespeare knew what he was about. He had the right instinctive feeling; and he varied his instrument as the spirit moved him. Nothing will better repay study than the skill with which Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, for example, commingled blank verse and rhythmic prose and the plainer speech of every day, giving the verse to his nobler characters, Brutus and Cassius and Antony, letting the cadence of balanced sentences fall from the lips of those less important, and bestowing the simplest words on the mob of ruder citizens. A modern dramatic poet could scarcely have refrained from sustaining the whole of *As You Like It* and *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar* at the higher level of blank verse. And even Shakespeare's contemporaries had not his instinctive art. Massinger, for one, often used verse in plays of contemporary life, such as the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, which demanded rather the realistic directness of prose. This has led astray so many of the later imitators of the Elizabethans, — Sheridan Knowles, for example, whose *Hunchback* is in the blankest of verse.

The dramatic poets of the other modern languages have sometimes fallen into the same error. Augier's *Paul Forestier* deals with a highly emotional situation in modern life; but it loses more than it gains from its verse. Ibsen eschewed verse after he had written *Love's Comedy*, which is the least significant of all his modern plays; and he declared that prose was not only more appropriate to plays of contemporary character but incomparably more difficult. And who would venture to deny the title of poet to Ibsen? There is a stern and austere poetry even in *Ghosts*, while *When We Dead Awaken* is an almost ethereal alle-

gory. To recall these instances is to suggest a question. Do we not need to broaden our conception of poetry and at the same time to narrow it? We ought to be able to see that *When We Dead Awaken* and the *Intruder* and *On ne badine pas* are truly poetry, although in prose, whereas *Richelieu* and *Virginius* are emphatically prose, although in verse. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, said the mediæval proverb. Perhaps it may seem like bad manners to look Pegasus in the mouth; but it is good sense to see that he is entered for the right race before we bestride him.

Although the dramatic poets of other modern languages have also made the mistake of employing verse when prose would have served their purpose better, it is the dramatic poets of the English language who have most often been guilty of the blunder. And this is due, no doubt, to the weight of the example set by the Elizabethan dramatists. What these earlier poets did spontaneously, the later bards have striven to do by main strength. Most of the Elizabethans used blank verse indiscriminately, whether their theme was poetic or not. Even Shakespeare employed it in handling subjects essentially unpoetic, as in *All 's Well* and *Measure for Measure*. It is a question whether the overwhelming influence of the Elizabethans has not hampered the true development of a later English poetic drama. They set a standard; and they have been copied in their defects no less than in their virtues. Indeed, their defects have proved far easier of imitation than their finer qualities. Many of these failings are due to the fact that the Elizabethan drama is not really modern; it is semi-mediæval, being composed in accordance with the primitive conditions of the theatre of those spacious days, only a little more advanced than the platform in the market-place that served for the clumsier mysteries.

Our modern theatres, for which our poets must write, since the semi-mediæval playhouse has ceased to be, are very different; they are roofed and lighted; they have a stage set with painted scenery and seen through a picture-frame; and they impose conditions on the modern playwright very different from those which the Elizabethan playhouse imposed on the Elizabethan playwright. This may be a gain or it may be a loss; beyond all question it is a fact. Just as the drama of the Athenians would have been a bad model for the Elizabethans, so the drama of the Elizabethans is a bad model for the poets of to-day. This is not only because the earlier English plays were conditioned by the earlier English theatre but also because certain mediæval traditions survived, with the result that much that was not truly dramatic was tolerated in a play, and even expected. The stage might then be on occasion a pulpit or a lecture-platform, and the play might be also a rival of a dime novel or of a yellow journal. The absence of scenery tempted the poet to passages of pure description, just as the presence of actors who had been choir-boys tempted him to lyrics introduced often for their own sake. Nowadays the drama has shed these extraneous elements and is sufficient unto itself. The actors of our time have very rarely had a training as singers also; and the scenery of our time renders it needless for a poet to indulge in description.

The drama has cast out all that is undramatic and it has now no room for anything but the action and the characters. It is compacter than ever before; and it rejects not only description but also narrative. Its duty is to show what was done and the consequences of the deed; and it has neither time nor space for narrative for its own sake, however beautiful in itself. Here is one weakness of modern poets who write plays, — Mr. Stephen Phillips, for one. His verse is often epic or lyric or idyllic rather than dramatic. He is felicitous in polished narrative and in suggestive description, but he more rarely achieves the stark boldness of vital drama, when the speaker has no time and

no temper for fanciful comparisons or adroit alliterations, and when his phrase ought to flash out suddenly like a sword from its scabbard. His lines have often a beauty of their own, but it is a conscious and elaborate beauty, out of place when the action tightens and a human soul must be bared by a word. They lack that unforced simplicity, that colloquial ease, that inevitable naturalness which grip us in the great moments of Shakespeare.

How unadorned are the words of Viola and how full of meaning and of melody also, when she has told the Duke of her alleged sister's unspoken love. He asks,

> But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

And she answers, —

> I am all the daughters of my father's house,
> And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
> Sir, shall I to this lady?

Consider also how free from fine language and phrase-making, how completely devoid of simile and metaphor, and yet how vitally poetic, is the parting of Romeo from Juliet: —

> *Juliet.* I have forgot why I did call thee back.
> *Romeo.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.
> *Juliet.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
> Remembering how I love thy company.
> *Romeo.* And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
> Forgetting any other home but this.

The poetic drama which we are hoping for is not the closet-drama; it is not the mere costume-play in blank verse; it is not the empty imitation of the Elizabethan formula. Then what is it, if it is none of these things? It is a play composed in accordance with the conditions of the modern theatre, whether in verse or in prose matters little, but poetic in theme and poetic in treatment, as well as dramatic in theme and dramatic in treatment. It is a play at once truly poetic and truly dramatic, — only this and nothing more. It will not be a play like several of Hugo's, in which a framework of melodrama is draped with lyric splendor. It will not be a play with a commonplace subject decked with fine phrases and stuccoed with hand-made verses. It must be lifted up into poetry by the haunting beauty of its story. It cannot be made vitally poetic by any merely lyrical decoration. The story need not be strange or exotic or unusual; it may even be a tale of to-day and of every day, one of the old, old tales that are forever renewing their youth. Dramatic art has a right to follow the practice of pictorial art, when, in Whistler's sincere words, it was "seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions and all times, as did her high priest Rembrandt when he saw picturesque grandeur in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks."

The poetic drama which we are awaiting eagerly must be keenly dramatic and truly poetic; but it must not plead its poetry as an excuse for mere foolishness, and it must not give us characters who are not governed by common sense at the crucial moments of the action. The principle by which the dramatic poet must always be guided has been clearly laid down by Professor Lounsbury in his illuminating analysis of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon:* "The plot may be what you please. The story upon which it is based may be so far from probable that it verges on the impossible. But this, while objectionable, can be pardoned. What is without excuse is to find the characters acting without adequate motive; or, if the motive be adequate, to find them acting in the most incomprehensible way for rational beings." The acute critic then pointed out that Shakespeare is almost always unerring in his observance of this dramatic propriety. "The plot of his play may rest upon a story which is simply incredible, as is notably the case in the *Merchant of Venice.* All that Shakespeare asks is that the story shall be one which his hearers are willing to accept as likely to happen, whether in itself likely or not. This granted, there is no

further demand upon our trust in him as opposed to our judgment. We say of every situation: This is the natural way for the characters as here portrayed to think and feel and act. The motives are sufficient; the conduct that follows is what we have a right to expect."

When this test is applied to Browning's play we are told that "the characters throughout scrupulously avoid doing what they might reasonably be expected to do; while the things they might naturally be expected to avoid are the very things which they do not seem to conceive the idea of refraining from doing. The play consequently violates every motive which is supposed to influence human conduct; it outrages every probability which is supposed to characterize human action." In other words, Browning in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* has a perfectly possible story, which he has chosen to people with characters arbitrarily unnatural in their conduct, whereas Shakespeare in the *Merchant of Venice* has an almost impossible story, carried on by characters unfailingly natural. In Browning's play, "we are in a world of unreal beings, powerfully portrayed; for the situations are exciting, and the pathos of the piece is harrowing. But the action lies out of the realm of the reality it purports to represent, and therefore out of the realm of the highest art," — that realm of the highest art which easily includes Shakespeare's play in spite of the incredibility of its story.

Abundance of poetry, of power, of pathos will not excuse paucity of common sense in the conduct of the personages of the play. No bravura fervor of phrase will palliate sheer foolishness of deed. This defect may be more or less hidden from us when we read the play in the library, but it stands out undisguised and naked when we see the story bodied forth on the stage. There is then no excuse for any effort to apologize for it or to gloss it over. It is fatal, for the massed spectators in the theatre have sharp eyes and plain tongues and they resent every effort to make them admire a play which they find revolting to their everyday knowledge of human nature.

Nothing is more unfortunate for the future of the poetic drama than the frequent attempts of "superior persons" to dragoon the ordinary playgoer into the theatre to behold a play which he is certain not to enjoy. He resents being berated for not admiring that which has annoyed him by its artificiality or bored him by its clumsiness.

The attitude taken by many merely literary critics after performances of *Pippa Passes* or the *Sunken Bell* is distinctly harmful to the cause they have at heart. If these performances wearied the spectator, as they indisputably did, and if the spectator is scolded because he has failed to appreciate these alleged poetic dramas, the spectator is very likely to stay away the next time these merely literary critics seek to browbeat him into the theatre to see another poetic drama. Perhaps it is just as well for us all to remember not only that the playgoer knows what he likes, but also that he knows very definitely what he does not like. When he goes to the playhouse he wants to see a play peopled with recognizable human beings and affording him the kind of pleasure he expects in the theatre. He has no objection to poetry, if poetry is added to the play. He rejects poetry unhesitatingly, when he finds it proffered as a substitute for a play. He is in the present very much what he was in the past. The playgoers of Shakespeare's time did not have to be coerced into paying to see *As You Like It* and *Hamlet;* they went gladly, for they had been told that they would get their money's worth. The playgoers of Mr. Barrie's time have flocked to see *Peter Pan*, a truly poetic play, compounded of fantasy and reality.

And the example of Mr. Barrie is suggestive; he has succeeded on the stage because he has mastered its mysteries. We cannot expect a rebirth of the poetic drama until our poets turn playwrights or our playwrights develop into poets.

The poets must go to school in the theatre and learn the craft of the playmaker in his own workshop, as Mr. Barrie has done and as Victor Hugo did when he set himself to spy out the secret of the success attained by the melodramatists of the unliterary theatres. For a poet to compose a poem in dialogue, and then expect that some adroit stage-manager can lick it into shape and make an actable play out of it, — this is very much as if he should ask the monthly nurse to put a backbone into the baby after it is born. A poetic play must be dramatic in its conception, or it will never be a play at all. The fundamental principles of dramaturgy are not really difficult to acquire; and if a poet has it in him to be a playwright he ought to be able to get hold of the essentials of the new art without a prolonged apprenticeship. But he needs to feel, first of all, that it is an art, a very special art, closely connected with the actual theatre. If he begins by assuming an attitude of haughty disdain, he is not likely to find profit in his venture.

While some poets will choose to master the craft of the playwright, some playwrights will prove themselves possessed of the faculty divine. We are accustomed to consider the great dramatists primarily as poets, and we do not often look closely enough into their careers to observe that some of them began as playmakers, pure and simple. Shakespeare, for one, and Molière for another, were at first merely professional playwrights, composing their earliest pieces to please contemporary playgoers and revealing in these earliest pieces scarcely a foretaste of the abundant poetry which enriches their later and greater plays. No examination of the firstlings of their muse would have warranted any prediction of their extraordinary development in their riper years. And perhaps some of the professional playwrights of the twentieth century will rise to loftier heights as they grow in power and in ambition. They may burgeon into verse when the fascination of a truly poetic theme shall some day seize them.

But whether the revival of the poetic drama shall be due to the development of the playwright into a poet or to the education of the poet to be a playwright, it will not come unless all who are anxious to hasten its arrival firmly grasp the fundamental fact that whenever and wherever a poetic drama has existed it has been both dramatic and poetic, and that it has also been dramatic even more than it has been poetic.

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

II

BY J. O. FAGAN

THE problem of safety in railroad travel has been discussed, from widely differing points of view, by many conscientious investigators. The methods of these writers in marshaling facts and drawing conclusions are usually identical. The formula consists of a variety of accidents, a variety of causes, and a variety of possible or proposed remedies. For results, up to date, we have a library of information but not a suspicion of improvement in the record of preventable fatalities. Meanwhile, in the public mind there is confusion of ideas and considerable doubt as to the practical outcome of all this discussion. This is a natural state of affairs, for the reason that the only factor in the situation which is constant, and about which there is no difference of opinion, is the impotency of railroad people in coping with the difficulties.

Now, after all that has been spoken and written on the subject of efficient and safe railroad service, the problem remains, as at the beginning, essentially personal, social, and ethical in its nature. Nearly all questions in regard to it must, sooner or later, be thought out in this direction by railroad employees and managers. We may continue to work over and reconstruct our rules and to multiply our safety devices until we compel trains to creep from station to station; yet the problem will remain unsolved, the needless and disgraceful sacrifice of life will continue, until trainmen, enginemen, and managers put their heads together and agree to adopt a new code of railroad morals. My meaning when I allude to railroad morals should be clearly understood.

On nearly all railroads a given rule is obeyed at one point and disregarded at another, on account of different sets of conditions. This conduct leads to accidents when men who have habitually disobeyed the regulations at points where such action is harmless undertake to behave in the same way under conditions when a strict observance of the rules is vitally important. Generally speaking, managers are cognizant of this state of affairs, and thus in a measure they are morally to blame for it; but I do not think that they realize the extent of the evil, for the reason that any organized out-of-door supervision is unknown, and thus the report of an accident, that is to say, the result of these practices, is usually the first and only information on the subject that reaches the manager's office. The blame for accidents that happen in this way cannot be said to rest upon any particular class of employees or to depend upon their intelligence or length of service. Among the culprits you will find some of the oldest and most experienced men as well as some of the greenest. This goes to show that the trouble is inherent in the system, and a part of the everyday life and character of armies of railroad men.

But in a straightforward investigation of this nature it is particularly desirable to get hold of all the facts that can be used in any way to throw light on the situation, and there is only one method, as yet untried, for properly securing and emphasizing these facts. Let us call this the confessional method. In the hands of a competent witness it can be depended upon to furnish us with all the information necessary for a thorough

comprehension of our subject. This confessional method has nothing to conceal. It has no axe to grind, no interests to protect. It is born of a heartfelt appreciation of the seriousness of the situation on our railroads. Mindful of the ever-increasing and lamentable loss of life caused by the unstudied indifference and negligence of employees, as well as by the blindness of the authorities to the real issues and dangers, it approaches and takes hold of the problem somewhat in the spirit of the King in Hamlet, when in an agony of remorseful retrospection he exclaimed, "Try what repentance can: what can it not?"

That there is an urgent call for this confessional method of supplying the facts in this railroad business is capable of easy demonstration. When an accident takes place on a railroad, some kind of an explanation or reason for its occurrence is immediately called for. Consequently there is a lining up of opposing interests. A certain management has to be vindicated, certain employees to be defended. In the investigation that follows, an array of facts defensive and otherwise is brought forward in the interests of the opposing parties; but evidence and facts that are likely to reflect on both men and management, and perhaps on the handling of the case or of other cases by the Board of Railroad Commissioners, are studiously avoided. The facts that are suppressed in this way usually contain the heart of the whole business and are the very points in which the public is profoundly interested. An illustration in point will make this doubly clear.

About a year ago, in an accident near Troy, N. Y., five passengers were killed and many were injured. A special passenger train crashed into the rear of a regular passenger train. There is a sharp curve in the track a short distance above the scene of the collision. Had the special been handled carefully round this curve instead of recklessly, the accident would not have occurred. Caution, of course, is necessary in running round sharp curves, and the rules on all railroads are plain and emphatic on the subject. But the authorities who investigated this accident treated it as an isolated instance of individual carelessness. Within a period of six months these gentlemen are called upon to pass judgment on probably twenty wrecks, every one of them bearing the same earmarks of disobedience as this disaster near Troy, yet no one ever dreams of hunting up a common cause for dozens of accidents that are exactly similar and brought about in the same way. To be precise, this accident at Troy was the result of a habit. At a glance we perceive that the public is a hundred times more likely to be interested in the uprooting of such a bad habit as running recklessly round curves than it is in placing the responsibility or punishing the offender in any particular instance. Yet who ever heard of a verdict that placed the blame for an accident on a habit? The reasons for the oversight are obvious. A dangerous habit, long continued and unchecked, is a decided reflection on men and management, and, indeed, on the Railroad Commissioners, whose vigilance it has escaped; and consequently no evidence or facts in regard to these bad habits are ever permitted to find their way into investigations. It will be evident therefore that the confessional method can be profitably employed in supplying a few missing links in our knowledge of actual conditions and methods of operation on the railroads.

To begin with, it will be well to take note of an estimate, made after a careful study of the figures, that fully eighty-five per cent of the fatalities that occur on our railroads can be directly traced to the negligence of employees. Regardless of the accuracy of this estimate, it certainly points to a very serious state of affairs. In studying the nature of these accidents and the conditions under which they take place, one cannot help being impressed with the fact that almost every possible way in which trouble can occur on a

railroad is foreseen and provided for by some rule or safety device. So carefully has the ground been studied and worked over, that in every case of preventable accident it can almost be taken for granted that an employee is to blame. That is to say, the management of a railroad is always found to be impregnably protected by the rules and regulations from any direct responsibility. But after all, this is only one side of the shield, for clearly the moral responsibility of a railroad manager cannot be said to cease with the printing of a batch of rules or the erection of a system of signals. It is not only necessary that rules should be plain and sufficient in themselves to prevent accidents, it is also equally essential that reasonable and systematic efforts should be exerted to enforce them. On a railroad, as elsewhere, the means employed for the supervision of personal conduct and for the enforcement of necessary rules are all included in the term discipline. Without some organized and effective system of discipline no industrial establishment of any kind can be successfully administered. On railroads in particular, the department of discipline is intimately related to the interests of the traveling public. Let us then examine in a practical manner the nature and methods of the discipline that is in force at the present day on what may be considered the most important railroad in New England. A little personal experience will throw the necessary light on the subject.

Some time ago, happening to notice that important regulations were being habitually ignored by a certain class of employees, the writer called the attention of the management to the matter. In this way, from time to time, many cases of simple negligence, which had no serious consequences, were reported to superintendents. Thinking it all over, the writer finally became anxious to find out just what disposition was made of these reports. For it must be apparent to any thinking person that the practical value of any system of discipline must always depend upon the efforts that are put forth and the success that is achieved in checking and in preventing the repetition of these instances of what may be called trouble in the bud. The reports to which I refer were acknowledged by the management, and there the matter ended. But as I happened to be studying the subject at the time in a systematic manner, I was by no means satisfied with this abrupt conclusion. So I made an investigation on my own account, and easily discovered that practically all other interested employees were unaware of and had not been notified in regard to the violation of these rules because, as the men explained, nothing had happened. That is to say, it was necessary to hurt somebody or smash up a few carloads of freight before any efforts could be exerted according to the rules to put a stop to the negligence. This became very clear to me, when, upon making further inquiries, I was informed that the men had been disciplined to the full extent of the rules. Now my object in the investigation was not to get at the nature or the amount of the discipline, but simply to be able to arrive at an estimate of its value in checking and restraining others from committing similar mistakes. In this way I soon arrived at the conclusion that a system of discipline that works in the dark in this way is of no practical value whatever. It is a weakness of management which positively undermines the operating department and leads the way to all sorts of disaster and loss of life. Its continued existence in practical railroad management is a standing menace to the safety of the traveling public. As a matter of fact, lives are still being frequently sacrificed and much property is almost daily being destroyed as direct tribute to this almost incomprehensible system of discipline.

The exact method by which this system is put into operation, and the regulations which govern employees in regard to it, will be understood from the follow-

ing extracts from general orders on the subject, issued by what is sometimes considered one of the best managed railroads in the country: —

"The System of Discipline by Record having proved beneficial both to the road and to employees, it has been decided to extend the same by the addition of merit marks. . . .

"Each employee will be promptly notified of unfavorable entries made in the record book opposite his name. He will upon request be shown his record at any time, but will not be permitted to see the record of another person.

"*Bulletins, omitting name, date, train, and location*, but containing facts and conclusions and such comment as is applicable, will be issued from time to time if considered necessary."

The significance of this general order to employees should be thoroughly understood. Practically interpreted it means that when an employee commits a mistake or is guilty of negligence that endangers life and property, the affair is to be looked upon as a secret. This interpretation is correct according to the actual operation of the system on the railroads. Neither in the interests of the public safety nor for any other reason can the facts in the case, as regards date, name, location, and train, be utilized or published for the prevention of future accidents of a similar nature. This is the law of the road, and while it remains in force any employee can claim the full benefit of its provisions. The practical illustration in my own experience given above is fully explained and accounted for by this general order. But the most astonishing feature in relation to it is that with the records before us it should continue to be considered and heralded as "beneficial" either to the railroads or the employees, not to mention the public. For a full explanation of this peculiar state of affairs we must turn to another quarter.

It is a well-known fact that the American railroad man, the trainman and engineman in particular, has deep-rooted objections to being "posted" in any way. We have consistently emphasized our objections from the time, years ago, when our likes and dislikes first began to cut a figure in the plans of the management. So to-day we are prepared to go to almost any extreme rather than submit to any system of discipline that will publish our mistakes and advertise us personally by name as examples, even although such action can be shown to be absolutely indispensable for the proper safeguarding of life and property. With all the facts against us we think we can be trusted to render the best service and to live up to the rules without the assistance of publicity in any form. We consider discipline to be a private matter, to be settled between ourselves and the management, and thus the workings of the system have been arranged without any reference whatever to its effect on the interests of the millions of people whose lives are placed in jeopardy by its arrangements. As a matter of fact, then, the system of discipline which I have described is the result of long-continued pressure and consequent concessions by the management to the demands of employees. These concessions have been granted for the most part in the interests of harmony. What the exact nature of this force or pressure is, which, acting on behalf of railroad employees, has been able to influence railroad legislation and management to the total exclusion of the public interests, calls for the closest investigation.

A short time ago, in a report issued by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, President Mellen stated that so far as his system of roads was concerned, increase of pay had invariably been followed by decreased efficiency. Mr. Mellen, of course, has the reports and the figures to substantiate his opinion. The statement is plain enough, although its meaning is somewhat obscure. That decrease in efficiency has been the natural sequence and effect of higher wages, or that men lose interest in their

callings or grow more careless in their habits with every addition to their material prosperity, is manifestly absurd. Mr. Mellen has not informed us that he looks upon the matter in this light, although his words may reasonably be considered to bear some such interpretation. Be this as it may, he certainly calls attention to a very uncomfortable coincidence. In effect Mr. Mellen's words may be taken as a direct challenge to railroad men to come forward and explain a state of affairs that has the appearance of being very much to their discredit. The implied challenge can be immediately and concisely replied to in this way. The efficiency of the service rendered by employees to the New Haven road has by no means been impaired or decreased by any consideration of wages whatsoever. Nevertheless, the power or pressure that induced Mr. Mellen and other railroad managers to add large sums to their pay rolls is also responsible, by the exercise of its influence in other directions, for the decreased efficiency. *Increase of pay and decrease of efficiency are both indications of loss of grip by the management.* Hidden away in this simple statement there is a whole world of significance. Here are fundamental facts, from a fearless consideration of which we shall be able to derive a logical and clean-cut explanation of the present situation on American railroads.

The force or influence to which I call attention is of course the Railroad Labor Organization. But it should be clearly understood that my conclusions in regard to these unions are not to be taken as a reflection on their character and work while acting in legitimate channels. The debt we railroad men owe to our organizations admits no question. The beneficial results are before us in almost every department of the railroad business. They have established a fraternal feeling among us. On all sides they have aroused a spirit of mutual helpfulness. They have also succeeded in advancing wages and in this way contributed to the comfort and prosperity of almost every man in the service. Furthermore, they have been particularly active in inciting legislation for the protection of life and limb among workers. These facts must not be forgotten or minimized, for they are worthy of all commendation. But in this matter of the personal conduct and efficiency of railroad men in relation to these terrible railroad accidents, we have first of all to consider the paramount interests of society; and while humanity has no quarrel with the unions while they attend to their legitimate business, it certainly can be said to have a grievance against them that calls for prompt attention and remedy. This grievance consists in the fact that for a great many years, the influence of the railroad labor organizations has been consistently exerted, not only to raise wages and to improve conditions, which of course is perfectly proper and justifiable, but also to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to or consideration for the paramount interests of the traveling public. It is not necessary to quote paragraphs from these agreements, which for the most part are secret documents. Given two angles of a triangle, it is an easy matter to calculate the dimensions of the third. Similarly, given the actual conduct of the men and the behavior of the management in relation to it, we can derive very accurate conclusions in regard to the work and power of the organizations.

Yet let no one imagine that this interference with the management in the matter of discipline is brought about by design or is directly intentional. On the contrary, in a very natural way, it has grown out of a system whose main object has been to secure justice and equal rights for every individual employee. But unfortunately, in pursuing these personal ends and objects, the rights of the community have been forgotten. It is easy to demonstrate that in the railroad business

this fair play to the individual frequently means a sacrifice of the public interests. In the operating department of a railroad illustrations of this point meet us at every turn.

In any ordinary business establishment there is at all times a certain amount of weeding going on for the good of the business. This is done on the personal judgment and initiative of the manager. In this way a high average of efficiency is attainable in all departments. But in the railroad business no such personal action on the part of a superintendent would be tolerated for a minute. It is surely reasonable that among the thousands of men who enlist in the railroad ranks there will be many who after a while will give evidence of unfitness for the service. Regardless of the power of the superintendent in theory, these men, if they are members of an Order or Brotherhood, *must actually hurt somebody or do considerable damage to property, before they can be removed.* That is to say, there is no elimination of weak spots until something happens. But this is not all. When a vacancy occurs in the service, it is immediately advertised, and the oldest bidder in point of service takes the position. In some of the agreements with the management the seniority rule is said to be absolute, in others it is modified by the clause, "with the approval of the superintendent." But in a business of the nature of a railroad the public interests demand that at all points the best available man should be in charge, regardless of his length of service or his rights as an individual. But the labor organizations do not permit the public interests or those of the corporation to interfere with what they consider to be the just and inalienable rights of each and every employee. Applied to the railroad business, the fixed principle that every man shall take his turn is fundamentally wrong and demoralizing. It is one of the wedges that are being used to destroy personal supervision and management and to substitute management by machine methods. In my opinion its tendency is in the interests of poor service. Healthy competition in good behavior is almost obliterated, while honest ambition and *esprit de corps* get very little encouragement. It has the general effect of removing the attention of employees from the management and concentrating it steadfastly upon the organization, that is to say, upon the source from which increase of pay and all other blessings are expected to flow.

Of course, I cannot expect railroad managers to agree at all points with my estimate of their powers and functions, or of the helpless situation in which they now find themselves. Just at present, however, I am not interested in opinions from any quarter. The facts that interest me, and I think the public as well, relate to what these railroad managers have done in the past and are actually doing at the present day, with such powers as they possess, in the interest of safe and efficient railroad service. It may be very interesting to be informed that a superintendent has the power promptly to discharge an engineman for running a danger signal and placing the lives of five hundred passengers in utmost peril, but it is much more to the point to impress upon the public mind that the action of the official will not amount to a snap of his finger if an organization puts down its foot and signifies its opinion to the contrary. Illustrations of these facts are not far to seek. Only a short time ago an engineman was promptly discharged for disregarding a signal in a most inexcusable manner. The case was passed up higher for the approval of the general manager. Meanwhile the man had discovered some kind of an excuse for his action, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter. There being a total difference of opinion between the management and the grievance committee, the heads of different organizations were summoned from some western city to help straighten out the deadlock. After a while the man was put back on his en-

gine and the report passed round that the case had been settled in this way, in the interests of harmony. No wonder the superintendent who was concerned in the matter threw up his hands in disgust and exclaimed, "What's the use?"

This method of interfering with the regular course of discipline may perhaps be proper and commendable in a cigar factory or a cotton mill, but on a railroad, where the lives of countless people are dependent upon obedience to the rules, its effect upon the service is absolutely fatal. But unhappily this is not the whole story, for it must be confessed that the public frequently joins hands with the organizations in defeating the ends and aims of discipline. After some of the worst and most inexcusable accidents that have ever occurred on New England railroads, petition has followed petition into the railroad offices with the expressed object of influencing the management to reinstate men in the service who have been convicted of inefficiency or unpardonable carelessness. Of course a superintendent should thoroughly investigate every case on its merits, but the verdict of the management should be final. The wisdom of this policy might be questioned if superintendents were political appointees or owed their positions to "graft" or "pull." As a matter of fact these men are among the hardest worked, most thoroughly capable and conscientious men in the United States. No combination of opinion from the public, the railroad commissioners, and the labor organizations is half as likely to be just and impartial as the individual judgment of the superintendent on the spot. The following significant remark by one of those gentlemen may well be taken to heart by the public as well as by employees: "With a free hand, we could put a stop to this killing in a week."

The story of railroad management is now before us, and the record of accidents all over the United States is the price that is being paid for it. As I have described the situation, the circle of cause and effect is now complete. Beginning with the negligence of employees, which must be considered as the primary cause of these accidents, I next took up the matter of discipline, whose function it is to control and put a stop to this negligence. The system was found to be altogether inadequate and useless. Finally, I attempted to demonstrate that the labor organizations are responsible for the nature of this discipline, and thus indirectly for the accidents that have resulted from its inefficiency. Systems of discipline vary on different roads; nevertheless these contentions are sound and universally applicable, for the blight of interference with the management has in greater or less degree withered every system of railroad discipline in the United States, and exposed the traveling public to the mercy of service that is inefficient and demoralized.

For the rest, it will be evident that the foregoing diagnosis of the situation bears on its face unmistakable indications of the nature of the cure. At all cost interference with discipline must cease. This conclusion admits no compromise. At the present day every decision made by a superintendent is practically subject to the approval of the Grievance Committee. But this is not all: the railroad manager is handicapped and held up at every turn. In his dealings with the labor problem, if by any possibility he manages to escape the fire, it can only be by taking refuge in the frying-pan. An illustration in point is the problem of keeping expenses within reasonable limits and at the same time administering discipline to the very men who, backed by powerful organizations, are continually insisting upon additions to the pay-rolls.

But now, granting the situation and the difficulties as I have described them, in what direction are we to look for relief? As it seems to me, an unmistakable expression of public opinion would, in the first place, go far in starting us all thinking and working in the right direction. But even this will have little effect until railroad men wake up out of the self-

satisfied trance in which at present they seem to be comfortably slumbering. Time was when our forgetfulness of the public interests could be accounted for by our own poverty and sufferings. But these unhappy conditions no longer exist, for to-day we are probably as well paid and otherwise as well provided for and equipped as any class of workers in the United States. Nevertheless, when we are informed that in the year 1906 ten thousand people were killed and one hundred thousand injured on American railroads, the knowledge does not seem to "give us pause" in any way, or to ruffle our individual self-satisfaction; while our organizations look at their surroundings silently and impassively as the pyramids and obelisks look upon the Egyptian deserts.

But affairs have now come to such a pass on the roads that at last we are imperatively called upon to answer questions and explain our position. Our best friends are beginning to criticise us. They remind us that interference with discipline is in reality an attempt to take part in its administration, and that our unions were never intended or organized for that purpose. For a great many years an educational campaign has been in progress all over the country for the purpose of reminding us of our duties and obligations to our unions. This educational method has been extremely successful, and has brought into being armies of laboring men thoroughly loyal and self-centred. But the result of this system on the railroads has been so disastrous to human life that at last we are beginning to realize that there is a limit even to the pursuit of our individual well-being.

In paying attention, even at this late date, to the higher call of the social conscience, we railroad men shall enter a new world with brighter prospects and a wider horizon. The nobility of labor has always been the proud watchword of American civilization. Let us be watchful lest we forfeit our claim to share in this national distinction. By recognizing our duties and responsibilities to society in our treatment of these railroad problems, we shall finally take our place in line with those who through sacrifice and high endeavor are destined, in good time, to cut out their way to industrial freedom.

SOCIETY AND AMERICAN MUSIC

BY ARTHUR FARWELL

America, with the present generation, has fairly launched her native musical life. Just when the conditions have seemed most unpromising, in the midst of a commercial civilization, in the midst of so much of brutality and hurry in American life, the composer, the creator of an ideal world of tone, appears in our midst. Orpheus, in Hades, in some respects, could have found scarcely less congenial surroundings. There may be those who regard this impulse in our national life as untimely and misguided. Evolution, however, seldom produces unnecessary species, and may not the appearance of this one be providential, its purpose regenerative, and its existence to be cherished by every means in our power? Certainly, if we were to have no use for the American composer he would not have been given to us; if the time for his labor were not ripe, he would not be here. And certainly, while there are any of us left who regard art as something more than an elegant amusement imported from Europe for a wealthy

few, — who see the deep need of art, in the broad and simple sense used by William Morris, as an inseparable beautifying element in the daily life of each of us, as maker or user, — we can ill afford to let slip the present opportunity of helping to birth in our own land an art which, if cherished, is unsurpassed in its power to lift our lives above the sordidness and routine into which so many conditions of the time would draw them.

Even the severest critic of American music — and most of the critics vie with one another for this title — cannot deny the presence of an extraordinary and ever-increasing creative impulse in American musical art. While, for reasons to be considered, no American works in large forms come to general public performance, and but few to an occasional hearing, every year witnesses a notable increase of orchestral works, chamber music, piano and vocal works, and other compositions by American composers. Of smaller piano compositions and songs, the seasons bring forth an appalling quantity, and too often, it is true, an appalling quality as well; yet in the midst of this saturnalia appear many works of true distinction, of breadth and beauty, works infinitely in advance of those usually chosen to represent American music on artists' programmes. And from time to time an American opera rises from the composer's consciousness to completion — never to performance — and sinks again into a mysterious obscurity, oblivion, or temporary neglect, we are fain to know which.

It is not the purpose of this inquiry to seek to appraise this musical output. Musical students and musicians of high standing, who make it their especial task to follow every development and apprehend every musical revelation of modern Europe, and who are familiar with every advance of American music, know that our composers have produced many works surpassing a great amount of the current European music which fills our programmes in the United States. These programmes by no means consist wholly of the works of the great epoch-makers of musical history. If they did there would be nothing to say, for scarcely any American composer, however indispensable and vital to our national musical evolution, could successfully lay claim to having produced a major deflection in the course of the world's musical history. It is very probable, however, that musical tendencies already manifest in this country will eventually produce such a deflection. Our programmes, it is plain to see, are not made up from the few great masters who have hewn out the main channel of music's progress. Society would not tolerate such a diet. They contain a vastly greater proportion of lesser works. Some of these are obvious and charming, and introduced merely as a foil to weightier works. Others are more pretentious and represent the general effort of contemporary Europe for musical advancement, an effort offering examples often no whit better than those which represent American progress, and in many cases not so good. For oftentimes mere virtuoso tricks are proffered upon the artist's programme, and it is well known that we are not without genuine thinkers among our foremost composers.

Now it is precisely this general effort toward musical advancement which is the soil that finally produces the powerful master. When it becomes easy and common to do well, there suddenly arises one who can do infinitely better, and who would never have existed except for the general culture and effort. The universal nourishment of this culture is essential to the production of masters. Of many bards, one becomes a Homer. After generations of effort, when the technical equipment was insufficient and the national spirit too unawakened artistically to admit of the development of a pre-eminent individual, our nation is at last paralleling the general status of European musical culture. The conditions for powerful individual development are

no longer lacking, and in fact we now see one after another of our composers striking high above the international average.

To this question, then, does the matter at last resolve itself. Why do not the more excellent American compositions find a generous and adequate, nay, even a just, or, at the least, an appreciable representation upon American programmes? Why does not American society, in the broad sense of the term, support American music? Is it neglect on the part of society, or is it unworthiness on the part of the composer? But for my belief that we are about to witness a great and far-reaching revolution in this matter, the question would not have been broached. But there is at present every indication of such a revolution. The subsoil for this movement was prepared long since, when our popular music came into its own. More recently the discussion of a "national American music" and of "American" folksongs has arisen, and if no conclusions have been reached, a most important circumstance has resulted, namely, the stirring up of the rank and file of the American people to the study of the works of American composers. Individuals and clubs in all parts of the United States are taking up the study of American music, and there remains but one more step, — and that one sure to be taken, — its general acceptance by American society. Yet there still remain formidable obstacles, the nature of which must be more generally recognized before the final establishment of American music in American musical life can be brought about. We must glance at the causes of the present condition.

The time was when we had nowhere to look but to Europe for our musical art. We accepted European music as a starting-point, as naturally as we accepted European civilization generally as the starting-point for ours. The love of our forefathers for the European lands of their birth but foreshadowed the depth of our love for America; and their love for the great old-world masterworks, a passion which we inherit, is the measure of the intensity of the love which we shall one day bear to our own masterworks. The eastern ports of entry, especially Boston and New York, became the authoritative centres of European music, and therefore, at that time, of all music, in the United States. There the great symphonies and operas could be heard. About this serious work for musical progress grew up a life of musical fashion, a reflex of the life of social fashion, which, while it served indeed to support the performance of the masterworks, fostered also many European developments of lesser significance. In this life the appearance of a great European artist would rival in glamour the visit of an Athenian to a Grecian province. Coming from the source of all music, his authority would be nothing less than apostolic.

Gradually, as western cities aspired to a similar culture, both of art and of fashion, a "circuit" was developed. The artist from across the water could now carry his authority to St. Louis, or even as far as San Francisco. Finally other cities, Cincinnati, Chicago, Denver, were added. The peculiar commercial and artistic conditions of the United States, reinforced by the profound European ignorance of American geography, gave rise to the necessity for able management for these visiting artists. The seat of this managerial activity could be only in New York, which had finally become the point from which each virtuoso in turn started upon his triumphal American tour. A great and profitable business thus arose, and we are to recognize that by far the greatest asset of this business became not primarily the command of artistic ability, — although this was manifestly present, — but the command of *fashion*. For one listener whose object was to learn from the artist the authoritative interpretation of the works which he performed, or for one who sought him

out for sheer artistic enjoyment, twenty would go because he came from Europe and represented the summit of the musical fashion of the day, and the fashionable world could not afford to be absent.

So long as the musical fashion coincided at every point with the true development of musical art in the United States, this condition presented no disadvantage, and caused no harm. But that this fashion and art, although coincident at first, could remain so in a new land sure to rear up arts of its own, was an absolute impossibility; and at the moment when American musical art became of intrinsic worth, and the musical fashion remained fixedly European, musical fashion and musical art in America parted company. To-day the true interests of musical development in the United States have little or nothing to do with the fashionable musical life of our great cities. The facts of our creative musical development are one thing, the events of our social musical life another. Society is not aware of this. It has so long been compelled to import musical art if it wished to have any, that it cannot believe that there is any other source of this art than Europe. Society is not yet prepared to tolerate any interference with this belief, and the purveyors of its musical art are the last to initiate any such interference. Indeed, to do so would be to lose financial support; and therein lies the crux of the situation. The managers of musical enterprises care nothing for our national artistic development; their one concern is to keep secure the patronage of society.

This general condition of affairs in the eastern cities is nothing less than the model and the cue for the social musical life of the entire United States. As it is in New York, so must it be in Butte, Montana, or Pueblo, Colorado. Sane, beautiful, advanced musical art may be growing up about these western cities and towns, but it has not been the occasion of the social musical flurry of the great metropolis, and they must have "Salome," or something of Debussy. I learned recently that more modern French music is being sold west of the Mississippi than east of it.

What is the immediate universal result of this artificial condition? It means simply that good American singers, pianists, and other artists — to say nothing of foreign — may place upon their programmes only that which is sanctioned by New York, and that is — European music. Not to do so means to incur the displeasure and lose the support of society. And these same artists, who know good and bad in music as society does not know it, are often ardent admirers of much in American music, but they must admire in private. An orchestral conductor in a secondary capacity, and for the time being in a place where he could do what he pleased, gave a number of performances of the scores of a certain American composer, with great success, and expressed himself very enthusiastically, personally, concerning them, assuring the composer of the pleasure he would have in conducting them in a primary capacity on a more important occasion, when the opportunity should come. The opportunity arrived, and with it the unexpected knowledge that to do as he had promised, under these circumstances, would jeopardize the social support of the orchestra. The composer received a polite note, stating that at some future time he, the composer, would probably do work more satisfactory to himself, by which he would rather become known, and that then it would be time to consider the performance of it. Such instances could be infinitely multiplied on a smaller scale, and would form a voluminous and amusing anthology of episodes of artistic and moral trepidation.

There are, on the other hand, artists of commanding powers and moral courage, who have succeeded in making some headway against the social dictum, but they are the exceptions which prove the rule. The subconscious common sense

of society has immediately applauded such artists and greatly exalted them, not, of course, for this particular action, but for the greatness which made such impudent action safely possible.

First and last, many American compositions come to performance on American programmes. Society has always sanctioned the trivial American work as a foil to the serious European; but never the more significant American work for its own sake. Composers and their friends are able to force hearings here and there, so that the composer will not be wholly without knowledge of the effect of his work upon an audience, or for that matter, upon himself, both to a certain extent necessary things, for only in practice can art and the art-nature grow. Again, certain obviously good and appealing works, not requiring any effort of the understanding, have quickly found their way into public favor, and are safe for an artist to use. But this insistent fact remains, — that upon our concert and recital programmes generally, those works which best represent the brains and ideals of our American composers to-day are conspicuous by their absence. The army of persons whose fortune, or whose very sustenance, is assured by the maintenance of our exclusively European musical system, is kept busy explaining to society that if Americans could produce sufficiently good music, artists would place it upon their programmes. This explanation may satisfy the unthinking, but it can no longer satisfy those who see that since the artist will not be paid for performing American compositions requiring real study and work, he cannot afford to stop to master them, even if he be prompted by admiration of the compositions or friendship for the composer. If society, to-day, should turn and support liberally the production of works by our own composers, if it should, by some whimsical turn of the wheel, announce that it would not support foreign and native artists unless they would give us a good share of the works of our own composers, we would witness a zeal in the world-wide study of American music that would startle the nation. Moreover, we would be no less startled by the intense and varied interest, the high poetic worth, and the magnitude of the achievement of American composers.

If the composer have too much spirit, too great a devotion to his country's growth in musical art, to accept a pittance for his teaching and neglect for his and his brother's art, what shall he do in this situation? At first he might leave composition for a time and look deeply enough into his country's sociology and economics to learn the true nature of the conditions in the midst of which he exists. He will then learn that his own salvation depends upon the salvation of all. As a next step he might waive all endeavor to exploit his own compositions, and through a study of the works of his brother composers, learn the exact nature and strength of his country's musical art. Then, leaving the society of artists, who cannot help him, he might take his newly gained knowledge to the leaders of society, — not the hopelessly lost of the great eastern cities, but the misguided and redeemable throughout the land; and, disinterested himself, win their disinterested help for the sake of a national cause. They are more ready for him than he suspects. Whatever the depth of their regard for the masterpieces of music, their allegiance to mere musical fashions is not of the heart, and they will welcome the opportunity to withdraw their social power from an artificial situation, which can hold for them but little of real life and attainment, and devote it to the satisfying of a living national need.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM

BY HÉLOISE SOULE

THE wine of life is poured out deeply red
  Into the cup of trembling, spiced with joy;
While fear and rapture which no fears destroy
  Beat in my heart, the while my lips are fed
From the clear, crystal chalice held with dread
  In the white hand of Love-Without-Alloy,
Who bids me sate in peace above annoy
  My starving soul with heavenly wine and bread.

Oh God of love and power, remember this,
  That we are dust! The earthly and divine
Mix, in our mortal clay, the spirit's bliss
  With love all human, such indeed as Thine
When Thou didst consecrate the bridegroom's kiss
  By turning Cana's water into wine.

HEAVIN' THE PROJECT

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

DURING the first few years of my practice in the village of Killick Cove, I was not infrequently called in attendance upon Robert Henderson, a brother-in-law and former shipmate of my especial friend, old Skipper Job Gaskett. Though a considerably younger man than Skipper Job, Henderson was wholly incapacitated for any but the lightest kind of work, by reason of an accident which befell him on shipboard in early manhood. His dark face was still strikingly handsome, though, in view of his pitiable physical condition, it was somewhat difficult to credit the oft-repeated assertion that previous to that frightful mishap at sea Robert Henderson was generally accounted the champion athlete of Killick Cove.

As to any particulars concerning the accident, it seemed that Henderson himself, as well as his usually communicative brother-in-law, was strangely reticent. Indeed, it occurred to me more than once that this indisposition to talk of the matter even extended to the townspeople in general. At all events, for three years after my arrival at the Cove, I had never succeeded in gleaning anything further than that, through a fall from the mast-head of a fishing schooner only a short time before his marriage, Henderson was shockingly deformed, and had since been almost wholly dependent upon his wife for support.

Mrs. Henderson was a large and comely, though somewhat careworn-looking

woman, with the intensely black eyes common to all the Gasketts, and much of the kindly expression of face so characteristic of her brother Job. As time wore on, my admiration steadily increased for the industry and self-sacrificing devotion constantly manifested in the care of her crippled husband. In fact, the wife's daily line of conduct seemed to me nothing less than heroic, though perhaps many of the neighbors had grown to regard it rather too much as a matter of course.

When able, Robert Henderson appeared to occupy himself chiefly with braiding rag mats for sale, though being an acknowledged expert in the mysteries of "twine," local fishermen sometimes brought their damaged nets to him for repairs. Still, the injury to his spine was such that for long periods he remained helplessly propped in an armchair, neither able to sit erect nor to lie upon his back with any comfort.

But the indomitable wife labored on unceasingly, rising at unheard-of hours and working often far into the night, doing washing, ironing, and sewing at her home, or housework for the villagers when her husband's condition would admit of her leaving him. I had many times noticed old Skipper Job hard at work upon the great pile of spruce cordwood which he regularly hauled to his sister's dooryard during the winter, and learned incidentally that this brotherly kindness was absolutely the only help, outside of desired work, which the plucky woman could be induced to accept from any source.

It was little enough that I could ever do for her husband's relief, but my curiosity about him kept increasing. At length, alone with me in my office on a rainy autumn afternoon, Job Gaskett decided to let me into the secret of his brother-in-law's story.

"Well, you, doctor," he began, "I been quite a few times on the p'int of telling you in regards to all this 'ere, for it doos make out to be consid'ble of a little hist'ry, and no mistake. The thing of it is, though, sister Susy Mary May down here, she never wanted it should be made no kind of gossup-talk like, 'round amongst folks, though come to the matter of that, every one of the old seed-folks here to this Cove are knowin' to the whole business, and have been, pretty much ever since the thing happened. But you see Susy Mary there, she's always felt so master sore in regards to it, — she's kind of queer made like, you know, and, well, — you could n't never once beat it out of her head that she was all the one to blame in the fust place for Bob Henderson's losin' his hand-holt aboard of old Skip' Tristam Marston that time, and staving the life outen him on deck, same's he done."

"She to blame for his fall!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Why, she was n't on board the vessel at the time, was she?"

"No, no, not a mite of it!" said Job. "She was right here to home, and the vessel — that's the pink' Heart's Desire, that old Deacon Parkinson owned in them days — she was layin' hove to clean off here on Le Have, in the heaviest breeze o' wind ever I seen since the time I fust commenced to go."

"Oh well then," I said, "your sister had urged him to go on that particular trip — "

"No she never once! Not a mite! Not a single mite!" the Skipper broke in vehemently. "She done every namable thing in God's world to hender him and me too, from ever once steppin' foot aboard the vessel, anyways. She hung right to it from the fust commencement that the old Desire was tetched, and always had been, and always would be, and seems's though she had the rights of it, too, for it turned out there never was no such a Jonah ever went out of this Cove as what she was. Plague on the old jade, she never earnt no man a dollar, not ary once in the world, and seems's though there would n't be no end to the folks that kep' gittin' drownded and killt

and all stove up aboard of her jes' long's she stayed atop o' water. Yes sir, Susy Mary May had got wind of what *she* was, from way back; I'm tol'ble satisfied of that. Susy wa'n't anyways scairt to up and talk it right out in meetin' neither, as any God's quantity ashore here can tell ye to-day. I think's likely there was others besides her that misdoubted if the vessel wa'n't going to be a reg'lar-built Jonah, but seems's though Susy was about all the one that dasst up and spit it right out good and plain, them days."

"Yet you say she felt responsible for Henderson's accident," I said. "This beats me all hollow. I won't try to guess again."

"No, doctor," said Job, "you'd full better take and give it up right off now, for 't ain't anyways likely ever you'd hit it, not if you kep' guessin' stiddy for a month of Sundays. I cal'late now to turn to and tell you what about the whole thing, for Susy she allowed only jest this morning she did n't know as she cared any great if you was to hear, bein' as you've always tended out on Bobby so reg'lar, and then again, prob'ly would git holt of some of it sooner or later, anyways. All is, says she, while you're at it, take and tell him the whole of it without nothin' skipped nor anyways changed 'round. That's Susy all over, you know, — she always did talk it jes' so up and down, like. Seems's though she cal'lates the plain truth'll make out to stand its own weight any day in the week.

"So to take and go clean away back to the fust commencement like," the Skipper went on, with his piercing black eyes intently fixed upon mine, "Bob Henderson in them days was about the best lookin' and the likeliest young buck ever was raised to this Cove. He stood jest six foot in his stockin'-feet, and was withey as ary wild-cat. Lord sakes, we had folks here them days that run away of the idee they was some wras'lers, till maybe they'd ketch holt of Bob Henderson, and git hove so quick they'd cal'late the devil hisself kicked 'em on end! But come to take it aboard vessel was where he'd most gin'ally cut up the greatest monkey-shines and ructions, after all. I rec'lect one little trick of hisn in pertik'ler was to take and lay a bate along of somebody aboard, how many seconts time he'd be a-going from the end of the main-boom aloft, and chock down to the bowspreet-end again, that is, you know, take it when we'd be layin' to anchor some place or other. Set-fire! He'd swarm up the topping-lift hand-over-hand like a streak; skip right acrosst the spring-stay to the foremast on the dead run, and slide down the jib-stay afore ever you'd say Jack Robinson! That's jest how spry he was. And come to take him all togged out in his Sunday best, with his hair oiled up good and curly like, with his shirt-collar hove wide open, and a blame' great big black silk tie streamin' loose much as two foot long, why, you would n't make out to scare up a smarter appearin' young feller nowheres.

"Come to that, he *was* smart, too — smart's a whip. He'd been high-line aboard vessel nigh every trip, till we come to ship aboard that plague-gone old Jonah of Deacon Parkinson's there, and he could got a vessel of his own took up for him here to this Cove the time he was twenty year old, easy as rolling offn a log, if only he'd a mind to, and had said the word. But the way he looked at it, there was a plenty time for that ahead, and he'd lievser not git tied down so-fashion yit-a-while, nor turn to and git married yit, ary one. Kind of happy-go-lucky, like, you see Bobby always was in them days, and I think's prob'le that was one thing made him so ter'ble takin' amongst the gals ashore here.

"He'd lost his mother afore there was much of any bigness to him, you un'stand, and seems's though him and the old sir never hitched hosses to home there extry good, so's Bobby he was pretty much on his own hook, you may say, and loved to heave his money right and left in all manner of fool-works, till the heft of the gals ashore here all cal'lated there wa'n't no-

body 'round here could hold a candle 'side of Bob Henderson.

"By spells he'd be a little grain sweet on one, and then 't would be somebody else for a spell, — kind of touch and go like, 'round amongst 'em, without never once meaning no hurt at all to ary one on 'em, you know, but same time, fust thing ever he knowed, there was two or three of them gals commenced to git all broke up over Bob Henderson, and about the wusst off amongst the lot was my oldest sister, Susy Mary May, down here.

"Susy she had n't never lacked for beaus, — not a mite of it. Lord sakes, she could had her pick of dozens to keep comp'ny along of here to this Cove them days, but seems's though Bob Henderson was all the one ever she'd look at twice, and him she'd always been kind of gone on, since the two growed to have any bigness to 'em at all.

"Bob and me was always thick as mud together, you know, and quick's ever I seen jest how the thing was workin' with Susy Mary May, why I up and says to him man-fashion, like this: 'Bob,' 's I, ' this 'ere won't never do in God's world. You got to call a halt on this pretty sudden, and no gittin' 'round it, neither. Here's a passel o' them gals,' 's I, ' gittin' to be a good deal same's so many toads un'neath a harrow, all on account of your set-fired backin' and fillin'; now,' 's I, ' fur's ever Susy Mary May is concerned, I want you should jest heave to and show your colors good and plain, or else up hellum right off, and bear away hull-down to loo'ard like.'

"Well sir, Bobby he seen quick enough that I wa'n't noways unraytionable. He was a good clever soul as ever was, and never once cal'lated to do ary one of them gals a mite of hurt, and in pertik'ler not Susy Mary May, for he let on to me this time that soon's ever it come down to the fine thing, he sot a sight more by her than all the rest-part of 'em put together. Same time, seems's though he did n't feel jest like poppin' no question to nobody jest yit-a-while, and so the amount of the story was, that kind of gradual like, at fust, he commenced to sheer off, and finally quit his coming up to our place there, pretty much altogether.

"Susy Mary May she wa'n't never the kind to take on no great, you know; that is, not so's folks would be like to see, anyways; but Lord! up home there we soon see the difference, now I tell ye what. The gal wa'n't nach'ally noways bad-lookin' them days, if I do say it, but pretty quick she commenced to show it in her face how bad she felt, same's if she'd had a fit of sickness, till bimeby her own folks would n't but jest reckernize her. I always rec'lect jest what father says, the time he come home from the Cape Shore right in the thick of it, and the ter'ble look of the gal struck him all aback like. 'Set-fire! Susy Mary, you!' 's he, 'what is it ails ye? Why!' 's he, 'your face looks to be all tide-rips and calm-slicks, the whole bigness of it!' That's about how she did look, too, for it took holt of her the wusst way, and the thing of it was, she did n't grow no better of it, by a long chalk.

"Finally, it come around that Bobby took a notion to ship aboard of old Skip' Tris' Marston in the Heart's Desire, on one of them long-drawed-out salt-trips to the banks, when they cal'lated to stop till they wet all their salt, if it took a year's time. There was quite a few of the gals 'round here that never liked the sound of that, not for a cent, but come to take Susy Mary May, and she was nerved up a sight wuss 'n ever, because she'd claimed all along that vessel was tetched from the day of her launchin', and wa'n't fit for no living man to go into, noways. Susy she was always extry cute about ketchin' onto all them kind of things, you un'stand, and I guess likely it ruther runs in the blood, maybe, for I know you could n't never learn mother nothin' new in regards to 'em, neither.

"But Bob he fit ter'ble shy of our place right along, same's he says to me he cal'lated to for a spell, anyways, and never once give Susy no chance to say boo to

him in regards to the vessel, nor nothin' else. She kep' right at me, though, early and late, but there! I could n't see as it was any great hunt of mine to take and give the vessel a bad name so quick. Old Deacon there, he 'd went to work and put every cent he could rake and scrape into her, and I did n't want to have no hand in doing the old sir no manner of hurt. Then again, I wa'n't any too anxious for Bobby to stop to home anyways jest then; and so the long and short of it was, he stowed his dunnage aboard, and went into her on the salt-trip, though when it come to the p'int of breaking the anchor out, and filling the vessel away, be jiggered if it did n't look for a spell some as if Susy Mary May and her old black cat was going to be too much for 'em."

"How do you mean, Skipper?" I asked. "You're getting too deep for me again."

"Oh well there! Black cats is cur'ous creatur's, you know," replied Job, with a slight laugh. "Take it in them days, folks ashore here would turn to and clap a black cat un'neath of a washtub over night, so 's to hender ary vessel from sailing next day, whatever the reason might be. 'T was always and forever a great notion with the gals here to this Cove, to keep their beaus to home if they wanted, though come right to the truth of the matter, there was precious few that knowed jest the ins and outs of the thing so 's to work it in proper good shape, but still I guess it was seldom ever a vessel set out to get her anchor in them days, without somebody ashore had n't went to work and shoved a black cat un'neath a tub the night before. Sometimes it would act complete, and then again it would n't appear to be no great account anyways, but they always kep' tryin' of it on right along stiddy, jest the same.

"Take this pertik'ler time I 'm speaking about, though, and come to heave short aboard the vessel early in the mornin' they cal'lated to make a start, why be jiggered if the anchor had n't ketched afoul of something master heavy on bottom, and all the way in God's world ever they got clear of it was to heave in every blame' inch they was good for on the win'lass, and then jest set down and wait for the flood-tide to break it out in the afternoon, someways. Come to find out, blowed if they did n't finally fetch up a great big water-soaken chunk of the old brig President Adams, that was scuttled right here in 1812, for fear the British was going to gobble her up one time. The crown of the anchor was bent up clean agin the shank with the set-fired strain on it, so 's they was risin' three days' time gittin' ready for another start."

"You're pretty sure the delay was owing to the black cat and the tub?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, black cats has always been called consid'ble cur'ous creatur's, you know," the Skipper answered, perhaps a little evasively. "I've seen some awful queer works all along of them style o' cats, and I guess likely it pays in the long run not to take too much chances with 'em. Them that has, has wisht they never, to my own knowin', afore this. But it wanted something besides a black cat to hold Bob Henderson to home that time, and I says to Susy Mary there was no good her tryin' of it over again. She might make out to hender him some consid'ble, and put folks to no end of trouble about making a start, for she was cute in regards to all them kind of things, and there 's no gittin' 'round it; but Bob cal'lated to *go* that time any old how, and that 's all there was to it. 'What is, *is*, and what was, *was*,' as I heard a preacher say one time, and it 's all the way there is to look at it, too.

"But you take Susy Mary May that time, and seems 's though she could n't see it in no such a light. After the vessel once left, she appeared to calm down some consid'ble, but our folks took good notice she commenced slippin' up to Aunt Polly Belknap's place on the Neck ro'd there, every chance she could git, and they soon see very plain there was

something in the wind betwixt them two.

"This 'ere Aunt Polly that you've heard tell of already, she was one of them cur'ous old ancient style women-folks we always used to have 'round here them days, — older 'n the North-Star, the whole batch on 'em was, I cal'late. There was old Sairy Binney, — she was jest afore my time, Sairy was, but one o' them reg'lar-built old fly-by-nights, and chock to her eyes in some dev'lish works or other, the heft of the time. Awful spiteful and mean actin' like, accordin' to all tell. Lord sakes! I've heard say she was mean enough to up and steal dough offn a blind chicken, if she once took a notion that way. Then there was old Hetty Moye, that lived up Moye's Lane only a short piece; she was a good clever old soul as a rule, without she happened to git down on ye too bad for something or other, and them times, you best stand from under. Then right next to her come old Aunt Polly, and her I rec'lect all about, plain's can be. Some on 'em here now'days pretends to say she was the very last one of them old ancient women-folks same's we used to have; but Godfrey mighty! I dunno of anything that riles me up same's it doos to hear 'em take and talk such rubbidge.

"I know it for a fact, doctor, there's a woman alive right here to this Cove at this very day o' the world that can turn to and heave a project full better 'n what ever Aunt Polly Belknap could! Still, that ain't neither here nor there, jest now. Aunt Polly, she was always mostly in co-hoots with the young fry here to home, and in pertik'ler with us young chaps that went fishin' them days. You could frog it out here to her place on the old Neck ro'd with your little batty of tea, or tobacco, or snuff, and buy a good run of luck for a fishin' trip to the Cape Shore in the spring o' the year, or to the Bay, or clean to Labrador, if only you worked it so's to git the right side of her in proper good shape. Then she'd turn to and mix ye up a love-potion any time you wanted; but after all, givin' full fares and mod'-rate weather on them fishin' trips was always counted Aunt Polly's best holt. That's how she'd got her name up the most, anyways, and you can bate there was few here to this Cove them days that missed tryin' to fix things all tanto along of old Aunt Polly, afore ever they'd dasst p'int a vessel's nose out past the Neck in the spring o' the year.

"But soon's ever it come to heavin' a project, I dunno as she was so much to home. I kind of misdoubt if she was, though off and on she must done quite a little of it, too; but seems's though she went to work and made a ter'ble old mess of it the time she un'took to heave one for Susy Mary May. Susy Mary, she was always a little grain chummy like along of Aunt Polly, same's mother was too, and so you see finally, after the Heart's Desire had been gone a fort-ni't's time or more, seems's though the old lady was coaxed into layin' in with the gal to heave a project after her."

"Hold on just a minute, Skipper!" I interrupted. "You're talking Greek to me now. I can't follow your story at all till you explain a little what this 'project' business was."

"Well, well," said Job, "that's jest what I'm comin' at, fast as ever I can git 'round to it. Still, them projects was master cur'ous workin' things, and I ain't so sure as I can give ye no great shakes of an idee in regards to 'em; but we'll say that you was clean gone on some gal or other, you know; or maybe that the gal was kind of mopin' 'round after *you*, — it don't make no great odds which, as I know of. One or the other of ye finally takes and goes down to Aunt Polly's little place there, and says to her like this: 'I want you should turn to and rig it for me so's this gal, or this 'ere feller, whichever it is, will commence to git real soft on *me*, double-quick time, savvy? The cal'lation was to have them projects work a good deal same's a love-potion done, only they 'most always take holt a sight more, and cost consid'ble

high, and besides, there was certain times when you could n't never coax the old lady to try one on anyways, not for no price.

"I rec'lect for one thing, it had always got to be on a growin' moon, or else she would n't once look at ye; but then there was quite a few other things too, that had to be jes' so at the time, or else it was no go. She was square as a brick about it, old Aunt Polly always was; if things wa'n't workin' just right for no project, she would n't hesitate a secont to up and tell anybody so, right out spango. But if everything seemed to be workin' same's she wanted it should, why then you'd got to take and turn your stockings wrong side out seven nights a-runnin', and you'd got to cut seven notches into a stick offn a witch-hazel, and turn yourself around seven times to the right for every notch you cut, a-wishin' your wish all the time, you un'stand, hard as ever you could. Same time Aunt Polly never cal'lated to set stock still with her hands folded, by consid'ble. She was going through *her* rinktums too, of course, but jest what they was, she always took plaguey good care never to let anybody find out. She was consid'ble sly, you know, same's all the rest-part of them old fly-by-nights always was, and never cal'lated to give away none of the tricks of her trade, and wa'n't noways to blame for that, neither, as I can see.

"Where I always claimed Aunt Polly was to blame, and done wrong that time, was her never once letting on to Susy Mary May jest how them projects was liable to work on some folks, by spells, — that is, I mean the set-fired start they was apt to give anybody sometimes, soon's ever they fust commenced to take a holt in good shape."

Here Skipper Gaskett extended his brown left hand towards me, and called attention to a scar which extended nearly across the palm.

"The time I was twenty year old," he said, "a woman that don't live so very fur away from this house to-day, turned to and hove a project at me when I was aboard of old Skip' Tommy Goodsoe. 'T was jest my luck to be to work on deck throatin' codfish this very time, and quick's ever that dod-blowed project took holt of me, I fetched a jump like, and made out to shove that big double-aidged throater plumb into my hand here, so's I was crippled-up with it for a month's time. That's how I'm knowin' to it myself jest the way them things was liable to work. They would n't always act jes' so, of course, for I've heard tell of folks that never once knowed jest when the project was hove; but Aunt Polly must knowed what about 'em fast enough, and seems's though she'd ought to told a young thing same's Susy Mary May was, to be a little grain careful like.

"But there! Seems's though she never once yipped. She and Susy Mary fixed it all up betwixt 'em there, and hove it slam-bang after the vessel, — hardest fend off. Now jes' see how like the very mischeef the plaguey thing worked that time. That very same night it blowed a livin' gale o' wind clean off-shore there on the tail of Le Have, jest where the Heart's Desire was layin' hove to under close-reefed fores'l, and jumpin' into it endways for God's sakes. The plague-gone contrairy old jade never would lay nowheres nigh the wind when she was hove to, you see, — she'd always want to lay broad-off, and waller in the seas same's a blame' hog-trough would; but this time in pertik'ler 't was rough as a grater out there, and seems's though she was having one of her wusst spells. Bimeby the gaff-tops'l commenced to slat adrift up on the mainmast-head (for 't was blowin' like a man, and breezenin' on every minute jest fair scand'lous), till Bob Henderson he un'took to shin aloft and stop the thing down into shape again.

"Nobody else aboard would n't tetch of it, you see, bein' as it wa'n't no fool of a job to git aloft and stick there jest then, leave alone stowing no tops'ls, — still I know well Bobby would been all tanto, and would done up the work complete,

but where the trouble come in was, jest at this very same minute be jiggered if them two women-folks in home here did n't turn to and let her go with that set-fired project! We reckoned it all up afterwards, and 't was jest eggsactly that same time o' night, to a dot. Wa'n't that some horrid, you?"

"Then you believe that Aunt Polly knew how hard it was storming out at sea at the time?" I asked.

"Knowed it? 'Course she knowed all about it!" Job answered decisively. "You leave alone of *her*, soon's ever it come to keepin' tabs on the weather! The thing of it was, she never once stopped to think! She was extry good friends to Bobby them days, and would n't done him no manner of hurt for the world, — all is, she never once stopped to give it no secont thought that time, or else she never half knowed her business fur's ever them projects was concerned. Anyways, pore Bobby he lost his hand-holt by reason of it, and come down on deck hell-bent, jest be-aft the scuttle-butt. — Lord sakes! They said he like to have went chock through the deck altogether! 'T was an unrighteous old clip he struck it, and his hip-bone, they cal'lated it must been, jabbed a hole in them deck-plank that they used to take and show to folks jes' long's the vessel was owned here to this Cove.

"Well, they took and picked the pore devil up, and lugged him below for dead, but seems's though he come to next morning a little dite, and so they give it to her straight for home, wearin' every sol'tary rag of sail the schooner would stivver under, and still stay atop o' water.

"Come to find out, Bob Henderson was all stove up so bad that every one of them three doctors allowed they never once see no such hard-lookin' sight in all their born days! There wa'n't ary one on 'em but said he was spoke for inside a few hours' time at the furtherest, but they turned to and lugged him off down home to his father's place there, cal'latin' to see him git through 'most any minute on the ways down along. All the women-folks there was to home there was Bobby's old Aunt Marshy, that kep' house for the old sir them days, and the heft of the time she was all crippled-up with the rheumatiz so's she could n't but jest wag.

"But Lord A'mighty! Quick's ever Susy Mary May once got wind of what was up, she lep' out of the house same's a wild creatur', and streaked it straight down acrosst them fields right plumb into the room where the pore feller was layin' to; and by fire, doctor! she never once come out through the front gate again for goin' on two months' time! No sir, you could n't do nothin' with her noways; she allowed she never cared no more for the speech o' people than for jes' so much wind in amongst the fartrees up back of the house. 'T was much as ever she'd leave another soul come anigh Bobby to do a livin' thing for him in any way, shape, nor manner, and so she jest took and stopped right there, and nussed him, and tended out on him, and done for him morning, noon, and night-times, till she like to have killt herself dead at the job.

"You see from the very fust, she'd run away of the idee that the dod-blowed project was at the bottom of it all, and seems's though the notion growed on her stiddy like, till she would n't give ear to nothin' else. ' 'T was me that done it! 'T was me that done it!' — that's the most you'd git out of her them days, and come to that, she ain't never felt a mite different since, not for a minute's time.

"Them doctors they see right off there was no good to butt agin her in the matter, not a mite. They see that Bobby wanted she should do for him right along, in room of nobody else, and prob'ly figgered they might jes' soon humor the pore creatur' till he come to git through, being as nary one on 'em ever once dremp' but what he was as good as un'neath four foot of cold sod already. Well sir, the amount of the story was, though, that bimeby Bob Henderson

commenced to pick up a little dite, — ter'ble gradual like, at fust, you know, but still makin' out to stem the tide with jest a grain or so to spare, till finally all them three old doctors had to give in he was on the mendin' hand, and no gitting 'round it, but every soul here to this Cove that was anyways knowin' to the matter allowed that Susy Mary May was all the one that saved Bobby Henderson's life that time. Anyways soon's ever he got so's to be up and 'round the least little mite, she jest claimed him for hern, huffs, horns, and hide, and nothin' would n't do but that the pair of 'em should turn to and git married right away off. I rec'lect the Sunday that Susy Mary appeared bride down to the Corner meetin'-house here happened to fall on the very day she was twenty year old, too.

"Bobby he always hung to it like a good one that he had n't no business to ever once think of such a thing as gittin' married, being as he was all crippled-up so awful bad; but Lord love ye! Susy Mary was sot as the hills in regards to that 'ere. She give it out there to home right up and down, that unlessn she could marry Bob Henderson right away, so's to do for him all the rest-part of his life, same's she has, she'd take and heave herself chock offn the w'arft the fust thing ever she done, and she'd kep' her word too, sure's ever the sun riz.

"Finally our folks come to see plain enough they'd full better jest hands-off, and give the gal all the slack line she wanted in the whole business. Doin' for Bobby, and tendin' out on him same's if he was a baby like, was all the comfort the creatur' could take them days, and that's all ever she has got out of it since, doctor. Of course Bob he's been so's to earn a dollar by spells, you know, and always was ter'ble anxious to do what little he could, but same time it always looked a good deal to me as though Susy Mary May never wanted he should lift a hand. Seems's though the more she done herself all soul alone, the better off she felt, and as fur as takin' help from outside was concerned, why she never would hearken to it for a secont's time.

"'T wa'n't only yesterday she up and says to me she 'most knowed God A'mighty would hold it ag'in her for what come of heavin' the project after Bobby Henderson that time; but I told her I could n't noways see as there was the least mite of call to look at it like that. I done my very dingdest to soothe her down like, for the pore creatur' was commencing to take on consid'ble bad, — that is, for her, you know.

"Finally, I jest up and says to her like this: 'Susy Mary May,' 's I, 'you wa'n't nothin' only a little young gal the time you took and hove that plague-gone project, and for the life of me I can't see as you was so ter'ble weeked for never once realizin' the resk there was in them kind of things, bein' as nobody never took the trouble to post ye up in regards to 'em. But there!' 's I, 'even s'posin' you done wrong that time, why Godfrey mighty! jest only look at what you done since, — that's what always makes out to git me, — only once take and look at what you done since! Why, quick's ever you seen jest how bad Bobby was disenabled that time, you turned to right away and give him your best tow-line astern, and fair or foul, blow high and blow low, you 've stood by him ever since in proper good shape, — there's no two ways about that part of it. The pair of ye,' 's I, 'have made a master long, hard drag of it in comp'ny for goin' on fifty years' time now, and seems's though you won't never let go of him till you see him all safe to anchor where nary wind that blows can't do him no hurt. Now,' 's I, 'come to take it atop of all that, it don't look to me anyways likely that the Old Scholar up there ever once cal'lates to take and blame that project onto you any great, not at this day o' the world. That 'ere,' 's I, 'right on the face of it, don't look to me noways raytionable like.' — What do you cal'late yourself, doctor; be I so very fur out the way?"

THE PROTECTION OF IMMIGRANT WOMEN

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

In a preceding article I attempted to show the growing economic and social value of immigrant women, and that they are not always to be found in domestic service. There are two great risks incurred by the immigrant who starts from her native shore. First, can she reach her home and place of labor in this country in safety? Second, has she a prospect of fair living and working conditions after arrival? I shall attempt here to answer the first question by showing some of the risks incident to the journey to, and settlement in this country, and by indicating especial protection that is needed.

The dangers for which America is responsible begin on the other side. What seems a simple journey may be filled with hardships. Considering the many disadvantages and dangers, it is remarkable how many come through safely and become honest hard-working women, and law-abiding citizens. The loyalty and self-sacrifice among those already here who help them to come are almost incredible unless really witnessed. Especially in view of the little help that is given by Americans, it is a remarkable tribute to human character that so many win out in the hard struggle. While Americans are willing to provide labor, and to support philanthropies which help the immigrant in time of distress, there are many times when no friendly hand is held out except that of the ignorant or inexperienced immigrant who has just arrived or who is trying to make his own way among strangers and new conditions.

Let us follow the journey from Antwerp to New York and see what these typical dangers are, and how they may be avoided. First come enthusiastic letters from friends or relatives in their first days of wonder in the new city, when they are fired with the enthusiasm and vitality of the new life. The sweat shop, the tenement, the low wages, and hundreds of ways of exploitation have not yet been learned. To what extent does our government undertake to see that this enthusiastic immigrant who writes others to come has correct views and information to send them? Once released from Ellis Island, its chief interest is to deport her if she subsequently violates the immigration law. Both state and nation permit her to get information and experience as best she can. Are the laws she needs to know, opportunities for labor, wages, directions in case of need, rights, educational opportunities and requirements for citizenship printed in concise form and placed in her hands in a language she can understand? By no means. What is to counteract the information given by employment agents, "notary publics," steamship ticket agents, and some of the political leaders among "her own people," who see in increased numbers an increased profit to themselves? When resident immigrants are left so utterly in such hands for their ideas of American life and laws, they are frequently made the unsuspecting tools of employment agents and unauthorized peddlers of steamship tickets, and others who urge that friends and relatives be brought over, and who advance or help them borrow the money to send, but assume no responsibility after arrival. Sometimes the employment agent offers honest work, sometimes not. The young procurer for dens of immorality lives in the crowded tenements, and he too urges that she come, and offers to marry her or to find her work. These are but illustrations of the way in which well-mean-

ing persons here play into the hands of those who wish to exploit the immigrant girl. Thus her future is sold or heavily mortgaged even before she starts.

But she does not always wait for such letters from her friends and relatives. Some enterprising broker gets her name and address and sends her one of the thousands of copies of papers printed in this country in her language, which contains a romantic tale of the wages, liberty, and good times in America, and how the young people find prosperous husbands and live in plenty. It is not dry reading; to her it is a live thrilling tale, and it tells only what she can get, not what she must give, or what the requirements are.

Once here, one of the great difficulties is that she has started on misleading information. She has false ideas of freedom, wages, prosperity, and good times, and discontent begins. Is the newspaper romance a true picture? Can she get all that is promised? It is evident that the first step in protection must begin in America and must give honest information about America.

Our immigration law is explicit in prohibiting steamship agents from advertising or stimulating emigration abroad, but says nothing as to the many publications printed here in foreign languages and sent abroad. It is said that some of the steamship companies back these papers by expending huge sums in circulating them abroad. Their influence is wide, for in every community where one is sent it goes from family to family. Does the government know the number of such publications, what they contain, and in whose interest they are published? Is it in no wise interested in the kind of information with which its future citizens start?

The immigrant girl is now stirred by the letters and stories to the point of leaving. But she has not enough money. So that is borrowed in America and entrusted to a "banker." But the promised sum may fail to arrive. What has happened? Just this. In America, the cities are infested with small unauthorized banker-steamship-ticket brokers, who are allowed to take the deposits of immigrants without giving a bond or having any financial responsibility. Her little sum has fallen into the hands of such a banker, and he has not sent the money, though he has repeatedly told the sender that he has done so. After several such transactions, he moves to another part of the city, assumes a new name, and proceeds to rob others. Why does not the immigrant select one of the hundreds of reliable bankers? Why does not some one inform her who they are? Why does not the state protect her from robbery? Why does not the immigrant who sends the money prosecute the banker for so simple a fraud? With his witness in Russia or Hungary, how can he prove that the money was not sent and lost? Can he afford the loss of several days' work, to say nothing of lawyer's fees and car-fares, in order to recover thirty dollars or forty dollars, often representing his entire savings, which he has sent to the waiting girl?

But suppose he is cautious and thinks it safer to see the ticket and send it himself. The same banker is quite willing to accommodate him, and if he has not enough money, offers him a ticket on the installment plan. Sometimes, when the immigrant here has no intention of sending for friends, these peddlers pursue him in his home and place of business with offers of tickets on such easy payments that he buys them. The installment ticket is sold for from five to fifteen dollars above the market rate to cover the risk, *although most immigrants are required to give a guarantee and are sometimes charged interest on the unpaid balance!* On a ticket costing thirty-three dollars, he pays ten dollars down and one to two dollars per week, with the express understanding that the girl on the other side *is to have the ticket at once.* Fully one-third of the prepaid third-class tickets are sold to immigrants in American cities on the installment plan. But

this "ticket" is only an *order* — it mentions no steamship line and in many cases is not even signed by the broker who sells it. It is a bogus piece of paper until the broker sends its price to his coöperating foreign office. In the mean time, the girl has received this bogus order, sold out everything, leaves her home and arrives in Antwerp ready to sail. She goes to the ticket office and is told that her "ticket is no good" as no money has been received. The foreign police know these tickets so well that they often tell the immigrants before they reach the office that they have been duped. Of course the order is no good! Some of these unauthorized, irresponsible agents sell as many as one hundred tickets a week. They have no capital. How can they send over $3300 for tickets when they have received only $1000 on installment?

Imagine the girl's plight with all ties cut behind her, with not enough money to sail or to return. Stranded, she must endure the long delay of writing to her friends here, and of awaiting a reply from this side. The purchaser is put off from time to time until the agent disappears. Here is one story of what happens in the mean time and is a typical hardship: —

"I bought a ticket for passage from Antwerp to New York for the sum of forty-five dollars, by paying ten dollars down and two dollars each week thereafter until the full sum of forty-five dollars was paid. At the time I paid the ten dollars down, I received an advice or order which I sent to my sister in Russia, who, immediately upon the receipt of same, started for Antwerp, and when she presented the said advice or order she was told the same was no good, and that it would not be honored. My sister was stranded in Antwerp and was obliged to beg. As soon as I learned about the above-mentioned facts, I went to the company, and they told me that I must pay an additional ten dollars to have the original advice or order given to me stopped, and for them to give another order or advice. I did receive the second order or advice and sent the same to my sister, but while waiting in Antwerp for the ticket to come to New York, she was arrested for begging, and when *the second advice or order arrived*, the police told her that it was not good. The said sister was compelled to stay in prison for several days, and after she was released she again begged and *nearly starved for eight months* until I sent her another ticket to come to New York. She is in New York at the present time. As soon as I learned that the second order or advice was no good, I went to the office of the company, but found the office closed, and I have never been able to find them, nor have I been able to have refunded the money which I paid to them for the first order or advice, nor the additional ten dollars which I gave for the second order, nor have I ever been able to receive the steamship ticket for passage from Antwerp to New York."

The evils of such frauds are two-fold. They imperil the girl's morality and entire future. There are many cases where local charities have had to send the girls back to Russia or Hungary from Antwerp, because there was no more money; or where families have been separated, there being enough money to bring only part of them over. Second, they lower the standard of living of the immigrants here, who save and sacrifice only to be robbed. One man slaved for three years and nearly starved himself to save $160 to bring over his children, and lost it through such an agent. The family is still separated. In the past three years, it is estimated that over $500,000 has been wasted through dishonest agents in New York city alone, and many thousands of dollars of losses are never reported. And these sums vary from the servant girl's savings of two dollars a week sent to a friend to come over on, to $500 — the savings of years.

The protection offered is meagre. Massachusetts has a law requiring a fifteen thousand dollar bond of bankers who sell steamship tickets, but no steamship ticket regulations. New York, as the result of investigations made by the

Research Department of the Woman's Municipal League and Welfare Committee of the National Civic Federation, has two laws which went into effect September 1, 1907. One provides for a fifteen thousand dollar bond for bankers, and the other prohibits the sale of unauthorized tickets not binding on the steamship companies. Up to this time no adequate protection whatever had been afforded the immigrant. The other ports and the great industrial cities like Pittsburg and Chicago, where large numbers of tickets are sold, have no regulations and there is no federal protection.

The immigrant, if she can meet these hardships or escape them, is now safely aboard ship. Has our government any matrons or inspectors who make it impossible for the procurer, who wishes to travel steerage or second cabin for the purpose of meeting her, to accomplish his purpose? Is she safeguarded so carefully that members of the ship's crew cannot mislead her? There is so little supervision that evilly disposed persons find it profitable to make her acquaintance in the steerage. Their knowledge of her home and language, combined with their wonderful stories of America, cement the friendship, and when she lands, her new-found friend is her adviser. The conditions on shipboard are inexcusably negligent, and the government has long been urged to provide matrons and inspectors. It is unfair and unreasonable to expect the immigrant girl traveling under such conditions to resist the evil of a great city, so long as the main idea of the government is not to protect but to deport. It is hard to find a reason for such criminal negligence when so simple a method can be tried, and when the government has so ample a fund, made up of the head-tax paid by the immigrants for the privilege of coming here.

Once at Ellis Island, the greatest care is taken to protect her. She can be released only when the government is satisfied that the persons who claim her are really the ones to whom she is coming. If it is a male relative, even a brother, he must be accompanied by his wife if married, or give satisfactory assurance that she is to live with a woman, before she is released. If it is her intended husband who claims her, the commissioner may require that they be married there. Where the girl has no relatives or friends, the missionaries representing the various churches and immigrant societies take her in charge, house her, find her work, and take a friendly interest in her. If they did not she would frequently have to make the long journey back. This is a splendid, necessary work, efficiently organized at Ellis Island, and having the sympathetic interest of Commissioner Watchorn. But it is by no means so effective and systematic at all of the other ports, where there are fewer immigrants, but where the individual dangers are also great. It is not a system of protection equally applicable to all ports, and fostered by the government, but depends entirely on the amount of interest and support that each nationality can obtain from its own, or from religious organizations. Therefore some immigrants are better protected than others. When no precautions are taken on board ships, these well-meaning immigrant homes may find their work useless. I have in mind four girls who were instructed to go to an immigrant home, accept positions, and then send their address to the young procurer who induced them to come here. This they did.

But many do not stop in New York and so do not come under this good influence. Suppose the girl has a through ticket to Chicago. The responsibility of the government ends when she is safely on the train, and the *railway is not held responsible for her safe arrival.* Suppose she loses her address, or the street number is wrong, or her friends fail to meet her, or have moved, or any one of fifty things that may break the connection has happened? Suppose a procurer meets her on the train (as they do) and she is induced to go with him? Her friends

and relatives are anxiously awaiting her, and the government is not aware that she is lost. How long will it be before both begin to look for her together?

At present nothing is done by the state or federal government to meet this great defect. The states do not know who are coming into them to live, or under what conditions. They make no effort to get into touch with them or help them to become citizens. What so simple as for each state to have its department or bureau, and receive from the federal government the names and addresses of all immigrants coming in, and to visit them and make an effort to make them into citizens? How else can the compulsory education law be enforced, when there are hundreds of children coming in who are never on the school roll and cannot be traced? How else can the child-labor laws be enforced, when children slip from the station to the factory and are reported above the age which they may look to be? The ship manifest, with the ages, would enlighten many duped inspectors if the state had it from the federal ports. Such bureaus could also coöperate with other states and notify them of removals.

This defect in the protection of women is so fraught with moral dangers that Commissioner Watchorn has given it special attention. Upon his recommendation an agent has been appointed at Ellis Island. A group of representative organizations at various large distributing points have been interested by the Inter-Municipal Research Committee, and the experiment is being tried of having friendly visitors meet these young women on arrival, or immediately afterward in their homes, and help them to find work, good lodgings, night schools, or whatever they most need, and to give them a fair chance. The system of distribution and protection of women in transit is being studied with a view to recommending that a state and national protective policy be adopted. The great number of arriving immigrant girls makes it impossible that this should be continued effectively by philanthropy alone. The maintenance of friendly visitors who can speak their language and go to their homes in each of the great cities is a tremendous expense — to say nothing of the expense involved in giving them the immediate assistance they frequently need. A part of this protection should fall upon the railways. Matrons at the stations and on the immigrant trains, to protect and look after the comfort of women and children and to safeguard young girls, are an essential part of an adequate system of protection.

But what of the many thousands who come to New York city? The real danger begins when the girl lands at the Battery. The hangers-on there grab her baggage and try to get her to go with them. The missionaries sometimes have great difficulty in getting the girl to their homes, as these hangers-on speak her language and try to warn her against her new-found friends. If this fails, they may follow her, get her address, and visit her later. The government has tried to break up the robbery and graft which goes on at the Battery, but it has no authority in the city, and thus far has not succeeded.

There has been no body of information showing what happens to the immigrant woman after she leaves Ellis Island for her destination in the city. Four things the Inter-Municipal Research Committee deemed it essential to learn: how and where she lives; whether she needs work, and how she obtains it; whether she is illiterate, and what are her chances for learning English; and, lastly, her amusements.

Through the coöperation of the Commissioners of Immigration, the following programme was followed in four cities: Lists of the arriving girls were obtained, giving the nationality, age, date of arrival, and name and address of the person to whom they are released. No girls released to immigrant homes or charitable institutions were visited, but only girls normally released to friends, relatives, or strangers, and who had to

take up the struggle for existence in the city.

Each girl was then visited at her home by a woman who spoke her language and was of her religion, and the following information was obtained: living conditions, including kind of house, number of rooms, number in family, number of lodgers, cleanliness and sanitation, sleeping accommodations, rate of lodging, kind of lodging; object in coming; whether ticket was purchased here and by whom; employment abroad and wages; present employment, including the kind, place, wages, hours; whether steady work, how obtained, and whether night work is done; and a general statement of conditions not included in the above. When the first visit to her home was made, if the girl was found to need help of any kind one of two things was done. Preferably, wherever possible, the organization, institution, or person already doing such work was asked to help the girl and to report results. Where there was no such existing group or person, aid was given directly, or new individuals were interested in being friendly to the girl. At first it was intended merely to study conditions, but so many girls were found needing work, lodging, help, and protection, that the friendly work was undertaken in connection with it.

Up to the present time, this study has been carried on in the various cities through the representative organizations of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee and other coöperating organizations: as the Research Department of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, Research and Protective Association in Philadelphia, Woman's Trade-Union League in Chicago, and the Council of Jewish Women, who have also made similar studies in other cities not included here. Six thousand five hundred and fifty girls have been visited, in some cases many times, and the conditions were learned as carefully as possible. The details of the study cannot be given here, but it proves beyond all doubt that a system of protection and assistance is needed for immigrant women, and that it should extend over the first three years of their residence.

The very least this can include is: —

(1) Housing. — These girls should be furnished with information in their own language about housing, boarding-houses, cost of living, transportation facilities, etc. As a result of the study above detailed it has been possible to change many of them to better lodgings, for the same money they were formerly paying. For instance, in four rooms, living with a family of five, were six boarders, four of whom were men. Some of the girls had no prepared food whatever, eating cold things they bought, when close by was a countrywoman of theirs willing to cook food for them if they lodged with her.

New York City is the most dangerous city in the country in the matter of housing green immigrant women, for its vice is not chiefly in one section, as in Chicago, but nearly every street is honeycombed with it; and next to the respectable tenement or apartment may be found a den of immorality. The danger is a hundred-fold greater because the girl thinks she is safe; in reality the need for protection in choosing her home is very great.

The question has often been asked, Would immigrant girls live in hotels and clubs if provided? The question can safely be answered in the affirmative, provided that religion and red tape are omitted, and a woman who speaks their language and understands their customs, needs, habits, and traditions, is at the head of the house and surrounds it with the atmosphere they need. If a number of women could be engaged to go into the immigrant neighborhoods and run small boarding-houses, — not big institutions, but small homes, — with the backing of some one financially interested, it would be a great thing for the girls and for the neighborhood. Few of their lodgings have any place for recreation or receiving company, or are anything more than

mere places to eat and sleep. A number of girls were interviewed with the idea of ascertaining their attitude toward such boarding-houses. The following are typical answers.

Sales-girl, wages $6, lives with stepmother who often refuses to cook for her. Her father would be glad to have her make more room for them if the board was not over $2.50.

Another, salary $6, is willing to pay $3 for board; is boarding in crowded quarters. Would welcome a boarding-house of this kind.

Another lodges with relatives, buys her own food, which they cook. Tried boarding, but food was poor, accommodations bad, and service irregular. Costs her $2.50 a week and would be glad to spend more but cannot find a place.

(2) Employment. — This is a matter of adjustment as well as of finding work. During the investigation, it was possible to acquaint many girls with other lines of work and find them better-paying positions. If the immigrant girl comes to a family that does sweat-shop work, she naturally falls into it, though she may be better fitted for other work. At least one-quarter of the girls visited never did any work for pay at home. Here they undertake to do things they know little about, and accept low wages because they do not know what it costs to live. They work over-time; submit to illegal and unfair docking of wages; are the most pitiable victims of the "learner system," whereby they are hired at a dollar or two a week while learning, and are then discharged, and go to another employer "who will learn them." Some spend their first year or two learning. They are in debt when they arrive, and they are among the worst violators of child-labor and compulsory-education and factory laws. Why? Because neither the state nor any one else thinks it worth while to inform them of their rights, and because the people whom they know and with whom they live often do not know them any better. Progress is immeasurably retarded by this short-sighted policy!

(3) Education. — The one great necessity and desire is to learn English. The majority of those visited, though they had been here several months, had never heard of evening classes. Where they had heard of them they frequently had no one to show them the way to the school and were timid. Even when they begin, the methods used are frequently so unsuited to their needs that they soon get discouraged or drop out. Some schools assume that because they need baby methods in English, they need it in all else, — which is a great mistake. By their lack of English they are hampered in getting better-paying work. Oftentimes the families with whom they live discourage it, saying, "Reading and writing are not needed to marry on." The settlements and philanthropies cannot meet this need alone. The night schools have no truant officers for adults. How shall the immigrant know her need and how to satisfy it and how to demand adequate facilities? Only the citizens who see the future of the state and country recognize the responsibility. Will they help meet it?

(4) Recreation and Amusements. — The immigrant girl does not in many cases get any facilities for recreation, and rarely such as she needs. She goes to the dance-hall because it is often the only place of amusement within reach where she can find her own people and her own dances. She does not prefer them at the back of saloons. But she is not a reformer — and she goes just because she finds them there. What else is she offered? Playgrounds and parks there are indeed, but how is she to find them? If others tell her, she often lives too far away to go. Have you ever heard the wonderment and joy in a green immigrant girl's voice, who has been immersed daily for months in our tenement and industrial system, when she sees Central Park? "Trees, here!" she exclaims, and with tears in eyes and voice, "just like home!" It is not more Coney Islands and "merry-go-

rounds" that are needed, but time, — shorter hours, — so that the girls can get into the country; and excursions to give them something of home; and native folk-dances in place of our meaningless American dances. Even philanthropies provide but little reasonable recreation, and playgrounds and gymnasia are overtaxed. It is one of the crying shames that we expect women, who come here directly after enjoying the freedom of the soil or of the small villages, to be crowded into tenements, to work eight to fourteen hours daily, and for whom no adequate decent amusement places are provided, to stand the moral strain. With what wisdom has Hull House installed its own five-cent theatre and dances open to any one from the street! The only way to lessen the attraction of the dance-hall is to compete with it. How eagerly the girls grasped the offer of the friendly visitors for a free concert! If they could only be directed to what does really exist! but much of it is in English and seems so far away to them. What seems such a small service of the friendly visitor sometimes changes a whole life. One difficulty is to get support for such small service. In this age every one wants to give or do big things which do not always accomplish the purpose.

But even when immigrant girls are well housed and cared for on arrival — it may all change to-morrow. The people to whom they come may not be well established, or capable of sound advice, or able to help them. A young girl came to an aunt who was her only relative. A few weeks after, the aunt was taken to the hospital, and, when the friendly visitor found her, the girl was entirely alone and unknown. The relative may die, the job may be lost, the family be evicted, or the girl may be ill. In the study above outlined a central bureau was established and many girls who were all right when first visited came to it later when in trouble. They had made an intelligent, powerful, friendly connection, which brought them into a life larger than that of their own family and group, often too handicapped to help them. And so little is needed if it is the right thing!

It is not the intention to underpraise any of the good work done by the splendid organizations that are working in an unselfish way. It is rather to emphasize the need of state and federal protection, and to urge the necessity for a system of protection which will get hold of the immigrant as soon as she arrives, and educate and advise and help her. The protection of immigrant women is the business of a people, not of racial philanthropies; of a state, not of a corporation; and of mankind, not of a few individuals. This appeal for a governmental system of protection is not for dependents or for those needing charity — not for rescue work, for most immigrants do not need this upon arrival, but for the average normal healthy immigrant who wants to work and to become a citizen.

Under a philanthropic system, immigrants do not have equal opportunities. Look at the splendid institutions for the Jews. What have the Poles to compare with it? Where is there an Educational Alliance which so fits the children of other races to enter the public schools? What government other than the Italian gives sums for schools in labor camps? Do not the Hungarians need it? Neither is the work uniform. The educational facilities in New York may be good, for money can be more easily obtained; but is it true of the immigrant in Buffalo, or of those out at work on the road? No! If immigrants are to have equal opportunities and facilities and become equally good citizens, our states must awaken to their responsibility and provide protection equally for all.

It is good to know that the past year has been one of the most hopeful the immigrants have ever seen, in this increasing sense of protection.

The new immigration law provides that any person who "shall directly or indirectly import or attempt to import

into the United States any alien woman or girl for purposes of prostitution or any other immoral purpose, or whoever shall hold or attempt to hold any alien woman or girl for any such purpose, in pursuance of any such illegal importation, or whoever shall keep, maintain, control, support in any house or other place, for the purposes of prostitution or for any other immoral purpose, any alien woman or girl within three years after she shall have entered the United States, shall be guilty of a felony and be imprisoned not more than five years, and pay a fine of not more than $5000."

Unfortunately the government does not realize the power of the strongly intrenched syndicate, with its many agents abroad and distributed in the various cities, with large financial backing, which imports immigrant girls and sells them from city to city, and has not provided adequate machinery to reach this all-powerful combine.

The new immigration law has also provided for a bureau of information which it is hoped will consider the subject of the education and labor of women. It has also created a commission which there is reason to hope will conduct investigations with a view to the further protection of women, and will perhaps recommend some such national system of protection as has been outlined and is now being tried by a group of philanthropies.

Through the efforts of the Inter-Municipal Research Committee and Federation of Women's Clubs, New Jersey has a new employment-agency law protecting contract laborers and immigrant women, and the Research and Protective Association of Philadelphia has obtained a new employment-agency law for Pennsylvania, with the same features. How soon will the United States consider it worth while to prevent inter-state abuses in the finding of employment and inter-state traffic in women, by passing a federal law? New York has tried an employment-agency law enforced by the municipalities, and the conditions under its inadequate enforcement furnish a most striking comment upon the need of state and national protection.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania lead in the educational line. Governor Stokes of the former state appointed an immigration commission that obtained the passage of a law providing for night schools for adult foreigners, and Pennsylvania passed a law empowering local boards of education to establish schools in labor camps for foreigners.

New York passed a banking and steamship-ticket law, previously referred to; a midwives bill putting all midwives under control of the Board of Health, thus protecting the health of immigrant women and children. An investigation by the Association of Neighborhood Workers showed that ninety-five per cent of these midwives were foreigners. New York also passed the Cobb marriage bill, aimed at fake marriages practiced among immigrant women for the purpose of getting them into lives of shame. New York also increased the appropriation for distributing immigrants in the state through the Department of Agriculture.

This is only a part of the record of 1907. These new laws are typical of the signs of the times, and lead us to hope that this year may see further legislation for the protection of immigrants.

Back of all of this legislation for protection are groups of citizens and individuals who have gathered the facts and created a public sentiment for the protection of immigrants. This legislation marks but the beginning. To those who think that much has been accomplished, the following suggestions for further work show the field more clearly.

There is a crying need for the publication in the simplest terms of the laws and ordinances vitally affecting daily living — as labor laws, tenement-house regulations, fire regulations, health laws, etc. Ask an immigrant what she wants to read and she invariably replies, "Something about America in my language."

A Polish woman was arrested in a New Jersey town and fined two dollars and a half for putting ashes in the street. When she found out what her offense was she was amazed, because in her country the law required that she should put the ashes there to make good roads!

Schools for teaching English and simple American civics are needed in the smaller towns and factory towns, and better systems of instruction in the cities.

The establishment of state departments or commissions of immigration, which shall primarily protect, educate, and distribute the immigrants within the state and not merely seek laborers, is worth considering. These should coöperate with the federal government and take up the work where it lays it down — when the foreigner becomes a resident of the state.

Extension of free loan associations, neighborhood lodging-houses, friendly visiting of newly-arrived foreigners, and other movements that will bring the immigrant into relation with persons who know the standards and opportunities and ways of American city life.

Establishment of a federal system of protection of immigrants in transit and until they really reach their destination, and of compulsory railway protection.

Enforcement (and adequate machinery for the purpose) of the few laws which specifically protect immigrants.

The next decade can be profitably spent by those interested in the immigrant in working out a *system of protection* to meet the system of exploitation, and this will in a measure explain if not meet many of the "problems of immigration."

"O STRANGE MONOTONY OF SONG"

Fragment

BY LEE WILSON DODD

O STRANGE monotony of song!
Life's joy,
Life's pain,
The ecstasy, the agony of love,
The sharp despair, the solaces of death;
The irretrievable loss that desolates;
The daring hope that somewhere beyond change
Our lost ones wait for us with happier eyes!
Strange, strange majestic sameness! Yesterday,
To-day, To-morrow — still the ancient cries,
The ancient voices, the
Antique imperishable *facts* of song:
Life, Love, and Death.

NORWEGIAN LIFE

BY H. H. D. PIERCE

As I look out of my study window, this December morning, across the garden and beyond the little gorge which flanks it and through which runs the street below, I see the children in the neighboring public school enjoying their brief hourly recess in their playground, in the dim light of the dawn. For, although it is nearly half-past nine, the sun has not yet risen. Later in the day he will bathe my whole garden and house-front with his welcome rays, for we shall be free to-day from the black, grimy fog which besets Christiania during the last two months of the year,—a fog thick and heavy with the suffocating smoke of the town. Fortunately a half-hour, by the electric tram-car, takes one out of it to Holmenkollen, on the mountain overlooking the city. But the brightest winter day is short in this latitude, for the sluggard sun will set again a very few minutes after three.

It pleases my fancy that our Legation stands perched upon one of the crags of curiously distorted rocky strata that occur here and there in Christiania, thus isolated from surrounding buildings; for this, by the accepted usage of nations, is American territory, and it seems to me fitting that the soil our flag floats over should be so separated from the bordering city streets and buildings.

Many of the residences of Christiania stand thus villa-like in the midst of pretty gardens, which, in summer, are full of bloom, and give the streets a peculiar charm and sense of openness. Within, the people live simple wholesome lives, kindly and hospitable, with that truest hospitality which invites the guest to share in good cheer without ostentation or display. Dinner is at three or four o'clock, served by trim, fresh-looking maids, and supper at eight, when, except on formal occasions, the guest is free to forage around the table for himself. Host and hostess drink the health of each guest with the word "skaal," replied to by the eyes over the glass after drinking. Adjourning to the drawing-room, the guests thank both master and mistress of the house and on the next meeting never fail to say, "Thanks for the last time." One is everywhere struck by the frank and unaffected simplicity of the life and the straightforward kindliness of the people.

The scope of women's employment is much wider in Norway than with us. Even large public banquets are chiefly served by maids, and in the shops customers are waited upon, generally, by saleswomen. This is by no means confined to a few classes of shops. In shoe-shops, for both men and women, in jewelers' and silversmiths', in fact in almost every branch of retail trade, while women are not exclusively employed to wait upon customers, they decidedly predominate. In the banks also, in the post and telegraph office, and upon the railways, women are much employed, not only in clerical capacities, but for work exclusively performed in America by men.

In the University of Christiania both sexes attend the lectures indiscriminately and are upon the same footing. In the practice of medicine, and especially of dentistry, there are quite as many female as male practitioners. In a small block of buildings close to the Legation I have counted the signs of six dentists, three of whom are women. Even in the law women are admitted to practice.

The students of the university form a conspicuous and interesting element in

the social atmosphere of Christiania. The university buildings are situated in a prominent part of the principal thoroughfare of the city. The students are thus much in evidence, and the sentiment of the community is strongly in favor of a university education for both sexes. A course at the university, with good standing in scholarship, is a requisite part of the curriculum of the Military Academy of the Kingdom, so that among the students are to be seen not a few wearing military uniforms.

Education may be said to be universal in Norway. The commonest laborer can at least read and write, and many peasants attain a considerable degree of culture. Liestöl, for instance, who is an exponent of the school which is endeavoring to bring the ancient language of the country, called "maalet," still spoken by the peasants in certain districts of the west, into general use as the language of Norway, has educated himself very highly. He is a true peasant, laboring in the fields; still he has not only found time to do considerable literary work in connection with this movement, but has also acquired a very considerable knowledge of English.

The language of Norway is, or at least appears to be, in a transitional state. That which is usually spoken is identical with Danish, with some differences in pronunciation, and some slight modification of meaning due to sectional conditions. It is in fact the Danish language acquired by Norway during its union with that country, which lasted some six hundred years.

Of late there has been a tendency to draw away from the Danish tongue and set up, or evolve, a distinct language. The movement is led on the one hand by Björnson, who in his writings adopts a spelling quite his own, differing considerably from that of the ordinary literature, and on the other by certain writers, who, like Garborg, write in the old maalet. The word "maal" means language or tongue, and the final "et" is simply the suffix of the definite article. Maalet therefore means, "the language." As I write, a measure has just to-day been introduced in the Storthing to regulate by law the orthography of the language.

The daily life of the students is simple, and dissipation rare. The studies are seriously pursued, and good scholarship and ability are rewarded by the respectful appreciation and popular regard of fellow students. Yet there is no lack of frank and hearty ebullition of spirits. Withal there is an unaffected simplicity about these student pleasures which reminds one of the college days of an earlier generation in our own universities.

The students of the University of Christiania are provided with an admirable general club-house, in a central part of the city, where they have, in a plain and simple fashion, such food and refreshments as they may choose to order, including beer and wine, if they wish it, and where, in short, they enjoy an entire freedom, which is rarely abused. For these students possess that quality of self-respect which is preëminently characteristic of the Norseman.

In this assembly building, or club, the students, in winter, not only enjoy their recreation and that exchange of ideas so essential to wholesome mental growth, but give their balls and other entertainments in a straightforward and unpretentious fashion. The Students' Ball I attended there was managed with a decorum and efficiency which would have been highly creditable to more experienced men of the world. There was no ostentation of elaborate decoration, but the bright young faces and the pretty white gowns were the better set off against the plain but tastefully colored walls. It was chaperoned by two ladies of social prominence, but otherwise the young girls were without other protection than their own good sense, and their well-founded confidence, and that of their parents, in the entire trustworthiness of their student escorts.

Early in winter the students devote a

week to a grand carnival, when the entire club building is given over to a sort of mock country fair. Here you may witness, in the great hall and exhibition room, a burlesque circus, with an amusing band, led by a conductor who gravely imitates the affectations of some orchestral leaders. Through the rooms are other amusing satires upon interests of the day. There you may, for a few öre, have three shots, with balls, at caricatures of the cabinet ministers. Hit one, and another political character takes his place. At another booth, arranged in imitation of a railway book-stall, are clever parodies on the popular novels of the day. There, in that farther room, called the "North-West Passage," ices are served. Across the street, in the university gymnasium, a stage has been erected, and here is given a very clever burlesque of an Italian opera, — a real old-fashioned burlesque, — no modern imitation cheap shows, no topical songs and no dances. Just an old-fashioned burlesque gravely gone through with, the excellent music well sung and all the accessories simple but sufficient; and short withal, so that the spectators' risible muscles do not become moulded into a stereotyped smile.

Everywhere all is most informal. The students are simply in for a good time, not to pose socially. You may wear your hat, if you choose, or even smoke, but you may not take either the entertainment or yourself too seriously. You come away with the sense of having been thoroughly amused by a hearty bit of talented student fun, and without wondering at the cost, in either time or money.

Owing doubtless in part to its isolation from the rest of Europe, — for Stockholm is distant twelve hours by rail from Christiania, and Copenhagen nearly twenty, — the theatre of Norway has developed upon lines of its own, evolving a very individual school of acting but little influenced by the stage conventions and traditions of other countries; very faithful and true to nature in its conceptions, and frankly realistic in its treatment. The intense dramatic feeling and earnestness of the players is perhaps, at times, insufficiently restrained, but as a rule the parts are played with taste as well as with vigor and freshness. The sincerity with which the minor parts are acted, and the natural manner in which all the players unite in the support of one another, add greatly to the realism of the production. The by-play of the minor performers is sustained, without becoming tiresome. If a number of people are on the stage together they appear to engage in conversation in a perfectly natural manner, without any appearance of forced "stage business." Of course this drilling of the minor actors and supernumeraries is chiefly due to the care and taste which Mr. Björnson has devoted to the stage management of his large company. But it must be said that he has excellent material to work with.

In all that precedes I have been speaking of the National Theatre of Christiania which, while it receives a royal subsidy, is on the other hand burdened with a heavy municipal tax. It is to Mr. Björn Björnson, the son of the great Norwegian writer and poet, that Christiania is indebted for this really splendid temple of the dramatic muse. It was by his efforts that the needed funds for its erection were secured, and it has been under his management that it has produced the beautifully staged plays of his distinguished father, of Henrik Ibsen, and of other less known national playwrights.

The theatre itself is provided with every most modern convenience and comfort for audience, management, and actors. The auditorium is comfortable and well ventilated; the orchestra, for which ample room is provided, out of the immediate view of the audience, but not concealed from it, is large and of the very best. The stage is of vast proportions, adequate for the production of the most elaborate pieces, and provided with every modern mechanical appliance as well as with a corps of unsurpassed scenic art-

ists. Much of the scene-painting reaches a very high degree of artistic excellence. Nothing of its sort could exceed the beauty and truth to nature in the scenery of *Peer Gynt*, depicting Norwegian landscapes. The play is given with Grieg's exquisite music, and it is interesting to see the great composer in the audience, as one frequently may, listening to his own composition and witnessing the play for which he composed the music.

It is perhaps the ensemble in the production of this piece that is most worthy of remark. Its perfect evenness of sustained execution entitles it to rank as a masterpiece of artistic stage management. To single out any special performer in this admirable presentation of Ibsen's romantic drama seems hardly fair to the rest of the work. Yet one can scarcely refrain from remarking upon Mr. Christiansen's impersonation of the title rôle, a really fine piece of dramatic work.

It is said that Ibsen intended, in Peer Gynt, to typify the national character. This is probably hardly a fair statement, for Peer Gynt certainly does not stand for the type of Norwegian manhood. The shiftless sensual vagabond, the boastful purposeless dreamer that Ibsen depicts in Peer Gynt, no more typifies the Norwegian than he does humanity in general. The story is told that, to somebody who asked Ibsen what he had in mind in writing *Peer Gynt*, he replied that none but God and himself ever knew, and for his part he had forgotten.

The scene between Peer Gynt and the three Saeter girls on top of the mountain is given with truly wonderful effect. The mad abandon of these weird creatures in their moonlight dance, luring the inflammable sensualist on by their wild laughter and derisive songs, is done with rare intensity. This and the scene with the Troll King's daughter are bits of really fine dramatic work. Much of the play, especially in the last act, good as it is as literature, is lacking in dramatic incident. It was not originally intended for the stage, and it has required some adaptation to make its performance possible. Indeed, the *dramatic* interest of the play, though not that of the psychological study, ends with the death of old Aase, beautiful as the stage-setting continues to be up to the final fall of the curtain.

For my own part I suspect that Ibsen had no further purpose in writing *Peer Gynt* than to set for himself a problem in psychology, working out the mental and moral development of the principal character in the play, given certain traits and environment, and that he introduced the Norwegian folklore, which gives the local color, merely as an artistic framing, like the scenic accessories, not with any intention of stamping Peer Gynt himself as a product peculiar to Norway. Most of Ibsen's plays have a strong local coloring of his own country and people.

The production of *A Doll's House*, contrasting so completely as it does with *Peer Gynt*, is nevertheless given with the same careful study of detail as the more spectacular piece. The simple, homely room, which is the background throughout the play, is a most minutely faithful reproduction of such a parlor, in just such a flat, as you may find by the hundred in Christiania. It is the typical home of the Norwegian bank clerk. You are unmistakably in Christiania. Through the door which opens at the back of the scene you catch, from time to time, glimpses of the narrow hallway and the outer door leading to the staircase. The fire before which Nora and Helmar sit is in the tall porcelain stove of the country. The scene is even set to show the architectural arrangement of the rooms, making it clear that Helmar's study can only be reached by passing through the parlor; for a jog in the wall, bringing the angle well upon the stage, gives visible evidence of the construction. The performance itself is admirable, the acting restrained, for the most part, and the whole very real and living.

At several of the minor theatres the

acting is excellent and individual, though the productions lack finish, and are, of necessity, presented without the lavish furnishings of the National Theatre.

One of the plays that I love best, in the repertory of the National Theatre, is *Fossegrimen*. It was written by a member of the company, in the western peasant dialect, and the quaint and original music was composed by Mr. Halvorsen, the leader of the orchestra of the theatre. It is a romance of the country people, introducing scenes of very real peasant life of fifty years ago; and woven into it is much of the folk-lore of the country, in which every good Norwegian believes, at the bottom of his heart, or ought to if he do not, it so suits the picturesque landscape. No young Norwegian woman, properly educated in her national traditions, would dare to enter the barn of a country farm at night, lest the sprites that inhabit it, offended at her interruption of their sports, should do her harm. The sordid materialist may, in the wild splendor of the landscape of western Norway, doubt the existence of all manner of supernatural inhabitants of the dark recesses under the cliffs; for my own part I am only waiting the opportunity to encounter a troll.

Whether or not the fact may be justly attributed to the lonely grandeur of the scenery, certain it is that insanity is much more prevalent among the towering cliffs and deep black waters of the Telemarken country than in any other part of Norway.

How entrancing is a posting trip, in summer, through the mountainous sections of Norway, where the railway has not yet penetrated! The wonderful and ever-varying grandeur of the landscape fairly wearies the beholder with its rich splendor of grand prospects, as the picturesque blocks of granite that protect the edge of the well-made road, overhanging the frequent precipitous descents along the course of one's journey, become monotonous. Granite, did I say? Not infrequently those blocks are of fine porphyry which, carved and polished, might well decorate some palace. The posthouses, where you stop for rest and refreshments while the horses are being changed, or where you pass the night, are excellent hostelries unspoiled by tourists. You may count on them for good meals and clean comfortable beds at moderate prices, and upon having anything that you may have left behind forwarded to you by next post. The country people take pride in the reputation that nothing is ever lost in Norway.

Here and there on your way you may still see the national costume, worn by both men and women. For the country people are proud of their national dress, as they are of their pursuit of agriculture, and not a few of them claim descent from the ancient earls and kings. It is narrated that King Oscar of Sweden, once traveling in the country, stopped at the homestead of a sturdy farmer for refreshment. The peasant proprietor, proud of a lineage descended from one of the local kings, greeted him familiarly as "Oscar," and at the noonday meal invited him to sit at a table set aside for himself and the king, leaving the suite to seat themselves at a separate table.

Scattered throughout all the mountainous districts of Norway are innumerable "sanatoriums," as they are called. They are, in fact, simply comfortable hotels much frequented by people seeking the wholesome and invigorating air of the mountains.

There is a peculiar charm to the Norwegian observance of Christmas time, called "Juletid" (J pronounced like Y), the Yuletide of our grandfathers. The festivities commence at six o'clock on Christmas eve, when all business ceases, even to the running of the street cars, and a cab can hardly be procured during that evening at any price. Everything stops but the celebration of Christmas. The salutation "Glädelig Jul" (Happy Christmas) is in every mouth. It is a season of universal good-will and kind-

ness, of thought, not of self, but of others, in which none are forgotten. Wreaths of green, or of flowers, are laid upon the graves of the dead, alms generously given. The very birds are cared for, and sheaves of grain hung outside some window of every dwelling for their behoof.

And now, in good earnest, the winter sports begin, for by this time deep snows cover every hillside. The townsfolk hie them to the country with "ski" and "kjælke" to enjoy the holiday week, in their national amusement, on the white slopes of the mountains.

The ski (pronounced *ske*) is the Scandinavian snowshoe. The type varies in the various countries of Scandinavia, that of Norway differing greatly from the Finnish ski, each being adapted to the physical requirements of the country. The rugged mountain sides of Norway, with their rapid slopes and frequent almost precipitous declivities, demand a heavier, stronger ski than that used in the flat Finnish country, with greater upward curve to the toe, and a secure fastening to the feet. The Norwegian ski is made of stout ash some four inches wide, varying in length with the height and weight of the individual, but averaging about seven feet.

As young and old of both sexes go skimming over the snow, gliding down the steep hills, at breakneck speed, in and out among the passers on the roads or over the unbroken fields, upon the hillsides and through the thick forests, ski-running seems as easy as walking over a country road. But the novice quickly discovers that this ease has been acquired by long practice, generally since childhood, for Norwegian children commence to practice with skis at three or four years of age. It is not easy to manage these long slats strapped to the feet. The first slide down hill, and for that matter the second and third, inevitably ends in a tumble and an inextricable tangle of legs and skis from which, unless there is a helping hand, the only release is to unbuckle the straps. One falls softer in the deep snow than on the beaten road, but the tangle is the worse, for the end of at least one ski is sure to become imbedded in the drift, and the more one flounders in the snow the more hopeless becomes the case.

Yet so skillful do the people become in ski-running that not only do they go sliding down the mountain sides at terrific speed, dodging in and out through the trees of the forest, guiding themselves with perfect ease, but tremendous leaps are made when going at full speed down almost precipitous inclines, bringing the jumper even with the tops of the tall fir-trees, before he lands to go sliding on his way. Each winter, meetings are held all over the country, to contest the championship in ski-jumping. At each of these matches some two or three hundred young contestants engage in what seems to be a terribly dangerous trial of skill. Yet serious accidents are infrequent.

Every Sunday in winter the hillsides about Christiania are covered with people, young and old, enjoying the winter sports. Some may be practicing jumping, some simply sliding down the mountain paths. Here may be a party of young people with light packs upon their backs starting for a three days' march across country. Sixty miles a day will be none too much for them to cover. Perhaps the nights may be spent in some log hut they have built in the forest, where they will cook their meals and enjoy good wholesome camp-life.

Yonder is paterfamilias, with wife and children, coasting down hill on his kjælke, a long pole trailing behind with which to steer. Every one who does not run on skis coasts on the kjælke, or large frame sled of the country, excellently constructed by the way. In the management of these kjælker the Norwegians are as expert as they are upon their skis. Down the roads they go like the wind, guiding their sleds with their poles, in and out between the horses and the people climbing up to coast down again or racing along

on skis. Everybody is in good humor in the bright crisp air, laughing over capsizes in the snow, or at the awkwardness of some tyro in the art of ski-running, and joining in the general merriment.

Take an electric car for Holmenkollen some Sunday morning. You must wait your turn in the long queue, roped off to restrain the over-impetuous, but with patience you will get your chance. You hang your kjælke in the rack, on the side of the car, and take your place within. There is no crowding, for people may not stand in the passage. A few may be accommodated on the platform only. Arrived at Holmenkollen, you hire a horse and man to pull you up to Frognersæter where you will take a light lunch at the log-built hostelry, if you have patience to wait your turn, for there is a veritable army to be fed, as the forest of skis sticking up in the snow announces. Here all is animation and gayety, with young rosy faces and bright woolen costumes, not a few of which, you are glad to observe, are of the national peasant type. All the world is out for a good time in the snow; you may even have met Royalty itself coasting down the road, as you came.

After lunch, you have your choice of coasting down to Christiania by road, or by the more exciting built-up coast expressively called "The Corkscrew." Either way it is a coast of a good six miles. If you elect the latter it is well that you can manage your steering pole dexterously, for the speed is great and the turns short and frequent. Many is the tumble, and not always without broken bones.

The adoption of these winter sports by the townspeople is but recent. Formerly both the ski and the kjælke were simply used by the peasants as necessary means of getting about the country in the deep snows of winter, the former to walk upon the snow and the latter for drawing loads over the beaten roads. I am not aware that any one knows the history of the early use of either. I have seen some interesting specimens of skis of apparent great age, but how far back they may have dated I have been unable to ascertain. The legends of the country refer to their very early use, and it is probable that something of the sort was used as early as the time of the Vikings. For at that period, while the Vikings naturally were the most conspicuous, there was a comparatively large peasant population, whose sole interest was the cultivation of the soil. A good many remains of these early husbandmen are still to be found in Norway. Some log dwellings, of a more recent period, it is true, but still very primitive, are preserved, and are most interesting illustrations of the life of these northern snow- and ice-bound people.

There seems to be something in this atmosphere which prevents the rapid decay of wood. Witness the several viking ships, in a wonderful state of preservation, in several places in Norway. It is knowingly stated that these have been preserved in the clay in which they were buried; but where else in the world has wet clay so prevented the rot of wood?

What a marvel to look upon these ships as they stand to-day almost intact! Every detail of the life upon them and of their use can be plainly traced out. What hardy men were they who in these little open craft — big rowboats with one rather large square sail — could make the voyage across the stormy Atlantic to Iceland, and there found, and maintain, a colony whose truly classic literature of more than eleven hundred years ago is still preserved; and who, sailing thence, without chart or compass, discovered the continent of America five hundred years before the discovery by Columbus! It was with such craft that they became the terror of the seacoast of nearly all Europe, so that women and children in that warlike age prayed, "Deliver us, O Lord! from the Norsemen." It was these people who founded that race in Normandy which conquered and subjugated England, and which, planting itself there, has imprinted its mark forever in our very blood.

That was a savage time, when pillage and rapine followed victory as a matter of course in the right of might. All Scandinavia was in a constant state of turmoil in the incessant warrings of the kings and earls, while predatory excursions served to fill in the gaps of idleness of the sea-warriors. But in the comparative tranquillity of Iceland a literature sprang up which still excites our admiration and shows us that the early Norsemen had also, even in that primitive age, great intellectual qualities.

Nor has the Norseman of to-day buried his ancient heritage in a napkin. The modern literature of Norway and the explorations of Nansen and Amundson stand out as monuments of his preëminence in literature and in adventurous discovery.

THE LITERARY LADY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Peu de génie, point de grâce."

In this overrated century of progress, when women have few favors shown them, but are asked to do their work or acknowledge their deficiencies, the thoughtful mind turns disconsolately back to those urbane days when every tottering step they took was patronized and praised. It must have been very pleasant to be able to publish *Paraphrases and Imitations of Horace*, without knowing a word of Latin. Latin is a difficult language to study, and much useful time may be wasted in acquiring it; therefore Miss Anna Seward (the Swan of Lichfield) eschewed the tedious process which most translators deem essential. Yet her paraphrases were held to have caught the true Horatian spirit; and critics praised them all the more indulgently because of their author's feminine attitude to the classics. "Over the lyre of Horace," she wrote elegantly to Mr. Repton, "I throw an unfettered hand."

It may be said that critics were invariably indulgent to female writers (listen to Christopher North purring over Mrs. Hemans!) until they stepped, like Charlotte Brontë, from their appointed spheres, and hotly challenged the competition of the world. This was a disagreeable and a disconcerting thing for them to do. Nobody could patronize *Jane Eyre*, and none of the pleasant things which were habitually murmured about "female excellence and talent" seemed to fit this firebrand of a book. Had Charlotte Brontë taken to heart Mrs. King's "justly approved work" on *The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper upon Domestic Happiness*, she would not have shocked and pained the sensitive reviewer of the *Quarterly*.

It was in imitation of that beacon light, Mrs. Hannah More, that Mrs. King (called by courtesy Mrs., though really a virginal Frances Elizabeth) wrote her famous treatise. It was in imitation of Mrs. Hannah More that Mrs. Trimmer (abhorred by Lamb) wrote *The Servant's Friend, Help to the Unlearned*, and the *Charity School Spelling Book*, — works which have passed out of the hands of men, but whose titles survive to fill us with wonder and admiration. Was there ever a time when the unlearned frankly recognized their ignorance, and when a mistress ventured to give her housemaids a *Servant's Friend?* Was spelling in the charity-schools different from spelling elsewhere, or were charity-school children taught a limited vocabulary, from which all words of rank

had been eliminated? Those were days when the upper classes were affable and condescending, when the rural poor — if not intoxicated — curtsied and invoked blessings on their benefactors all day long, and when benevolent ladies told the village politicians what it was well for them to know. But even at this restful period, a *Charity School Spelling Book* seems ill calculated to inspire the youthful student with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Trimmer's attitude to the public was marked by that refined diffidence which was considered becoming in a female. Her biographer assures us that she never coveted literary distinction, although her name was celebrated "wherever Christianity was established, and the English language was spoken." Royalty took her by the hand, and bishops expressed their overwhelming sense of obligation. We sigh to think how many ladies became famous against their wills a hundred and fifty years ago, and how hard it is now to raise our aspiring heads. There was Mrs. Carter — also unmarried — who read Greek, and translated Epictetus, who was admired by "the great, the gay, the good and the learned;" yet who could with difficulty be persuaded to bear the burden of her own eminence. It was the opinion of her friends that Mrs. Carter had conferred a good deal of distinction upon Epictetus by her translation, — by setting, as Dr. Young elegantly phrased it, this Pagan jewel in gold. We find Mrs. Montagu writing to this effect, and expressing in round terms her sense of the philosopher's obligation. "Might not such an honour from a fair hand make even an Epictetus proud, without being censured for it? Nor let Mrs. Carter's amiable modesty become blameable by taking offence at the truth, but stand the shock of applause which she has brought upon her own head."

It was very comforting to receive letters like this, to be called upon to brace one's self against the shock of applause, instead of against the chilly douche of disparagement. Mrs. Carter retorted, as in duty bound, by imploring her friend to employ her splendid abilities upon some epoch-making work, — some work which, while it entertained the world, "would be applauded by angels, and registered in Heaven." Perhaps the uncertainty of angelic readers daunted even Mrs. Montagu, for she never responded to this and many similar appeals; but suffered her literary reputation to rest secure on her defense of Shakespeare, and three papers contributed to Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*. Why, indeed, should she have labored further, when, to the end of her long and honored life, men spoke of her "transcendent talents," her "magnificent attainments"? Had she written a history of the world, she could not have been more reverently praised. Lord Lyttelton, transported with pride at having so distinguished a collaborator, wrote to her that the French translation of the *Dialogues* was as well done as "the poverty of the French tongue would permit;" and added unctuously, "but such eloquence as yours must lose by being translated into *any* other language. Your form and manner would seduce Apollo himself on his throne of criticism on Parnassus."

Lord Lyttelton was perhaps more remarkable for amiability than for judgment; but Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who wrote good letters himself, ardently admired Mrs. Montagu's, and pronounced her "the Madame du Deffand of the English capital." Cowper meekly admitted that she stood at the head "of all that is called learned," and that every critic "veiled his bonnet before her superior judgment." Even Dr. Johnson, though he despised the *Dialogues*, and protested to the end of his life that Shakespeare stood in no need of Mrs. Montagu's championship, acknowledged that the lady was well-informed and intelligent. "Conversing with her," he said, "you may find variety in one;" and this charming phrase stands now as the

most generous interpretation of her fame. It is something we can credit amid the bewildering nonsense which was talked and written about a woman whose hospitality dazzled society, and whose assertiveness dominated her friends.

There were other literary ladies belonging to this charmed circle whose reputations rested on frailer foundations. Mrs. Montagu *did* write the essay on Shakespeare and the three dialogues. Mrs. Carter *did* translate Epictetus. Mrs. Chapone *did* write *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, which so gratified George the Third and Queen Charlotte that they entreated her to compose a second volume; and she *did* dally a little with verse, for one of her odes was prefixed — Heaven knows why — to Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*; and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, even little Prince William, were all familiar with this masterpiece. There never was a lady more popular with a reigning house, and, when we dip into her pages, we know the reason why. A firm insistence upon admitted truths, a loving presentation of the obvious, a generous championship of those sweet commonplaces we all deem dignified and safe, made her especially pleasing to good King George and his consort. Even her letters are models of sapiency. "Tho' I meet with no absolutely perfect character," she writes to Sir William Pepys, "yet where I find a good disposition, improved by good principles and virtuous habits, I feel a moral assurance that I shall not find any flagrant vices in the same person, and that I shall never see him fall into any very criminal action."

The breadth and tolerance of this admission must have startled her correspondent, seasoned though he was to intellectual audacity. Nor was Mrs. Chapone lacking in the gentle art of self-advancement; for when about to publish a volume of *Miscellanies*, she requested Sir William to write an essay on "Affection and Simplicity," or "Enthusiasm and Indifference," and permit her to print it as her own. "If your ideas suit my way of thinking," she tells him encouragingly, "I can cool them down to my manner of writing, for we must not have a hotch potch of Styles; and if, for any reason, I should not be able to make use of them, you will still have had the benefit of having written them, and may peaceably possess your own property."

There are many ways of asking a favor, but to assume that you are granting the favor that you ask shows spirit and invention. Had Mrs. Chapone written nothing but this model of all begging letters, she would be worthy to take high rank among the literary ladies of Great Britain.

It is more difficult to establish the claim of Mrs. Boscawen, who looms nebulously on the horizon as the wife of an admiral, and the friend of Mrs. Hannah More, from whom she received flowing compliments in the *Bas Bleu*. We are told that this lady was "distinguished by the strength of her understanding, the poignancy of her humor, and the brilliancy of her wit;" but there does not survive the mildest joke, the smallest word of wisdom to illustrate these qualities. Then there was Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, whose name alone was a guarantee of immortality; and the "sprightly and pleasing Mrs. Ironmonger;" and Miss Lee, who could repeat the whole of Miss Burney's "Cecilia" (a shocking accomplishment); and the vivacious Miss Monckton, whom Johnson called a dunce; and Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, a useful person, "equally competent to form the minds and manners of the daughters of a nobleman, and to reform the simple but idle habits of the peasantry;" and Mrs. Bennet, whose letters — so Miss Seward tells us — "breathed Ciceronean spirit and eloquence," and whose poems revealed "the terse neatness, humor and gayety of Swift," which makes it doubly distressful that neither letters nor poems have survived. Above all, there was the mysterious "Sylph," who glides — sylph-like — through a misty atmosphere of

conjecture and adulation; and about whom we feel some of the fond solicitude expressed over and over again by the letter-writers of this engaging period.

Translated into prose, the Sylph becomes Mrs. Agmondesham Vesey, —

"Vesey, of verse the judge and friend," —

a fatuous deaf lady, with a taste for literary society, and a talent for arranging chairs. She it was who first gathered the "Blues" together, placing them in little groups — generally back to back — and flitting so rapidly from one group to another, her ear-trumpet hung around her neck, that she never heard more than a few broken sentences of conversation. She had what Mrs. Hannah More amiably called "plastic genius," which meant that she fidgeted perpetually; and what Mrs. Carter termed "a delightful spirit of innocent irregularity," which meant that she was inconsequent to the danger point. "She united," said Madame d'Arblay, "the unguardedness of childhood to a Hibernian bewilderment of ideas which cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation." But her kind-heartedness (she proposed having her drawing-room graveled, so that a lame friend could walk on it without slipping) made even her absurdities lovable, and her most fantastic behavior was tolerated as proof of her aerial essence. "There is nothing of mere vulgar mortality about our Sylph," wrote Mrs. Carter proudly.

It was in accordance with this pleasing illusion that, when Mrs. Vesey took a sea voyage, her friends spoke of her as though she were a mermaid, disporting herself in, instead of on, the ocean. They not only held "the uproar of a stormy sea to be as well adapted to the sublime of her imagination as the soft murmur of a gliding stream to the gentleness of her temper" (so much might at a pinch be said about any of us); but we find Mrs. Carter writing to Mrs. Montagu in this perplexing strain: —

"I fancy our Sylph has not yet left the coral groves and submarine palaces in which she would meet with so many of her fellow nymphs on her way to England. I think if she had landed, we should have had some information about it, either from herself, or from somebody else who knows her consequence to us."

The poor Sylph seems to have had rather a hard time of it after the death of the Honorable Agmondesham, who relished his wife's vagaries so little, or feared them so much, that he left the bulk of his estate to his nephew, a respectable young man with no unearthly qualities. The heir, however, behaved generously to his widowed aunt, giving her an income large enough to permit her to live with comfort, and to keep her coach. Mrs. Carter was decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Vesey made such a "detestable" will because he was lacking in sound religious principles, and she expressed in plain terms her displeasure with her friend for mourning persistently over the loss of one who "so little deserved her tears." But the Sylph, lonely, middle-aged, and deaf, realized perhaps that her little day was over. Mrs. Montagu's profuse hospitality had supplanted "the biscuit's ample sacrifice." People no longer cared to sit back to back, talking platitudes through long and hungry evenings. The "innocent irregularity" deepened into melancholy, into madness; and the Sylph, a piteous mockery of her old sweet foolish self, faded away, dissolving like Niobe in tears.

It may be noted that the mission of the literary lady throughout all these happy years was to elevate and refine. Her attitude towards matters of the intellect was one of obtrusive humility. It is recorded that "an accomplished and elegant female writer" (the name, alas! withheld) requested Sir William Pepys to mark all the passages in Madame de Staël's works which he considered "above her comprehension." Sir William "with ready wit" declined this invidious task; but agreed to mark all he deemed "worthy of her attention." We hardly know what to admire the most in a story like this, — the lady's modesty, Sir Wil-

liam's tact, or the revelation it affords of infinite leisure. When we remember the relentless copiousness of Madame de Staël's books, we wonder if the amiable annotator lived long enough to finish his task.

In matters of morality, however, the female pen was held to be a bulwark of Great Britain. The ambition to prove that — albeit a woman — one may be on terms of literary intimacy with the seven deadly sins ("Je ne suis qu'un pauvre diable de perruquier, mais je ne crois pas en Dieu plus que les autres") had not yet dawned upon the feminine horizon. The literary lady accepted with enthusiasm the limitations of her sex, and turned them to practical account; she laid with them the foundations of her fame. Mrs. Montagu, an astute woman of the world, recognized in what we should now call an enfeebling propriety her most valuable asset. It sanctified her attack upon Voltaire, it enabled her to snub Dr. Johnson, and it made her, in the opinion of her friends, the natural and worthy opponent of Lord Chesterfield. She was entreated to come to the rescue of British morality by denouncing that nobleman's "profligate" letters; and we find the Reverend Montagu Pennington lamenting years afterwards her refusal "to apply her wit and genius to counteract the mischief which Lord Chesterfield's volumes had done."

Mrs. Hannah More's dazzling renown rested on the same solid support. She was so strong morally, that to have caviled at her intellectual feebleness would have been deemed profane. Her advice (she spent the best part of eighty-eight years in proffering it) was so estimable that its general inadequacy was never ascertained. Rich people begged her to advise the poor. Great people begged her to advise the humble. Satisfied people begged her to advise the discontented. Sir William Pepys wrote to her in 1792, imploring her to avert from England the threatened danger of radicalism and a division of land by writing a dialogue "between two persons of the lowest order," in which should be set forth the discomforts of land ownership, and the advantages of laboring for small wages at trades. This simple and childlike scheme would, in Sir William's opinion, go far towards making English workmen contented with their lot, and might eventually save the country from the terrible bloodshed of France. Was ever higher tribute paid to sustained and triumphant propriety? Look at Mary Wollstonecraft vindicating the rights of woman in sordid poverty, in tears and shame; and look at Hannah More, an object of pious pilgrimage at Cowslip Green. Her sisters, awe-struck at finding themselves the guardians of such preëminence, secluded her from common contact with mankind. They spoke of her as "she" (like Mr. Rider Haggard's heroine), and explained to visitors how good and great she was, and what a condescension it would be on her part to see them, when two peeresses and a bishop had been turned away the day before. "It is an exquisite pleasure," wrote Mrs. Carter enthusiastically, "to see distinguished talents and sublime virtue placed in such an advantageous situation;" and the modern reader is reminded against his will of the lively old actress who sighed out to the artist Mulready her unavailing regrets over a misspent life. "Ah, Mulready, if I had only been virtuous, it would have been pounds and pounds in my pocket."

"Harmonious virgins," sneered Horace Walpole, "whose thoughts and phrases are like their gowns, old remnants cut and turned;" and it is painful to know that in these ribald words he is alluding to the Swan of Lichfield, and to the "glowing daughter of Apollo," Miss Helen Maria Williams. The Swan probably never did have her gowns cut and turned, for she was a well-to-do lady with an income of four hundred pounds, and she lived very grandly in the bishop's palace at Lichfield, where her

father ("an angel, but an ass," according to Coleridge) had been many years a canon. But Apollo having, after the fashion of gods, bequeathed nothing to his glowing daughter but the gift of song, Miss Williams might occasionally have been glad of a gown to turn. Her juvenile poem "Edwin and Eltruda" enriched her in fame only; but "Peru," being published by subscription (blessed days when friends could be turned into subscribers!), must have been fairly remunerative; and we hear of its author in London, giving "literary breakfasts," a popular but depressing form of entertainment. If ever literature be "alien to the natural man," it is at the breakfast hour. Miss Williams subsequently went to Paris, and became an ardent revolutionist, greatly to the distress of poor Miss Seward, whose enthusiasm for the cause of freedom had suffered a decline, and who kept imploring her friend to come home. "Fly, my dear Helen, that land of carnage!" she wrote beseechingly. But Helen could n't fly, she being then imprisoned by the ungrateful revolutionists, who seemed unable, or unwilling, to distinguish friends from foes. She had moreover by that time allied herself to Mr. John Hurford Stone, a gentleman of the strictest religious views, but without moral prejudices, who abandoned his lawful wife for Apollo's offspring, and who, as a consequence, preferred living on the Continent. Therefore Miss Williams fell forever from the bright circle of literary stars; and Lady Morgan, who met her years afterwards in Paris, has nothing more interesting to record than that she had grown "immensely fat," — an unpoetic and unworthy thing to do. "For when corpulence, which is a gift of evil, cometh upon age, then are vanished the days of romance and of stirring deeds."

Yet sentiment, if not romance, clung illusively to the literary lady, even when she surrendered nothing to persuasion. Strange shadowy stories of courtship are told with pathetic simplicity. Mrs. Carter, "when she had nearly attained the mature age of thirty," was wooed by a nameless gentleman of unexceptionable character, whom "she was induced eventually to refuse in consequence of his having written some verses, of the nature of which she disapproved." Whether these verses were improper (perish the thought!) or merely ill-advised, we shall never know; but as the rejected suitor "expressed ever after a strong sense of Mrs. Carter's handsome behavior to him," there seems to have been on his part something perilously akin to acquiescence. "I wonder," says the wise Elizabeth Bennet, "who first discovered the efficacy of poetry in driving away love." It is a pleasure to turn from such uncertainties to the firm outlines and providential issues of Mrs. Hannah More's early attachment. When the wealthy Mr. Turner, who had wooed and won the lady, manifested an unworthy reluctance to marry her, she consented to receive, in lieu of his heart and hand, an income of two hundred pounds a year, which enabled her to give up teaching, and commence author at the age of twenty-two. The wedding day had been fixed, the wedding dress was made, but the wedding bells were never rung, and the couple — like the lovers in the story-books — lived happily ever after.

It was reserved for the Lichfield Swan to work the miracle of miracles, and rob love of inconstancy. She was but eighteen when she inspired a passion "as fervent as it was lasting" in the breast of Colonel Taylor, mentioned by discreet biographers as Colonel T. The young man being without income, Mr. Seward — who was not altogether an ass — promptly declined the alliance; and when, four years later, a timely inheritance permitted a renewal of the suit, Miss Seward had wearied of her lover. Colonel Taylor accordingly married another young woman; but the remembrance of the Swan, and an unfortunate habit he had acquired of openly bewailing her

loss, "clouded with gloom the first years of their married life." The patient Mrs. Taylor became in time so deeply interested in the object of her husband's devotion that she opened a correspondence with Miss Seward — who was the champion letter-writer of England — repeatedly sought to make her acquaintance, and "with melancholy enthusiasm was induced to invest her with all the charms imagination could devise, or which had been lavished upon her by description."

This state of affairs lasted thirty years, at the end of which time Colonel Taylor formed the desperate resolution of going to Lichfield, and seeing his beloved one again. He went, he handed the parlor-maid a prosaic card; and while Miss Seward — a stoutish, middle-aged, lame lady — was adjusting her cap and kerchief, he strode into the hall, cast one impassioned glance up the stairway, and rapidly left the house. When asked by his wife why he had not stayed, he answered solemnly, "The gratification must have been followed by pain and regret that would have punished the temerity of the attempt. I had no sooner entered the house than I became sensible of the perilous state of my feelings, and fled with precipitation."

And the Swan was fifty-two! Well may we sigh over the days when the Literary Lady was not only petted and praised, not only the bulwark of Church and State, but when she accomplished the impossible, and kindled in man's inconstant heart an inextinguishable flame.

THE BLACK FOG

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible — at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by — a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by

the thud of a cane on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog — like beacons before the sea-castle of some mediæval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass, — lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas of fading time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

"I've lost my mother, where is my mother?" she cries.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the tall spectre of the constable.

"I live in Fulham, sir," she replies. "Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?"

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

"You cannot find it now," he says. "Better wait here, then come to the station with me."

"Where are you, little girl?" says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity, "Where are you? I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me."

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveler. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet sombre sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream, or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, "God save the King." Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the lustre fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called

forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and — Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil will be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture. Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy. But to-day the city mourns in sackcloth and ashes.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing spectres move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city, — bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

> What merchandise? whence, whither, and for whom?
> Perchance it is a Fate-appointed hearse,
> Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
> Or Limbo of the scornful universe
> The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
> Of all things good which should have been our portions
> But have been strangled by that City's curse.

THE PANIC AND THE BANKS

BY F. S. MEAD

THE recent panic is now far enough away to make it worth while to look back and endeavor to see as clearly as we can just what took place. Such an examination should not be unfruitful and ought to show us some things the avoidance of which in the future might lessen our next time of trouble. It may help us also to discriminate among the many proposed remedies for our financial ills, and to decide which are most worthy of serious consideration.

It is well known that from 1897 to October, 1907, this country enjoyed unexampled prosperity. Money became most abundant, thanks to the increased production of gold and to the increased national bank-note circulation, so that the amount in the country grew during the years under consideration from twenty-two dollars to thirty-four dollars per capita. Trade, both foreign and domestic, increased by leaps and bounds. The prices of staple articles rose. Labor was in increasing demand at higher and higher wages. Corporations, firms, communities, and individuals rivaled each other in increased expenditures. Liquid capital at last became so generally transformed into fixed capital that loanable funds became scarcer and scarcer, as evidenced by the higher rates of interest.

Perhaps the most interesting point about this period of expansion is that the longer it lasted the greater was its speed. The average prices of staple articles increased over 55 per cent during this time, of which gain 35 per cent had been made in the last two years and nearly 25 per cent in the twelve months ending July, 1907. The increased volume of business, and its rate of increase, are well shown by the clearings of the national banks, which rose from $51,000,000,000 in 1896 to $112,000,000,000 in 1904, and to almost $160,000,000,000 in 1906.

The causes of this remarkable expansion, though of intense interest, need not be considered for the purposes of this article. Nor need we dwell on the various factors that brought it to an end. It may be sufficient to say that the last straw seems to have been the collapse of a speculative clique, which revealed the most reckless kind of financiering. Distrust spread, and a few days later, on the failure of a great New York trust company with $60,000,000 of deposits, became so general and led to such a desire to withdraw money, that the entire banking system of this country practically suspended cash payments for nine weeks. This was a most humiliating experience for a country of our wealth and resources. Could it not have been avoided, or at least lessened in its extent and severity? The most careful thought and study should be given these questions, and if any weak point should be revealed every effort should be made to strengthen it. The ability or inability of banks to make payments in cash depends in a great measure upon the size of their cash reserves. That is what reserves are for — to pay in cash, spot cash, all demand claims, whether of the routine day-to-day order, or totally unexpected demands. And it is on this point that the strength and reputation of a banking system ultimately rests. It was this test that our banks failed to meet. Why?

Before an attempt is made to answer this question it will be advisable to study the history of the banks during the period of expansion. Here will be found a record of growth equal to that of general industry and trade. On October 1, 1896, the net deposits of the national banks

were 1,798 millions; on August 22, 1907, they were 5,249 millions. On October 1, 1896, they had on hand in cash, that is in specie and legal tenders, $343,100,000 or 19 per cent of their net deposits; and their legal reserve, or the cash on hand plus cash in the redemption fund plus deposits with reserve agents, was $543,600,000, or 30.2 per cent. For the ten years previous the average cash reserve was 17.7 per cent and the legal reserve 29.3 per cent. During the following ten years the ratios of the two reserves are shown in the following table: —

		Ratio of Legal Reserve.	Ratio of Cash Reserve.
On or about October 1,	1896	30.2	19.0
„	1897	31.7	17.7
„	1898	30.1	16.9
„	1899	29.3	15.3
„	1900	29.7	15.8
„	1901	27.6	14.7
„	1902	20.9	13.2
„	1903	22.0	14.3
„	1904	22.4	15.0
„	1905	21.7	14.0
„	1906	20.7	12.7
On August 22,	1907	21.3	13.3

On August 22, 1907, the banks held in cash $701,000,000, the largest amount they had ever held, yet as shown above, the ratios of their reserves, figured either as cash or legal, were a third smaller than in 1896, and nearly 25 per cent less than the average for the ten years preceding 1896. Thus, other things being equal, the banks were just so much handicapped to meet the crisis awaiting them. But as we shall see, other things were not equal, and the handicap was really greater.

Only one-half of the banking business of the country is done by the national banks. The other half is done by some 9,600 state banks whose "individual deposits" of $4,750,000,000 exceed those of the national banks by $500,000,000. This, by the way, is a condition of affairs never dreamed of by the framers of the National Bank Act, who supposed that, through the monopoly of the right to issue bank notes, the national banks would in a short time be the only banks in the field. This is a point of importance to which attention will be called again a little later on. To return to the state banks: these institutions have increased very rapidly during the last ten years, through the creation of so many trust companies. They are subject to the laws of the different states, which, though varying widely, are generally quite lenient as to reserve requirements. For the most part, the state banks do not carry over five per cent in cash and five per cent on deposit. That part of their reserves that is on deposit is generally placed with national banks. The exact amount so deposited is not known. It can, however, be approximated closely enough for our present purpose. On about July 1, 1906, the state banks held $302,000,000 in cash ; and at about the same time the national banks reported that they owed on balance to the state and savings banks $584,000,000. Estimating the deposits of the savings banks at $100,000,000, there is left $484,000,000 which is approximately the amount of the deposits of the state banks in the national banks on that date.

The burden of the state banks' reserve is thus practically on the shoulders of the national banks through their receiving this vast sum of money on deposit. The national banks must therefore carry not only their burden but the burden of their rivals — of rivals who have already succeeded in securing half of the banking business of the country. And their own burden is not light — it consists of the deposits of other national banks in the banks of the reserve and

central reserve cities, as allowed by law, and amounts to something like $350,000,000.

Now the significance of these facts is this: at the moment of panic the burden of maintaining a cash reserve for the ten billions of the combined deposits of the national and state banks fell for all practical purposes on the national banks alone, and for the most part on the banks of reserve and central reserve cities. When the state banks were called on for cash by frightened depositors they called in turn on the national banks where they kept their deposits. So did the smaller national banks. The total cash holdings of all the national banks were by the middle of October well under $700,000,000 and they were liable to be called on for $350,000,000 deposits of banks of their own class, and also $480,000,000 deposits of the state banks, not to mention the $100,000,000 deposits of the savings banks. Is it to be wondered at that, when distrust spread, the burden proved too great? There were nine hundred millions of bank deposits and less than seven hundred millions in cash in the whole system of national banks. Even in the case of a great central bank, the Bank of England, which can accomplish with the same reserve far more than a large number of small banks, the cash on hand almost always equals or exceeds the deposits of the joint-stock banks.

It is to be noted that this burden of the national banks, carrying so large a proportion of the reserves of the state banks, is one that has assumed large proportions in recent years. It is also to be remembered that it is a burden never thought of by the framers of the National Bank Act, the best piece of bank legislation, all things considered, ever framed in this or any other country. As has been said earlier in this article, it was never believed that the national banks would ever have to share the field with any other class of banks. Consequently it was never thought that they would have to carry any other burden than that of the deposits of part of the reserves of the smaller banks in the larger institutions of the reserve and central reserve cities. The amount of such deposits of national banks with one another for purposes of reserve has never exceeded the total amount of cash held by all the banks, and usually has been much less. In October, 1906, it was little over half, or $350,000,000 against $626,000,000 in cash. As has been shown, the deposits of the state banks in the national banks on that date were approximately $480,000,000. Consequently the burden of bank deposits on the national banks is considerably over twice as much as was conceived of by the framers of the Bank Act.

It is not for a moment to be thought that there is any intention to ascribe the panic to the condition of the national banks. So long as men are human and swayed by hopes and fears, we shall have periods of expansion, and panics with their resulting periods of depression. Nothing can prevent them. But the point is here made that, when this particular panic occurred, it was intensified and prolonged by the inability of the banks to continue cash payments. And this inability on the part of the banks was caused in part at least by the increased burden on the national banks, assumed for the greater part during the last ten years, of carrying on deposit over half of the reserves of the state banks. Now it may be that the strain of future times of trouble can be lessened by reducing this burden of the national banks. If it should be deemed wise to do so, it could be accomplished simply and easily by so amending the National Bank Act as to prohibit banks, after, say, three years from the passage of the amendment, from paying interest directly or indirectly on deposits of banks other than national banks. The result would be to increase the cash reserves of the state banks, for those banks, unable to obtain interest on their deposits, would take

home that part of their deposits not required to facilitate their daily business, and keep it in their own vaults, where it would be a true reserve. The period of three years suggested would allow the change to be made without disturbance to the loan market and to business interests.

To sum up: the panic was prolonged and intensified by the suspension of cash payments by the banks. The suspension of cash payments was caused by the breaking down of the present system of bank reserves. The national bank reserves, already low, were weakened by the banks carrying on deposit over one-half of the reserves of the state banks. The state banks themselves were notorious for the small reserves they carried. No other country prominent commercially has two classes of banks similar to our national and state banks. That this country has both is an accident, due to its dual system of federal and state government. The change here suggested would at least make each class of banks stand squarely on its own feet, and would sever once and for all the Siamese-twin bond that now unites them.

THE POPULAR BALLAD

BY GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

Professor Neilson's novel and well-planned series opens auspiciously with a volume of just the right size from the practiced hand of Professor Gummere.[1] It is a commonplace that the more one knows of a subject, the harder it is to write about it. But Mr. Gummere has dealt with this particular theme — the Ballad — so often, and has always found it so congenial, that he is not at all embarrassed by the astonishing richness and variety of his knowledge. He has succeeded, therefore, in writing a book which, while neglecting no point of importance, and in a high degree compendious, is quite as good reading as if it were not the work of a profound scholar.

Of course the question of origins is discussed, and, equally of course, it is settled in accordance with the well-known views of the author. Perhaps "well-known" is a rather hasty epithet. For it has been almost comical to note how difficult Mr. Gummere's critics have found it, time and again, to understand his doctrine of "communal composition," or even to discern that there is anything in it to understand. Some of them, in reviewing his previous studies in balladry, seem to have assumed that the theory requires us to believe that "Chevy Chase," or "The Queen's Marie," or "Gil Brenton," was composed collaboratively by a tribe of neolithic, skin-clad enthusiasts dancing round a campfire to the notes of the tom-tom. Others, who have delved a little deeper, are convinced that the case is desperate unless one can imagine some stanza of some ballad in Mr. Child's thesaurus as created *sua sponte* by at least a score of tattooed improvisators chanting in unison. This is not the place to defend Mr. Gummere from misapprehension, for he is quite able to take care of himself; but it is not amiss to say, deliberately, that any person who will read the first chapter of the present volume with an open mind, will have little difficulty in comprehending what Mr. Gummere's theory of communal com-

[1] *The Popular Ballad.* By Francis B. Gummere. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907. — The first volume of a series entitled "The Types of English Literature;" edited by William Allan Neilson.

position really is, and how it relates itself to the extant body of English and Scottish popular ballads. For my own part, I do not hesitate to avow that it explains many things not otherwise easily comprehensible, and coördinates in a reasonable way a quantity of well-attested phenomena that seem to belong together. It has its difficulties, to be sure, but they are less serious than those attaching to the rough-and-ready solutions which literary men have usually been content to offer to the riddle of the Ballad Sphinx. One thing, at all events, ought to be axiomatic: it is no answer to the riddle to deny that the riddle exists. Another thing, too, seems rather obvious, though it has been systematically ignored: the problem cannot be settled, off-hand, by any person whose acquaintance with what the French call "oral literature" is merely casual. Such a critic, if he is right, is right by chance only, for he cannot weigh testimony which he has neither heard nor read, and the very existence of which he does not suspect.

"The primitive and original ballad itself," writes Mr. Gummere, "is not to be recovered, though it can be inferred." And again, "'Popular' as a definition by origins, as conveying the idea that ballads were really made by the people, does not mean a single initial process of authorship on the part of a festal throng. . . . The ballad is a conglomerate of choral, dramatic, lyric, and epic elements which are due now to some suggestive refrain, now to improvisation, now to memory, now to individual invention, and are forced into a more or less poetic unity by the pressure of tradition in long stretches of time. In this sense they represent no individual, but are the voice of the people." It taxes one's powers of divination to guess how such views can be taken as either reiterating Grimm's vague idea of a primitive mystery, or as implying the production of a narrative stanza by a pack of wolves howling — like Ralph — "at Cynthia" and making night hideous with their communal impromptu.

But Mr. Gummere's principal concern is with actual ballads, not with theoretical origins. He writes as historian and critic, not as anthropologist, though his store of curious learning, handled with deftness, and never obtruded, lends his treatment a peculiar fascination for those who have not forgotten what is the proper study of mankind. His survey of ballad material, in the chapter on Classification, does not depend for its interest and value on any theories whatsoever. His pages on ancient traits of myth and custom and primeval creed, in the chapter on Sources, will be read with keen pleasure by persons who neither know nor care whether the Golden Bough was made in Birmingham or grew on some blood-stained oak in the Arician grove. And so will his answers to the questions how ballads are handed down, growing and shifting and fusing in the process; what is to be thought of their migration from land to land; how they have been sung and collected and imitated and forged.

A particular merit of the volume, which distinguishes it from any previous treatment of the subject, is the clearness with which the difference is brought out between choral and epic elements. Never before have the workings of tradition been set forth so well. The point is vital, and to have it settled once for all is comfort and enlightenment unspeakable. Here it is pertinent to mention, with a word of hearty praise, a distinguished — and readable — monograph on *Ballad and Epic*, recently published by one of Mr. Gummere's pupils, Professor W. M. Hart,[1] of the University of California. As the subtitle indicates, Mr. Hart's book is "a study in the development of the narrative art." It cannot be neglected by any student of story-telling, whether his concern is with the Homeric question,

[1] *Ballad and Epic.* A Study in the Development of the Narrative Art. By WALTER MORRIS HART. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1907.

or with Beowulf, or with the English novel.

Mr. Gummere's concluding chapter — "The Worth of the Ballad" — is appreciation pure and simple. It shows the author at his best, both as a critic and as a writer of the English language. He does not overvalue ballads, nor does he set them up as rivals to the poetry of art. They exist, they have worked potently, they still have their own power to sway men's hearts. What are they, and in what does their charming and compulsive quality consist? To learn the answer one must go to Mr. Gummere's book. Nobody else has given it so well, and it would be brutal to excerpt or dismember his compact and vivid paragraphs.

A critic is always expected to pick flaws, either at the outset or in his concluding words. Let me for once dispense with the traditional formula, even in reviewing a volume that deals with tradition. Nothing human is perfect, and all things go by comparison. For my own part, and I say it very deliberately, I never expected to see so good a book in its kind, and I am confident that the subject will never be treated so well again in my lifetime.

HESPER

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Her eyes are like the evening air,
Her voice is like a rose,
Her lips are like a lovely song,
That ripples as it flows,
And she herself is sweeter than
The sweetest thing she knows.

A slender, haunting, twilight form
Of wonder and surprise,
She seemed a fairy or a child,
Till, deep within her eyes,
I saw the homeward-leading star
Of womanhood arise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MAGAZINE WEST

THE trouble with too many Western books is that they are written by Easterners, and if not that, they are written for Easterners, which is a great deal worse. Here on the coast, when we say West we mean, in a general way, west of the Rockies and along the Rio Grande, but being a Westerner is a state of mind. A great many excellent people born in those purlieus never attain to it. Around Los Angeles, for instance, there are large numbers of Easterners born every year who continue in that condition the whole of their natural lives; but the Forty-niners, those men of strange manners and singular achievement, were all sprung from some other where. That is why some of the best books of the West are written by people who do not live in it, and so many writers born there have nothing whatever to say about it. Herman Whitaker lives in Piedmont and writes about Mexico and the Canadian border. James Hopper, at home in the heart of Old California, spreading himself over our island possessions, writes the more delightfully the farther he is away from his source. But then Mr. Hopper wrote exactly the same sort of stories when he was on the staff of *McClure's*. Jack London is credited a Westerner because he was born in Oakland and owns a house in Sonoma County. But Mr. London is essentially a product of social rather than local conditions, a fleck of the ferment thrown from the underworld against our sky; but no one knows yet if he will remain a permanent light there or drop back into the mass from which he was squeezed up. It is because he exhibits possibilities of doing either that Mr. London is still worth watching; but nobody — at least nobody in the West, — would consider his writings as representative of Western thought and manners, or regard him in any sense as an exponent of the Western spirit. Every year or so there drifts to New York on the back-water of the tide that sets forever toward the sunset, some clever young Californian who continues to write satirical verse and fatten purple cows as successfully among the chimney pots of West Twenty-third Street as ever he did on the sand lots back of the Bay. And still the West — the old West — the real West, is far from these, separated as far as Dan from Beersheba by that vast, familiar territory of the Magazine West.

This is a very curious country, bounded by *McClure's*, *Everybody's*, and the Sunday Supplement. Its inhabitants are chiefly "Bad Men," "Señoritas," "Tenderfeet" who always begin very badly and end handsomely, cowboys carrying guns which are invariably represented in the illustrations as incorrectly worn, and beautiful young girls who ride amazingly. All these dress and talk as the Magazine East would like to think they do.

No one quite knows who is responsible for the speech of the Magazine West; Mr. Harte is often credited with it. When Mr. Harte wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, he probably did not know he was doing anything unusual — in fact I am certain of it, or he would never have given it to the *Overland Monthly*, which perhaps paid him three dollars and a half a page for it. It might not have occurred to him that there were large numbers of people to whom the speech of miners was picturesquely unfamiliar; he heard it all around him and wrote it as he heard. Later when he had learned what the East wanted and was out of touch with his source, he gave them the best imitation of himself that he could manage. It would be perfectly easy for the student

of the real West to arrange Mr. Harte's stories chronologically by the talk in them. That might have been the beginning, but it has been recently more delightfully done. I always think when I read *Red Saunders* and *Wolfville Days*, how much more interesting my eighteen years among them would have been if cowboys and miners really talked as they do in those delicious tales. Personally I have found their speech rather notable for poverty of expression. The average prospector can get along with a vocabulary as small as his camp kit. Because a cowboy speaks in your presence of "rounding up a bunch of money," he is not to be supposed completely supplied with a literary medium of racy phrases. He would also speak of "rounding up a bunch of girls" for a dance and cutting out one for himself, but it does not prove him possessed of imagination. The fact is, he has probably lost from misuse, if he ever had them, the words suitable to the occasion. "Round up" is the active verb of his occupation, but when you have heard it used constantly as a substitute for make, do, accomplish, get, obtain, it loses a little of its quality of picturesqueness. Men who lead outdoor lives in the big West happen upon many things seldom seen by wistful eyes, but one finds the greatest difficulty in getting a consecutive account of them when they lie outside the narrator's occupation, because of the sheer inadequacy of his vocabulary. What the cowboy or miner speaks least about, and therefore has the fewest words for, are his emotions.

Personally, I have never met the prototype of the Magazine Bad Men, though I have seen a few who would have liked to be thought so; and since Charles Lummis gave up his corduroys, the only man I know of in the West who dresses in the least like magazine illustrations is Reuben, the guide, of San Diego, who takes tourist parties across the Mexican border into Tia Juana. Of course it is worth while to be taken to a town that calls itself Aunt Jane, by a man who dresses as Reuben does, but the commercialism of it all is obvious. Once there was a newspaper man who came up into my country to write up the way his syndicate thought it ought to be. His sombrero was very wide and rakishly tilted — *away from the sun.* His shirt was open at the throat and decorated with a handkerchief; but because he did not know why cowboys wear handkerchiefs around their necks, he wore it like a girl at a picnic. It was white silk and became him very well. There had not been an arrest made in Maverick for nearly three years, but the syndicate man had so much gun-metal on him that he fairly clanked. When he first struck our town he saw an Indian in shirtsleeves and overalls, leaning against the doorsill of the general store. He was Johnny Dean, a graduate of the Carson School, who played the cornet and afterwards organized a labor strike among the Indians at the salt works. The syndicate man clapped him on the back and said, —

"Heap big Indian, come drink firewater."

Dean looked him all over with the gentle flicker of a smile. "Thank you," he said, "I never use alcoholic stimulants." The interesting part of this story is, that it is a two years' penitentiary offense to furnish liquor to Indians.

In the Magazine West all the señoritas are pretty, and the tenderfoot is always falling in love with them. A lady, who ought to know better, wrote a story of a university professor who broke an engagement in order to marry one of them after a few days' acquaintance. Now the real daughter of the old Spanish California aristocracy is so carefully sheltered that the tenderfoot seldom gets so much as a glimpse of her, and would seldomer be considered eligible for marriage if he did; and the daughter of the mixed Indian, Mexican, and of-what-not-breed is not the least bit more likely to interest a cultivated Eastern gentleman than any other illiterate girl of limited capacity who has fine eyes and smells of garlic.

Of course there is a real West, which sometimes gets into books — the West of Emerson Hough and Owen Wister, though Mr. Wister was a good ten years too late to get the best of it. Stewart Edward White knows it and Andy Adams *is* it. Too few people have read *The Log of a Cowboy* and *Reed Anthony, Cowman*, but those who have, can well imagine the historians of the true West digging up Mr. Adams's books from under a waste of others to find in them the speech, the thought, and the essentially uncomplicated male attitude that made possible its earliest great achievement. Some years ago there appeared in the *Century* a story, "Benefits Forgot," which perhaps by the death of its author has been allowed to drop out of notice, but of a Westernness convincing and absolute. It was of the same stripe as Mary Hallock Foote's *Led Horse Claim*, but it gave promise of exceeding Mrs. Foote's work in verity as a man's view of a man's country always must. One can never quite get permission to call Frank Norris's *Octopus* a Western book because the purpose of it was a little bigger than the West, but there were things in it that give one to wonder whether if Mr. Norris had continued to write, he would have proved himself a citizen of the world or merely a Californian. There is n't any Western poet yet, — unless you count Walt Whitman who lived in the East, — though there are poets in the West, and playwrights too, whose work could just as well have been written in New York, and generally is.

The Great Divide was a most interesting example of the inaptitude of the East to get at the West where it lives. Though there is occasionally lack of chivalry in the West, there is always common sense, — which leads naturally to saying that a really competent Westerner, if only he had moved a few states nearer sundown, is William Allen White. But you will notice there is no gun-play *In Our Town*, no señoritas, and no professional Bad Men; just human nature and a friendly understanding of it; some short cuts to decent, humorous tenderness for its frailty, unwhimpering acceptance for its lack and loss; and if that is n't the meaning of the West, what then?

JULE ANN DARNALL'S BONNET

It has a queer sound, as an item of college expenditure. There it stands, however, in black and white, or rather in the brown and yellow of the musty old manuscript record, —

"For mending Jule Ann Darnall's bonnet, 50 cents."

The college stood over on the hill, two miles from town, in those days, and was struggling with the "manual labor system," plus the various infantile diseases from which young Western colleges suffered so severely before coal-oil fomentations or steel-dust poultices came into vogue. The young aspirant for education, I gather from the same old record, could pay his bills by "whooping" tubs at six cents each, or he might set up barrels "in a truly workmanlike manner in four hoops" at eighteen cents each, and finish them in the proper season for ten cents additional, kindly taking off the hands of the college at the current cash price "each and every of his barrels which shall not pass inspection." These were but two of many occupations by which training of hand was made to keep pace with culture of the mind, and the dignity of labor was duly emphasized, as became the democratic times in which Andrew Jackson had just been swept into the presidency, and the be-wigged and be-powdered aristocracy dominant in earlier days had been duly humbled. I know an old alumnus, still living, who went empty-pocketed to that old college farm over sixty years ago, earned his way through, and drove out of town the day after his graduation in a carriage of his own making, with another trailing behind, a good team of horses in front, a bride at his side, and not a dollar of unpaid debt to call him back.

But I am getting too far away from Jule Ann and her bonnet. Why should the college have assumed the expense of mending a bonnet for Jule Ann Darnall? Was Jule Ann possibly the college milkmaid, and did she wear a bonnet with one of those old-fashioned crowns, projecting far to the rearward, and as she seated herself upon the college milking-stool with the pail at her feet, did the college cow toss her head around at some random fly and rend that spacious bonnet crown with her right horn, the strings tightening under Jule Ann's chin before the firm new gingham gave way, pail and stool and poor Jule Ann tumbling in a miscellaneous heap, and Bossie running down the pasture field in fright at the mischief she had done? If such were the case, one can easily imagine Jule Ann's wrathful demand upon the college steward for at least the material reparation of her bonnet, inasmuch as the disaster to her dignity was so wholly beyond the possibility of repair.

Or was Jule Ann the victim of some student prank? Did some scapegrace want the whalebones out of that bonnet for some experiment in resiliency, in connection with his researches in physics? Or was the bonnet purloined as a disguise in some midnight raid upon the college melon-patch, and left mangled in the hedgerow through which the guilty but undetected student wearer had made his escape, thus leaving Jule Ann with a claim in equity against the college which the kindhearted steward could not conscientiously disallow? There is still another possibility. From a barrel in the attic of an old farmhouse, once a part of the college property, there was recently recovered a letter from the president to his wife, expressing a conviction that the credit of the college in social circles demanded an improvement in his wearing apparel. Perhaps a hitch upward all along the line was felt to be necessary, and the alteration in Jule's head-dress may have been the addition of a fine feather or two as a concession to critical observers in the neighboring village, and not the repair of disaster at all. At a later date the steward made entry, —

"Sold Jule Ann Darnall two combs, for 5 cents;" —

and with her mended (or amended) bonnet and her two combs, Jule Ann Darnall passed out of the college history, so far as can be ascertained from its written records or its oral traditions.

The natural reflection is that the day when Jule Ann could get into the official records of a college with her defective bonnet and her two-for-a-nickel combs was a day of pretty small things. But among those tub-"whoopers" and barrel-makers the little college was educating large-minded men. One of them, so thoroughly reliable tradition runs, was wont to still by chewing beech leaves the calls of a hunger which he did not always have the means thoroughly to satisfy. Eleven years later he came back to the college as its president, and after giving it ten years of wonderfully effective teaching, a large new building, a hundred thousand dollars of invested funds, and a hold on the hearts of men who within a few decades were to swell the college properties far beyond a million, he died, doubtless a martyr to the strenuous days of little things, when the college administration was giving the trustees such items as Jule Ann Darnall's bonnet and combs to puzzle over, rather than the exploded feed-water heaters, collapsed boilers, broken-down dynamos, and the like, which raise the repair bills of to-day from the fifty-cent disbursement for Jule Ann's bonnet to a height where single items approximate an entire year's college expenditure in Jule Ann's day. Yes, it was a little college, and so far as material equipment goes it was working with little tools; but it showed its ability to pick up the boys from those trans-Allegheny farms and give them the intellectual push which not infrequently sent them forth to be great men. A prosperous generation has looked upon the

work of our colleges, called it good, and placed at the disposal of college teachers and administrators a wealth of material equipment which would have been beyond the dreams of imagination seventy-five years ago, when the college steward was penning the quaint records which lie before me. But in the midst of all this luxury of physical appliances, how easy it is to lose that grim mental and moral energy which could do so much with so little, when only the little was at hand. In the history of American college education there is much to be said for Jule Ann Darnall's time, after all.

THE FOLLY OF TAUGHT GRAMMAR

I DO not believe in the teaching of grammar. I have taught grammar myself until I have taught away all my faith in the expediency and rationality of teaching it. The grammar that avails is the grammar that is untaught. Language is self-revelation, — a way that a man takes to let the world know, first of all, his needs and purposes, and secondly, his stock, breeding, temperament, spirit. If every man's speech were a perfect image of himself, language would be perfect, and there would be as many grades and types of language as there are grades and types of mind and culture. The worst English is right, if it be significant, and the best English is wrong, if it be inexpressive.

Grammar is of no worth except when, like Mr. Casaubon's semicolons and parentheses, it has worked itself into the blood. You cannot talk grammar to any purpose unless you think and feel grammar. A very small minority of the English-speaking world have acquired a sense for what is precise, and a feeling for what is elegant, in language. Grammar is all very well, — for those persons. But the great majority of speakers are insensible to these delicacies. For them bad grammar is the righteous thing. "Them ain't " in the mouth of the bumpkin is as beautiful and appropriate as "they are " in the mouth of the gentleman; and the adoption of the classic form by the boor would be as lamentable a mistake as the acceptance of the vulgarism by the scholar.

Grammar is felicitous when it is expressive, and when it is the solecism that is expressive, the solecism becomes felicitous. All language which grows out of a man's instinct, or the habit which is the instinct of his class, is beautiful, interesting, wholesome, and spirited. This is true, in a great degree, not merely of the choice dialects, the vigorous and tender Scotch, the musical and sensitive patois of southern Europe and America, but even of the blank, shapeless, groping speech which reflects with perfect aptness the phlegm and dullness of the user. It is beautiful, as in Milton such phrases as the "swilled insolence of such late wassailers " or "the swinked hedger at his supper sat " are beautiful; because they are precisely and vigorously expressive.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of: the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers " because he likes to say it, and the man who says "pants " because he likes to say it, are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize; but the man who says "trousers " when he wants to say "pants " is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs in the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he does n't relish and drinks uncongenial clarets, in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brown-stone front.

The repression of nature is a misfortune, even when it is a duty; but when it is uncalled for, it is the unpardonable sin. Society in the political sense could not exist if all or most of us did not agree to put a muzzle on our greedy and bloody

instincts; and society in the polite sense would be impossible if we did not curb our egotism and petulance. In these cases a great good is bought at a high price; but no such motive can be invoked in behalf of that particular suppression of nature involved in the substitution of acquired for instinctive speech. Bad grammar is unobserved by many persons, is highly diverting to others, is interesting and significant to every catholic mind, and hurts nobody except the victim of a diseased sensibility, — itself the result in great part of the very teaching which I deprecate. As long as ignorant speech is manly and uncompromising, it neither pains itself nor injures its neighbor: it is only when it becomes timid and compunctious, when it quakes under the shadow of the ferule, all its faults vulgarized by its shame and its very accuracies cheapened by constraint, that it excites the observer's scorn and pity.

The universal vogue of correct English would be little short of a calamity. The doubter has only to imagine the effect on the animation and interest of life, if we should wake up some morning to find every one saying "I shall" and "I will" in their proper places, the newsboy purged of slang, the racy brogues dislodged from the street car and the street corner, the hired man pronouncing according to Webster, and the two-year-olds lisping — I beg their pardon, they would no longer lisp, — uttering their thoughts — in phrases conformable to Lindley Murray, Dr. Murray, and the "King's English."

Every one knows that human nature changes, and I have not the slightest quarrel with those ameliorations of a man's speech which are the result of a quickened perception or an improved taste. The communication of insight is as lawful in the field of language as in any other, and I do not oppose any teaching that confines itself to this, provided always that it is insight, not superstition or mechanism, that is communicated. Teach a man to like your way of speech, and the practice of it is no longer a contradiction of his nature. But every practical teacher knows how few are the persons and the usages with respect to which a conversion of this kind is achieved or achievable. The rules are received — or ignored — as oracles, and are obeyed — or disobeyed — as edicts.

Let no one be afraid that the so-called "good" English will perish, if it is no longer taught. What sustains "good English" is not teaching, but the fact that a certain number of people are born every year to whom some sort of approximation to precise and elegant speech is natural and congenial. As long as these people continue to be born, the finer English is indestructible. When the elect perish, "good" English will die and ought to die, because there will be nothing left in human nature of which it is the proper mouthpiece. Its champions must be reared in its own household; there is no hope in the hirelings, the condottieri, whom the bribe of vanity or social advancement has impelled to offer their mercenary and heartless service to its cause. The reply of the English tongue to its self-appointed conservators and benefactors should be that of the French merchants to the ministry that inquired in what way it could help them: "Laissez faire." If the race will take care of itself, the language will follow its example.

VOCATION AND AVOCATION

THAT the man whose true vocation is writing should spend most of his time and strength in doing something else is the strange counsel offered to novices by certain admitted masters of the author's craft. Spend your days, they advise, in some honest commonplace toil that makes no demand upon the imagination; and in the evening your escape from this drudgery will exhilarate you to the point of effective literary creation. Snatch your wages from a bourgeois world by serving

its material needs in counting-house or shop, and you will then be able to develop your higher talents at leisure, unhampered by the limitations of financial anxiety.

No one but the author so belittles his own peculiar function. No representative of any other profession pretends that it can best be learned or practiced at the fag-end of a hard day's business. Neither musician nor painter is content to accept so subordinate a place for the art to whose exercise he has dedicated himself. Have you an enthusiasm for teaching, above all things? The leaders of the educational world will certainly not recommend you to be satisfied with the opportunities of a voluntary assistant in a night-school. Are you called to preach? With no disrespect to the homiletical ability of the laity, most of the churches have long since made up their minds that the task of interpreting the ways of God to man is great enough to require the putting aside of other concerns.

But it is not merely as an offense against the dignity of letters that this minimizing of the literary profession stirs me to a protest. Considered as advice to be actually followed, it is dangerous and misleading. In the first place there is no slight risk lest the mental habits fostered by the occupation of the day be carried over into the work of the evening. It is well-nigh impossible for a man to adopt a career in which a certain intellectual attitude is essential to success and yet remain unmodified by that attitude when he approaches another set of interests. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has shrewdly suggested that Matthew Arnold's criticism was influenced by his daily routine as inspector of schools: when he had other things than examination papers to deal with he naturally became an inspector of literature, of manners, and of men. "He inspected the homes where he received hospitality, he inspected his hosts, he inspected his fellow-guests. . . . The attitude of superiority which Arnold maintained throughout all defeats and rebuffs, and his absolute unteachableness, are to be credited in considerable measure to his profession." I have myself known writers whose articles were excellent as lucid and orderly summaries of fact, but were nevertheless intolerably dull. What else could you expect when the pen that wrote them was busy several hours a day in compiling official reports in a government office?

A more serious objection is that few of us have the physical strength to lead a double life of this kind. No writing is going to be worth much that is not wrought out in the sweat of one's brain. But if the work of the day has been anything but of the most formal and trivial type it must already have made no slight demand on the energies of both body and mind. Satisfaction at release from drudgery does not necessarily exhilarate: it is not inconsistent with a weariness that finds no refreshment in change of labor. In an interview with a distinguished English writer, published some time ago, it was said that for forty-one years he had spent his days at the Board of Trade and for nearly thirty of them he had devoted his evenings to literary work. "On returning from Whitehall his usual habit after dinner is to read or listen to music until about ten o'clock, when he retires to his study and works until midnight." Now for myself I could follow this programme with perfect comfort, — until ten o'clock. I dare say that on an emergency I could brace myself to be strenuous from that hour until twelve; but I am afraid the result would be flabby stuff, and I am certain I should have to pay for my excess the next morning. Fatigue is a disturbing phenomenon that we cannot afford to play tricks with, and, though I can give no statistics in support of my opinion, I am confident that only a small proportion of writers could endure, year in year out, the strain of whipping up a tired body to new exertions when Nature calls for rest. "Man goeth forth

unto his work and to his labor until the evening" is the scheme of life which few can transgress without penalty. Of course the objection stated in this paragraph does not apply if the occupation of the daytime is so extraordinarily light as to leave one with freshness unimpaired at 10 P. M. But "soft jobs" are few, and are becoming fewer. If, in default of private means, I draw my income from a business or an office, I must expect to be called upon to earn it. The earning of such an income is seldom compatible, under ordinary conditions of health, with the simultaneous pursuit of a second career.

And surely it is a seemly thing that we should allot most of our time and strength to the tasks by which we can best serve our generation. If writing is taken up merely as a hobby, it is of course entirely fitting that it should be practiced at odd hours when the spirit moves, like violin-playing or photography. But the case we are discussing is not that of the amateur. It is that of the man who feels he has something to say to his fellows and knows he is not expressing his real self except when he is saying it. It may be that in the present constitution of society services of this kind are recognized disproportionately; that what is commercially called "printed matter" is not paid for in strict relation to its quality. But it is at least possible to earn a competence by work which is not inconsistent with self-respect, and which, while providing a livelihood, provides also a life worth living. This assumes, of course, that one does not give himself such airs as to suppose journalism to be altogether beneath him. By his attitude to the periodical press a writer may show very clearly whether he is conscious of a mission or merely eager for a reputation. It has been truly said that there is nothing like journalism for any one who is anxious to get things done and does not care who gets the credit for them. And there is so much to do that we may reasonably grudge the surrender of our freshest hours to employments which are accepted for no other reason than their monetary proceeds, and which, however necessary and valuable they may be in their way, offer no scope to the special gifts for whose use we are responsible.

It is refreshing to turn from the pessimism of some flourishing authors to the cheerful courage of that *preux chevalier* of modern literature — Robert Louis Stevenson. What a comment is his career on De Quincey's dictum that "no man can succeed in the cultivation of literary art who is not already in the possession of an assured income"! He knew well enough the disappointments and hardships to be faced by those who will throw themselves wholly upon the literary life, but he scarcely seems even to have been conscious of the possibility of making his writing an addendum to some other and more remunerative occupation. You must "weed your mind at the outset," he admitted, "of all desire of money. What you may decently expect, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output." But there are compensations. "The direct returns — the wages of the trade — are small, but the indirect — the wages of the life — are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms. . . . Suppose it ill-paid: the wonder is it should be paid at all. Other men pay, and pay dearly, for pleasures less desirable."

THE DIALECT OF EMOTION

While men and women are about the ordinary business or alive in the moderate excitements of daily life, their speech is for the most part commonplace in content, but in expression diverse and variously characteristic. Half a dozen men in the Grand Central, or on the golf-links, or at a dinner-table, will have much the same remarks to make; as many

women at a charity fair, or a bridge-party or a ball, will show like unanimity in the substance of their conversation. Whereas their ways of saying these common things will differ infinitely, — expressive in style, in choice of word and phrase, nay, in look, gesture, and vocal undulation, of the individual personality. Mr. Pickwick and his friends return from a cricketers' dinner at Muggleton. How characteristically dissimilar are their expressions of a single opportune idea! And as the circumstances approach the universal, the sentiment becomes fixed. All people say, "Good-morning;" but no two of God's various creatures say it alike, — their utterances range from the ventriloquial grunt of paterfamilias to the gushful exuberance of Mr. Veneering at a house-party. Moreover, the common impersonal forms of excitement, though intense, merely increase this tendency, — as may be observed at a riot, or a fire, or a football game. The speech fits the occasion; the manner of speaking reflects and is peculiar to the speaker. But in the personal crises of our lives — in those poignantly emotive moments which we realize to be our climaxes and our curtain-falls — the converse is true. When we are wrought up to the quintessence of ourselves, greatly aroused, not because there is a fire or a shipwreck, but because my heart is a conflagration or your soul is plunging upon the rocks, it is no longer the form but the substance of our saying that can denote us truly. Now and then, under the lash of joy or pain or conflict incredible but that we feel it and live, self-consciousness turns inward. We are rapt out of ourselves; manner and mannerism fall away; personality speaks nakedly. Our voices and our words sound strange to us. The calm man is astonished at his own fire; the mercurial at his own poise. Washington curses like a pirate; Falstaff babbles of green fields; and Sentimental Tommy does not know whether he is posing or not, but only that he feels what he says. At these times it is the substance of the speech that is characteristic. We say what we are; and we show a strong and curious tendency toward similarity of expression. Each of our half-dozen men in declaring war against an impossibility, in receiving sentence of death from a doctor or sentence of life from a woman, will say some different characteristic thing. Each of our half-dozen women will acknowledge her lover, or deny her God, or face the birth of her child with some individual saying: but one and all will speak the same language, wonderfully alike in diction and in style, even to details of voice and action. Socrates, Juliet, and Nathan Hale made various dying speeches. The idiomatic flavor of one dialect is in them all. The speech reflects and is peculiar to the speaker; the manner of speaking is universal and fits the occasion.

And this dialect of passion is much the same for all ages and all races, for all sorts and conditions of men. Poet and laborer, the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady, in their great moments find one form of speech, else unused, come naturally to their lips. It is not easy to describe or to define, because one hears it seldom and does not listen to it observantly unmoved. It has its own sound, — a certain tense, level intonation of the voice, with a curious effect of remoteness as if the speaker were at a distance, which one may neither mistake nor forget. It is the dialect of the memorable speeches of history: "England expects every man to do his duty." It is the style of those memorable quotations from literature wherein metre alone distinguishes poetry from prose: "There must you speak of one that loved not wisely but too well." Strangely rhetorical, with a sense of big unusual words coming to their own; figurative (since all strong emotion is lyrical) but not creative of figures; snatching at the well-worn metaphors and using them meaningly, so that the trite phrases startle us like a familiar face in tears; simple in sentence-form and in the wedlock of word to thought, yet with a

curiously bookish flavor, often inappropriate to the speaker. Where did Ignorance learn those words? Or how can Culture forego her nicety to use them? People talk like that in books; who would have thought to hear this language spoken here and now? For it is more nearly than anything else the diction of the romantic novel — the speech of heroes and heroines, which as we become momently heroic grows native to us.

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

The old superstition that a broken looking-glass presages death is not without its element of meaning. How strangely is that counterfeit presentment that gazes back at me identified with my conception of myself! If it should cease to come at my bidding — if by some mysterious change the reflecting power of polished surfaces should be lost, and that image erased from my mind, should *I* be *I* to my own consciousness still? How many of my acts are my own, and how many are merely tributes to what seems to be expected of that figure which I have somehow identified with *me*, and yet which seems strangely distinct? Is that *I?* or am I, *I?* or am I *that?*

For from childhood I was conscious of a strange sense of duality. The face that looked back at me was hardly *I*. Indeed, at first it seemed almost strange, or at most half remembered. Again and again with a start of surprise I have said, "I had forgotten I looked like that!" I found it impossible to call up in my mind my own face. I did not know how I looked. In fact, even with the glass before me I seemed to receive details rather than a unified and consistent impression.

Strangely enough, this peculiar imaginative defect was exactly paralleled by a similar inability to picture to myself my own nature. Not only was it a mystery to me how I really looked, but also what I was. I could recognize characteristics, but not the whole.

Naturally enough, in this state of bewilderment I utterly failed in self-confidence. What should I do in given circumstances? How should I comport myself? Having now no idea, now a variable one, of what I was, I could not guess what I should do. I am not exaggerating when I say that this lack of a conscious conception of a familiar self sent me into every unusual act in a panic of apprehension. I could not enter a drawing-room, or meet a stranger, without fearing for the conduct of my unknown self — a fear that so far as I know was never seriously justified.

By degrees, however, I became familiar with my counterpart of the mirror. I recognized him as a familiar figure; I could recall his face; I identified him with myself; *I knew how I looked.* At the same time, and by parallel steps, I came to know somewhat the manner of man I was.

That identification of myself with the man in the mirror was an inexpressible comfort to me. It was not vanity; I do not possess a handsome exterior. But the figure that faced me from above my dressing-table and under the hall lamp gave evidence of some degree of assurance and address. And that was I. There was no need, then, of my being afraid to face other men. I knew my limitations, many and vital, as well as the mirror knew my facial defects. But I had at last a strong sense of personal identity.

The mirror has proved an invaluable friend. In moments of self-distrust I frequently examine the features of the man in the mirror. Enough of my old personal detachment remains to allow me to do so judicially. And if the examination proves in the main satisfactory, I address him: "Sir, a man who looks like that ought to be able to carry this matter through."

But I wonder, if I had never seen a looking-glass —

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WHY AMERICAN MOTHERS FAIL

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

"You wish, O woman, to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death! Be, then, the mother of your children." — "LEVANA."

MOTHERS are the gardeners of the human race. There is no office under the divine government that approaches theirs, because none other is so closely allied to it.

Any system of education that fails to impress upon our girls the immense civic value of motherhood, its imposing dignity, its grave responsibilities to the state itself, fails of its purpose. Any system of education in our republic that does not instill, from the start, into an American boy, the fact that this government is rooted in his vote and that of his comrades, fails doubly of its purpose.

Our much-vaunted public-school system, which we shake like a *banderole* in the face of Europe, does neither of these things, or rather, it does the former not at all, and the latter most perfunctorily and inadequately.

The reason that girls are not taught the dignity of motherhood is only too obvious: it is but the usual crude, shamefaced American way of totally ignoring the wholesome primal elements of human life. Our schools shirk the responsibility by claiming that such counsel should come from mothers. And the mothers are rare indeed who do not ignore, generation after generation, this fundamental problem.

Between the two negligences girls practically are never given this larger point of view, which would be good not only for the state, but also for their own personal uplift above that sense of personal failure that so often comes to us all.

The boys are not inoculated with the germ of citizenship because their education is too often left in the hands of routine teachers totally incapable of any large outlook upon life, or else of those whose hands are tied by convention. Again, neither parents nor schools do their duty by the boy any more than by the girl. There are no state or federal laws to force recognition of such vital questions; to direct, *at once*, the hearing of American boys and girls to that deep national note that would bind them to life's bigger harmonies, to those larger relationships of the individual to government and society. These two sentiments alone, thoroughly instilled in the flexible minds and hearts of our young people, would, later on, stay many a hand bent on the social suicide of divorce; and also in two generations would begin to make for good in the world of politics.

Unfortunately, educational legislation is slow to recognize its own shortcomings, slower still to rectify them. American men, as a whole, are as strangely weak and invertebrate in their relations to their children as they are in their relations to their wives. The quicker remedy lies there. But only a riper, sounder civilization, with enlarged vision, will see its utmost needs, and make its demands.

So, after all, it is to the mothers one must speak with lowered voice: to the gardeners, some wise and some unwise; some patient and some restless; the strong of vision, and the near-sighted gardeners, working among the human seed-

lings and young plants in the great garden called Society.

Fathers are seldom more than the florists connected with the hothouses. They deal almost solely with effects; after the mothers have done, well or ill, the work down in the dark under the blossoming plant, digging sometimes very blindly among the twisted roots of cause.

So it has come about that when the young children in her care grow awry we inquire of the mother and her methods; just as we bespeak the truck-gardener when our vegetables are amiss, or a horse-breeder when our cattle breed down along degenerate lines.

A successful mother (fighting both heredity and individual bias) is a more important factor in a municipality than any merely successful man in it; much more important, were she but made to realize it. For motherhood is a thing apart, "a distinct and individual creation; different from anything else God ever thought of," said, in all reverence, an American preacher. Her position has in it all the tragedy of lifelong isolation in the performance of her work; all the pathos of vast expenditure of vitality with no personal reward. The millionaire railroad official, once an office-boy, gets his reward for tremendous labor, in power and money; the scientist gets his in the world's recognition of his accomplished work. The mother's reward is spiritual, and lies only in the work itself, for she has not the stimulus of an audience, and few indeed are the children who recognize their mother's struggles, their mother's sacrifices. As to her love, they accept it as they do the air they breathe; and who of us stops to thank Oxygen and Nitrogen for combining so conveniently for our benefit?

All of this purposely leaves out the mother's emotional reward, for reasons that will appear later. Much more important than any matter of sentiment is it that she should learn that she is doing something for her country, apart from all the very best efforts of man. It would not be amiss if in every home one found this sentence of Phillips Brooks's, illuminated, and hung well "on the line:" "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind."

There is a pathetic hopelessness about many mothers. One so often hears them wearily say, "I've given up my whole life for years to my children, and yet it seems to have failed. They are not as I meant them to be, nor as I hoped that they would be. What is wrong? I wish someone would help me."

It is suggested, in all humility and tenderness, that there are several things going amiss in the human garden. In the first place, it takes something besides feminine hearts to manage men and the offspring of men; it takes feminine brains, every wisdom-tipped arrow in a woman's quiver. Nine times out of ten, women put too much emotion, and not enough judgment, into both wifehood and motherhood. Everything has combined for centuries to bring this about. Much of the discontent of the present day among women is based on the fact that they do not yet realize that their life-tasks are not properly merely emotional at all, but preëminently intellectual. It is safe to say that if a woman finds that her life makes no use of her intellect, she is a bad housekeeper, a poor wife, a poorer mother, a useless citizen.

The best wives and mothers manage to preserve a certain mental aloofness from their husbands and children, the better to estimate with justice the task ahead. It is precisely that faculty which differentiates a woman from a tigress, whose mere emotion, considered by itself, in both relationships is no different *in kind* from the woman's own. One can count so absolutely upon the basic emotionality of women, that a deal of excision will still leave an abundance for the joy of man and his everlasting bewilderment. The whole present tendency in life is to the

over-development of emotion among men, women, and especially children; and little or nothing is done to keep it in its proper proportion. As sentiment has been dying out in modern life, its place seems to be taken by nerve-excitation; by a craving for agitation of any sort.

The present madness for speed over the seas, through the air, through the solid earth itself, unduly develops a sort of pleasurable trepidation among adults; as those so-called "amusements" at "resorts" both terrify and fascinate the unfortunate children who are allowed to flock to them. The hourly intrusion of news racks our nerves. It is the opium of this generation which we cannot long remain without. That hitherto restful week at sea, upon which overtaxed men and women could once count in simpler, slower times, is being taken from us forever.

Music is becoming more and more emotional as time passes. In the drama surely Sardou and Ibsen take more out of their auditors than even Shakespeare ever did. A novel must leave a man breathless, or he is bored; so too an afternoon drive. Winged Mercury is the god of the hour. A bit of a rascal, to be sure, but he "gets there"! There is no peace to be had, no restful slow-sipping of life that once satisfied our strong-nerved forefathers.

Woman has but drifted with the rushing current. Her wifehood is generally measured by the yardstick of her pleasurable emotions; her motherhood very often by a series of passionate instincts which are allowed full sway, as if representing directly the word of God in a household. What is really needed to precipitate both peace and progress is, not the elimination, but the firm control of emotion and instinct, by cool deliberate feminine wisdom — all of that which should have been transmitted to her before marriage and motherhood, and all that she has herself since discovered.

Marriage and motherhood still come into a girl's life, even in this materialistic country of ours, in a succession of blinding emotional flashes, standing vividly out against the dark sky of utter ignorance. She is left bewildered, groping in the dark thereafter, feeling about her nothing stable, but only more, and more, and ever more — emotions!

Ignorant of her subject, criminally unprepared, her children are often a mere series of unsuccessful experiments, which she tries, rather frantically, one after another, as each child presents new problems. For Nature has a trait which greatly complicates a mother's work: a mysterious passion for seemingly useless differentiation within a given species. This forces the mother both to pass new laws and to constantly revise old laws in her government code.

"Human experience, like the sternlights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over." It is the searchlights for which we are pleading.

If a mother would but strive to put less heart into it all, and more mind! If she would but look with wide-open eyes and say to herself, "I will make the care of my children an intellectual task. I'll put into it what brains I have, as I used once to do into literary, philanthropic, or social matters. This is the most important of all, for it embraces everything else. It 's not a mere question of alternating love and tears, fierce pride and frantic despair."

Her duties in the garden are three: 1. Watering the seeds. 2. Pruning the young growing plants. 3. Killing the offending insects at the blossoming time. And ever and always weeding is to be done, from the early spring till the snow comes.

I

THE SEEDS

On the whole, too much time is given by an American mother to her child in its infancy, between the first and the third year; too little time from the fourth to

the tenth year; and after that she allows others' opinions, much too often, to dominate her own in both the mental and moral development of her family. She has come to think that the task is no longer hers.

Thus it has come about that education has so largely become the cumbersome convention that it undoubtedly is. The fathers in the United States leave it to the mothers; the mothers leave it to the schools; the schools, public or private, are generally in the hands of narrow specialists, "common-schooled and uncultivated," in the sense that "culture looks beyond machinery," as Matthew Arnold said of us. So many parents feed their children blindly into the educational hopper, and then walk to the spout at the other end to receive unquestioned the "finished" product. Schools override the mother's own intelligent convictions; Sunday schools take the place, and most inadequately, of her own sense of morality.

Nothing of this is as it should be. If a mother ever sinks into the background of her child's life she has no one to blame for it but herself. She has not risen to the task, that 's all. Love has not proved itself everything in the solution of her problem. She can supplement the crudities of the child's mental schooling, and should leave Sunday schools for the motherless. No one can know, as she does, the weak spots in her offspring's character.

The love-madness of a young mother for her tiny infant, poetical and picturesque as it is, is harmful in many ways. It is to a great extent a sensuous obsession to which in this country the husband and father is, all too often, ruthlessly sacrificed. If this sacrifice were in the least justified by the needs of the infant, there would be little to criticise; but it is distinctly not so justified in the average middle-class household. A phlegmatic nurse whose ministrations are rooted in duty alone, is not only equally as good for the baby, but is very much better. It is but a seed, and all the better, as are other seeds, for being left undisturbed to sleep its way into life.

If the child does not need all this frenzy of watching and excited coddling of the more or less hysterical mother, then it is not only unwise but cruel to subject the bewildered young father to the half-tragic, half-comic tyranny of an American household ruled by a young baby.

The violent *hushing* that he receives at the front door, the complete ignoring of all of his rights, the needless neglect hour after hour while his wife — pardon, his baby's mother! — worships at her new shrine, emphasize the unbalanced emotionality of most of our young women. Those hours of heedless neglect on the part of the wife are very often the entering wedge which some day will separate the two. The child, instead of bringing them closer together, is the innocent cause of their growing apart. At the root of it is not too much love, but too little mental balance. Moreover, the contention is made that it is not wholly love which blinds her, it is to a certain extent the emotional indulgence of a febrile uncontrolled young woman adrift on the sea of a newly discovered instinct.

"Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself."

If it is claimed that the national curse of poor servants is the cause of this undeniable obsession of young American mothers, the reply is ready: "Why then is it that between the years of four and ten American children do not see enough of their mothers?" The servant question is surely no nearer solution, and no apathetic nurse can then give the child what the mother can and should give.

II

PRUNING THE YOUNG PLANTS

More than one American mother has admitted to the wri'er a curious sudden reaction of indifference against her

once-worshiped baby after the fifth year. The ecstatic mother-passion of earlier days has mysteriously fled, just as the wife-ecstasy had fled in its turn. She admitted it, as if it were an interesting psychic phenomenon, and she helpless to right it — just when the child really begins to need her tenderness, her time, all of her wisdom and gravest consideration!

Every one of these successive phases of motherhood could just as well have been taught her years before, taught her to watch for, guard against, and meet intelligently when the issues presented themselves, one by one, in her own life. Some new factor must be evolved in our national life to fill successfully this gap between four and ten in our children's lives.

Only when enforced by poverty do a large number of American mothers themselves care for their young children, beyond mere physical needs. They would not trust the little impercipient life at first to a nurse however staid and competent; now, more often than is good to see, an ignorant nursemaid of sixteen years becomes the predominant element in the child's life. Manners, morals, mental needs are left largely in her hands — and she is a mere child herself. The physical needs, at least as far as cleanliness is concerned, generally remain in the mother's hands, but the question of the child's diet runs riot in more American households than is at all realized. If the child is well dressed, its hair and teeth in perfect condition, it is turned over to the nurse from eight in the morning till eight at night.

Can it be that we had much better adopt from England the nursery-governess and the nursery-table? The former (with all her drawbacks) is infinitely more competent than our mere "nursegirls;" while the latter institution ensures the simple diet of which our children are in such dire need.

At least we should be spared the sight of an elaborately dressed American baby of six, entirely unattended, walking into a huge hotel dining-room where her parents had lived for years, and ordering "deviled crabs and pink ice cream" for her dinner, which the poor little creature actually ate amid the smiling glances of the guests and waiters! It was no less than a painful sight, and by no means an isolated instance. What was inevitably ahead of that child? Her digestion ruined, her vanity, her independence forced before their time, her whole sensibility blunted. Even hotel-life need not spoil a child, if less money were spent on her clothes and her mother's, and part of the saving paid in fair wages to a first-class governess, who would remove the little one from flattering glances, and place her in a world where "deviled crabs" would remain an unknown temptation for many a long year to come.

If those American mothers who labor so many hours in torturing some flimsy material with drawn-work or embroidery would but give the same time, or even part of it, to the little child's spirit instead of its body! Very often we see a princelike body, carrying a starving little soul, — starving for companionship, for healthy amusement, for that sense of comfort that strict but intelligent discipline alone brings alike to children and to servants.

Children's amusements in this country are undoubtedly becoming more and more artificial. Why? Because it makes the mother's and nurse's task easier. Examine the situation from whatever standpoint you choose, every facet shows this deplorable fact. To feed and clothe a child of five is a very simple and expeditious matter compared with amusing that restless little bundle of activities. And yet in a long life the writer has known only one mother who took upon her own shoulders the entire amusement of her family of five children, leaving the sewing to the nurses! There were no theatres, no vaudeville, no circuses, nor hippodromes to bewilder and exhaust those children's minds; no mechanical toys, no elaborate paper dolls "made in Ger-

many." They had hammers, nails, and some boards; pieces of treasured Bristol-board, scissors, paste, and a little paint-box, and the "stay-in" days flew by, given over to the joy of creation under the sympathetic direction of that mother, who sat in a low chair, close to their level, that she might be one of them. On the out-of-door days, they were tumbled into a little wagonette, which was their nursery. The old pony was driven by the mother herself; the best child of the day sat beside her in the seat of honor, and off they jogged to the woods or the beach, both of which were happily accessible. Their simple lunch was devoured afield. The mother invented, directed, and entered into all their games, — the merriest of them all. But the charm of an ocean beach is supreme and needs no human aids; so once she gave a push to the little eager minds, off they slid, enthusiastic and contented for hours. The mother whipped out a book from under the carriage-seat, and so got to herself a couple of hours of coveted reading. For she was a brilliant, cultivated woman, knowing several languages — and yet was content to spend it all lavishly for thirteen years of her short life, upon her children.

This inspired mother claimed that it was far less of a strain to play with her children than to punish them; because a large percentage of the sins of childhood are based on lack of intelligent diversion. From this mother came no whine about her wasted talents. Because she made use of them! During the severe winters, she made her incessant task of reading to her children tell significantly. Before the eldest was ten years old, they all knew almost every nook and cranny of Walter Scott, and other standard works followed in turn. She read certain idyllic tales written in French, which she translated aloud into simple English, thereby diverting herself as well as the children. It was years before they even knew what she had done. One of that family told me that he had never read a current book of fiction until he was sixteen! His taste had been formed without any long-winded lectures on literature. Froissart, Æsop, Josephus, and Bunyan were household words.

Later, the mother wrote little plays full of fire and sword, into which was smuggled many a spoonful of history, or mythology, or poetical legend. The children were the eager little stock company. She rehearsed them, suggested costumes and scenery; and yet, with all this prodigal expenditure of time and real talent, she always laughingly claimed to other mothers: "Try it! They are happier, and so am I. Idleness and absence of motive lead to crime in the nursery as well as the street. And as for me, I know exactly what they are doing, and how."

Hers was a rarely rich, successful life. That she was a much-loved woman to the end scarce need be recorded of her.

Within a year the *dernier cri* in child-amusement at a charitable *fête* brought vividly back, through contrast, that picture of fine motherhood. Kinetoscopes depicted, for tents reeking full of feverish-eyed children, fictitious scenes of Russian cruelty ending in a most revolting form of murder! Little breathless voices asked in the dark: "What does it mean, mother?" "Why does he hate her so much, mother?" One strained in the half light to see such mothers of little beings who would have been so happy merely roaming through the adjoining meadows! Then later came another "amusement" for the children. A real hose-and-ladder company, a real fire engine rented for the purpose; a fire alarm, the burning of a small wooden house erected for the purpose, the realistic rescue of a straw mother and child — all for the amusement — save the mark! — of those watching babies! The whole thing was absolutely insane in its blindness to the real needs of child-life. No wonder we see them blasé at eight, nervous wrecks at twelve, neurasthenia, insomnia, dipsomania, decadence ahead of them. And the committee who made out this programme (including many another "sensational feature")

was composed of *the leading women* of the city in which the festival was held. Where were the mothers to wipe out with justifiable wrath such a breach of sane thinking? such an outrage to the most obvious of responsibilities?

Our American communities are quick to regulate child-labor in some wretched household where the pennies count so much; but one seldom hears of any laws to regulate children's amusements among the many comfortable homes where the mothers are either too weak, too silly, or too selfish to make and enforce their own laws.

And so the weeds come thick and fast and choke the young growing plants, — the weed of vaudeville, killing the sense for true dramatic art; the pest of rag-time, killing music; slang, choking language; indiscriminate current-novel-reading, fatal to any good reading in the future; the devastating weed of unhealthy excitement, to blight, for all time, any simple wholesomeness of either thought or feeling.

A law prohibiting children under the age of fifteen from entering any and all theatres might well be passed with profit, taking out of the incompetent hands of mothers any volition in this grave matter. It fills the air — this craze of the merest children for cheap shows in this country; it packs their minds with vulgar trivialities, debases their ideals, perverts their taste. It is becoming daily more frequent. As well feed a child on mushrooms and champagne, and expect it ever afterwards to relish bread and milk.

It is but a repetition of that poor neglected baby and her "deviled crabs and pink ice cream!" One sees hundreds of examples of it, in one form or another, every year of living in this country. At the root of it, in every single instance, is an unwise mother. Her children remain ignorant where they should be familiar; become enlightened where they should be blind; and suffer always from enlargement of the emotions.

Within a year the writer saw at a hotel an eager group of beautifully clad little ones gathered every evening between seven and eight about a middle-aged cripple who told them stories. They were breathless, entranced. That it was a perfectly new element in their lives was apparent. To be deprived of it was the severest punishment in that colony of several hundred souls. A young woman was overheard idly to observe to her companion, "Is n't it a charming sight?" The older woman with her replied angrily, —

"It is distinctly *not* a charming sight! It is shocking! What are they, with all their extravagant clothes, but the starving children of selfish, vain mothers? That unfortunate man simply fills up an awful gap in their lives — every mother as she sees it should blush and hang her head. Out of that score of children, there is not one who has ever had an adult give it any real companionship before in its life. I have taken the trouble to verify this — and so I say again, that picture over there is far from being charming!"

III

DESTROYING THE INSECTS AT BLOSSOMING TIME

A wise mother will make long-stored wisdom bear fresh fruit. All of her reading can be utilized. Long ago she read that "a word unspoken is like a sword in thy scabbard — *thine;* if vented, thy sword is in another's hand." She can draw a lesson from it for her son in the power of silence and reserve. She also read that "respect for others is the first condition of *savoir vivre*," and she is helped in her task of teaching her girl tactfulness and good manners; and that they are not to be looked for in a labyrinth of negatives, but found walking along the highway in the good sunshine.

In the much-mooted question of manners the imitativeness of children should make the mothers' task easier than it is, for the solution is example, not precept.

Imitation is the whole story. A little boy is scolded for not remembering to raise his cap "to the ladies." I have met lads of six and eight to whom this courtesy had already become as instinctive as it was to their father. No more so, no less, but exactly as it was to their father. "Trot father, trot mither, how can foal amble?"

Making all allowance for wide national differences of opinion, there is much in a French mother's sympathy with her son, as he approaches manhood, which seems more intelligent than the Anglo-Saxon way of withholding sympathy at that crisis. Most American mothers suddenly turn into stepmothers at this critical period. Every sentence begins with "Thou shalt not," and she plumes herself upon her righteousness. And her boy? He becomes a stranger to her. The French mother but adds a new comradeship to her old tenderness, full of far-sighted wisdom and fathomless sympathy for existing conditions; not for ideal conditions that do not exist. He and his mother become closer friends than ever, and he does not withdraw himself from her. She cares much more for her boy than for her righteousness — this mother!

It is but a change in the intellectual outlook, and yet surprisingly few American women recognize the necessity for it. When an American mother has the intelligence to understand, she finds that her son will bring to her not only his triumphs but his failures; not only the story of his virtues but that of his sins, — man to man, — and then only the wisest motherhood can guide him safely out of the wilderness.

But the deepest stain on American motherhood is exactly at this period in the life of her grown son and grown daughter. For some reason, partly temperamental, a large number of mothers fall short of any comprehension of what is demanded of them. Even when they have been faithful in all their earlier trusts, they fail very often at this point.

Her boy, now a man, of course loves her as of old, but she has not been his intellectual comrade, his strongest inspiration, as she might have been had she put her brain into her motherhood, applied what knowledge she had, or studied along the best lines running parallel to the lines of his development.

There are scores of helpful hygienic and philosophical books that would aid mothers to approach their problem well-equipped. All this is of course also the task of the father, but we are speaking of American conditions, and we may as well exclude him first as last, as he has elected to shed family responsibilities, save that of lavish monetary support. In that particular he is a prince.

One illustration cut from the matrix of life is worth a chapter of generalities. One summer night a few years ago four people sat on a high roof near New York City. One could see far down the bay and over to the Jersey shore. There was a middle-aged woman and her son of twenty-three years, an elderly man and his wife — all Americans.

The mother had been boasting of her three boys, their success, their virtues. Under it all was a very natural and pretty pride, as of a gardener telling of his roses, and their freedom from the worm i' the bud.

A chance word brought politics to the front. The older woman said aside to the young man, —

"So you've twice cast your vote! It marks an epoch in a man's life, only second to marriage, does n't it? To take one's part, though small, in the making of history — that is fine!"

The mother laughed.

"My son has never voted, and says he never will — he hates politics, and I don't wonder!"

All as lightly as if telling of a fastidious taste in cravats!

The son added tolerantly, "We men know what a dirty mess it is."

In the older woman's heart moaned a sad voice: "*She is a failure, this mother!*

She is blind, and so he, the son, does not see the truth!"

The silence which followed was filled by the languor of the heat and the pressure of low-bending skies.

Then the older man chuckled and muttered, —

"There's trouble ahead — low bridge!" For he knew his wife and the hot fires flaming beneath her silence.

"Will you take me over there, where I can see the light on the Statue of Liberty?" she presently asked quietly, and she and the youth walked away.

It took her forty-five minutes to do the work, and years have passed, but that man has voted ever since!

Jerking her head in the direction of Bedloe's Island, she began, —

"Oh don't laugh, don't laugh, you have admitted a crime! Don't you know, have n't you been taught, don't you see for yourself, that every time an educated man in the United States fails to vote he has slyly slipped a stone out of place in the foundations of that great statue over there, — the foundations of our government? Upon your vote rests the security of the whole complicated structure of Republicanism, as we Americans are now testing it in the eyes of the world. Whatever you do, do not laugh!"

In the end she held out her hand and spoke gently: "You see I, being a woman, have no vote, so you must cast yours for yourself and for me too, as wisely as you can. Will you?"

The mother was still laughing when the older woman bade them good-night, but the latter was very sad, having no sons of her own with any need of her.

American women constantly cry out against the smallness of their lives, the limitations that encompass them. If they would but do wisely and thoroughly their apportioned tasks, they would have need of every power possible to humanity, such are the potentialities of true motherhood.

The schools of both son and daughter would be forced into rational, logical lines; the boy would be trained first, last, and always for good citizenship; the daughter would not be allowed to drift on, as helpless as a leaf on a stream, with no knowledge whatever of the currents, the cataracts, the whirlpools ahead of her — inevitably ahead of her — on her way down to the broad sea of fine womanhood.

Women fret themselves and others for the right to vote, and they do not see that their son's vote, their brother's, their friend's, is verily their own. They cry out against certain social evils, and they forget that the ranks are ever recruited from among the daughters of Vanity, Uncontrol, and Idleness.

Even the childless women of the world have placed upon them the responsibility of motherhood; for every young man can be a task to them, every girl better for their counsel.

There is no excuse for idleness or repining — there is work in plenty for all women; and it is the most honorable work in the world, for —

"On the blue mountains of our dim childhood towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us, from thence, our life."

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS[1]

BY KENYON COX

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the first day of March, 1848, almost precisely sixty years ago, but was brought to America at the age of six months. His childhood and youth were passed in the city of New York, as was a great part of his working life; and though his origin was foreign, life-long associations had stamped him indelibly an American. The greater part of his work was done in America; almost all of it was done for America; and I do not think it is fancy that sees in his art the expression of a distinctively American spirit. Yet from his mixed French and Irish blood he may well have derived that mingling of the Latin sense of form with a Celtic depth of sentiment which was so markedly characteristic of his genius.

His father, Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens, was a shoemaker from the little town of Aspet in Haute-Garonne, Pyrenees, only a few miles from the town of Saint-Gaudens from which the family must have drawn its origin and its name. His mother was Mary McGuinness, a native of Dublin. Augustus Saint-Gaudens was one of several children born to this couple, and not the only artist among them, for his younger brother Louis is also a sculptor of reputation. The boy attended the public schools of New York and received there all the formal education he ever had ; but at thirteen it was necessary for him to face the problem of earning his living. His artistic proclivities were probably already well marked, and to give them some scope, while assuring him a regular trade at which money could be earned, he was apprenticed in the good old way to a cameo-cutter named Louis Avet, said to be the first man to cut stone cameos in the United States. Thus it came about that the greatest of American sculptors had much such a practical apprenticeship as a Florentine of the fifteenth century might have had. He himself always spoke of it as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him," and attributed much of his success to the habit of faithful labor acquired at this time. Probably, also, the habit of thinking in terms of relief, fostered by years of work at this ancient art of gem-cutting, was not without influence in the moulding of his talent.

His relations with Avet lasted from 1861 to 1864, when his master quarreled with him and abruptly dismissed him from his shop. The boy was already a determined person; he believed that he had suffered an injustice; and though Avet went to his parents and tried to induce them to send him back, he refused to return. A new master was found for him in the person of a shell-cameo-cutter named Jules Lebrethon, and with him Saint-Gaudens remained three years. During his six years' apprenticeship under his two masters the youth showed already that energy and power of will that made him what he was. He meant to be something more than an artisan, and he spent his evenings in the classes, first of the Cooper Union, afterward of the National Academy of Design, in the hard study of drawing, the true foundation of all the fine arts. It was one of the elements of his superiority in his profession that he could draw as few sculptors can, and he always felt that he owed an especial debt to the Cooper Union which he was glad to repay when he modeled the statue of its venerable founder. Of the other institution by whose freely given instruction he had pro-

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fited, the National Academy of Design, he became one of the most honored members. By 1867, when he was nineteen years old, he had saved a little money and was master of a trade that could be relied on to bring in more, and he determined to go to Paris and begin the serious study of sculpture. He worked, for a time, at the Petite Ecole, and entered the studio of Jouffroy in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1868, remaining until 1870. During this time, and afterwards, he was self-supporting, working half his time at cameo-cutting until his efforts at sculpture on a larger scale began to bring in an income.

The time of Saint-Gaudens's study in Paris was a time of great importance in the development of modern sculpture, and although Jouffroy was not himself a sculptor of the highest rank, his studio was a centre for what was then the new movement in the sculpture of France. The essential thing in this movement was the abandoning of the formal imitation of second-rate antiques, and the substitution of the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance as a source of inspiration and of the direct study of nature as a means of self-expression. There had always been individual sculptors of power and originality in France, but the movement of the French school of sculpture, as a whole, away from the pseudo-classicism which had long dominated it, was really inaugurated by Paul Dubois only a few years before Saint-Gaudens's arrival in Paris. Many of the men destined to a brilliant part in the history of modern sculpture were trained in the atelier of Jouffroy. Falguière and Saint-Marceau had but just left that studio when the young American entered it, and Mercié was his fellow student there. Dalou and Rodin have since made these men seem old-fashioned and academic, but they were then, and for many years afterward, the heads of the new school; and of this new school, so different from anything he had known in America, Saint-Gaudens at once, and inevitably, became a part. His own pronounced individuality, and perhaps his comparative isolation during the years of his greatest productivity, gave his art a character of its own, unlike any other, but to the French school of sculpture of the third quarter of the nineteenth century he essentially belonged. With the still newer school of the end of the century he never had any sympathy.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out Paris ceased to be a place for the carrying on of the serious study of art, and Saint-Gaudens went to Rome, where his associates were the French prize men of the day, of whom Mercié was one. He remained there until 1874, except for a visit to New York in the winter of 1872–73 for the purpose of modeling a bust of Senator Evarts and one or two other busts which were put into marble upon his return to Rome. In those Roman days he executed his first statue, a Hiawatha, one of his few studies of the nude, and a Silence, a not very characteristic draped figure which yet fills with some impressiveness her niche at the head of the grand stairway of the Masonic Temple on Twenty-Third Street.

From 1875 to 1877 he had a studio in New York, and it was at this time that he received his first commissions for important public work, those for the Farragut Statue, in Madison Square, and the Randall at Sailor's Snug Harbor. He had married Augusta F. Homer in 1877, and in that year, taking his bride and his commissions with him, he returned to Paris, feeling, as many another young Paris-bred artist has felt, that there only could such important works be properly carried out. The Farragut was completed and exhibited in the plaster at the Salon of 1880, and from that time his success was assured. For the rest of his life he was constantly busy, receiving almost more commissions for work of importance than it was possible for him to carry out. He returned to New York in 1880, and in 1881 he opened the studio in Thirty-Sixth Street, where he remained for sixteen years and where so many of his greatest works were executed. From

that studio came many of his exquisite portraits in relief, his caryatids and angelic figures, such as those for the Morgan tomb, so unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1882, the great statues of Lincoln and Chapin, the Shaw Memorial, and the Adams Memorial; and there was done all the preliminary work of the great equestrian monument to General Sherman.

It is in these years of his prime that he will ever be most fondly remembered by those, and they are many, who had the privilege of his friendship. Admittedly our foremost sculptor, and one of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he became at once a person of importance in the world of art; and as his brilliant career developed he established intimate relationships with an ever widening circle of men in every walk of life, while no one who ever knew him well can have felt anything but an abiding affection for him. That long white studio became a familiar meeting-place for all who were interested in any form of art; and the Sunday afternoon concerts that were held there for many years will be looked back to with regret as long as any of their auditors remain alive.

This studio was given up when Saint-Gaudens went abroad for the third time, in 1897, to execute the Sherman group, and he never resumed his residence in New York. In 1885 he had purchased a property at Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River from Windsor, Vermont, and when he returned to this country in 1900, covered with fresh honors, but an ill man, he made what had been a summer home his permanent abode. He named it Aspet, after his father's birthplace, and there he erected two studios and finished his Sherman statue. In these studios were executed the second Lincoln, the Parnell statue for Dublin, and much other work. The larger studio was burned in 1904, but was rebuilt and the lost work rebegun and carried to a conclusion. What can never be quite replaced were two portraits of himself. A study, of the head only, in the collection of the National Academy of Design, is now the only existing portrait of him painted from life in his best years. In this studio his assistants are still busy, reverently completing the work left unfinished at the time of his death.

From the illness he brought back from Paris in 1900 Saint-Gaudens never recovered. At times he showed something of his old vigor and was able not only to do fine work, but to indulge more in out-of-door sports than he had ever done in his youth, while a growing love for nature and for literature made his life fuller, in some respects, than in the days when his own art more entirely absorbed him. But year by year his strength grew less and his intervals of freedom from pain grew shorter, and he was more and more forced to rely upon the corps of able and devoted assistants which he gathered about him. He developed to an extraordinary extent the faculty of communicating his ideas and desires to others, and of producing through their hands work essentially his own and of a quality entirely beyond their ability; but it was at the cost of a strain upon brain and nerve almost infinitely greater than would have been involved in work done with his own hand. In the summer of 1906 he broke down utterly, the work of his studio was interrupted, and he ceased to see even his most intimate friends. He rallied somewhat from this attack, and began again his heroic struggle against fate, directing the work of assistants while himself so weak that he had to be carried from the house to the studio. The end came on the evening of August 3, 1907. He died as he had lived, a member of no church, but a man of pure and lofty character. As he had wished, his body was cremated, and his ashes have been deposited in the cemetery at Windsor, Vermont, across the river from his home. An informal funeral service was held in his private studio on August 7, attended by friends and neighbors and by a few old friends from a distance; but the gathering could include but a few of the many

who feel his death as a personal loss.

I have given with some particularity this outline of Saint-Gaudens's life because legend is already busy with his name. His right to bear it has even been denied, and impudently false accounts of his last days have been printed. Therefore it seemed best to state clearly certain facts which are, after all, of little importance in the estimate of his work. Neither is it of much importance, now, that the merits of this work were fully recognized in his lifetime; that he was an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, a member of half a dozen academies, and the bearer of honorary degrees from the universities of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Of all the honors he received there were two, one of a public, the other of a private nature, which he himself valued most highly; the one as showing the estimation in which his art was held by his fellow artists, the other as an evidence of the personal affection felt for him by his friends. At the Pan-American Exposition of 1901, upon the unanimous recommendation of the Jury of Fine Arts, composed of painters, sculptors, and architects, he was awarded a special diploma and medal of honor, "apart from and above all other awards;" an entirely exceptional honor which marked him as the first of American artists, as previously received honors had marked him one of the greatest sculptors of his time. On June 23, 1905, the artistic and literary colony which had gradually grown up about his home in Cornish celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his coming there by a fête and open-air play held in the groves of Aspet. The beauty of this spectacle has become almost legendary. The altar with its columned canopy, which served for a background to the play, still stands, though much dilapidated by weather, as it was immortalized by the sculptor himself in a commemorative plaquette which is among the most charming of his minor works. He planned if he had lived to perpetuate it in enduring marble, and it is not impossible that others may yet accomplish this task, dedicating the monument as a fitting memorial to a great artist and a noble man in the place he loved as his chosen home.

Some part of the vivid and lovable personality of Augustus Saint-Gaudens must have been visible, almost at a glance, to any one who ever came in contact with him — to any one, even, who ever saw his portrait. In his spare but strong-knit figure, his firm but supple hands, his manner of carrying himself, his every gesture, one felt the abounding vitality, the almost furious energy of the man. That extraordinary head with its heavy brow beetling above the small but piercing eyes, its red beard and crisp wiry hair, its projecting jaw and great, strongly modeled nose, was alive with power — with power of intellect no less than of will. His lack of early education gave him a certain diffidence and a distrust of his own gifts of expression. He was apt to overrate the mere verbal facility of others, and to underestimate himself in the comparison — indeed, a certain humility was strongly marked in him, even as regards his art, though he was self-confident also. When he was unconstrained his great powers of observation, his shrewdness of judgment, his bubbling humor, and a picturesque vivacity of phrase not uncommon among artists, made him one of the most entrancing of talkers.

Underneath his humor and his gayety, however, there lay a deep-seated Celtic melancholy, and beside his energy was an infinite patience at the service of an exacting artistic conscience. The endless painstaking of his work and the time he took over it were almost proverbial. He was twelve years engaged upon the Shaw Memorial, and eleven upon the Sherman, and though he did much other work while these were in progress, yet it was his constant revision, his ever-renewed striving for perfection that kept them so long achieving. The

Diana of the Madison Square Garden was taken down from her tower because he and the architect, Stanford White, thought her too large, and was entirely remodeled on a smaller scale. And with this patience went a gentleness, a sweetness, a delicate sensitiveness, and an abounding humanity and sympathy. He could be almost ruthless in the assertion of his will when the interests of his art or of justice seemed to demand it, yet there was a tender-heartedness in him which made it distressing to him to inflict pain on any one. The conflict of these elements in his nature sometimes made his actions seem inconsistent and indecipherable even to those who knew him. He would be long-suffering, compromising, disinclined to strike; but when he was at last roused the blow would be as staggering as it was unexpected. It was as if he struck the harder to have done with it, and to spare himself the pain of striking again.

It was his whole-hearted devotion to his art which caused his rare acts of self-assertion, and it was this same devotion, no less than his natural kindliness, that made him ever helpful to younger artists who showed any promise of future worth. Even in his last days of unspeakable suffering he would summon what was left of his old strength to give a word of criticism and advice, above all a word of commendation, to any one who needed the one or had earned the other. The essential goodness of the man was most felt by those who stood nearest him, and most of all, perhaps, by his actual co-workers. He could command, as few have been able to do, the love and devotion of his assistants. To all who knew him the man himself seemed finer, rarer, sweeter than his work, and the gap he has left in their lives will be even more impossible to fill than his place in American art.

But the personality of an artist, though he be a great one, is for the memory of his private friends. It is only as it colors his art that it is of public interest. It is his art itself, his gift to the world, that the world cares for; it is of the kind and quality of that art, the nature and the degree of its greatness, that the world wishes to hear. Because the man was my friend I have wished to give some glimpse of the manner of man he was; because the artist was the greatest our country has produced I am to try to give some idea of his art, of the elements of its strength, and of the limitations which are as necessary as its qualities.

And the first and most essential thing to note about the art of Augustus Saint-Gaudens is that it is always art of the purest — free in an extraordinary degree from the besetting sins of naturalism and the scientific temper on the one hand, and of the display of cleverness and technical brilliancy on the other. Never more than in our own day have these been the great temptations of an able artist: that he should in the absorption of study forget the end in the means, and produce demonstrations of anatomy or of the laws of light rather than statues or pictures; or that he should, in the joy of exercising great talents, seem to say, "See how well I can do it!" and invent difficulties for the sake of triumphantly resolving them, becoming a virtuoso rather than a creator. Of the meaner temptation of mere sensationalism — the desire to attract attention by ugliness and eccentricity lest one should be unable to secure it by truth and beauty — one need not speak. It is the temptation of vulgar souls. But great and true artists have yielded, occasionally or habitually, to these other two; Saint-Gaudens never does. I know no work of his to which raw nature has been admitted, in which a piece of study has been allowed to remain as such without the moulding touch of art to subdue it to its place; and I know only one which has any spice of bravura — the Logan statue — and the bravura is there because the subject seemed to demand it, not because the artist wished it. The dash and glitter are those of "Black Jack Logan," not of Saint-Gaudens. The sculptor strove to render them as he strove to render higher qualities at other

times, but they remain antipathetic to his nature, and the statue is one of the least satisfactory of his works. He is essentially the artist — the artificer of beauty — ever bent on the making of a lovely and significant thing; and the study of nature and the resources of his craft are but tools, and are never allowed to become anything more.

The commonest criticism on Saint-Gaudens's art has been that it is not, primarily, sculptural in its inspiration; and, in a sense, the criticism is justified. One need not, perhaps, greatly care whether it is true or not. It is, after all, only a matter of definition, and if we were forbidden to call his work sculpture at all and required to find another name for it, the important fact that it is art — art of the finest, the most exquisite, at times the most powerful — would in no wise be altered. Ghiberti went beyond the traditions of sculpture in relief, introduced perspective into his compositions, modeled trees and rocks and clouds and cast them in bronze, made pictures, if you like, instead of reliefs. Does any one care? Is it not enough that they are beautiful pictures? The gates of the Baptistry of Florence are still worthy, as the greatest sculptor since the Greeks thought them, to be the gates of Paradise. A work of art remains a work of art, call it what you please, and a thing of beauty will be a joy forever, whether or not you can pigeonhole it in some ready-made category. After all, the critical pigeonholes are made for the things, not the things for the pigeonholes. The work is there, and if it does not fit your preconceived definition, the fault is as likely to be in the definition as in the work itself.

If, then, the accusation that Saint-Gaudens's art is not sculptural means that he was a designer rather than a modeler, that he cared for composition more than for representation, that the ensemble interested him more than the details, I would cheerfully admit that the accusation is well founded. Such marvels of rendering as Rodin could give us, before he lost himself in the effort to deserve that reputation as a profound thinker which has been thrust upon him, were not for Saint-Gaudens. The modeling of the *morceau* was not particularly his affair. The discrimination of hard and soft, of bone and muscle and integument, the expression of tension where a fleshy tissue is tightly drawn over the framework beneath, or of weight where it falls away from it — these were not the things that most compelled his interest or in which he was most successful. For the human figure as a figure, for the inherent beauty of its marvelous mechanism, he did not greatly care. The problems of bulk and mass and weight and movement which have occupied sculptors from the beginning were not especially his problems. It may have been due to the nature of the commissions he received that, after the Hiawatha of his student days, he modeled no nude except the Diana of the tower — a purely decorative figure, designed for distant effect, in which structural modeling would have been out of place because invisible. But it was not accident that in such draped figures as the Amor-Caritas or the caryatids of the Vanderbilt mantelpiece there is little effort to make the figure visible beneath the draperies. In the hands of a master of the figure — of one of those artists to whom the expressiveness and the beauty of the human structure is all in all — drapery is a means of rendering the masses and the movement of the figure more apparent than they would be in the nude. In such works as these it is a thing beautiful in itself, for its own ripple and flow and ordered intricacy. The figure is there beneath the drapery, but the drapery is expressive of the mood of the artist and of the sentiment of the work, rather than especially explanatory of the figure.

First of all, by nature and by training, Saint-Gaudens was a designer, and exquisiteness of design was the quality he most consciously strove for — the quality on which he expended his unresting, unending, persevering toil. From the

start one feels that design is his principal preoccupation, that he is thinking mainly of the pattern of the whole, its decorative effect and play of line, its beauty of masses and spaces, its fitness for its place and its surroundings, in a word, its composition. In the beginning, as a workman in the shop of the cameo-cutter, he was concerned with a kind of art in which perfection of composition is almost the sole claim to serious consideration. Then he produces a multiplicity of small reliefs, dainty, exquisite, infallibly charming in their arrangement, — things which are so dependent on design for their very existence that they seem scarcely modeled at all. He goes on to decorative figures in the round, to heroic statues, to monumental groups, but always it is design that he thinks of first and last — design, now, in three dimensions rather than in two — design properly sculptural rather than pictorial in so much as it deals with bosses and concaves, with solid matter in space — but still design. This power of design rises to higher uses as time goes on, is bent to the interpretation of lofty themes and the expression of deep emotions, but it is in its nature the same power that produced the delicate, ethereal beauty of the reliefs. The infinite fastidiousness of a master-designer, constantly reworking and readjusting his design, that every part shall be perfect and that no fold or spray of leafage shall be out of its proper place, never satisfied that his composition is beyond improvement while an experiment remains untried, — this is what cost him years of labor. His first important statue, the Farragut, is a masterpiece of restrained and elegant yet original and forceful design — a design, too, that includes the pedestal and the bench below, and of which the figures in bas-relief are almost as important a part as the statue itself. In later and maturer work, with a more clarified taste and a deeper feeling, he can reach such unsurpassable expressiveness of composition as is shown in the Shaw Memorial or the great equestrian statue of Sherman.

Saint-Gaudens's mastery of low-relief was primarily a matter of this power of design, but it was conditioned also upon two other qualities, knowledge of drawing, and extreme sensitiveness to delicate modulation of surface. And by drawing I mean not merely knowledge of form and proportion and the exact rendering of these, in which sense a statue may be said to be well drawn if its measurements are correct — I mean that much more subtle and difficult art, the rendering in two dimensions only of the appearance of objects of three dimensions. Sculpture in the round is the simplest and, in a sense, the easiest of the arts. It deals with actual form — a piece of sculpture does not merely look like the form of an object, it *is* the form of an object. Leaving out of the count, for the moment, the refinements and the illusions which may be added to it, — which must be added to it to make it art, — it is the reproduction in another material of the actual forms of things. Something which shall answer for it, to the uninitiate, may be produced by merely casting natural objects, and there is a great deal that is called sculpture which scarcely aims at anything more than the production, by a more difficult method, of something like a plaster cast from nature. It is the very simplicity of the art that makes its difficulty, for to avoid the look of casting and achieve the feeling of art requires the most delicate handling and the most powerful inspiration, and there is need in the art of sculpture for the rarest qualities of the greatest minds. The art of drawing is entirely different. It is all illusion, it deals only in appearances. Its aim is to depict on a flat surface the aspect of objects supposed to stand behind it and to be seen through it, and its means are two branches of the science of optics. It is based on the study of perspective and on the study of the way light falls upon objects and reveals their shapes and the direction of their surfaces by the varying degrees of their illumination. Of this art a sculptor in the round need not necessarily know any-

thing, and in fact many of them, unfortunately, know altogether too little of it. The maker of a statue need not think about foreshortenings: if he gives the correct form the foreshortening will take care of itself. Sometimes it does so in a disastrous manner! Theoretically he need not worry over light and shade, although of course he does, in practice, think about it and rely upon it, more or less. If he gives the true forms they will necessarily have the true light and shade. But low-relief, standing between sculpture and drawing, is really more closely related to drawing than to sculpture,—is really a kind of drawing,—and this is why so few sculptors succeed in it.

It is a kind of drawing, but an exceedingly difficult kind — the most delicate and difficult of any of the arts that deal with form alone. As to the contour, it stands on the same ground with drawing in any other material. The linear part of it requires exactly the same degree and the same kind of talent as linear design with a pen or with a burin. But for all that stands within the contour, for the suggestion of interior forms and the illusion of solidity, it depends on means of the utmost subtlety. It exists, as all drawing does, by light and shade, but the shadows are not produced by the mere darkening of the surface — they are produced by projections and recessions, by the inclination of the planes away from or toward the light. The lower the relief the more subtle and tender must be the variation of the surface which produces them, and therefore success in relief is one of the best attainable measures of a sculptor's fineness of touch and perfection of craftsmanship. But as the light and shade is produced by actual forms which are yet quite unlike the true forms of nature, it follows that the artist in relief can never imitate either the shape or the depth of the shadow he sees in nature. His art becomes one of suggestions and equivalents — an art which can give neither the literal truth of form nor the literal truth of aspect — an art at the farthest remove from direct representation. And success in it becomes, therefore, one of the best tests of a sculptor's artistry — of his ability to produce essential beauty by the treatment of his material, rather than to imitate successfully external fact.

As the degree of relief varies, also, from the lowest possible to that highest relief which nearly approaches sculpture in the round, the problems involved constantly vary. At each stage there is a new compromise to be made, a new adjustment to find, between fact and illusion, between the real form and the desired appearance. And there may be a number of different degrees of relief in the same work, even in different parts of the same figure, so that the art of relief becomes one of the most complicated and difficult of arts. It has not, indeed, the added complications of color, but neither has it the resources of color, success in which will more or less compensate for failure elsewhere. There is no permissible failure in bas-relief, any more than in sculpture in the round, and its difficulties are far greater. Nothing but truest feeling, completest knowledge, consummate skill, will serve.

This explanation may give some measure of what I mean when I say that I believe Augustus Saint-Gaudens the most complete master of relief since the fifteenth century.

He has produced a series of works which run through the whole range of the art, from lowest relief to highest; from things of which the relief is so infinitesimal that they seem as if dreamed into existence rather than wrought in bronze or marble, to things which are virtually engaged statues; from things which you fear a chance touch might brush away, like a pastel of Whistler's, to things as solid and enduring in appearance as in actual material. And in all these things there is the same inevitable mastery of design and of drawing, the same infinite resource and the same technical perfection. The Butler Children, the Schiff

Children, the Violet Sargent, to name but a few of his masterpieces of this kind, are in their perfection of spacing, their grace of line, their exquisite and ethereal illusiveness of surface, comparable only to the loveliest works of the Florentine Renaissance; while the assured mastery of the most complicated problems of relief evinced in the Shaw Memorial — a mastery which shows, in the result, no trace of the strenuous and long-continued effort that it cost — is unsurpassed — I had almost said unequaled — in any work of any epoch.

One cannot hope, without illustration, to give any idea of the special beauties of this or that particular work in this long series; and indeed no form of illustration could give more than the composition and the draughtsmanship. The refinement of workmanship, the sensitiveness and subtlety of modeling, can be appreciated only before the works themselves. And this sensitiveness and delicacy of workmanship, this mastery of the problems of relief, with its reliance on illusion and its necessary abstention from realization, is applied to sculpture in the round, and becomes with Saint-Gaudens, as it did with the sculptors of the Florentine Renaissance, the means of escape from the matter of fact. The concrete art of sculpture becomes an art of mystery and of suggestion — an art having affinities with that of painting. Hollows are filled up, shadows are obliterated, lines are softened or accentuated, as the effect may require, details are eliminated or made prominent as they are less or more essential and significant, as they hinder or aid the expressiveness of the whole. It is by such methods that beauty is achieved, that the most unpromising material is subdued to the purposes of art, that even our hideous modern costume may be made to yield a decorative effect. Pure sculpture, as the ancients understood it, the art of form *per se*, demands the nude figure, or a costume which reveals it rather than hides it. The costume of to-day reveals as little of the figure as possible, and, unlike mediæval armor, it has no form of its own. A painter may make it interesting by dwelling on color or tone or texture, or may so lose it in shadow that it ceases to count at all except as a space of darkness. A sculptor can do none of these things, and if he is to make it serve the ends of beauty he has need of all the resourcefulness and all the skill of the master of low-relief. It was fortunate that the artist whose greatest task was to commemorate the heroes of the Civil War should have had the temperament and the training of such a master, and I know of no other sculptor than Saint-Gaudens who has so magnificently suceeeded in the rendering of modern clothing — no other who could have made the uniform of Farragut or the frock coat of Lincoln as interesting as the armor of Colleone or the toga of Augustus.

But if the genius of Saint-Gaudens was primarily a decorative genius — if it was, even, in his earlier work, a trifle picturesque, so that, as he said himself, he had "to fight against picturesqueness," his work was never pictorial. He never indulged in perspective or composed his reliefs on more than one plane; never took such liberties with the traditions of sculpture as did Ghiberti, or painted pictures in bronze or marble as more than one modern has done. His very feeling for decoration kept him from pictorial realism, and his fight against picturesqueness was nobly won. His design becomes ever cleaner and more classic; by years of work and of experience he becomes stronger and stronger in the more purely sculptural qualities — attains a grasp of form and structure only second to his mastery of composition. He is always a consummate artist — in his finest works he is a great sculptor in the strictest sense of the word.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon technical matters because technical power is the first necessity for an artist; because technical mastery is that for which he consciously endeavors; because the technical language of his art is the necessary

vehicle of expression for his thoughts and emotions, and determines, even, the nature of the thoughts and emotions he shall express. But while the technical accomplishment of an artist is the most necessary part of his art, without which his imagination would be mute, it is not the highest or the most significant part of it. I have tried to show that Saint-Gaudens was a highly accomplished artist, the equal of any of his contemporaries, the superior of most. What made him something much more than this — something infinitely more important for us — was the vigor and loftiness of his imagination. Without his imaginative power he would have been an artist of great distinction, of whom any country might be proud; with it he became a great creator, able to embody in enduring bronze the highest ideals and the deepest feelings of a nation and of a time.

It is a penetrating and sympathetic imagination that gave him his unerring grasp of character, that enabled him to seize upon the significant elements of a personality, to divine the attitude and the gesture that should reveal it, to eliminate the unessential, to present to us the man. This is the imagination of the portrait-painter, and Saint-Gaudens has shown it again and again, in many of his reliefs and memorial tablets, above all in his portrait statues. He showed it conclusively in so early a work as the Farragut, a work that remains one of the modern masterpieces of portrait statuary. The man stands there forever, feet apart, upon his swaying deck, his glass in one strong hand, cool, courageous, ready, full of determination but absolutely without bluster or braggadocio, a sailor, a gentleman, and a hero. He showed it again, and with ampler maturity, in that august figure of Lincoln, grandly dignified, austerely simple, sorrowfully human, risen from the chair of state that marks his office, but about to speak as a man to men, his bent head and worn face filled with a sense of power, but even more with the sadness of responsibility — filled, above all, with a yearning, tender passion of sympathy and love. In imaginative presentation of character, in nobility of feeling and breadth of treatment, no less than in perfection of workmanship, these are among the world's few worthy monuments to its great men.

And they are monuments to Americans by an American. Saint-Gaudens had lived through the time of the Civil War, had felt, as a boy, the stir of its great happenings in his blood, and its epic emotions had become a part of his consciousness, deep-seated at the roots of his nature. The feelings of the American people were his feelings, and his representations of these and of other heroes of that great struggle are among the most national as they are among the most vital things that our country has produced in art.

But if Saint-Gaudens's imagination was thus capable of raising the portrait to the dignity of the type, it was no less capable of endowing the imagined type with all the individuality of the portrait. In the Deacon Chapin, of Springfield, we have a purely ideal production, the finest embodiment of New England Puritanism in our art, for no portrait of the real Chapin existed. This swift-striding, stern-looking old man, who clasps his Bible as Moses clasped the tables of the law and grips his peaceful walking-stick as though it were a sword, is a Puritan of the Puritans; but he is an individual also, — a rough-hewn piece of humanity with plenty of the old Adam about him, — an individual so clearly seen and so vigorously characterized that one can hardly believe the statue an invention or realize that no such old Puritan deacon ever existed in the flesh.

Something of this imaginative quality there is in almost everything Saint-Gaudens touched, even in his purely decorative figures. His angels and caryatids are not classical goddesses, but modern women, lovely, but with a personal and particular loveliness, not insisted upon, but delicately suggested. And it is

not the personality of the model who chanced to pose for them, but an invented personality, the expression of the nobility, the sweetness, and the pure-mindedness of their creator. And in such a figure as that of the Adams Memorial, in Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, his imaginative power reaches to a degree of impressiveness almost unequaled in modern art. One knows of nothing since the tombs of the Medici that fills one with the same hushed awe as this shrouded, hooded, deeply-brooding figure, rigid with contemplation, still with an eternal stillness, her soul rapt from her body on some distant quest. Is she Nirvana? Is she The Peace of God? She has been given many names — her maker would give her none. Her meaning is mystery; she is the everlasting enigma.

Not the greatest artist could twice sound so deep a note as this. The figure remains unique in the work of the sculptor as it is unique in the art of the century. Yet, perhaps, Saint-Gaudens's greatest works are two in which all the varied elements of his genius find simultaneous expression; into which his mastery of composition, his breadth and solidity of structure, his technical skill, his insight into character, and his power of imagination enter in nearly equal measure: the Shaw Memorial and the great equestrian group of the Sherman Monument.

The Shaw Memorial is a relief, but a relief of many planes. The marching troops are in three files, one behind the other, the varying distances from the spectator marked by differences of the degree of projection. Nearer than all of them is the equestrian figure of Shaw himself, the horse and rider modeled nearly but not quite in the round. The whole scale of relief was altered in the course of the work, after it had once been nearly completed, and the mastery of the infinitely complicated problem of relief in many degrees is supreme. But all the more because the scheme was so full and so varied, the artist has carefully avoided the pictorial in his treatment. There is no perspective, the figures being all on the same scale, and there is no background, no setting of houses or landscape. Everywhere, between and above the figures, is the flat surface which is the immemorial tradition of sculpture in relief; and the fact that it *is* a surface, representing nothing, is made more clear by the inscription written upon it — an inscription placed there, consciously or unconsciously, that it might have that very effect. The composition is magnificent, whether for its intrinsic beauty of arrangement, its balancing of lines and spaces, or for its perfect expressiveness. The rhythmic step of marching men is perfectly rendered, and the guns fill the middle of the panel in an admirable pattern, without confusion or monotony. The heads are superb in characterization, strikingly varied and individual, yet each a strongly marked racial type, unmistakably African in all its forms.

These are merits, and merits of a very high order, enough of themselves to place the work in the front rank of modern sculpture, but they are after all its minor merits. What makes it the great thing it is is the imaginative power displayed in it — the depth of emotion expressed, and expressed with perfect simplicity and directness and an entire absence of parade. The negro troops are marching steadily, soberly, with high seriousness of purpose, and their white leader rides beside them, drawn sword in hand, but with no military swagger, courageous, yet with a hint of melancholy, ready not only to lay down his life, but to face, if need be, an ignominious death for the cause he believes to be just. And above them, laden with palm and with poppy, floats the Death Angel, pointing out the way.

It is a work which artists may study again and again with growing admiration and increasing profit, yet it is one that has found its way straight to the popular heart. It is not always — it is not often — that the artists and the public are thus at one. When they are it is safe to assume that the work they equally admire is truly

great — that it belongs to the highest order of noble works of art.

The Sherman group, though it has been more criticised than the Shaw Memorial, seems to me, if possible, an even finer work. The main objection to it has been that it is not sufficiently "monumental," and indeed it has not the massiveness nor the repose of such a work as Donatello's Gattamelata, the greatest of all equestrian statues. It could not well have these qualities in the same degree, its motive being what it is, but they are, perhaps, not ill exchanged for the character and the nationalism so marked in horse and rider, and for the irresistible onward rush of movement, never more adequately expressed. In all other respects the group seems to me almost beyond criticism. The composition — composition, now, in the round, and to be considered from many points of view — builds up superbly; the flow of line in wing and limb and drapery is perfect; the purely sculptural problems of anatomical rendering, equine and human, are thoroughly resolved; the modeling, as such, is almost as fine as the design.

To the boyish Saint-Gaudens Sherman had seemed the typical American hero. To the matured artist he had sat for an admirable bust. The sculptor had thus an unusual knowledge of his subject, a perfect sympathy with his theme; and he has produced a work of epic sweep and significance. Tall and erect, the General sits his horse, his military cloak bellying out behind him, his trousers strapped down over his shoes, his hat in his right hand, dropping at arm's length behind his knee, his bare head, like that of an old eagle, looking straight forward. The horse is as long and thin as his rider, with a tremendous stride; and his big head, closely reined in, twitches viciously at the bridle. Before the horse and rider, upon the ground yet as if newlighted there from an aerial existence, half walks, half flies, a splendid winged figure, — one arm outstretched, the other brandishing the palm, — Victory leading them on. She has a certain fierce wildness of aspect, but her rapt gaze and half open mouth indicate the seer of visions: peace is ahead, and an end of war. On the bosom of her gown is broidered the eagle of the United States, for she is an American Victory, as this is an American man on an American horse; and the broken pine bough beneath the horse's feet localizes the victorious march — it is the march through Georgia to the sea.

Long ago I expressed my conviction that the Sherman monument is third in rank of the great equestrian statues of the world. To-day I am not sure that that conviction remains unaltered. Donatello's Gattamelata is unapproached and unapproachable in its quiet dignity; Verrocchio's Colleone is unsurpassed in picturesque attractiveness. Both are consecrated by the admiration of centuries. To-day I am not sure that this work of an American sculptor, just dead, is not, in its own way, equal to either of them.

There are those who are troubled by the introduction of the symbolical figures in such works as the Shaw Memorial and the Sherman statue; and, indeed, it was a bold enterprise to place them where they are, mingling thus in the same work the real and the ideal, the actual and the allegorical. But the boldness seems to me abundantly justified by success. In either case the entire work is pitched to the key of these figures; the treatment of the whole is so elevated by style and so infused with imagination, that there is no shock of unlikeness or difficulty of transition. And these figures are not merely necessary to the composition, an essential part of its beauty — they are even more essential to the expression of the artist's thought. Without that hovering Angel of Death, the negro troops upon the Shaw Memorial might be going anywhere, to battle or to review. We should have a passing regiment, nothing more. Without the striding Victory before him, the impetuous movement of Sherman's horse would have no especial significance. And these

figures are no mere conventional allegories, they are true creations. To their creator the unseen was as real as the seen — nay, it was more so. That Shaw was riding to his death at the command of duty was the only thing that made Shaw memorable. That Sherman was marching to a victory the fruits of which should be peace was the essential thing about Sherman. Death and Duty — Victory and Peace — in each case the compound ideal found its expression in a figure entirely original and astonishingly living; a *person* as truly as Shaw or Sherman themselves. He could not have left them out. It were better to give up the work entirely than to do it otherwise than as he saw it.

I have described and discussed but a few of the many works of this great artist, choosing those which seem to me the most significant and the most important, and in doing so I have keenly felt the inadequacy of words to express the qualities of an art which exists by forms. Fortunately, the works themselves are, for the most part, readily accessible. In the originals, in casts, or in photographs, they may be studied by every one. Nothing is more difficult than to estimate justly the greatness of an object that is too near to us — it is only as it recedes into the distance that the mountain visibly overtops its neighboring hills. It is difficult to understand that this man so lately familiar to us, moving among us as one of ourselves, is of the company of the immortals. Yet I believe, as we make this study of his works, as we yield ourselves to the graciousness of his charm or are exalted by the sweep of his imagination, we shall come to feel an assured conviction that Augustus Saint-Gaudens was not merely the most accomplished artist of America, not merely one of the foremost sculptors of his time, — we shall feel that he is one of those great, creative minds, transcending time and place, not of America or of to-day, but of the world and forever.

Where, among such minds, he will take his rank we need not ask. It is enough that he is among them. Such an artist is assuredly a benefactor of his country, and it is eminently fitting that his gift to us should be acknowledged by such tribute as we can pay him. By his works in other lands and by his world-wide fame he sheds a glory upon the name of America, helping to convince the world that here also are those who occupy themselves with the things of the spirit, that here also are other capabilities than those of industrial energy and material success. In his many minor works he has endowed us with an inexhaustible heritage of beauty — beauty which is "about the best thing God invents." He is the educator of our taste, and of more than our taste — of our sentiment and our emotions. In his great monuments he has not only given us fitting presentments of our national heroes; he has expressed, and in expressing elevated, our loftiest ideals; he has expressed, and in expressing deepened, our profoundest feelings. He has become the voice of all that is best in the American people, and his works are incentives to patriotism and lessons in devotion to duty.

But the great and true artist is more than a benefactor of his country, he is a benefactor of the human race. The body of Saint-Gaudens is ashes; but his mind, his spirit, his character, have taken on enduring forms and are become a part of the inheritance of mankind. And if, in the lapse of ages, his very name should be forgotten — as are the names of many great artists who have gone before him — yet his work will remain; and while any fragment of it is decipherable the world will be the richer in that he lived.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

MUSIC BENEATH THE STARS

In Memory of A. St.-G.

Music beneath the stars — remembering him
Who music loved, and who on such a night
Had, through white paths celestial, winged his flight,
Hearing the chanting of the cherubim, —
Which even our ears seem now to apprehend,
Rising and falling in waves of splendid sound
That bear our grieving spirits from the ground
And with eternal things lift them and blend.
Now Bach's great Aria charms the starlit dark;
Now soars the Largo, high angelical,
Soothing all mortal sorrow on that breath;
And now, O sweet and sovereign strain! Now hark
Of mighty Beethoven the rise and fall.
— Such music 'neath the stars abolished death.

THE VEIL OF STARS

O veil of stars! O dread magnificence!
Not unto man, O not to man is given
The power to grasp with human sight and sense
Him, clothed upon by all the stars of heaven.
And thou, O infinite littleness! not more
Doth infinite distance and immensity
That Presence veil, whom fain we would adore
If mortals might the immortal dimly see.
Atoms and stars alike the Eternal hide,
Nor know we if in light or darkness dwells
The Ever Living. No voice from out the wide
Intense of starlight the great secret tells, —
No word nor sign in earth or skies above, —
Save one, the Godhead in the eyes of love.

ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XX

ELECTRA, in her excitement, found herself unable to stay upstairs at her accustomed tasks. She had to know what grandmother thought of this ill-bred woman. But speeding down, she saw grandmother in the garden paths with Billy Stark. There they walked intimately arm-in-arm, and grandmother talked. There was something eager in the pose of her head. Evidently what she had heard quite pleased her, if only because it was some new thing. And there was Peter at the door. Instantly the light sprang renewed into Electra's eyes. Peter would do still better than grandmother to confirm her triumph, though at the moment even she charged herself to be lofty in her judgments and temperate in expressing them. Peter did not look at all like one who had himself heard unlovely news. His face glowed. There were points of light in his dark eyes. Rose had left them there, and Electra, with the sick certainty of the jealous, knew it. They went silently into the library, Peter holding, as well as he might, the lax hand hanging at her side. In the morning light of the room, they faced each other, and she asked her question, the one that, unbidden, came leaping to her lips.

"Did you meet her?"

He knew whom she meant, for his thought, too, was full of her.

"Yes," he said, and then swept even Rose aside as deflecting him from his purpose. "Electra, I have decided to go back to France."

Immediately she thought she saw why. Rose was going and he had to follow.

"What did she tell you?" she cried sharply. The pang that came astonished her, it was so savage. Even in the haste of the moment, she had time for a passing surprise that she could be so moved by Peter. He was looking at her with innocent perplexity.

"Rose?" he said. "Nothing. I told her I was coming here and she —" He paused, for he was on the point of adding, "She sent me." Peter could see how ill-judged that would be.

Electra, her proud glance on him, was considering, balancing probabilities. With his artist's eye he saw how handsome she was, how like, in the outer woman, to his imperial lady. Such spirit in her could only, it seemed, be spent for noble ends.

"Has she told you?" asked Electra, and there was something, he saw, beyond what he suspected. Her voice rang out against her will: "No, she has n't. She means, for some reason, not to tell you. But she has had to tell me."

Peter was staring at her.

"Has something happened to her?" he asked quickly. "I must know."

That mysterious rage she was so unwilling to recognize in herself got possession of her again.

"It means a great deal to you," she breathed.

"Of course it does," said Peter honestly. "Don't keep me dangling, Electra."

Electra's mouth seemed to harden before his eyes. She looked like some noble and beautiful image of justice or a kindred virtue.

"She thinks I shall not tell you," she declared. "But I shall. It is no more right for you to be deceived than it was right for me. I shall tell you."

"Don't tell me anything she would n't wish," said Peter earnestly. He began to see the need of holding down the

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flaming spirit in her, lest it consume too much. "If there is anything she wants me to know, she will tell me."

"My instinct was right," said Electra, now with equal steadiness. "She was not his wife. Tom never married her."

Peter was tired of that issue. His controlled manner showed it.

"I know what you think about that, Electra," he said. "You see we don't agree. We must n't talk about it."

Electra answered him with a gracious certainty.

"That was what she told me, Peter. She told grandmother, too. For some reason she has abandoned her deception. She has a reason for ending it. That was what she said. Tom never married her."

Peter's face was blazing, the indignant blood in it, the light darting from his eyes. He straightened. His hands clenched. His voice was thick with anger.

"Tom never married her?"

"That was what she told us."

"The damned scoundrel!"

Electra had been regarding him in serene certainty of her own position and her ability to hold it. But human nature flashed out in her, the loyalty of blood.

"Are you speaking of my brother?" she demanded.

"I am speaking of your precious brother. And I might have known it." Ire, gathering in him, suffused his face anew. "I might have known Tom Fulton would do the dastardly trick in any given situation. Of course he never married her."

"You don't seem to think of her," she reminded him, under her breath.

"Not think of her! What else am I thinking of? Poor child! poor child!"

Electra was always having to feel alone in the world. Art left her desolate when other people sang and painted and she could only praise. Love and the fierce loyalty she coveted were always failing her and lavishing themselves elsewhere. She had one momentary impulse to speak for herself.

"Do you wonder now," she said, "that I would n't accept her?"

"Not accept her, when she had been hurt? Good God, Electra! how monstrous it is. You, a delicate woman, fully believed he had wronged another woman as lovely as yourself, and yet the only impression it made on you was that you could not accept her."

Electra resisted the impulse to turn away or put her hands to her face; the tears were coming. She held herself rigid for a moment, choking down the shuddering of her nerves, lest her lips quiver and betray her.

"I suppose," — the words were almost inaudible, yet he heard them, — "I suppose that is because you have lived so long in France."

"What, Electra?" He spoke absently, his mind with Rose.

"These things have ceased to mean anything to you. It is not a moral question. You see the woman is pretty and you — "

"No, no! She is beautiful, but that's not it. I can't theorize about it, Electra, only the whole thing seems to me monstrous. That he should wrong her! That he should be able to make her care about him in the first place — a fellow like him — just because he was handsome as the devil and had the tongue of angels — but that he should wrong her, that she should come over here expecting kindness — " It was Peter who put a hand before his eyes, not because there were tears there, but as if to shut her out from a knowledge of his too candid self. But in an instant he was looking at her again, not in anger, but sorrowfully.

"Is n't it strange?" she exclaimed, almost to herself.

"What, Electra?"

"Strange to think what power a woman has — a woman of that stamp."

"Don't, Electra. You must n't classify her. You can't."

She was considering it with a real curiosity.

"You don't blame her at all," she said.

"You know Tom did wrong. You don't think she did."

"Electra," he said gently, "we can't go back to that. It's over and done with. Besides, it is between those two. It is n't our business."

"You could blame Tom!" She clung to that. He saw she would not release her hold.

"Electra!" He put out his hands and took her unwilling ones. Then he gazed at her sweetly and seriously; and when Peter was in gentle earnest he did look very good. "Electra, can't you see what she is?"

His appealingness had for the instant soothed that angry devil in her. She wrenched her hands free, with the one hoarse cry instinct with mental pain, —

"You are in love with her!"

Peter stepped back a pace. His face paled. He could not answer. Electra felt the rush of an emotion stronger than herself. It swept her on, her poise forgotten, her rules of life snapping all about her.

"I have always known it, from the first day you spoke of her. She has bewitched you. Perhaps this is what she really came for — to separate us. Well, she has done it."

Something seemed demanded of him, and he could only answer in her own words, —

"Has she done it?"

Her heat had cooled. Her soberer self had the upper hand again, and she spoke now like the gracious lady called to some dignified dismissal.

"I find," she said, "I must have intended to say this for days. We must give up — what we meant to do."

"You must give me up, Electra?"

"I give you up."

"I came to-day" — Peter's voice sounded very honest in his endeavor to show how well he had meant. "I came to ask you to go back to France. We would live on a little. We would serve the Brotherhood — the chief says you have joined already" — Electra bowed her head slightly, still in a designed remoteness.

"I shall go to France," she said, "later. But I shall never marry you. That is over. As you said of something else, it is over and done with."

She glanced toward the door, but he kept his place. Peter was conscious that of all the things he ought to feel, he could not summon one. It did not seem exactly the woman he had loved who was dismissing him. This was a handsome and unfriendly stranger, and in the bottom of his heart surged a sweet new feeling that was like hope and pain.

"Let us not talk any more," she was saying, with that air of extreme courtesy which still invited him to go.

Peter walked slowly to the door.

"I am wondering" — he hesitated. "Why do you say that, Electra? Why do you tell me I am in love with her?"

He looked as shy as a girl. It struck her full in the mind that even in this interview she had no part. She had refused a lover, and he was going away with his thoughts stirred by another woman.

"I said so," she repeated clearly, "because it is true. You are in love with her. Good-by."

Peter turned to her with one of his quick movements and held out his hand. She did not take it.

"Won't you shake hands, Electra?" he asked. "I should think we might be friends." Honest sorrow moved his voice. Now, at least, he was thinking of her only.

Electra meant to show no resentment, no pain. But she had to be true.

"I can't," she said, in a low tone. "Good-by."

And Peter, seeing the aversion in her face, not for him perhaps, but for the moment, got himself hastily out of the room and into the summer road. And there before he had walked three paces, Peter began to sing. He sang softly, not at all because melody was unfitted to the day, but as if what inspired it were

too intimate a thing to be revealed. He looked above him, straight ahead, and on every side.

The world was beautiful to him at this moment, and he had a desire to drink it up, to be as young and as rich as Apollo. He did feel very rich, not only in his youth but in the unnamed possibilities trembling before him; and Peter denied himself no pleasure because it was inappropriate to the moment. It would have seemed to him a refusal of the good gifts of life and an affronting of the God who created plenty if, because he had lost Electra, he renounced the delight of a happiness he really felt. By and by he would remember Electra, how dignified she was, how irreproachable, in the moments when her virtues did not get the bit between their teeth and dash away with her; but now, under this abounding summer sun, with the leaves trembling, she withdrew into a gray seclusion like an almost forgotten task — one that had resolved itself into a beneficent fulfillment quite unlike what it had promised. Noble as it was, he had been excused from it, and he felt blissfully free. Something else that swam before him like the gleam of a vision did not look like another task. It was more like a quest for a hero's arming. It fitted his dreams, it went hand in hand with the visions he had had years ago about his painting, when that was all possibility, not work. This was the worshipful righting of an innocent lady.

She was there in view when he got home, as if she had waited for him, under a tree, trembled about by the summer green, her white dress flickered upon by leaves. She was pale; her mouth looked piteous to him, and his heart beat hard in championship. She half rose from her chair, and let her unread book fall to the grass beside her.

There were two things Rose wanted very much to know: whether Electra had shocked him out of his trust in her, and why her father stayed so long in that visit to Osmond at the plantation. The last question was the great one, and she asked it first.

"What can my father be saying to him?"

"Osmond? I don't know. Equal rights, labor, capital, God knows. Rose, don't sit there. Please get up!"

She obeyed, wondering, brushed out her skirt and put her hair straight, and then glanced at him.

"What for?" she asked. "What do you want me to do?"

Peter looked to her about eighteen, perhaps, nothing but youth and gleam and gay good luck. She felt a thousand years older herself, yet she loved Peter dearly. She would do anything for him. This she told herself in the moment of smoothing down her hair. His face brimmed over with fun, with something else, too. The seriousness that dwells housemate to comedy was behind.

"I could n't say it with you lying there and looking at me," said Peter. "Nobody ever made a proposal to a lady in a steamer chair unless he was in another and the deck was level."

"Peter," she said gravely, "don't make fun."

Peter shook back the lock of hair he encouraged to tumble into his eyes. It was his small affectation. It kept him at one with his artistic brotherhood.

"I am rejected," he said, and do what he might, he announced it exultingly, and not in the least with the dignity he would have admired in the lady who had refused him. But at that moment Peter had had enough of dignity and the outer form of things. He wanted to be himself, light or sad, bad or good, and speak the truth as the moment revealed it to him. "But I am rejected," he continued, when she looked at him in a quick reproof, "turned down, jilted, smashed into a cocked hat. And I came just as quick as I could. Rose — "

"Don't!" she warned him. "Don't say that, Peter."

"Just as quick as I could get here without running — I could n't run, there

were so many pretty things to look at — to tell you, to beg of you" — Peter's voice broke. He was behaving badly to conceal how much he was moved. "I came to offer it to you," he said seriously, in a low tone. "Not what was given back to me, but something else, so much better you could n't speak of 'em in the same day. When I think of what might be, it's all light and color — and the leaves of the wood moving. It's a great big dream, Rose, and you fit into it. You fit into the dream." He was intoxicated with youth and life. She was not sure whether it was with her.

"I hope you have n't quarreled," she said soberly. She wished she might recall him. "But if you have and are patient — "

Peter could not let her go on. He put out his quick, clever hands in an eager gesture, as if he pushed something away.

"Ah," he said, "I don't want to be patient! I want to be rash. I don't want anything back. I want something new and beautiful. I want to tell you a million things in a minute — chiefly how much I love you."

His voice had deepened. It swept her on a pace, in spite of herself, because it was like Osmond's. For a moment she felt the kinship between them, the same swift blood, the picturesque betrayals. There was something at the heart of each that was dear to her, and Peter, for the moment, speaking in the sunshine with her eyes upon him, was also the voice out of the dark. But she had nevertheless to recall him.

"Have you really given each other up?" she asked.

"Yes," said Peter, in the same glad acquiescence. "And what do you think she told me, the last thing of all?"

She shook her head.

"She told me I loved you. And I do, Rose. Oh, I do! I do!"

"But that must n't part you. Think what it is to me — to know my coming here has done it."

"Oh, you had to come!" said Peter lightheartedly. "It was preordained. It's destiny. I was a fool not to see it the first minute. She had to tell me."

Rose, in spite of herself, smiled a little. But her thoughts settled gravely back upon her own hard task.

"Did she tell you — " she hesitated, and then asked her question with a simple directness. "Did she tell you how much mistaken you are in me?"

"Please don't," said Peter. His face flushed. He looked his misery.

"You see she is the only one who was not mistaken in me. Those of you who believed in me — well, I must tell all of you. Even grannie, dear grannie! I am afraid — " she stopped because she meant to show no emotion; but it seemed to her that grannie, in her guarded life, must view her harshly. "I was wrong, Peter, ever to let you mix yourself in this miserable coil. If I could lie, well and good. Let me do it and take the consequences. But I should have known better than to bring you into it."

Peter stood thoughtfully regarding her in a very impersonal way, as if he debated how she could be moved.

"I wonder," he said at last, "how it is possible to tell you how lovely you are to everybody, how perfectly splendid, you know, quite different from anybody else! And when you add to that that you've been wronged and — and insulted — oh, you've simply no conception how it makes a fellow feel! Why, I adore you, that's all. I just adore you."

He stretched out his hand like a bluff comrade and she put hers into it, as frankly.

"You're a dear boy, Peter," she said, and her eyes were wet.

He spoke perversely, when she had taken her hand away: —

"That's all very well, you know, but I'm not a boy — not all the time. I love you awfully, Rose, in the real way, the bang-up old style, Tristan and all that, you know. I'm going to keep on and you'll have to listen."

"Shall I, Peter?" She was still smiling

wistfully. Love, sweet, clean young love looked very beautiful to her. She wished she could see it crowning some head, not hers, some girl quite worthy of him. "Well, not to-day."

"No, maybe not to-day," Peter agreed obstinately, "but other days, all the days. I can't give up the most beautiful thing there is, and you're that. You're simply the most beautiful there is."

"There's grannie coming out on the veranda." Then she added bitterly, "I wonder if she will think I am the most beautiful thing there is!"

XXI

MacLeod was not used to being summoned, except by high officials, and then, if the meeting would not advantage his cause, he was likely to take a journey in another direction. But when Osmond's man invited him to go down to the shack that morning, he had agreed with a ready emphasis, and now walked along, smiling over the general kindliness of things. The change of air after his sea voyage was doing him good, and he had been able to command anew the sense of physical prosperity which had once been his habitual possession. That forbade him morbid premonitions and withdrawals relative to the bodily life. It hardly seemed possible, this robust guardian declared, that anything should happen to him, save after a very long period, when inevitable decay would set in. But in a harmonious mood such as this, even that prospect retreated so far that it might almost as well not threaten at all. He had no doubt that when change fell upon the aged, it was as beneficent in its approach as the oncoming of sleep. But of these things he need not think, except as they might be brought to his mind by the disasters of other people. Acquiesce in the course of nature, said his philosophy, and refuse to anticipate trouble as trouble. It could always be curbed or stamped out when it came. That abounding certainty was a part of his power.

He found his way without difficulty. The neat rows of growing things led him in from the road, and directing his steps toward the shack, where he had understood Osmond lived, he saw a figure advancing to meet him, a man in a blue blouse, like a workman, beating his hands together as he came, to dust the soil from them. When they were at a convenient interval, the man looked at MacLeod with a measuring gaze, and MacLeod returned the challenge with what was, perhaps, too frank encouragement. He put out his hand, but Osmond shook his head. He opened his two palms, displaying them.

"I did n't expect you for a few minutes yet," he said, "or I should have washed. I'm just out of the dirt. Come on down to the house. We won't go in. There are some seats outside."

MacLeod knew at once, through the keen sense that served him in his fellowship with men, that the excuse was a true one, yet that Osmond was glad he had it to offer. He evidently had no desire to shake hands. That seemed reasonable enough. The man was quite unlike other men in his unstudied speech, the clear, healthy, and yet childlike look of his eyes. It was as if, working in the earth, he had become a part of it. When they were in the shade of the great oak-tree by the house, each in his rough chair, MacLeod stretched out his legs, with much enjoyment, and offered his host a cigar.

"No, thank you," said Osmond. He felt briefly, and was ashamed of himself for entertaining it, a childish regret that he did not smoke. Every easy habit gave the man of the world an advantage the more. "Light up," he said grimly, as MacLeod, after a questioning look which seemed also a commiserating one, was about to return the case to his pocket. "I like to see it — and smell it — rather."

So MacLeod brought out his pipe and did light up.

"I smoke very little," he explained.

"That's the way to skim the cream. It's the temperate man for flavors. Know that?"

Osmond, temperate in all ways from necessity, hardly knew how he should have felt about it if desires and delight had presented themselves to him as companions, not as foes. He pulled himself up, with an effort. MacLeod's effect on him was something for which he was not prepared. The man's physical fitness, his self-possession in the face of anything that might be required of him, made hot blood in Osmond. There was no ground for them to meet upon. Temperance of life in order to enjoy the more keenly? Then, to be honest, he would have to confess that for him temperance was his master, and that was a confidence he would not give. There could be no easy commonplaces. He spoke bluntly: —

"I wanted to see you."

"I wanted to see you, too," said MacLeod cordially. "Of course I know all about you. Peter talks about you by the yard."

Osmond's rebellious tongue formed the words, "I don't believe it." But he did not utter them.

"You've worked out a mighty interesting scheme down here," MacLeod continued, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking about him.

"We have worked," said Osmond.

"It's like the older peasant life of Europe." MacLeod spoke rather at random, seeking about for some thoroughfare with his crusty host. "A sort of paternal government — "

"Not in the least," said Osmond. "My men are my neighbors. They work for me and I pay them."

"Without discontent?"

"I hope so. If I found a man doing half time and grumbling, I should kick him out."

"They don't combine?"

"We all combine. I get good work. They get good wages. It's a square deal."

"Profit-sharing?"

"No, not exactly."

"It strikes me as a sort of community," said MacLeod. "Everybody at work and everything in common."

"Now, why does it strike you that everything is in common? The place is mine."

"Ah, my dear fellow!" MacLeod forgot the simplicity of the moment and put on his platform voice. "Nothing is ours."

Osmond regarded him with a slow smile coming, — his perfect clothes, his white hand, his air of luxurious equipment.

"Is n't it?" he asked ironically. "Well, it looks mighty like it. But I have n't any data. I know what goes on inside my own fences. I don't know much more. What do you want of Peter?"

"To-day?"

"Any time. All the time. He has joined your league. What do you intend to do with him?"

MacLeod put his hands in his pockets and stretched his legs a little farther. He regarded the outer circle of hills, and then brought his gaze back over the pleasant rolling land between. Finally he looked at Osmond and smiled at him in what seemed a community of feeling.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am not considering the individual."

"I am," said Osmond, with an offensive bluntness. "I am considering Peter. What are you going to do with him?"

"Your brother joined us of his own free will."

"Yes. But now you've got him, what do you want to do with him?"

"Is n't it of any use for me to tell you that when a man joins us, he has passed beyond personal recognition or privilege? Outside our circle, he is an individual; he counts. Inside — well, it is difficult to say what he is. We want him then to consider himself one of the drops that make a sea. The sea washes down things — even the cliffs. The drop of water is of no importance alone. With a million, million others, it moves. It crushes."

Osmond sat looking straight at him with eyes that burned. His hands, hanging at his side, were clenched. He recognized the might of the man, the crude physical power of him like an emanation, and he felt the despairing helplessness of trying to move a potency like that. Cliffs might be corroded by the sea; but a human force that respects no other cannot be easily invaded. He spoke without his own will, and heard himself speaking: —

"You have n't any soul! "

MacLeod was regarding him with as direct a gaze.

"What do you mean by that? " he asked, with a moderate interest. "Do you mean I have n't any mercy, any kindness? Is that what you mean? "

It was not what he meant. It was the indwelling spirit such as he saw in grannie, the mobile thing in Peter that, changing, blossoming in errant will here and there as the sun of life bade it, seemed in one form or another to proclaim itself undying. He shook his head.

"No," he said, "that's not what I mean."

A smile ran over MacLeod's face and moved it most delightfully.

"Well," said he, "if we're going to take inventories — have you a soul? "

Osmond shook his head again.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Well, then, what's the use of slanging me? If you're in the same box yourself — Come, who has one? has anybody? "

Osmond thought then of Rose, and of the fire of the spirit playing over her, that brightness he could neither classify nor define. Yet he must believe in it.

"Yes," he said. "I have seen it."

"You have? And you think I'm exempt. Why? "

Osmond was not getting anywhere. MacLeod and his own ineptitude of speech seemed to be forcing him into the solicitous fright of the mother, bent on shielding her child from the wolf.

"You are too powerful," he said, and realized that he was using the evidence Rose had given him, thought for thought.

"I hope so. I ought to be. I've got to overturn power."

"What's the use? You're a czar yourself. You're only another kind."

MacLeod looked at him thoughtfully, as if struck by the form of words.

"My dear fellow," he said, "is it possible you believe in the present state of things? Do you want one man to possess everything and the next man nothing? "

Osmond frowned his negation. MacLeod, unfairly it seemed to him, made him feel young and inadequate to the matter. He had the eyes to see what cause was just, yet he had not the equipment to maintain any cause at all.

"What is the use," he essayed, "for you and men like you to head revolts? It only means you are ruling instead of the rulers you overturn. It will all be done over again. The big man will rise to the top. The little man will go under. And in time you will have the same conditions repeated. It's because you are not teaching love. You are teaching envy and hate."

"How do you know I am? "

Osmond kept on as if he were speaking to himself, groping painfully for what he found.

"You are not preaching good work. You are preaching revolt against work— class hatred and discontent."

"Do you believe in non-resistance? "

"No."

"Do you believe in Midas, king of gold, swelled up with power, sitting smiling on the throne he has forced others to build for him, and saying, 'I am not as other men are'? "

"No. But I believe in work. You must n't take it out of a man, that certainty that his own work is the greatest privilege he's got. Oh, you must n't do that! "

There it was again, his hungry worship of achievement. It might even have seemed to him that oppression was not

much to bear if, at the same time, a man had the glory of setting his hand to something and seeing it prosper. MacLeod, who knew something about his life, but nothing of its inward processes, began to feel that here was more than at first appeared, and answered rather temperately, —

"I don't believe you know much about the general conditions under which work is done. Work means to you Peter's painting a picture. Let it mean, for example, a great many Peters in a mine delving all day for some smug capitalist who wants to endow monuments to himself and get his children into society. What then?"

What then, indeed? Osmond could not answer; but a moment later he said again, tenaciously, —

"I don't want you to destroy the idea of good work."

"Well, now!" MacLeod spoke impatiently. He realized that here was not a man whom his torrent of bloody facts would move, but who demanded also a more persuasive rhetoric. "Well, now, you acknowledge the world is upside down. Shall we leave it so?"

Osmond shook his head dumbly.

"Shall we say the great scheme counteracts its own abuses, and we won't interfere? When an empire gets sufficiently corrupt, it tumbles apart of its own rottenness? Or when we see just cause, shall we go to war?"

"Grannie has the whole secret of it in her hand." This he said involuntarily, for he had no idea of talking to MacLeod about grannie. But the subject had passed beyond their predilections of what was best to say. "Science won't do it — war won't do it. Religion will."

"Ah! You are an enthusiast."

"No. But there is something beyond force and beyond reason."

"Religion, you mean."

"You can call it that. It is what has made that old woman up there at the house live every day of her life as if she were the multi-millionaire of the universe — without a thought of herself, without a doubt that there is an inexhaustible reservoir, and that everybody can dip into it and bring up the water of life. Sometimes when she told me that — how rich we all are, if we only knew it — I used to see the multitudes of hands dipping in for their drop — old wrinkled hands, children's hands."

He was musing now, and yet admitting the other man to his confidence. It was proof of MacLeod's charm that even Osmond, who kept his true self to himself, and who started by hating a girl's oppressor, had nevertheless fallen into a maze of self-betrayal. MacLeod spoke softly, as if he recognized the spell and would not break it: —

"Yet, the Founder of her religion said, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.'"

"How do you know who the Founder of her religion is? I don't know it myself. I don't know but she dug it out of the ground, or breathed it out of the air. She has her sword, too, grannie has. You never saw her licking a boy for torturing a rat. I have."

"What shall we do?"

Osmond roused himself a little from his muse.

"I read something the other day in a book — about the town of Abdera. I suppose you know it."

MacLeod shook his head.

"In the town of Abdera they suddenly began to love one another, that's all. They went round chanting, 'O Cupid, prince of God and men!'"

"Is that going to obviate all the difficulties?"

Osmond looked at him with dog's eyes, the eyes that seek and wonder out of their confusion of incomplete knowledge.

"Every man would refuse to rest," he said, "while any other man was hungry. They would all be humble, the rich as well as the poor. Now, one's as cocky as the other. I don't know that the cockiness of the ignorant is any more picturesque than the cockiness of the privileged."

MacLeod was smiling a little. These,

he saw, were pretty dreams, but hardly of the texture to demand destruction. They would fall to pieces, in good time, of their own flimsiness.

"Do you believe in kings?" he asked idly.

Osmond glowed.

"I know it's a mighty pity not to," he said. "Some people have got to be fostered chiefly because they have gifts. If you don't draw a little circle round them, you lose the gifts maybe, and you certainly lose the fun of adoring them. I'd like to be a soldier of Alexander — if I could n't be Alexander himself. But you'll never get anywhere smashing round and yelling that one man's better than another because he works with his hands. No! the man that brings peace will bring it another way."

MacLeod regarded him for a moment curiously.

"But why," he said, at length, "why won't you trust me to bring it precisely that way?"

Osmond smiled faintly.

"No," he said, "you could n't."

"But why? You say I am extremely powerful. You rather accuse me of it. I am too powerful, in fact. Was n't that what you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, why not trust me to administer your great awakening?"

Osmond kept his ironic smile of unbelief.

"You are not the man," he said. "You would not believe in it. You would n't live it. You are very powerful. But your mastery would n't serve you. That's where you can't pretend."

"Now where have you got your idea of me?" MacLeod was looking at him sharply. "You never saw me before today. Yet your idea was already formed before I came down here. Who's been talking to you?"

Osmond had entrenched himself at last in his customary reserve.

"You are a public character," he said indifferently.

"Has Peter been talking about me?"

"Yes. He speaks of you."

"But not in this fashion. Peter believes in me, over head and ears."

"Yes. He believes in you. I wish he did n't."

"Ah!" MacLeod drew a deep breath. "My daughter! Do you know my daughter?"

The question was too quick, and Osmond quivered under the assault of it. He felt the blood in his face. His heart choked him. And MacLeod's eyes were upon him.

"Do you know her?" MacLeod was asking sharply.

"Yes," Osmond heard himself answering, in a moved voice. "I have seen her."

MacLeod spoke with what seemed to the other man an insulting emphasis. Yet Osmond had not time to calm himself by the reminder that he was not used to hearing Rose spoken of at all as mortal woman. In his dreams she was something more than that.

"My daughter," MacLeod was saying, "has an intemperate habit of speech. If she has talked me over with you she has inevitably made your opinions. For Rose is a very beautiful woman. I need n't tell you that."

Then something strange happened to Osmond. He experienced a sensation which he had accepted as a form of words, and had only idly believed in. He saw red. A rush and surge were in his ears. And as if it were a signal, known once but ignored through years of tranquil living, he as instantly obeyed. He was on his feet, his fists clenched, and MacLeod, also risen, was regarding him with concern and even, Osmond thought in fury, with compassion. The red deepened into black and Osmond felt the suffocation and nausea of a weakness MacLeod instantly formulated for him.

"My dear fellow," he was saying, "sit down here. You're faint."

But Osmond would neither sit nor accept the cup of water MacLeod had

brought him from the pail left on the bench for the workmen. He stood, keeping his grip on himself and battling back to life. Presently he was conscious that Peter was there, calling him affectionately. Now again he felt the blood in his face, the wetness of the hair above his forehead, and he knew he was not the man he had been. MacLeod was speaking, in evident solicitude.

"Your brother has had an ill turn. He's all right now, are n't you, Grant?"

Osmond looked at him, smiling grimly. MacLeod seemed to him his foe not only for the sake of Rose, but because the man, great insolent child of good fortune as he was, represented the other side of the joy of fight. Osmond almost loved him, because it was through him that he had been inducted into a knowledge of that unknown glory. MacLeod picked up his pipe from the bench, tapped it empty, and pocketed it. He gave them a pleasant inclusive nod of fellowship.

"I'll trot along," said he. "See you at dinner, Peter."

"What was it, Osmond? What was it?" Peter was asking, in a worried voice.

Osmond suddenly looked tired. He passed his hand over his forehead, and put back his matted hair.

"Pete," he said, "I suppose it was a hundred things. But all it really was, was the rage for fight, plain fight. But whatever it was, I've got something out of it,"

"What?"

"I know how men — other men — feel."

"Other men don't want to tackle one another, as a general thing, like bulldogs."

"Oh, yes! they recognize the instinct. They're ready to stamp on it. I was n't ready. I'm glad to have met that instinct. It's a healthy old devil of an instinct. I respect it."

Peter was staring as if he did not know him.

"What was it, Osmond?" he asked again.

Osmond shook his head and laughed.

"I'll wash my hands," he said. "I feel as if there were dirt on them and the touch of clothes that are not mine." He stopped on his way to the bench where there was a basin and towel for hasty use. "Pete," he said, "you don't want to scrap a little, do you?"

He did not look like the same man. Light was in his face, overlying the flush of simple passions. He looked almost joyous. It was Peter who was distraught, older with a puzzled sadness.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't think of such devilment. There's no good in it. Why, we get over that when we are under twenty — except in an emergency."

"Ah, but this is an emergency," said Osmond, coming out of his washing with clean hands and a dripping face. "It was an emergency for me, if it was n't for him."

XXII

MacLeod kept his thoughtful way on to Electra's gate. There he turned in with no lack of decision, and walked up to her door. She had seen him, and came forward from the shaded sitting-room. It was as if she had been expecting him. Whether she had acknowledged that to herself or not, it was true that Electra had never felt so strong a desire for the right companionship as at that moment. As soon as she saw him and he had put out his hand to her, she felt quieted and blessed. He was, as he had been from the first, the completion of her mood. As he looked at her, MacLeod, little as he knew her face, noted the change in it. She seemed greatly excited and yet haggard, as if this disturbance were nothing to what had preceded it. And her bright eyes fed upon him with a personal appeal to which he was well used: that of the lower vitality involuntarily demanding the support of his own magnetic treasury.

"You are tired," he said, as she

drew her hand away and they sat down.

"No," returned Electra. "I am not tired."

"Tell me what has done it!"

The tender disregard of her denial broke down reserve. She looked at him eloquently. It seemed to her that he had a right to know. She answered faintly,—

"I have been through such scenes."

"Scenes? With whom?"

"Your daughter has told me —" She hesitated for a moment, and then, still confident that his worship of the truth must be as exalted as her own, ended with unstinted candor, "She says she was not my brother's wife."

Electra was looking at him, and it appeared to her now as if, in a bewildering way, his gaze absorbed hers. It was very strange, how he seemed to draw the intelligence of the eye into his and hold it unresisting. She hardly knew how he looked, whether surprised or sympathetic, or whether he was moved at all. But she was conscious of being gripped by some communion in which she acquiesced. After a moment he leaned forward and took her hand.

"Will you promise me something?" he asked.

"Anything!" The quickness of the answer was as eloquent as its force.

"Promise me that this thing — this subject — shall never come between you and me."

"Gladly."

"We won't talk of it."

"No."

"We won't ask each other how it seems to us."

"No."

"There!" He released her hand, and seemed also to free her, in some subtle way. He was smiling at her, and she felt a keen gladness, like a child who is told he has been good.

"Then we can be friends," he said, with a spontaneous relief, it seemed to her, like her own. "The best of friends."

"Yes. The best of friends."

Electra felt rich. Her heart swelled, as now she reflected that here was one who understood her. She had that warm consciousness common to all MacLeod's partisans that his world and hers were alike. Each was mysteriously prevented by other people from enjoying the full freedom of that world, because each had been, until now, uncompanioned. But they had met at last. The path was plain. All sorts of gates were opening to them.

"Was that all?" MacLeod was asking her. "Were there other scenes?"

Immediately she wished to tell him everything. Yet this was difficult. She hesitated.

"I am —" she flushed redly. "I am not engaged to Peter. He does n't care about me."

"My dear lady! He would say you do not care for him."

Then Electra saw her good fortune. She was enchanted with the freedom which had fallen upon her in time for her to accept a more desirable bondage. She lifted her head and looked at him in a proud happiness.

"No," she said, "I do not care for him. I never did. I see it now. I am free."

"Are you glad to be free?"

MacLeod had a way of asking women persuasive questions. Though they were interrogative, they had the force of suggestion, of the clinching protest he might make in answer, when confession came. And they only noted, long after, that he never did answer. Electra did not know that form of communion, and it struck her as something holy. She looked him in the eyes, with a clear and beautiful gaze.

"Yes," she said, "I am very glad. Now I am free to devote myself to the most wonderful things, to worship them if I like."

There was passionate sincerity in her tone. It would have made a smaller thing of her vow if she could have said she was free to worship him.

"I am going to tell you something. You must not repeat it."

"I never will."

"I am going back to France."

"You have been summoned!"

He smiled at her and shook his head slightly, as if the manner of it were the only thing he could deny. She followed with another question, rather faintly, for his news left her shivering.

"To France, you said?"

"That is all I can say," he assured her. "It will be France first."

"You will be in danger!" She did not put that as a question. It was an assertion out of her solemn acceptance of his task. But that he did not seem to hear.

"When are you coming to France?" he asked her.

Electra had now no more doubt of the unspoken pact between them than if it had been sealed by all the most blessed vows. It would have cheapened it rather if he had delegated her to the classified courts of sympathy. Instead it left them a universe to breathe in. It pointed to undiscovered cities beyond the marge of time. It made her his in a way transcending mutual promises. This same full belief rose passionately to assert itself, and perhaps to soothe that small sharp ache in her heart, the kind that rises in woman when man, though he takes the cup, yet offers none in turn.

"Immediately," she answered without question. "Or, when you tell me to come."

"Will you write to me there?" He scribbled a street and number on a blank card and gave it to her. "I shall not get word from you for a month, at least. Perhaps not until the late autumn. But I shall get it. And if I don't answer, you will know I shall answer by coming — when I can."

Even that seemed enough. It was evident that until he came she should be upholding something for him, keeping the faith. It was beautiful in a still, noble way, one that left her indescribably uplifted. Her eyes were wet when he looked at her. Seen thus, Electra was a fine creature, her severity of outline softened into womanly charm. It seemed unnecessary to claim from him any high assurance of what he had for her to do, yet she did say, for the pleasure of saying it, —

"You are going to let me help you?"

"What else is there for either of us to do," he said quickly, "but to help everybody?"

The blood rushed swiftly to her face and showed her in a glow. She leaned toward him in a timid and what seemed to her, for a moment, an ignoble confidence, because it touched such sordid things.

"I have some money. I will give that —and anything I have. You must teach me. I have everything to learn."

He seemed to promise that, as he seemed to promise other things, partly by his answering smile, partly by the inexplicable current of persuasion pouring from him. He rose.

"Now," he said, "I must go. It is nearly noon."

"You won't stay to luncheon?"

"Won't the others be here?"

"My grandmother and Mr. Stark."

She was hardly urging him, because it seemed to her, too, a doubtful pleasure, if it must be shared.

"Not to-day, then. But I shall see you again."

"Before you go."

Her face called upon him like a messenger beseeching news.

"Many, many times," he told her smilingly. "Many times, even if they have to be within a few days. Now, good-by."

She watched him down the walk, and as if he knew that, he turned, as the shrubbery was closing about him, and waved his hat to her. That seemed another bit of prescience, — to know she was to be there. Electra was very happy. She sat down again in a swoon of the reason and a mad hurry of what cried to her as the higher part of her nature, unrecognized until now, and thought of her exalted fortune.

MacLeod found Rose ready to ques-

tion him. She was at the gate, to have her word immediately. He noted the signs of apprehension in her face, and, taking her hand, swung it as they walked.

"Has anything happened?" she asked irrepressibly.

"I've been down to — what do they call it? — the plantation."

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, crops!"

"You don't know anything about crops!"

MacLeod laughed.

"Well, the other man did. I can always listen."

"Have you been there all the time?"

"No. I went in to see Electra?"

Rose stopped short in the path between the banks of flowers. It was a still day, and the summer hush of the plot — a velvet stillness where the garden held its breath — made the time momentous to her. Unconsciously she gripped her father's hand.

"She has told you!" she breathed. Her eyes sought his face. MacLeod was looking at her smilingly, fondly even. She shuddered.

"You are a goose, Rose," he said lightly. He released his fingers from the clasp of hers and gave her hand a little shake before he dropped it. "But I can't help it. If you will go on tipping over your saucer of cream, why, you must do it, that's all."

They walked on, and at the steps she paused again, though she heard Peter's voice within.

"You're terribly angry with me, are n't you?" she said, in a low tone, seeming to make it half communion with herself.

"Angry, my girl! Don't say a thing like that."

"You look exactly as you did the night Ivan Gorof defied you — and the next day he died."

MacLeod laughed again, so humorously that Peter, coming forward from the library, his own face serious with unwelcome care, smiled involuntarily and returned to his everyday mood of belief that, on the whole, things go well.

"I did n't kill him," MacLeod was saying, as he mounted the steps.

Rose shivered a little.

"No," she insisted. "But he died."

MacLeod was beguilingly entertaining at dinner that day, and in the afternoon he and Peter went to drive. At supper, too, he was in his best mood, and that evening, Rose, worn out by the strain of his persistent dominance, escaped to her own room. There she sat and counseled her tense nerves. She was afraid. Then when she heard the closing of grannie's door, she slipped downstairs to her tryst. The night was dark and there was a grumble of thunder from the west. In her excitement she took swift steps, as if all her senses were more keenly awake than they had been in the light, and kept the path unerringly. She had no doubt that he was there, but he called to her before she could ask. His voice vibrated to the excitement in her own heart.

"Good child, to come!"

She found her chair and sank into it.

"I had to come." At once she felt lighthearted. There seemed to be no bounds to his protection of her. "I have told Electra."

"I knew you would."

"She has told Peter. They know it now, — all but grannie, — dear grannie."

"She can wait. She won't flicker. She won't vary. Nothing can shake grannie's old heart."

"What did he say to you to-day?"

Osmond laughed. It was a low note of pleasure.

"Platitudes," he rejoined.

"And what did you say to him?"

"Platitudes again. He said his kind, I said mine. I learned a few truths."

"About his business? — that's what it is. I can say it when I'm not in the same room with him — business."

"About me. I learned what other fellows know when they are boys."

"Did he teach you?"

"He? No. Yes. Through my hatred of him."

"Ah, then you hated him! Was it because I taught you to?"

"Partly. Partly because he is an insolent animal. He is kind because he is well-fed. Yet I think it was chiefly because he has ill-used you."

"Yes," she owned sadly. "I betrayed him to you."

But Osmond had escaped from recollection of the day into a mood half meditative, half excited fancy.

"I have been thinking back, since he left me," he said, "ever so many years. I see I have n't had any life at all."

"Ah!" It was a quick breath of something sweeter than pity. It could not hurt.

"I have been turning away from things all my life, because they were not for me. But now I think — what if I did n't turn away? What if I met them face to face?"

"What, playmate? You puzzle me."

"Grannie indulged Peter. Even in his eating, she could n't refuse him anything."

"But she loved you best!"

"No doubt of it. But he was well. He could have anything, even hunks of cake. Grannie hates to deny pleasures to any living thing. 'I guess it won't hurt you!' I've heard her say it to him over and over. But to me — "

"To you?"

"Why, to me she never varied. 'Son,' she'd say, 'that is n't the way to do. We can't risk it.' So I turned aside and ate good crusty bread and drank milk. I did n't want cake. I did n't want Peter's coffee. But I wonder how it would seem to have ridden them all bareback, all vices, all indulgences, and conquered them after I'd known them — not turned aside and gone the other way."

In that mood she hardly knew him. The clean, sweet, childlike quality had gone; it had fled before this breath of the passion of life. She felt vaguely how wrong he was. He was idealizing the world as he did not know it and the conquest of the world as it appeared in her father, the master of all its arts.

"Playmate," she said, though she was doubtful of her own wisdom.

"Yes, playmate."

"There is n't anything desirable in evil knowledge. I've heard him say — you know — "

"Tom Fulton?"

"Yes. I've heard him say he wanted to know everything about life — bad and good. He was black with knowledge. I might have learned it from him. I thank God he spared me that. I wish you would be grateful for your clean life. I wish you'd see there's no magic in the things my father knows, for instance. It's better to make a lily grow."

"Ah, but I've discovered things in myself that are exactly like the things in other men — and other men are used to them. So when an ugly beast puts up its head, the man gives it a crack and knocks it silly. Then it lies down a spell, and the man goes about his business. He gets used to its growling and clawing away at intervals. He's only to knock it down. But I don't fully know yet what is in that pit of mine. I discovered something to-day."

"What?"

"The lust for fight."

She shuddered.

"I was n't prepared for it. Another time I should be. It was an ugly devil — but I loved it."

She was silent, and after a moment he asked her, in his old anxious, friendly tone, "Have I hurt you?"

"No. But somehow it seems as if you'd gone away."

"I know. I'm still communing with that brute in me — the fighting brute. I must be honest with you. I can't help thinking he'd give me a special kind of pleasure."

"Would he?" She asked it wistfully. He had opened the windows of their house to strange discords from without. "What kind of pleasure?"

He was glad to tell. The magnitude and newness of his emotion that day made it something to be flaunted while

the disturbed currents of his blood kept their fervor. Later he might put it to the test of equable judgment. Now it was all a glory of hot action.

"Playmate," he said, "I wanted to kill him."

"My father? Oh, why, why?"

"Maybe for your sake. Yes! there was an instant when I said I would kill him and free you from him." She could not answer. He heard the rustle of her dress and added quickly, "Now, don't go. Of all nights, to-night is the night I can't spare you."

"I thought it was the one when you did n't need me."

"I need you to listen. I'm a blaring, trumpeting egotist to-night. Please understand me! Stop being a woman a minute, and see how it would seem to be a man — not like me, but free to live and sin and refuse to sin."

"You are free," she said, in her low, pained voice. "You have refused all the ignoble things."

"Ah, but I did n't even parley with them. I wish I could feel I'd whacked them and broken their skulls instead of going the other way."

"Playmate," she cried, "you are all wrong. You must not parley with them. You must refuse to look at them."

"Refuse to look at the worm that eats the root? No. Find him and stamp on him. The worst of it is, I begin to be rather terrified. I see that life is a bigger thing than I thought."

"Not to grannie. To her it's big and simple."

"Because she knows the way. Well, what if there are many ways, — not like hers, not the true way, — but ways we ought to look at before we can say we know life at all? Think of it, playmate. You are a woman, younger than I, delicate as a rose; yet you know more about life than I. You know how to meet men and women. There are n't surprises you can't master."

She sat wondering what it was that had moved him, and whether it was not simply the power of MacLeod's personality, equally compelling to love or hate. But Osmond was going on in that fierce monologue.

"I feel as if I had been waked up. Once I had my riding dream. Now I have a million dreams. Did I tell you my riding dream? Some nights — chiefly when there's a moon — I wake and lie there and fancy I am on a horse. There's the smell of the horse and the leather, the creak of the saddle, and we are riding like the devil or the wind, always over plains that stretch out into more miles, however far I ride. I am bent over the saddle, peering forward. That's what I had when my blood moved too fast for me. Now I shall dream of fight. Playmate, what is it?"

"It is n't anything. I did n't speak."

"Yes, but there was that quick little breath. I keep hurting you somehow. Do you suppose I want any of it except for you? I want to ride to you. I want to fight because I could fight for you."

"Ah," she said sadly, "you think so now for a minute. But you had forgotten me."

"Yes, I had," he owned. "That's being a man, too. We have to forget you or we could n't ride and we could n't fight. But it's all for you."

There was the thunder again.

"I must go back," she said.

"Yes, it's going to rain. You must go. One minute. It won't come yet. Does he know you have told Electra?"

"My father? Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He — accepted it." For some reason, she dared not tell him how that acceptance troubled her. Osmond himself seemed like an unknown force as ready to bring confusion as calm.

But he knew.

"You are afraid of him," he said. "Dear child, don't be afraid. Sit down hard and say 'no' and 'no,' whatever he demands. You are here with us. Grannie is an angel of light. She'll send for shining cohorts and they'll camp round about

you. There's Peter — your Peter. And I'll die for you."

"No! no!" The assurance of his tone was terrifying to her. She saw him dying in unnecessary sacrifice. "Nobody must die for me. We must all live and be good children and do what grannie would want us to."

"Then the first thing is to run home and go to bed. The storm is coming. Good-night, dear playmate. I'll follow on behind and see you don't get lost."

"One minute!" She paused, not knowing how to say it. "Can't you take it back?" she adventured. "What you said about my father?"

He laughed, with an undertone of wild emotion.

"Not even for you! I did want to kill him. If I got my hands on him I should want it again. But it was for you."

"Good-night."

She was going, and he called after her,

"Remember!"

"What shall I remember?"

She halted, hopefully, and the old kind voice was near her:—

"Remember I would die for you."

XXIII

Peter was early at Osmond's door. He did not find him working, though the other men had been many hours afield, but standing still gazing off into the distance. Osmond was pale. He looked as if he had not slept, and the lines about his mouth hinted at decisions.

"I want to speak to you," said Peter abruptly.

"Yes. I want to speak to you, too." The answer was gravely and almost unwillingly given. "Come out under the tree."

They took their way silently to the apple-tree, but there neither could, after old custom in a talk, throw himself on the ground to luxuriate and, in moments of doubt, chew a blade of grass. Peter walked back and forth, a short tether. Osmond, fixed in some unexplained reserve, awaited him. Peter spoke first, nervously.

"Electra has given me up."

"Well, it was bound to come."

"Why was it?"

"It was a dream, Pete. You dreamed it when you were a boy. It was the best you had then."

"Well, there's something else. That's not a dream. But I don't know that I can talk of it yet. What was it you wanted to say to me?"

At intervals all night Osmond had been wondering how to broach it.

"You know, boy," he began at last, "it is n't good for you any more to have me send you money."

Peter stared.

"But it's our money," he said.

Osmond too stared, but not at him. He was wondering whether Peter could possibly fail to see that the money, all these years, had not come by favor, that it had been earned by Osmond's own arduous grappling with the earth, that struggle out of which the man had gained strength and the earth had yielded her fruits.

"You see, boy," he hesitated, "there is n't anything but the place, and that's grannie's."

"Yes, but the place earns something."

"Not without a good deal put into it."

"Ah!" Peter drew a breath of pure surprise. "You're tired of overseeing, old boy. I don't wonder. Of course you must let up."

Again Osmond waited, not so much to commune with himself as from sheer disinclination to face the awkwardness of speech. It was impossible to say, "I am not tired of serving you, but you must not be served. You must carry your pack."

"You see," he began again, "the place must stand intact while grannie lives. After that, we don't know. But now — Pete, you must paint your pictures."

"Of course!" But the response was wavering. Peter smiled, radiantly.

"Come, old chap," he said, " you're not going to make rules for me, because it's better for the white man to bear his burden."

Osmond, too, tried to smile, and failed in it.

"I don't know but I am," he said, with a wry face. "Pete, I want you to go in and conquer — earn your fame, earn your bread. I don't want you to depend on anybody, even on me."

Peter was wrinkling his brows. He was delightfully good-tempered, and money meant very little to him save as a useful medium of which there was sure to be enough. He had never regarded it as a means of moral discipline.

"That's very awkward," he said, "because — Osmond, I want to marry."

"To marry! You said she had given you up!"

"O, Electra!" That issue had withdrawn into a dim past. "Osmond, I have spoken to Rose."

"Rose!" Now again Osmond felt the blood beating in his ears. Was it the impulse of fight, he asked himself, or another, as savage? But this time he did not mean to be overborne. Peter was speaking simply and boyishly, with a great sincerity.

"I see now there never was anybody but Rose, from the minute we met. I told her yesterday."

"So you are — engaged." Osmond brought out the commonplace word with a cold emphasis.

Peter looked at him, surprised.

"No. She's not to be had for the asking. I had to tell her. But I've got to earn her. If you knew her as I do, you'd see that."

Osmond's brain was in a maze of longing to hear what she had said, and with it a fierce desire to escape that knowledge. Also he was overborne by a passionate recoil from his own suggestion of cutting off his brother's income. At least he might have some share in their happiness. He could work here like a gnome underground, delving for the gold to deck their bridal. And underneath was that new pain at the heart: that earth pang so sickening that it might well threaten to stop the heart's beating altogether.

"There never was anything like her," said Peter, out of his new dream. "She needs happiness, sheer happiness, after what she has been through. That settles it about living abroad." He looked up brightly. "We must be in Paris."

"You think she would wish it?"

"We should be near her father, near headquarters. For of course we should be working for the Brotherhood."

Osmond turned abruptly.

"I must get to hoeing," he said.

Peter followed him. Something in the air struck him with a new timidity.

"You know," he qualified, when they were well into the field, "she has n't accepted me."

"No."

"I'm not the man for her, in many ways. Who is? But by the powers! I bet I could make her happy." He took off his hat to strike at a butterfly, not to destroy it but to prove his good-will, and Osmond, without glancing at him, knew exactly how he looked, and thought bitterly that to Peter Rose was only one of a hundred beautiful things that made the earth a treasury. And to Osmond there was but one, and that was Rose.

Peter took the path homeward, and Osmond kept on across the field. At the farthest bound, he stepped over the stone wall into the bordering tangle on the other side, and crossed that field also and went on into the pasture, to the pines. This land was his, and the deep woods, stretching forth in a glimmering twilight, had been in many moods his best resort. He did not enter far, but sat down in a little covert where in spring there were delicate flowers. There he faced himself.

Everything brought its penalty, even life. This he knew at last. He could not feed on what he called his kinship with Rose and escape the suffering from a bond unfulfilled. Instead of halting outside the

garden of being, smelling its fragrance and thankful for a breath, he was inside with other men who owned the garden and felt free to eat the fruit. He had never really been outside the garden at all. He had merely been turning away from the blossoming trees, denying himself the certainty of what the fruit might be, working carefully about the roots and learning the unseeing patience of the earthworm. And the one flower had bloomed in the garden at last, so sweet he could not ignore it, so white it lighted the air like a lamp that was stronger than the sun. He had bade himself never to forget that he was not like other men; but he was exactly like other men, for he loved a woman.

As he sat there, overcome by this conviction of the tyranny of the universe, one thought pierced him like the light of stars. He could have made her happy. A sweet exultancy told him that her nature turned to him as irrevocably as the needle to the north. He could sway and dominate her. He could comfort her with the unconsidered tenderness that, when he thought of her, came with his breath. As by a revelation he understood what she had meant when she told him how love had been her waiting dream. In a passion of sympathy he saw her trailing through sad undergrowths in pursuit of that luring light — now stumbling in the bog of earthy desires other hands had led her to, now pricked by thorns of disappointment, but never for a moment sullied through that wretched progress; and when the marsh was past, washing her garments and her feet in the water of life — that unquenchable spring of belief in the mystery. That was what it was, the divine mystery, the force that led through all appearance to the real, through all false glitter to the light. It was a heavenly vision, the possibility as she saw it: the rounded life, the two bound in a mutual worship, carrying their full cup carefully to the altar where they would make their vows. He saw how lesser desires could be wiped out by one pure passion, how no price is too great to pay for the soul's treasure, not so much the possession of it, but the guarding it for all the uses of the world.

While he lay there, the scent of the pines in his nostrils, it seemed to him that he was living through the progress of his completed life with her. There was not only the overwhelming passion of it, but the intimate communion of quiet days. She would turn to him for counsel and for sustenance, as he would turn to her. This would be the interchange of needs and kindnesses. There would be funny little queernesses of the day to keep them laughing; and they would be kind, not forgetful in their castle of content, but kind, the stronger that they had multiplied their strength by union.

And then settled upon him again his wonder at the inexorability of things, that a man could not escape the general laws because he willed to live outside them. He was bound round by necessity. Merely because he would not take a mate, he was not exempt from crying out for her. And as the day went on and the vividness of his first high vision faded, his mind went back to Peter and the incredible truth that Peter also knew he could make her happy. The cloud of jealousy darkened again, and he met earth pangs and strangled them. But as he slew them, more were born, and lying there in the fern he hated his brother and his brother's body, born to regnancy. MacLeod, too, appeared before his inward vision, wholesome, well-equipped, riding the earth as Apollo drives the horses of the sun. Him, too, he hated, and for Rose's sake longed again to put him away with his own hands out of the air she breathed. Spent by his passions, he lingered there in the coolness of the unheeding woods while the afternoon gloomed into night.

Madam Fulton sat on the veranda, thinking sadly. She found herself puzzled by one thing most of all. Several times a day she had asked Billy Stark,

"Do you really believe there's anything in that notion about money's being tainted?"

"Don't fret yourself," he counseled her, in his kind voice; but she would sit wrinkling her brows and putting the question again to herself, if not to him.

"The trouble is, Billy," she had said, this morning, "I get so puzzled. It's like trying to learn a new language when you're old. My eyes are too blurred to see the accents. My ears are dulled. There's that girl that comes looking like an angel and says she's a sinner. I thought she might be a comfort; but no, if you please. She just looks Electra in the face and says, 'I'm as good as the best, only I prefer to do things in my own way.' I wish Electra had n't made me so frightfully self-conscious."

But smile at it all as she might, something had wrought upon her. She looked older and more frail, a pathetic figure now, leaning forward in a ruminating dream, and reminding Billy Stark, in a hundred unconsidered ways, of the shortness of the time before she should be gone. His heart ached. He had truly loved her in his youth, and afterwards, in other fashions, for many years.

As she sat there in her daze of past and present, she was aware that a tall white figure stood before her in the sun. She recalled herself with a start from those never-to-be-explored bounds, and came awake, humorously frightened at the thought that here, judging from the height and whiteness, was an angel come to make remarks upon tainted money. But it was only Electra.

"The next thing to it," said Madam Fulton, with her broad-awake smile.

"What did you say, grandmother?" asked Electra.

"Nothing, my dear. What were you going to say? Sit down. You dazzle me in that sun."

Electra sat down and considered how she should speak, having triumphant news to tell. Then, in the midst of her reflection, the news got the better of her. She began with an eloquent throb in her voice.

"Grandmother, I am going abroad."

"So Peter has spoken, has he? When is it to be?"

"I am not going with Peter. That is all over."

"Well, you're a silly girl. You never'll get such a nice boy again. Peter could make a woman laugh from morning till night, if she'd have the sense to please him."

"I am going for a year. At least, I say a year. I put no limit to it in my own mind. Do you want to go with me, grandmother?"

"No, I'm sure I don't. If I go with anybody, it will be Billy Stark."

"Then I must go alone." A high determination ruled her voice.

"Alone! Mercy, Electra! you're a young woman. Don't you know you are?"

"I am glad I am young," said Electra. Her eyes were shining. "I shall have the more years to devote to it."

"You don't mean to say you propose crossing alone? Did you want to drag me out of my coffin to see you landed there respectably?"

"I am quite willing to go alone," said Electra, still with her air of beatific certainties. "I shall be the more unhampered. You must stay here all you want to, grandmother. Keep the house open. Act exactly as if it were yours."

A remembrance of the time when she had thought the place not altogether her own tempered the warmth of that permission. Some severity crept into her demeanor, and Madam Fulton, recognizing its birth, received it humbly as no more than she had earned.

"When are you going, Electra?" she asked.

"In about a month. Grandmother!" Electra in her worship of the conduct of life, hardly knew how to express strong emotions without offense to her finer instincts. "I don't forget, grandmother,"

she hesitated, "that I ought to be with you."

"Why ought you?"

"Because — grandmother, have n't I a duty to you?"

"A duty!" the old lady muttered. "The devil fly away with it!"

"I beg your pardon, grandmother?"

"I beg yours, my dear. Never swear before a lady! No, no. You have n't any duty towards me."

"But there are other calls." Electra struggled to find words that should not tell too much. She ended lamely, "There are calls I cannot disregard." There rose dimly before her mind some of the injunctions that bid men leave father and mother for the larger vision.

"There's Billy Stark," said the old lady, with a quickened interest. "Fancy! he's been away all day."

Electra rose and went in again. She was not sensitive now to the ironies of daily life, but it did occur to her that her grandmother was more excited at seeing Billy Stark home after a day in town than by her own great conclusion. Electra had thought solemnly about the magnitude of the decision she was making when she gave up the care of grandmother to follow that larger call, but again she found herself outside the line of recognized triumphs. She had announced her victory and nobody knew it.

Billy Stark had brought his old friend a present: a box of the old-fashioned peppermints she liked. She took off the string with a youthful eagerness.

"My dear," said she, "what do you think has happened now?"

"I know what has happened to me," said Billy. He threw himself into a chair with an explosive sigh, half heat and half regret. "I've had business letters. I've got to be off."

"Off!" She regarded him in a frank dismay. "Billy, you break my heart!"

"I break my own heart," said Billy gallantly. "I've taken my passage. Say the word, dear girl, and I'll take it for two."

She looked at him in silent trouble. Tears had dimmed her eyes.

"Well, Billy," she said at last, "this is the pleasantest summer I shall ever have."

"Say the word," he admonished her again. "We've got more summers before us."

She smiled at him, and winked away the tears.

"Then come back and spend them here. Electra's going, too, — like a stowaway. You won't let her cross with you, and see at least that she does n't hold services on board?"

"God forbid!" said Billy. "I'm afraid of her."

"I don't blame you. Billy, I suppose we ought to be saying solemn things to each other if you're really going."

"Clip ahead, old lady. What do you want to say?"

"I'd like to clear up my accounts a little. I want to get my books in order. I don't intend to die in a fog. Billy, how much of it was real?"

"How much of what, Florrie?"

"Of life? Of the things we thought and felt? Is there such a thing as love, Billy?"

He got up under the necessity of thought and stood, hands in his pockets and legs apart, looking over the garden beds. He might have been gazing out to sea for the Islands of the Blest.

"Florrie," he said at length, "I guess there is."

"Did you love me, Billy? No compliments. We're beyond them."

"Yes," said Billy, after another pause. "I think I did. You were a great deal to me at that time. And when I found it was no use, other people were a great deal to me, one after another. Several of 'em. I looked upon it then as a kind of a game. But they did n't last, Florrie. You did. You always give me a kind of a queer feeling; you're all mixed up in my mind with pink and blue and hats with rosebuds on 'em and college songs."

It was not much like a grand passion,

but it was something, the honest confession of a boy.

"I thought it was a game, too," she said musingly. "Do you suppose it was, Billy? Or were we wrong?"

Billy whirled about and faced her.

"Dead wrong! No, Florrie, it never was meant for a game. It's earnest. The ones that take it so are the ones that inherit the earth. No, not that — but they go in for all they're worth and they've something left to show for it. They don't put their money into tinsel and see it fade."

"Well, what else? Did Charlie Grant love me?"

"Yes. No doubt of it."

"But he loved Bessie afterwards."

"Yes. She lived the thing through with him. She built up something, I fancy. He probably remembered you as I did, all pink ribbons and fluff; but she helped him rear his house of life."

"And my husband did n't love me and I did n't love my husband," the old lady mused. "Well, Billy, it's almost the end of the play. I wish I understood it better. And I've written a naughty book, and I'm going to be comfortable on the money from it. And you wish I had n't, don't you?"

He saw how frail she looked and answered mercifully, —

"I don't care much about the book, dear. Don't let's talk of that."

"You wish I had n't written it!"

"I wish you had n't been so infernally bored as to think of writing it."

"And I 'll bet a dollar you wish you'd come back and found me reconciled to life and death and reading daily texts out of little pious books, and knitting mufflers for sailors, instead of seething with all sorts of untimely devilishnesses. Don't you, Billy?"

What Billy thought he would not tell himself, and he said with an extreme honesty, —

"You're the greatest old girl there is, Florrie, or ever was, or ever will be."

"Ah, well!" she sighed, and laughed a little. "I can't help wishing there were n't so many good folks. It makes me uncommonly lonesome. For you're good, too, Billy, you sinner, you!"

He read the gleam in her eyes, the reckless courage, the unquenched love of life; after all, there was more youth in her still than there had ever been in him or in a hundred like him. He laughed, and said, —

"Oh, I do delight in you!"

(*To be continued.*)

SUGAR: A LESSON ON RECIPROCITY AND THE TARIFF

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I TRUST the reader will not be repelled by the figures which I place at the beginning of this paper. They are needed to give point and precision to what follows, and they illustrate some general principles which are important in these days of colonial preference and reciprocity treaties. It is to these principles and their bearing on some current problems that I wish chiefly to call attention.

THE SUGAR SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES

(IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS: 15 = 15,000,000 LBS.)

	1870	1875	1880	1885	1890	1895	1900	1903	1906
Group I									
Java	15	74	23	7	112	280	1162	892	782
Brazil	24	71	153	329	74	52	89	74	29
British West Indies	63	37	64	282	291	193	200	191	37
Europe (beet sugar)	..	..	..	269	601	347	701	87	48
Group II									
Cuba	801	1090	1087	1115	1041	1845	705	2396	2782
Philippines	59	119	133	179	260	69	49	19	69
Group III									
Louisiana	99	134	199	211	287	711	329	512	594
Domestic beet sugar	..	..	..	..	10	45	163	437	672
Porto Rico	131	110	84	160	77	56	72	226	410
Hawaii	14	18	61	170	224	274	505	775	712

The figures need a few words of explanation and comment. They show the most important sources of sugar supply for the United States. They do not state all the sources of supply, nor do they attempt to follow the course of trade year by year. For an elaborate inquiry, such as a statistician or legislator might desire, much greater detail would be necessary. For the present purpose it suffices to indicate the broad facts. The figures are given in round numbers (so many millions of pounds), and at five-year intervals between 1875 and 1900; thereafter for the years 1903 and 1906.

The various sources of supply I have divided into three large groups. In the first are those foreign countries with which we deal at arm's length, — whose sugar is subject to duties at our full rate, and whom we show no favors. In this group belong Java, Brazil, the British West Indies, Germany, and other European countries which send us beet sugar, and some minor countries not here mentioned, and negligible for the present discussion. In the second group are those regions which we now put on a favored basis, — whose sugar is subject to duty, but not to duty at the full rate. This partly favored group contains Cuba and the Philippines. Finally, in the third group are those dependencies whose sugar we admit free, and the strictly domestic sources of supply, which of course pay no tax. Here belong Hawaii and Porto Rico on the one hand, Louisiana and the beet-sugar districts of the West on the other. Each of these groups has sent us regularly, throughout the thirty-five years, substantial contributions. The amounts from the several countries show

large fluctuations, the cause of which we need not stop to consider. One circumstance, important for the reasoning which is to come, the reader should bear in mind: that there have been always large imports from the full-duty-paying countries, such as Java, Brazil, Germany.

One word more by way of preface. "Sugar," as it is here to be spoken of, is raw sugar. Almost all the sugar used in the United States comes to us first in the raw state, that is, with some admixture of impurities which are got rid of in our refineries. The only considerable exception is the beet sugar made within the country, which is refined and made ready for consumption at the beet-sugar factories. All other sugar, whether it be cane sugar or imported beet sugar, reaches us raw, and then goes through the hands of the refiners, — or rather of the refiner, since virtually all of it must run the gauntlet of the American Sugar Refining Company. With the operations of this trust I shall not trouble the reader. It is one of the earliest of the trusts, and a very characteristic specimen; but it is no part of our present subject.

Turn now to one among the last mentioned of our sources of supply, — Hawaii. The political and industrial history of that peacefully acquired dependency all centres about sugar; while our own experiences with its sugar are highly instructive as to sundry aspects of reciprocity and colonial expansion, and as to the general controversy on protection and free trade.

The figures on the imports of sugar from Hawaii show an extraordinary increase. Beginning with insignificant amounts in 1870 and 1875, these imports advance by leaps, doubling on the average in nearly every quinquennial period. Between 1890 and 1895 (take note of this period, on which more presently) there was indeed a relaxation, almost a standstill. But after 1895 the upward movement was resumed. This comparatively small region sent us in 1906 over seven hundred million pounds; and 1906 happened to be a lean year, — in 1905 the amount was over eight hundred millions.

This extraordinary growth is the unexpected outcome of the reciprocity treaty of 1876 and of the close-knit relations with the Hawaiian Islands which that treaty brought about. No result of this kind was looked to when the treaty was made. The islands were commercially inignificant in 1876. They had supplied little but sandalwood for a long time after Cook's famous voyage of discovery in the eighteenth century; then they had become an outfitting centre for the whalers. They were supposed to have a "strategic" position in the Pacific Ocean, and Pearl Harbor (a fine bay near Honolulu, but not a commercial port) was regarded with longing eyes by the naval men. There was said to be danger that British influence would become dominant in the islands, and that they would fall into Britain's lap. The treaty made in 1876 was advocated in Congress chiefly on political grounds and attracted no great attention. By it Hawaii undertook to give no other power a lien or lease on any of its harbors. A later convention, of 1884, gave the United States the express right to maintain a coaling and repair station at Pearl Harbor; a right of which we have never availed ourselves. The treaty further provided for the free admission into the islands of sundry American products, and for the free admission into the United States of sundry Hawaiian products. Among the latter, raw sugar (not refined sugar, which still remained dutiable) alone proved to be of importance; but that, as events turned out, of signal importance.

Our import duty on sugar in 1876 was about two cents a pound. That has been roughly the rate of duty ever since the Civil War, — with some fluctuations (not important for the present discussion) in the various tariff acts, and with a brief period of free sugar under the McKinley Tariff Act from 1890 to 1894. On Hawaiian sugar, after 1876, this sum of two

cents a pound was no longer collected: the sugar came in free. Who got the benefit of the remission? There were three sets of persons who might conceivably have secured the gain: the American consumer who in the end used the sugar, the American refiner who bought it in the first instance from the Hawaiian planter, and the Hawaiian planter himself. The American consumer certainly did not get it, and does not now get it. In the early stages the people of California and the Pacific slope were the only consumers of Hawaiian sugar, and most of it is still used in that region. Refined sugar has never been cheaper there than elsewhere in the country; nay, for a large part of the time it has been dearer. The consumer still paid an extra price equal to the tax, though the government no longer collected the tax. Next, as to the refiners, who might possibly have pocketed the gain. If they had made up a compact purchasing syndicate, still more if their business had been in the hands of a strong monopoly, they might conceivably have bought the Hawaiian raw sugar at the low price of neutral markets, and sold the refined product at the higher American duty-weighted price. But refining in California in the seventies was still in the competitive stage. The competition of the refiners promptly brought the price of the Hawaiian sugar to the price of other sugar in the United States, — that is, to the ruling price in the world's markets plus the two cents of duty. The practice which established itself at once in California was to pay for Hawaiian sugar on the basis of the New York duty-paid price. And this practice has maintained itself ever since, notwithstanding the progress of consolidation and combination among the refiners. Claus Spreckels became king refiner on the Pacific slope; the Sugar Trust gradually gathered in the whole industry in the rest of the country; the two great rivals quarreled and fought, made friends and combined; but through it all Hawaiian sugar has been treated like other imported sugar, that is, has been paid for as if it were subject to duty. In other words, the persons who got the benefit of the remission of duty were — the Hawaiian planters. They were able to sell their sugar in the United States at a price two cents higher than they could have got elsewhere, while no duty was paid on it by them or by any one else. The remission of duty has operated virtually as a bounty on Hawaiian sugar.

This — to proceed at once to the general principle involved — is the normal effect, almost the inevitable effect, of any partial remission of duty. The gain enures not to the domestic consumer, but to the foreign producer. If, for example, we were now to conclude a reciprocity treaty with Canada admitting Canadian wool free, the wool-grower in Canada would pocket the amount (ten cents a pound in our present tariff) so remitted. Other wool, from Australia and Argentine and elsewhere, would still have to be imported, paying the ten-cent duty; the ruling price in this country would still be the duty-paid price; and that price the Canadian wool-grower would secure for his wool. Or if England were now to impose a duty of a shilling a quarter on wheat in general, and yet admit wheat from Canada free, the British consumer would pay the extra shilling on all of his bread, but the Canadian wheat-grower would pocket the shilling on that portion supplied by him. This, of course, on the supposition that the Canadian wheat-grower could not send to England enough wheat to displace all other supplies. So long as other countries — the United States, or Russia, or Argentina — were called on to send to England part of the wheat she bought, and so long as duty had to be paid on that wheat, any duty-free colonial wheat would get a bounty of the amount of the duty. If indeed Canada could supply all the wheat imported by England, and could produce that wheat at a cost as low as in countries that now supply England, then importations from elsewhere would cease,

and competition among the Canadian growers would keep the price in England down. And then, of course, "preference" would be merely nominal. Such an outcome obviously would be quite an impossibility now, and an improbability even with the utmost extension dreamed of for the wheat-growing regions of the Canadian northwest.

Reciprocity and preference are thus devices of doubtful effect. If partial in their operation, they bring a charge on the domestic consumer for the benefit of the foreign producer. But if of larger reach in their effect, they amount to the same thing as general reductions or remissions of duty. The latter is the usual effect of reciprocity arrangements. They are usually applied — perhaps not at the outset, but by a more or less gradual application of the most-favored nation principle — to a series of countries, and thus have the effect of a reduction of duties all around. Such was the outcome of the net-work of reciprocity agreements which overspread Europe for a generation after the famous Anglo-French treaty of 1860. Such is likely to be the outcome of the commercial treaties, and of the maximum and minimum tariffs, about which European countries are now higgling and which we in the United States are often advised to imitate. They are bluffs, so to speak, designed to bring about a relaxation of tariff pressure all around. But not all reciprocity arrangements are of this beneficial, or at least harmless, kind.

To return to Hawaii, which presents the most striking example of partial reciprocity. The extraordinary advance of sugar-growing in the islands (Oahu, on which Honolulu stands, is the most important of them) was the direct result of our bounty by way of remitted duty. Considerable parts of the island are fitted for this crop, having a climate sufficiently warm and equable, and the abundant precipitation which the sugarcane needs. With an extra two cents a pound added by the United States, profits were enormous. The planters who reaped these profits — that is, pocketed the bounty — were chiefly Americans, or of American extraction. Some were descendants of the American missionaries who had gained during the preceding half-century such remarkable success in converting and ruling the natives. Some were new arrivals, who hastened to exploit this rich opportunity. Among the latter was the astute Spreckels, who combined the profits of Hawaiian planting with those of Californian refining, and naturally became a dominant figure in the islands. The great planters succeeded the missionaries as the real power behind the pasteboard Hawaiian throne. There never was a more hollow royalty than that of the latter-day Hawaiian kings and queens.

This enviable situation with its mounting output of sugar, the rapidly growing population in the islands, high prices of plantations and high dividends on plantation stocks, had a rude shock in 1890. In that year our McKinley Tariff Act admitted sugar free of duty, — the one notable concession then made to the feeling that sometimes there might be a public gain from reducing taxes. Consistently with the protective principle, the Louisiana sugar-growers were placated by a direct bounty of two cents a pound. With the duty swept away, they would have to accept a price for sugar lower by two cents; the bounty of that amount left them as well off as before. But the Hawaiian planters, who also had to face the lower price, got no bounty. They had to accept for their sugar the rates of the open market, like the planters of Cuba, Java, Brazil. Hence great depression in the islands, and much soreness of heart. The hard times that ensued meant, to be sure, not that profits had disappeared, but that the extravagances of the past were gone. Sugar-growing simply got down to hard pan. But heavily-watered plantation stocks shrank, and planters' expenditures could no longer be on a recklessly generous scale. It is said, too, that the methods of growing and grinding and extracting were vastly improved dur-

ing those times of pressure and close calculation, — not an uncommon economic gain in periods of travail.

The uneasiness and discontent bred by this pressure led to the Hawaiian revolution of 1892, and to the treaty which the Harrison administration made for the annexation of the islands to the United States. It would not be just to say that sugar and reciprocity, and a desire to get once more under profitable cover, were the sole motives for the upsetting of the pasteboard monarchy. The queen Liliuokalani and her predecessor Kalakaua had not been creditable specimens of royalty, and doubtless were a good riddance. Among the planters themselves there was some division of opinion as to the expediency of annexation. None the less it is clear that the root of the movement was in the sugar situation, in the wish to get back somehow into the golden relations with the American market. This was certainly the case when annexation was finally accomplished. It will be recalled that the Cleveland administration, on coming into power in March, 1893, withdrew from the Senate the annexation treaty concluded by its predecessor, and caused the collapse for the time being of the whole movement. But the Hawaiian monarchy was gone for good, and the Hawaiian Republic (with a carefully guarded suffrage!) took its place. Very soon after, in 1894, the United States again imposed, in the Wilson Tariff Act, a duty on sugar; not quite so high a duty as that before 1890, but high enough — Hawaiian sugar being always admitted free — to restore a handsome bounty for the island planters. Good times returned, and were rendered more secure by the final annexation of the islands in 1898. As soon as President Cleveland went out, the McKinley administration emphasized its adoption of directly opposite policies by renewing the negotiations for annexation. A treaty for annexation was concluded as early as June, 1897; but ratification by the Senate did not come until 1898, when the Spanish War and the Philippine conquest brought an added pressure. The favored position of Hawaiian sugar rested thereafter not on the basis of a revocable treaty (the treaty had become, after 1894, terminable at twelve months' notice), but on the solid foundation of a complete incorporation in the American dominions. Sugar-planting, which had barely held its own from 1890 to 1894, now resumed its upward march. New plantations were opened, old ones enlarged their output, more and more sugar was poured into the United States, and the islands again boomed.

The increase of the Hawaiian sugar crop during the last ten years has taken place in a way that serves to illustrate still other economic principles. The tendency to diminishing returns in agriculture — the inability to add indefinitely to the output without an increase of cost — has shown itself as the sugar-growing resources of the island have been pushed further. The best plantation lands have now been in use for many years. As more sugar was got from the soil — even for the maintenance of an output at the existing rate — it became necessary to resort to high cultivation. The Hawaiian plantations, hence, are large importers and users of fertilizers. Therein they are in contrast with Cuba, where sugar land is abundant, and where, as one batch shows signs of exhaustion, the planter simply moves on to another virgin plot. Not only is there this pressure on the good sites in Hawaii: there is a tendency also to descend in the scale of cultivation, and to use poorer and poorer sites. Where the rainfall is insufficient or irregular, great irrigation plants have been established. In one notable case, it was proposed (I know not with what success) to use the falling water on one side of a mountain to generate electric power for pumping that water to the other side of the mountain, into a dry valley, — all in order to grow sugar.

To the economist, this seems sheer industrial waste; and waste of the sort

which constitutes the earmark of an ordinary protective duty. The Hawaiian planters are now sheltered by the mantle of protection which we draw around all our sugar producers. So far as they can produce sugar as cheaply as their foreign competitors, the rise in price due to the duty (now roughly $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents a pound) is a clear extra profit. Such is the case with probably the larger part of the Hawaiian product; the American consumer here pays a plain bonus. The old-fashioned free-trader would say it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. So far as the Hawaiian planter pushes his land to extra yield by expensive cultivation, or turns to land where the yield is by nature light, he may make little or no extra profit. Then the higher price simply enables him to carry on sugar-growing where he could not do it otherwise. The old-fashioned free-trader would say that in this case Peter was robbed in order to pay Paul for carrying on an industry that was not worth while. The only consolation this old-fashioned person would find in the situation lies in the probability that the operations have reached their term. It is said, apparently with good ground, that the sugar-growing capacity of the islands has been taxed to its limit, and that no considerable increase of output is to be expected in the future.

Still another aspect of the Hawaiian experience is instructive, — its labor problem. Cane-sugar-growing calls for hard labor in the hot fields. The light-hearted, easy-going Kanaka proved poor material for this sort of thing. Indeed, he has withered away in the contact with civilization. The number of the native Hawaiians — even if those of mixed blood be included — has steadily declined for the last half-century, and they now form less than a quarter of the total population of the islands. The Chinese coolie was soon resorted to, and was brought into the islands by the thousand. He came in under a "penal labor contract." That contract doubtless was devised and administered with as much humanity as such things permit. But, as an agent of our Department of Labor remarked in a recent official report, it had "all the advantages of slavery without its disadvantages." Some experiments in bringing Portuguese from the Azores had had no appreciable results; but the contract-held Chinamen supplied the planters with the labor needed for growing their sugar. But behold! Annexation, which solved one part of the planters' problem, brought troubles of its own. The immigration of Chinese into American territory was prohibited by our laws; and the "penal" features of the old Hawaiian labor contract — those which enabled the planter to hold his coolies to the work, willy-nilly, throughout the stipulated term of years — were also void under American law. Therefore other laborers, hired under less rigorous agreements, had to be resorted to. The Japanese are available, — plentiful in numbers and tough workers. But they are, from the planters' point of view, too intractable. They "make trouble;" they ask for higher wages; they even strike. And they push their way farther, using Honolulu as a stepping-stone toward our Pacific coast, — a movement equally unwelcome for the community which they leave and for that which they join.

There is a new ferment in the islands among the laborers, and a new uneasiness among the planters. These latter have a strong wish to get the Chinaman again, by securing from Congress a relaxation for the islands of the prohibition against him. Our Department of Labor has proposed, on the other hand, that the immigration of real farmers be encouraged, — men of European blood who will settle on plots of land of their own. Both proposals are futile. Congress would not admit the Chinaman, irrespective of any solid merit in the proposal for doing so. The American or European laborer, even if he could secure Hawaiian land, could find nothing comparable in attractiveness to what our own United States can offer. The islands

no longer have the apathy of servitude, yet their unrest is not the healthy unrest of a true democracy.

These social conditions obviously are not consonant with the ideals and traditions of democracy. A great mongrel mass of sugar-plantation laborers, — Chinese, Japanese, the wasting Hawaiians, a very few Portuguese ; above them an oligarchy of rich planters, with their bankers and shipping agents and other associates, and a few hangers-on; all dependent on a single industry puffed to unnatural dimensions by legislative favor, — this is not a congenial addition to the American Commonwealths. Nor does there appear any prospect of improvement. The situation is not unlike that of the South before the war. It is much less promising than that of the present South, grave as this may be; for the present South has industries inherently strong, and in its race problem finds among the negroes at least hope and ambition to become worthy citizens of a democracy.

Most people think of an addition to a nation's dominions as they do of an addition to an individual's possessions. John Smith is more prosperous if he acquires more real estate; and the United States are supposed to be more prosperous if they acquire more territory. Hence we are willing to pay twenty millions for the Philippines, and think we do well to get Hawaii of its own offering and Porto Rico by right of conquest. In truth, they are doubtful boons. If indeed new acquisitions serve to open, for settlement and utilization by a vigorous race, territory that otherwise would have lain fallow, there is a real gain. Such was the result of the Louisiana purchase, and of the acquisition of Texas and of the Pacific coast. These expansions, too, made possible a great extension of the geographical division of labor. How much has the beneficent influence of unfettered trade between the different parts of our nation been increased by the vast area over which it is in effect! And even if there be no possibility of true colonization, the acquisition of tropical or semi-tropical countries may bring a gain if it promotes the free exchange of products under conditions of real advantage. But no such gains have come from our newly acquired dependencies. I see little in the whole Hawaiian episode but one long course of error. The American consumer has paid for thirty years (barring the brief respite while the McKinley Tariff Act was in force) a tidy sum annually to the Hawaiian planters. In recent times this tribute has amounted to twelve or fifteen millions of dollars a year. For this we have nothing of any real value to show, — unless it be that we have a stepping-stone to the Philippines, another dependency hardly less unprofitable.

I have referred to Porto Rico. The situation is obviously the same so far as that island's sugar is concerned. That, too, comes in free of duty, and that, too, sells at a higher price, just as if duty were imposed on it. The American consumer pays virtually a bounty to the Porto Rican planter also. This bounty has been in operation but a few years; yet its influence will be seen in the rapid growth of our imports of sugar from the island. In 1900 they were but seventy-two millions of pounds; in 1906 they were already four hundred and ten millions. Here, as in Hawaii, it is not the laborer delving in the canefields, but the capitalist planter, who chiefly pockets the bonus. And that capitalist, as in Hawaii, is usually one of our own money-makers. "Interests closely associated with the American Sugar Refining Company" — such is the sort of polite phrase the financial journals use — have invested in Porto Rico sugar plantations, and profit handsomely thereby.

Turn now to the Philippines. Under the legislation at present in effect, imports from the Philippines are admitted with a reduction in duties of twenty-five per cent; that is, they pay three-quarters of the ordinary rate of duty. They get a bonus, in other words, of one-quarter of the duty, or about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a cent a pound. This

is modest as compared with our largess to the Hawaiian and Porto Rican planters; but it might be a neat source of profit. As yet, nevertheless, it has had no appreciable effect on our imports of sugar from the Philippines. This may be due to the unsettled industrial conditions which unhappily persist in so many parts of the archipelago. It is probably due still more to the special adaptation of the islands for growing their hemp, which seems to offer possibilities greater than those of sugar with only a moderate bounty.

Not a few persons to whom the Philippines present an unwelcome problem nevertheless maintain that, so long as we have them on our hands, we should deal with them generously. Their people are knocking at our doors: let us throw the doors wide open! Secretary Taft has pleaded steadily for complete free trade with this dependency. The hold which this proposal has obtained among both the opponents and the advocates of colonial expansion is probably due in large part to the notion, so long dinned into our ears by the protectionists, that an import duty is a tax, not on the domestic consumer, but on the foreign producer. So considered, the duties on Philippine products are reprehended as unfair now that the Philippines are part of ourselves. Rightly considered, however, the question is not whether we should tax them. The question is whether we should tax ourselves; and whether, in remitting duties, we really free ourselves, or maintain the burdens of taxation in such a way as to give the Philippines special favors. So far as the imports which they would send us free of duty are of the sort which they can supply in quantity sufficient for all our needs, remission of duty means complete remission. This brings benefit to the American consumer as well as to the Philippine producers. Such is the situation as to Manila hemp, which, as it happens, already comes in free. But why admit Philippine sugar free — retaining our general sugar duty — and so extend the policy which has brought such ill results in Hawaii?

There are those, doubtless, to whom the altruistic side of a Philippine policy appeals, and who might be willing to pay a bonus on their sugar and other imports as one step toward the fulfillment of our moral obligation to do our best by the people of the islands. This is the only side of the case that appeals to me. I can see no economical or political or social gain from our ownership of the archipelago. But having forcibly secured possession, we are bound to do all that in reason we can toward uplifting the inhabitants. Good government, good education, good roads, a good monetary system, and, not least, examples of good character and morals, — these we can and should provide. And, unwelcome and unprofitable as the dependency may be, it is to be said that our administration of its affairs has been on the whole wise and helpful, and has supplied these things; a balm to our conscience for which we are indebted above all to Secretary Taft. But to give the islands favors by special privileges to their products, — to put their industries on an artificial basis, — this is not only costly for us, but in the long run bad for them. It is much better that they should develop industries that can stand on their own bottom. Hence indiscriminate free admission of all Philippine imports, irrespective of their relation to competing imports, and regardless of their effect on our own consumers, is not sound policy.

Finally, our relations with Cuba deserve consideration. After what has been said of the other regions, this one can be disposed of briefly. By the reciprocity treaty concluded with Cuba in 1903, we admit Cuban sugar with a reduction in duty of 20 per cent. It pays four-fifths of the full duty. It is thus put in nearly the same favored position as Philippine sugar. But, unlike the Philippines, Cuba, as has already been noted, sends us great and growing quantities. Its climate, especially on the southern side, its soil, its

great area, its ease of access, make it the great natural source of supply. But it cannot grow all of our sugar, — at least not yet. Other countries must be called on to yield the immense amounts which our prosperous millions buy. Sugar still comes in from full-duty-paying countries as well, — from Java, Germany, Brazil, and what not. Cuban sugar, hence, sells at the duty-paid price, and so gets its bounty too: 20 per cent of the duty, or about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent a pound. Now, sugar-planting in Cuba is profitable without any bounty at all. Under good management, it is highly profitable. With $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent extra it is even more highly profitable. The American money-maker has again not been slow to see his opportunity, and the American investments in Cuban plantations, considerable before, have been much increased in recent years. So tempting and so easily reached is the field that — given peace and security in the island — it is certain that the sugar crop will rapidly grow. As the figures show, it has already increased fast since 1900. Probably before many years the Cuban output, with that from Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Louisiana, and Western beet sugar, will supply all our needs. The foreign countries which now send in sugar that pays full duty will be crowded out. The price will then fall to the Cuban basis, — the effective duty will be four-fifths of the present full duty. The special advantage to Cuban sugar will then disappear, and (practically) that to Philippine sugar also. The only really favored regions — and those somewhat less favored than now — will then be the tax-free portions of our own domain, — Hawaii, Porto Rico, Louisiana, the beet-sugar districts in our Western irrigated lands.

This, however, is prediction, or guessing, as to the future. The present situation can be made out with very little guessing. Let us bring together the various items considered in the preceding pages and see where we stand.

The situation can be summarized in the form of a statement of account which we may suppose our government to submit to the sugar consumers, that is, to the taxpayers. In such a consolidated balance-sheet, the government would properly put on the debit side all that it has taken from the consumers in the form of the higher prices which its taxes cause them to pay. On the credit side it would show what has become of the money, — how much has flowed into the Treasury and so become available for public expenditure, and how much has gone elsewhere. An account of this sort for the year 1906 would stand as follows: —

U. S. GOVERNMENT IN ACCOUNT WITH U. S. SUGAR CONSUMERS FOR THE YEAR 1906

Dr.		*Cr.*		Received by the U. S. Treasury.	Received by Sugar Producers.
Taxes paid on a total consumption of 6370 million pounds of sugar	$101,000,000	On 1128 millions of full-duty sugar		$19,100,000	..
		" 2782 "	Cuba "	32,800,000	$9,200,000
		" 69 "	Philippine "	500,000	200,000
		" 712 "	Hawaii "	..	11,700,000
		" 410 "	Porto Rico "	..	6,800,000
		" 594 "	Louisiana "	..	9,600,000
		" 672 "	Domestic beet "	..	11,100,000
			Total	52,400,000	48,600,000
	$101,000,000			$101,000,000	

Let the reader take warning at once that this account is cooked — a little. It cannot be made out with such accuracy as the figures seem to exhibit. The very first and most important item — the total charge on the consumers, here put at

$101,000,000 — cannot be stated with precision. Our duty on sugar is a very complex one, graded according to color and saccharine content. It ranges from less than a cent a pound on the cheapest and dirtiest sugar to nearly two cents a pound on sugar completely refined. The grade most largely imported — comprising, in fact, two-thirds of the imports — is chargeable at 1.65 cents per pound. I have tried to take a fair average, and have figured out a charge on the consumer such as is stated in the account. It is not perfectly accurate, but it is near enough.

And similar allowances need to be made on the other side of the account. The amount received by the sugar producers depends upon the higher price of their sugar due to the duty; which again depends on the quality of what they supply. The Cuban and Hawaiian planters send us raw sugar of excellent quality, and get the full benefit of the 1.65 cent rate of duty. Philippine sugar is much dirtier, is subject to lower duty, and is less raised in price. There is probably some allowance to be made also for the fact that, at certain seasons of the year, the Cuban crop dominates the market, and that for a while this is not raised in price by the full duty. Something also ought to be reckoned on both sides for the extra duty on refined sugar; though this, effective as it may be in swelling the profit of the sugar trust, is a very modest item compared with the burden from the duties on raw sugar.

But all these corrections would not affect the significance and the essential truthfulness of the account. The broad unquestionable fact is that our sugar duties cause the consumers to pay in the way of taxes one hundred millions of dollars, and that only one half of this goes into the Treasury as revenue, while the other half goes to the sugar producers. We hand over to the sugar planters and producers in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Louisiana and the Western States, Cuba, the Philippines, a round sum of fifty millions a year. All of this is not extra profit to them. A good part, to be sure, is really extra profit; it is so for those among them who could produce the sugar with sufficient profit even without the bonus. For some of the producers it serves as inducement to enter on an industry which they could not maintain except for the bonus. Whether it is worth while to give the inducement in such a case raises the essential question at issue between protection and free trade.

On mere fiscal grounds there is something to be said in favor of a duty on sugar, — not at the present comparatively high rate but at perhaps one-half that rate. But on mere fiscal grounds the tax should be collected on all sugar. Then the sums paid by the consumers would bring just so much revenue into the public treasury. This, in my judgment, would be the statesmanlike policy, to be adopted if our hands were free. But our political and international relations being what they are, it seems not within the bounds of the practicable. Next best, and almost as good, would be the cutting of the Gordian knot by admitting all sugar free of duty once for all. No doubt in view of the large capital investment, especially among the Louisiana factories, some mercy should be shown to the strictly domestic producers, — perhaps by a bounty, such as the McKinley Act gave, for a term of years long enough to enable them to accommodate themselves to the new régime. Even a permanent bounty to them would be much cheaper for the community than the present arrangement, and would have some advantages as a clarifying lesson on the true meaning of protection.

I am no devotee of natural laws in economics. Those who appeal in our day to natural law, or natural liberty, are apt to have in mind freedom from wholesome regulation, or license to prey on some one else. Nor am I unwilling to admit that public aid, by protective duties or otherwise, sometimes has good results. Inquiry in each particular case is to

be made, soberly and without bias. But it seems clear to me that prima facie a protective duty brings a loss, and that any offsetting ultimate gain needs to be proved. In this case of sugar, precious little, if anything, can be made out in the way of gain. Certainly our remissions and preferences to the dependencies stand for so much pure loss. Reviewing the whole episode, I feel a great temptation to use again the old phrases, and to ask, with Adam Smith, for a return to "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty."

BED-TIME

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

SHALL I yield up this shallow breath
For breathings full and deep,
Some night into the hands of Death,
As now, to-night, to Sleep?

Shall I not know that peace is best,
As I am sure to-night,
Nor grudge a tired heart its rest
From sorrow and delight?

So would I come, — as one who brings
His soul for God to keep,
To be washed clean among the springs
Of silence and of sleep;

So friendly find my waiting urn
As in my bed to-night —
A place to tarry and unlearn
Until the morning light.

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

III

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE PYRENEES TO PROVENCE

As one turns northeastward from the Pyrenees the bright abundant landscape passes gradually into a flattish grey-and-drab country that has ceased to be Aquitaine and is not yet Provence.

A dull region at best, this department of Haute Garonne grows positively forbidding when the mistral rakes it, whitening the vineyards and mulberry orchards, and bowing the shabby cypresses against a confused grey sky; nor is the landscape redeemed by the sprawling silhouette of Toulouse — a dingy, wind-ridden city, stretched wide on the flat banks of the Garonne, and hiding its two precious buildings in a network of mean brick streets.

One might venture the general axiom that France has never wholly understood the use of brick, and that where stone construction ceases architectural beauty ceases with it. Saint Sernin, the great church of Toulouse, is noble enough in line, and full of interest as marking the culmination of French Romanesque; but compared with the brick churches of Northern Italy it seems struck with aridity, parched and bleached as a skeleton in a desert. The Capitoul, with its frivolous eighteenth-century front, has indeed more warmth and relief than any other building in Toulouse; but meanly surrounded by shabby brick houses, it seems to await in vain the development of ramps and terraces that should lead up to its long bright façade.

As the motor enters the hill-country to the northeast of Toulouse the land breaks away pleasantly toward the long blue line of the Cévennes; and presently a deep cleft fringed with green reveals the nearness of the Tarn — that strange river gnawing its way through cheesy perpendicular banks.

Along these banks fantastic brick towns are precariously piled: L'Isle-sur-Tarn, with an octagonal brick belfry, and Rabastens, raised on a series of bold arcaded terraces, which may be viewed to advantage from a suspension-bridge high above the river. Aside from its exceptionally picturesque site, Rabastens is notable for a curious brick church with fortified tower, and much-restored fourteenth-century frescoes clothing its interior like a dim richly-woven tissue. But beyond Rabastens lies Albi, and after a midday halt at Gaillac, most desolate and dusty of towns, we pressed on again through the parched country.

Albi stood out at length upon the sky — a glaring mass of houses stacked high above the deep cleft of the Tarn. The surrounding landscape was all dust and dazzle; the brick streets were funnels for the swooping wind; and high up, against the blinding blue, rose the flanks of the brick cathedral, like those of some hairless pink monster that had just crawled up from the river to bask on the cliff. This first impression of animal monstrosity — of an unwieldy antediluvian mass of flesh — is not dispelled by a nearer approach. From whatever angle one views the astounding building its uncouth shape and flesh-like tint produce the effect of a living organism — high-backed, swollen-thighed, wallowing — a giant Tarasque or other anomalous off-spring of the Bestiary; and if one rejects the animal analogy as too grotesque, to what else may one compare it?

Among the fortified churches of south-western France this strange monument is the strangest as it is the most vast, and none of the accepted architectural categories seems to fit its huge vaulted hall buttressed with tall organ-pipe turrets, and terminating to the west in a massive dungeon-like tower flanked by pepper-pot pinnacles.

The interior of the great secular-looking *salle* is covered by an unbroken expanse of mural painting, and encrusted, overgrown almost, from the choir and ambulatory to the arches of the lateral chapels, with a prodigious efflorescence of late Gothic wood-carving and sculpture, half Spanish in its dusky grey-brown magnificence. But even this excess of ecclesiastical ornament does not avail to christianize the great church — there is a pagan, a Saracenic quality about it that seems to overflow from its pinnacled flushed exterior.

To reach Carcassonne from Albi one must cross the central mass of the Cévennes. The way leads first, by hill and dale, through a wooded northern-looking landscape, to the town of Castres, distinguished by a charming *hôtel de ville* with a box-planted garden said to have been laid out by Lenôtre; and soon after Castres the "wild-ridged steeps" break away in widening undulations as the road throws its loops about the sides of the Montagne Noire — black hollows deepening dizzily below, and long grey vistas unfolding between the crowded peaks. Unhappily a *bourrasque* enveloped us before we reached the top of the pass, so that we lost all the beauty of the long southern descent to Carcassonne, and were aware of it only as a distant tangle of lights in the plain, toward which we groped painfully through wind and rain.

The rain persisted the next day; but perhaps it is a not undesirable accompaniment to a first view of Carcassonne, since it eliminates that tout-and-tourist element which has so possessed itself of the ancient *cité*, restoring to it, under a grey blurred light, something of its narrow huddled mediæval life.

He who has gone there with wrath in his heart against Viollet-le-Duc may even, under these mitigating conditions, go so far as to think that the universal restorer has for once been justified by his results — that, granting in advance the possibility of innumerable errors of detail, his brilliant hypothesis still produces a total impression of reality. Perhaps, too, all the floating tags of literary mediævalism — the irresistible "connotations" of keep and rampart and portcullis — help out the illusion, animate the serried little burgh, and people it with such figures as Dante walked among when Bellincion Berti went girt with leather. At any rate, the impression is there — for those who have the hardihood to take it — there all the more palpably on a day of such unbroken rain, when even the official custodians hug their stove, and a beneficent mist hides the stacks of post-cards and souvenirs waylaying the traveller from every window.

The weather, however, so beneficent at Carcassonne, proved an obstacle to the seeing of Narbonne and Béziers, and drove us relentlessly before it to Nîmes, where it gave us, the next morning, one of those brilliant southern days that are born of the southern deluges. Here was Provence at last — dry, clear-edged, classic — with a sky like blue marble, low red hills tufted by olives, stony hollows with thin threads of stream, and a sun that picked out in gold the pure curves of the Maison Carrée.

Among the Greek towns of the Mediterranean there is none as Greek — or, to speak more precisely, as Græco-Roman — as Nîmes. No other city of old Gaul seems to have put itself so completely in harmony with its rich nucleus of "remains" — eliminating or omitting the monuments of other periods, and content to group its later growth subserviently about the temple and the amphitheatre. It was very well for Arles

to make its Romanesque venture, for Reims to crown itself with a glory of Gothic; but with the tranquil lines of the Maison Carrée and the Nymphæum, the rhythmic spring of the arena arches, to act as centralizing influences — above all with the overwhelming grandeur of the Pont du Gard as a background — how could Nîmes, so far more deeply pledged to the past, do otherwise than constitute herself the guardian of great memories? The Pont du Gard alone would be enough to relegate any town to a state of ancillary subjection. Its nearness is as subduing as that of a great mountain, and next to the Mont Ventoux it is the sublimest object in Provence. The solitude of its site, and the austere lines of the surrounding landscape, make it appear as much on the outer edge of civilization as when it was first planted there; and its long defile of arches seems to be forever pushing on into the wilderness with the tremendous tread of the Roman legions.

By one of the charming oppositions of French travel, one may return from this classic pilgrimage through the mediæval town of Uzès; and, as if such contrasts were not fruitful enough, may pause on the way to smile at the fantastic château d'Angivilliers — a half-ruined eighteenth-century "Folly" with an anachronistic medley of kiosks, arcades, pagodas, a chapel like a Roman temple, and a ruined box-garden haunted by peacocks.

Uzès itself, a steep town clustered about the ducal keep of the Crussols, has a stately terrace above the valley, and some fine eighteenth-century houses, in shabby streets insufficiently swept; but its chief feature is of course the castle which, planted protectingly in the centre of the town, thrusts up its central dungeon over a fine feudal jumble of subsidiary masonry.

From Nîmes to the Mediterranean the impressions are packed too thick. First the Rhone, with the castles of Tarascon and Beaucaire taunting each other across its yellow flood, Beaucaire from a steep cliff, Tarascon from the very brink of the river; then, after a short flight through olive-orchards and vineyards, the pretty leafy town of Saint Remy on the skirts of the Alpilles; and a mile to the south of Saint Remy, on a chalky ledge of the low mountain-chain, the two surviving monuments of the Roman city of Glanum. They are set side by side, the tomb and the triumphal arch, in a circular grassy space enclosed with olive-orchards and backed by delicate fretted peaks: not another vestige of Roman construction left to connect them with the past. Was it, one wonders, their singular beauty that saved them, that held even the Visigoths' hands when they wiped out every other trace of the populous city of stone-quarriers, with its aqueducts, walls and temples? Certainly, seeing the two buildings thus isolated under the radiant lonely sky, one is tempted to exclaim that they might well have checked even barbarian violence, and that never again did the stout Roman trunk throw out two such flowers of grace and lightness. It is as though, from that packed Provençal soil, some dust of Greece had passed into the Latin stem, clearing a little its thick sap; yet it is just because the monuments remain so sturdily Roman that the grace and the lightness count so much.

This Alpilles country between Rhone and Durance is itself the most Grecian thing west of Greece: Provence of Provence in every line of its bare sharp-cut heights, tufted with a spare classic growth of olive, cistus and myrtle, it explains why the Greek colonist found himself at home on these ultimate shores, and why the Roman conqueror bowed here to Attic influences.

Pushing southeast from Saint Remy, one comes, through a broadening landscape, to the old town of Salon, where Nostradamus is buried, and thence, by a winding road among the hills, to the wide valley where Aix-en-Provence lies encircled in mountains.

For a town so nobly seated it seems, at first approach, a little commonplace and insufficient; the eye, lighting on it from the heights, seeks a sky-line like that of Clermont or Périgueux. Aix, in this respect, remains inadequate; yet presents itself to closer inspection as a charming faded old place, tinged with legal and academic memories, with a fine double row of balconied and sculptured hôtels along its leafy *Cours*, and a number of scattered treasures in the folds of its crooked streets.

Among these treasures the two foremost — the picture of the *Buisson Ardent* in the cathedral, and the Gobelin tapestries in the adjoining Archbishop's Palace — belong to such widely-sundered schools that they might almost be said to represent the extreme points within which French art has vibrated. It is therefore the more interesting to note that both are intrinsically and pre-eminently decorative in quality — devotional triptych and frivolous tapestry obeying the same law of rigorously-balanced lines and colours. The great picture of the Burning Bush is, with the exception of the Virgin of Moulins, perhaps the finest flower of that early French school of painting which was so little known or considered that, until the recent Paris exhibition of "Primitives," many of its masterpieces were complacently attributed to Italian painters. Hanging midway down the nave, where a golden light strikes it when the sacristan flings open the splendid carved doors of the west front, the triptych of Nicholas Froment unfolds itself like a great three-petalled flower, each leaf burning with a rich limpidity of colour that overflows from the Rosa Mystica of the central panel to the pale prayerful faces of the royal donators in the wings.

The cathedral has its tapestries also — a series from the Brussels looms, attributed to Quentin Matsys, and covering the choir with intricately-composed scenes from the life of Christ, in which the melancholy grey-green of autumn leaves is mingled with deep jewel-like pools of colour. But these are accidental importations from another world, whereas the famous Don Quixote series in the Archbishop's Palace represents the culminating moment of French decorative art.

They strike one perhaps, first of all — these rosy *chatoyantes* compositions, where ladies in loosened bodices gracefully prepare to be "surprised" — as an instructive commentary on ecclesiastical manners toward the close of the eighteenth century; then one passes on to abstract enjoyment of their colour-scheme and balance of line, to a delighted perception of the way in which they are kept from being (as tapestries later became) mere imitations of painting, and remain imprisoned — yet so free! — in that fanciful textile world which has its own flora and fauna, its own laws of colour and perspective, and its own more-than-Shakespearian anachronisms in costume and architecture.

From Aix to the Mediterranean the southeastern highway passes through a land of ever-increasing loveliness. East of Aix the bare-peaked mountain of Sainte Victoire dominates the fertile valley for long miles. Then the hermit-haunted range of the Sainte Baume unfolds its wooded flanks to the south, the highway skirting them as it gradually mounts to the plateau where the town of Saint Maximin clusters about its unfinished Dominican church — a remarkable example of northern Gothic strayed into the classic confines of Provence.

Saint Maximin owes its existence — or that part of it contingent on possessing so important a church — to the ownership of the bones of Saint Mary Magdalen, whose supposed relics were formerly venerated in the great Burgundian church of Vézelay, but in the thirteenth century were officially identified among the treasures of the Provençal town. As the penitent saint is supposed to have spent her last years in a grotto on the heights of the Sainte Baume, it

seems more fitting that she should now rest at its foot than on the far-off rock of the Morvan; and one is glad that the belief was early enough established to produce the picturesque anomaly of this fine fragment of northern art planted against the classic slopes of the Maritime Alps.

The great Gothic church was never finished, without or within; but in the seventeenth century a renewal of devotion to Saint Mary Magdalen caused the interior of the choir to be clothed with a magnificent *revêtement* of wood-carving in the shape of ninety-two choir-stalls, recounting in their sculptured medallions the history of the Dominican order, and leading up to a sumptuous Berninies-que high-altar, all jasper, porphyry and shooting rays of gold.

Saint Maximin, though lying so remotely among bare fields and barer mountains, still shows, outside its church, some interesting traces of former activity and importance. A stout old Dominican monastery extends its long row of ogival windows near the church, and here and there a vigorous bit of ancient masonry juts from the streets — notably in the sprawling arcades of the Jewish quarter, and where certain fragments of wall attest that the mountain village was once a strongly-defended mediæval town.

Beyond Saint Maximin the *route nationale* bears away between the mountains to Nice; but at Brignoles — a city of old renown, the winter residence of the Counts of Provence — one may turn southward, by Roquebrussanne and the Chartreuse of Montrieux (where Petrarch's brother was abbot), to the radiant valley of the Gapeau, where the stream-side is already white with cherry-blossoms, and so at length come out, at Hyères, on the full glory of the Mediterranean spring.

One's first feeling is that nothing else matches it — that no work of man, no accumulated appeal of history, can contend a moment against this joy of the eye so prodigally poured out. The stretch of coast from Toulon to Saint Tropez, so much less familiar to northern eyes than the more eastern portion of the Riviera, has a peculiar nobility, a Virgilian breadth of composition, in marked contrast to the red-rocked precipitous landscape beyond. Looking out on it from the pine-woods of Costebelle, above Hyères, one is beset by classic allusions, analogies of the golden age — so divinely does the green plain open to the sea, between mountain lines of such Attic purity.

After packed weeks of historic and archæological sensation this surrender to the spell of the landscape tempts one to indefinite idling. It is the season when, through the winter verdure of the Riviera, spring breaks with a hundred tender tints — pale green of crops, white snow of fruit-blossoms, and fire of scarlet tulips under the grey smoke of olive-groves. From heights among the cork-trees the little towns huddled about their feudal keeps blink across the pine forests at the dazzling blue-and-purple indentations of the coast. And between the heights mild valleys widen down — valleys with fields of roses, acres of budding vine, meadows sown with narcissus, and cold streams rushing from the chestnut forests below the bald grey peaks. Among the peaks are lonely hermitages, ruined remains of old monastic settlements, Carthusian and Benedictine; but no great names are attached to these fallen shrines, and the little towns below have no connection with the main lines of history. It is all a tranquil backwater, thick with local tradition, little floating fragments of association and legend; but art and history seem to have held back from it, as from some charmed Elysian region, too calm, too complete to be rudely touched to great issues.

It was the mistral that drove us from this Eden, poisoning it with dust and glare, and causing us to take refuge north of the sea-board Alps. There, in a blander air and on a radiant morning,

we left Aix behind, and followed the Durance to Avignon. Approaching the papal city from the east, one may get a memorable impression by following the outer circuit of its walls to the Porte de l'Ouille, which opens on the Place Crillon just below the great rock of the palace. Seen thus from without, Avignon is like a toy model of a mediæval city; and this impression of artificial completeness is renewed when, from the rock-perched terrace below the palace, one looks out on the Rhone valley and its enclosing amphitheatre of mountains. In the light Provençal air, which gives a finely-pencilled precision to the remotest objects, the landscape has an extraordinarily topographical character, an effect of presenting with a pre-Raphaelite insistence on detail its sharp-edged ruins, its turreted bridge, its little walled towns on definite points of rock. The river winding through the foreground holds its yellow curve between thin fringes of poplar and sharp calcareous cliffs; and even the remoter hills have the clear silhouette of the blue peaks in mediæval miniatures, the shoulder of the Mont Ventoux rising above them to the north with the firmness of an antique marble.

This southern keenness of edge gives even to the Gothicism of the piled-up church and palace an exotic, trans-Alpine quality, and makes the long papal ownership of Avignon — lasting, it is well to remember, till the general upheaval of 1790 — a visible and intelligible fact. Though the Popes of Avignon were Frenchmen Avignon is unmistakeably, almost inexplicably, Italian: its Gothic vaguely suggests that of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, of the fortified arches and tombs of mediæval Rome, and reconciles itself as easily to the florid façade of the seventeenth century Papal Mint in the square below as to the delicate classic detail of the west door of the church.

Rome — but Imperial not Papal Rome — was still in the air as we left Avignon and followed the Rhone valley northward to Orange. All this part of France is thick with history, and in the ancient principality of Orange the layers are piled so deep that one wonders to see so few traces of successive dominations in the outward aspect of its capital. Only the Rome of the Emperors has left a mark on the town which lived with so vigorous and personal life from the days when it was a Gaulish city and a trading station of Massaliote Greeks, and which, when it grew too small for its adventurous brood, sent rulers to both shores of the North Sea; and the fact that the theatre and the arch survive, while the Orange of Carlovingian bishops and mediæval princes has been quite wiped out, and even Maurice of Nassau's great seventeenth-century fortress razed to the ground — this permanence of the imperial monuments, rising unshaken through the blown dust of nearly a thousand years, gives a tangible image of the way in which the Roman spirit has persisted through the fluctuations of history.

To learn that these very monuments have been turned to base uses by barbarous Prince-bishops — the arch converted into a fortified Château de l'Arc, the theatre into an outwork of the main fortress — adds impressiveness to their mutilated splendour, awing one with the image of a whole reconstructed from such fragments.

Among these, the theatre, now quite stripped of ornament, produces its effect only by means of its size, and of the beautiful sweep of its converging lines; but the great golden-brown arch — standing alone in a wide grassy square — keeps on three sides a Corinthian mask of cornice and column, and a rich embossing of fruit and flower-garlands, of sirens, trophies and battle-scenes. All this decoration is typically Roman — vigorously carved and somewhat indiscriminately applied. One looks in vain for the sensitive ornament of the arch of Saint Remy, in which Mérimée's keen eye saw a germ of the coming Gothic: the sculp-

ture of Orange follows the conventional lines of its day, without showing a hint of new forms. But that very absence of imaginative suggestion makes it Roman and imperial to the core.

Ahead of us, all the way from Avignon to Orange, the Mont Ventoux lifted into the pure light its denuded flanks and wrinkled silvery-lilac summit. But at Orange we turned about its base, and bore away northeastward through a broken country rimmed with hills, passing by Tulette, the seat of a Cluniac foundation — of which the great Rovere, Julius II, was Prince and Prior — and by Valréas, which under the Popes of Avignon became the capital of the Haut Comtat, the French papal dominion in France.

Like too many old towns in this part of France, Valréas, once a strongly-fortified place, has suffered its castle to fall in ruins, and swept away its towers and ramparts to make room for boulevards, as though eager to efface all traces of its long crowded past. But one such trace — nearer at hand and of more intimate connotations — remains in the hôtel de Simiane, now the *hôtel de ville*, but formerly the house of that Marquis de Simiane who married Pauline de Grignan, the grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné.

This is the first reminder that we are in the Grignan country, and that a turn of the road will presently bring us in full view of that high-perched castle where the great lieutenant-governor of Provence, Madame de Sévigné's son-in-law, dispensed an almost royal hospitality and ruled with more than royal arrogance.

The Comte de Grignan was counted a proud man, and there was much to foster pride in the site and aspect of his ancestral castle — *ce château royal de Grignan*. If Italy, and Papal Italy, has been in one's mind at every turn of the way from Avignon to Tulette, it seems actually to rise before one as the great ruin, springing suddenly from its cliff in the plain, evokes a not too audacious comparison with the rock of Caprarola. In France, at least, there is perhaps nothing as suggestive of the fortified pleasure-houses of Italy as this gallant castle on the summit of its rock, with the town clustering below, and the vast terrace before it actually forming the roof of its church. And the view from the terrace has the same illimitable sun-washed spaces, flowing on every side into noble mountain-forms, from the Mont Ventoux in the south to the range of the Ardèche in the west.

The ancient line of Adhémar, created Counts of Grignan by Henri II, had long been established on their rocky pedestal when they built themselves, in the sixteenth century, the magnificent Renaissance façade of which only the angle towers now subsist. Later still they added the great gallery lined with full-length portraits of the Adhémar, and under Louis XIV Mansart built the so-called *Façade des Prélats*, which, judging from its remains, did not yield in stateliness to any of the earlier portions of the castle. From this side a fine flight of double steps still descends to a garden set with statues and fountains; and beyond it lies the vast stone terrace which forms the roof of the collegial church, and is continued by a *chemin de ronde* crowning the lofty ramparts on the summit of the rock.

This princely edifice remained in unaltered splendour for sixty years after the house of Adhémar, in the person of Madame de Sévigné's grandson, had died out, ruined and diminished, in 1732. But when the Revolution broke, old memories of the Comte de Grignan's dealings with his people — of unpaid debts, extorted loans, obscure lives devoured by the greedy splendour on the rock — all these recollections, of which one may read the record in various family memoirs, no doubt increased the fury of the onslaught which left the palace of the Adhémar a blackened ruin. If there are few spots in France where one

more deeply resents the senseless havoc of the Revolution, there are few where, on second thoughts, one so distinctly understands what turned the cannon on the castle.

The son-in-law of Madame de Sévigné was the most exorbitant as he was the most distinguished of his race; and it was in him that the splendour and disaster of the family culminated. But probably no visions of future retribution disturbed the charming woman who spent — a victim to her maternal passion — her last somewhat melancholy years in the semi-regal isolation of Grignan. No one but La Bruyère seems, in that day, to have noticed the "swarthy livid animal, crouched over the soil, which he digs and turns with invincible obstinacy, but who, when he rises to his feet, *shows a human countenance*" — certainly he could not be visible, toiling so far below, from that proud terrace of the Adhémar which makes the church its footstool. Least of all would he be perceptible to the eyes — on other lines so discerning! — of the lady whose gaze, when not on her daughter's face, remained passionately fixed on the barrier of northern mountains, and the highway that ran through them to Paris.

Paris! Grignan seems far enough from it even now — what an Ultima Thule, a land of social night, it must have been in the days when Madame de Sévigné's heavy travelling-carriage had to bump over six hundred miles of rutty road to reach the doors of the hôtel Carnavalet! One had to suffer Grignan for one's adored daughter's sake — to put up, as best one could, with the clumsy civilities of the provincial nobility, and to console one's self by deliciously ridiculing the pretensions of Aix society — but it was an exile, after all, and the ruined rooms of the castle, and the long circuit of the *chemin de ronde*, are haunted by the wistful figure of the poor lady who, though in autumn she could extol the "sugary white figs, the Muscats golden as amber, the partridges flavoured with thyme and marjoram, and all the scents of our sachets," yet reached her highest pitch of eloquence when, with stiff fingers and shuddering pen, she pictured the unimaginable February cold, the "awful beauty of winter," the furious unchained Rhone, and "the mountains *charming in their excess of horror*."

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPLE OF JUNO

BY ROBERT HERRICK

THE storm that had threatened all the day now beat against the dirty window panes of the forlorn little inn. Through the driving rain-sheets Marshall could barely make out the black smoke-plumes, far below on the rough sea, of the small coast steamer on its way back to the Calabrian port. His spirits sank as he watched the steamer and realized that for at least twenty-four hours he was committed to this dot of an island, to this storm, and above all to this cheerless country inn. He doubted if that temple of Juno, so bepraised by all the belletristic guide-books, could be worth the effort. The inn-keeper's wife was preparing places for two at the dirty table.

"Un' altra forestiere!" the woman explained proudly. "Una donna Inglese!" An Englishwoman, also in quest of the famous temple, and storm-bound, too! The news did not gladden Marshall's heart: the wandering Englishwoman of his acquaintance was not a mitigating prospect. He went back to the rain driving over the tiled roofs of the little town below, while the woman of the inn completed her arrangements. Presently there was a brisk footstep in the corridor, a flutter of skirts, and he turned reluctantly just as the stranger, having seated herself, looked up inquiringly.

In the surprise of their meeting eyes he was distinctly at a disadvantage. The roguish smile, that gay manner of taking the unexpected, which he had reason to know so well, carried *her* through even this.

With the air almost of having purposely arranged this impossible meeting, she spoke first, while he still fumbled with the back of his chair.

"Well, Alfred, it *is* unexpected!" she murmured.

"How on earth did you ever get here?" he stammered out bluntly.

"Oh! I came yesterday — on the steamer. Could n't walk very well, you know!"

She continued to smile, as though the situation gave her mischievous amusement.

"I came to-day," he managed to say, finally seating himself opposite her.

"So I supposed."

And then there was silence while the woman of the inn clattered in with two bowls of soup.

As her head bent over the soup he looked at her more closely. Ten years had touched the dark hair with a line of gray here and there, and the gentle curves of the chin and neck had flattened a bit; but he was conscious that she had far less of an account with Time than he, — with his heavy figure, his undisguised baldness. Ten years! It was exasperating that they two who had striven so desperately to separate themselves were thus brought together at the end of the earth — where there was no escape.

"You did n't think what a — surprise was awaiting you at Stromboli, when you bought your tickets!" she remarked coolly, sipping at a spoonful of the thick *minestra.*

"Hardly!" A struggling smile softened the crudity of his tone.

"Fate makes strange —" she caught herself in time, and blushed — charmingly.

"The *padrona* said an Englishwoman."

"We're all English to them — besides, do I look like a touristy American?"

To this touch of coquetry he replied clumsily, —

"Not exactly."

There was another silence while she endeavored to make headway in the thick mess with her little sips, but abandoning it in despair she laid down her spoon and looked at him. He ate stolidly through his bowlful, — as if to reprove her excessive daintiness. The expected remark came as he scraped the bottom.

"You must have a bad time with the food in a place like this."

"It is not Martin's — this inn," she replied serenely. "However, one lives — on eggs."

It was a brave little note. She was leaning on the table, with her fingers arched. The rings were unfamiliar. He missed the two that he had given her, — even the plain gold band, the symbol of their twelve years' misadventure. She noticed his gaze, and smiled — but did not change the position of her hands. It was as though she wished him to realize that she had done her best to obliterate her woman's share in their common bondage. They had not divorced, because of the children — for all the reasons. But that she had divorced him in heart and soul, so far as she could, that was what she meant by going about the earth without her papers, so to speak, though married. That was always Eleanor's way, — to publish her defiance of some convention with needless emphasis, getting satisfaction from spurning a mere symbol.

They were struggling with the tough chicken when she remarked politely, —

"There's not much to see in this place, — only a heap of brown stone at the other end of the island. I can't see why they make such a fuss over that temple — it's mostly on the ground!"

"A fragment of the pediment still in place is said to be of the best period," he replied pedantically.

"Oh, there are two or three columns still up and a few blocks on top. But the view is lovely, and it's the dearest, dirtiest little hole of a town — I love it!" He smiled at her familiar descriptive manner. "I meant to leave by to-day's steamer — my maid Annette is so miserable it is cruel to keep her here. But it looked blowy — and something — well, I stayed!"

She had done her part, brought them through the meal, almost, — to the dessicated nuts and raisins. It was his, now, to take the laboring oar.

"So you've got a maid with you?"

"You did n't think that I would be here alone! I've had one — ever since — when was it? I forget."

He reddened at the neatly delivered blow. His second remark was hardly more fortunate, but it had been on his mind all through the meal.

"Where's Molly? why is n't she with you?"

She answered him squarely, with no attempt at equivocation: —

"She did n't want to come over — preferred to spend the summer with the Claytons on the Maine coast. You see she's eighteen this summer, and there are gayer things for a pretty girl of eighteen than knocking about Europe with an old woman of a mother!" Then she added lightly, "The Claytons, you know, have a very charming home."

It was the second stab so far!

"And Ned," she continued, now that *he* had brought the children in, "I had a letter from him last week. He's camping in some wild place north."

"Yes, Saguenay — seems to be enjoying himself with his friends. He really worked at college this year. The trip will do him good."

"I hope so."

As there was no coffee, there was no reason for prolonging the lamentable meal. She rose and turning to the window remarked, —

"It *does* mean business when it rains here."

He drew a cigar from his pocket. As she passed through the door that he held open for her, she hesitated, then said graciously, —

"I have a small *salone* upstairs. It 's cosier than this, and you 'll hardly find a

café at Stromboli. Won't you come up and smoke your cigar? It's quite — proper!" she added demurely.

As he followed her up the flight of dirty stone steps, he felt that he had made a mistake in accepting her invitation, — had compromised their position. But it was too late. The *salone* was only another cheerless cell of a room, like his across the hall. The bed had been removed, however, and there was a fireplace on which a bundle of fagots burned. There was also a fantastic and ancient lounge drawn before the fire, and on the table near-by some yellow backs besides the guide-books, photographs, writing materials, and other odds and ends that make a forlorn simulacrum of home for the wanderer. In the further corner was a desultory medley of wraps and purchases — no maid could keep Eleanor wholly "picked up!"

Marshall, glancing about, wondered vaguely at the energy involved in making over this room, just for a few days' stay. On the floor beside the fagot fire knelt the maid, holding a tiny copper pot over the flame. He might have guessed that it would never be the inn coffee for Eleanor, luxurious puss!

When the maid rose with the steaming potkin, her mistress said, "Another cup for monsieur, Annette!" and added in English, — "You will have to be just Monsieur Alfred — I can't bother to resurrect a husband for her after I have so decently buried him!" She laughed boyishly, and he reddened. "You've saved the poor girl's life — she will be crazy with excitement. She finds my loverless existence altogether inexplicable and *triste*. I shall have to tell her that I just met you — by accident."

He sipped his coffee, which did not come from Stromboli, and he realized that Eleanor had given him her customary second cup. But she was always generous.

"I'd have had cream, if I had expected the honor."

"Thanks. I have given up cream."

"Still bothered with your digestion?"

"Yes."

He was looking at the books on the table. With an exclamation of surprise he picked up Paillot's *Sur les Monuments Grecs*, etc. The thick volume was turned down well into the middle.

"It's rather heavy stuff, don't you think?" and he did not altogether suppress his irony.

"For me? I'm much interested in it," his wife replied. "I've been cultivating my mind. It's about all that's left for a woman like me to cultivate, you see."

At the sombre note he felt curiously a reproach originating somewhere far down in his consciousness. He did not reply, but continued to turn over the books, — a new French novel on the eternal French theme, a play or two, some English novels — more what he would have called "her line." Then he came back to the fire while she curled herself up in the corner of the lengthy lounge, holding her cup of coffee in sensuous reserve. She pointed to some photographs, one of the temple, and near it lay a pencil sketch of the same *pièce de résistance* of Stromboli.

"You did that?"

"It's *mine*," she chirped, "and also the others, beyond."

They were glimpses of the alley life up and down the steep stone stairways of the old Siculi-Italiot-Greek town. He laid them down without comment. To any other woman he would have vouchsafed a word of compliment, if they had been much worse. But he could not phrase it for her. She seemed to understand and smilingly drew his attention to her purchases.

"See those chairs and this old sofa, and the chest of drawers — I'm going to send them home — back, I mean!" (It was so like her to pack up these impossible moth-eaten scraps of furniture and cart them back at immense expense — to repose in a storage warehouse!) "And there's some linen and truck in the upper drawers."

He looked, and this time he admired moderately.

"What will you do with them?" he asked before he knew what he was saying.

"Oh, some day I shall have — a house, somewhere, just a place to keep duds in — and for the children to come to — if they will!"

He winced. There had been something of the same vague purpose in the background of his mind latterly.

It seemed as though they had come to an *impasse*, conversationally. He looked at his half-consumed cigar and debated flight. It was not gay, this skating over all the thin ice that stretched between one and the wife one had avoided for ten years. There were old friends to be asked about, but he refrained. They had divided the camp when the break came, and he had no real curiosity about the other side of the camp. And his wife, having finished her coffee, seemed depressed, too, — could not maintain that light comedy note which she had struck so bravely at first.

"There's Ned's letter over there," she remarked, pointing to the table. "Nice boy! Our children seem to get along, — to be fairly happy without us!"

"Well, that usually is the case with children, is n't it?"

"Oh, I don't know — not always."

There were times when he also reflected that giving his son a liberal allowance at school and college and writing him regularly each week, with an occasional vacation spree, was not completely fulfilling the rôle of parent. Conceivably both the children might criticise them for their failure — in spite of the fact that they had "stuck it out" for twelve years, "for the sake of the children," and then merely "separated" instead of availing themselves of the liberal divorce arrangements prevailing in their country.

"There are a good many like us!" he ventured.

"There are. But it's not good for a girl, especially — when she begins to think of love and marriage and all that — to know what a failure *her* mother made of a woman's life!"

"It does n't seem to worry them — they usually take their chances, I notice."

"Of course — a woman *must*, somehow —"

"And a man?"

Her slight movement of the hand spoke eloquently of the gregarious and uncivilized state of the male.

"When I look at Molly and think —"

"Think what?"

"That very likely she'll have to go through with it all!"

"Very likely she won't!"

"That's the worst about growing old, — to see in your young the same things popping up — the old character that ran you off the track. Like your old clothes on a poor relative!"

"But there's always some difference," he suggested gently.

He saw that it was a flat thing to say, as the difference would probably consist of what the girl had received from him! But his wife was too much absorbed in her own chain of thought to heed his remark.

"Molly's so sentimental!" she continued.

"Most girls are —"

"Umph — not nowadays! All her geese are swans. She'll never know the man she marries until —"

"Perhaps that's just as well."

"You think so!"

"I'm beginning to think so — for *both*."

Thereat they recognized that the topic was too delicately edged with inferences to be continued, and they lapsed into another silence. And shortly afterwards he made a remark or two about the weather and rose. As his wife gave him her hand he noticed certain lines about the mouth — and reflected that most men and women of forty have lines.

"Thank you for a — the evening."

"Don't mention it, Monsieur Alfred! Buona sera. Buon' riposo!"

Nothing was said about the morrow.

II

When Marshall descended the long flight of steps to the quay, the next morning, the rain was no longer falling; but squally wreaths of cloud scudded overhead and what should have been the blue Æolian sea was a mass of dirty gray and foaming white. There was no steamer at the quay, no smoke patch on the horizon. "She'll not venture out a day like this!" the interested and completely idle citizens of Stromboli vociferated again and again. "There'll be no *vapore* until the Virgin sends calm seas!" Then Marshall, with the persistent resourcefulness of his race in providing extra means for meeting transportation emergencies, demanded a boat. There was stupefaction, and after repeating his idea in all sorts of Italian he was forced to admit that there existed no means of escaping from Stromboli that day.

As he turned back through the stony lane, he saw two women descending in hot haste, Eleanor and the maid staggering under a load of wraps.

"It has n't gone?" his wife demanded without the formality of greeting.

"It has n't come — and won't come to-day!"

"And there's no other way," she pouted. "That is the trouble with islands."

"No other way — not until the Virgin calms the waters," he said, repeating unconsciously the picturesque phrase of the citizens of Stromboli.

In spite of the faint rose that exercise in the damp sea air had brought to her face, there were dark circles under the eyes and a look of anxiety. Apparently she had not slept any better than he, and had concluded, on the tossing pillow, as he had, that the situation was impossible, ridiculous — must be evaded. But seeing her look of dismay reflected in his lugubrious face she burst into a hysterical fit of laughter, and finally seated herself on the edge of a step.

"I'm — afraid — we're — in for it!" she gurgled. "We can't escape unless you will swim ashore, or take quarters in the temple."

Her gayety cheered him only moderately. He would have followed her last suggestion incontinently; but one could hardly abandon even one's separated wife in an island village, without something of an excuse. While he was preparing one, she rose, in gay spirits.

"Come! I'll show you the place. You see I am installed here — almost *chez moi!*"

So they turned up the main alley, Eleanor pointing out to him the dark hole that served as café according to the sign. "See what I saved you from last evening!" Once or twice she darted into a noisome court where incredibly squalid old women pulled and jostled in their eagerness to dispose of certain heirlooms to the mad strangers. Once she came back from her foray to ask change for a banknote, and was very scrupulous about making change to the centime, searching her little net purse for a five-cent piece. Then they climbed a rocky path that skirted the gulf, far above the sea, leading to the temple. A streak of sunlight shot downwards through the leaden cloud masses, illuming for the moment the dull brown stones of the ruin, warming the broken pillars, the fragment still intact in melancholy isolation on the island promontory.

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed. "How lovely, and just for us! Come!"

She hurried the pace, and Marshall puffed heavily behind.

"You're pretty brisk," he remarked, remembering that in the old days she had never stirred without a cab.

"I take a good deal of exercise — that's another occupation for age — besides cultivating one's mind," she replied amicably, waiting for him to join her.

"So my counsels have borne fruit — late," he could not refrain from saying.

Eleanor, excited by the sun-bathed shrine, did not answer. As they gained the scaly hilltop before the east front,

the clouds drew together, leaving the spot in chill gloom.

"An ill omen — perhaps the goddess does not consider us fit persons to enter her sanctuary. Do you suppose she'll get Zeus to drop a thunderbolt on your head?"

Marshall smiled grimly at the daring joke in which he detected a jibe at former gallantries with those "other women." It was gentle enough, however, to be ignored.

"Come on — let's venture in, any way!" she continued in the spirit of mischievous raillery. "Juno must have been a forgiving lady — with that husband."

They plunged into the rank growth of grass about the temple steps, pausing to examine the fragment of the architrave still mouldering on the severe Doric pillars, and the one solitary pillar beyond, to which a thick green vine clung, swaying slightly in the wind. This was the bit, this isolated, broken pillar with the green vine, that she had sketched.

"It's fine, that!" she exclaimed, opening her arms in instinctive enthusiasm for its noble grace, "and the rest are broken fragments!"

As she stepped forward into the weed-grown inclosure, the fitful sun darted again from the heavens.

"See! She approves — still."

They poked about for a time among the prostrate members of the little temple, and she snapped with her camera a few details that he pointed out. Then they came out on the west side overlooking the gusty sea and sat down. Before another one of those uncomfortable conversational gaps she interposed blithely,

"I suppose this was where women came to pray for happy marriages, was n't it?"

He nodded.

"And now poor Juno's temple is without honor, here as well as in America!"

"The gods change: here they pray to the Virgin instead."

"Oh! I see."

His thought went back to those new occupations, which presented such interesting developments of character.

"So you find time now to read and sketch, as well as to take exercise?"

"Yes — I'm getting dull even to myself. You see, when age comes," she mused on, "when you've finished with all your own agitating possibilities, you 've simply got to look out of yourself into life — other people's lives, —" she waved her hand to the wide space of the sea, — "and try to see what's there — apart from yourself."

"Quite so," he agreed grimly. "It's a pity one could n't take that objective attitude earlier in life!"

She corrected him tranquilly.

"Without having the emotional one first, what would the other be worth?"

So they talked on, enjoying the calm and the flickering sunlight. There was something subtly humorous to them both in the idea of sitting there beneath the shadow of the temple of Juno exchanging philosophical reflections on life. It had been so many years, even before the outward rupture, when they had exchanged nothing beyond business details and dry conventionalities. Finally she rose, saying, "It must be past noon and that luncheon will be colder than these stones!" and they retraced their way, shepherded by a swarm of Stromboli youth.

The shambling *padrona* placed a fat bottle of Asti on the table. "Her votive offering to the goddess," he dared to suggest. What with the wine and their fresh zest after the morning on the windy promontory, they had a gay little meal.

"It has n't been so bad?" she demanded teasingly, on leaving him for her nap. "At any rate we've got through the morning — and you've seen the temple of Juno, — that celebrated ruin!"

III

"No, it has n't come to so much," he admitted, lighting his second cigar that evening. His wife was lying on

the rickety lounge, the full skirt of the summer dress that she had put on in honor of dinner falling gracefully to the floor. In the shadows of the lofty room flickered the light of many candles set about here and there. There was a second bundle of fagots on the fire and flowers in some old pots, — the morning's purchase. Eleanor had an instinct for giving the festal air even to trivial occasions. At first they had talked briskly, avoiding all roads that led backwards and downwards into the past. She had brought him at last to tell her what he had done with the ten years of freedom. And he had been forced to confess that after that lucky real estate speculation had put him in a position of ease there was not much to tell. He had had some thoughts of a book — indeed was over here now ostensibly to examine certain architectural monuments that might illustrate the book. But it had got vague — the book — and he was not sure that it was altogether worth the doing.

"So," his wife summed up, "it has n't been so much better than when you were hard pressed, and there never was quite enough to go around?"

"No — money does n't count so much as we used to think, perhaps."

"What does count?"

Ah, yes! What did count in making up the tally of a life! In the still room the points of tapered light barely touched the woman's white face where she lay with thoughtful eyes fixed on the ceiling. As he smoked and watched her, his former wife, some old current of memory brought back the days before marriage, when he was in the ardent mood, or as she had said once with woman's brutality, "wanted me most." It was uncanny, this slipping back over a third of a lifetime to take up the thread there at the beginning, — the thread they had contrived since to snarl so lamentably! There had been large and worshipful thoughts in those days.

"I wonder sometimes" — his wife's voice broke the silence with a flutter of mounting sound — "what it would have been for *you* — with another woman; *any* other woman?"

This bold speculation touched him unpleasantly. His imagination, too, had tried to piece together a picture of what life might have been with her — or another, and had given up the hopeless task. After all would they, any one of them, have come out of the sweating process of marriage better than she had!

"Much the same, I fancy!" He tried to give a gallant ring to the admission.

"Would *they* have irritated you — brought out all the devil in you, as I used to?" she pursued ruthlessly; "made you put on your hat, so to speak, and get out? How I'd like to know!"

"It's a hard test, marriage," he remarked at random.

She sat upright, her palms clenched with sudden anguish, as if all the dreary years had swept over her in one whelming sense of despair.

"It *is* a hard test, God knows! for the woman. Oh, you think it was this or that in me — extravagance, willfulness, stupidity — that did our business. Perhaps not. You wanted your little way and I wanted my little way — and there was never quite enough room or money for both our little ways! Was that all? Men don't hate women for their faults."

"Oh!" he protested at the word.

"More likely it's the way they do their hair, the shape of their mouth, the way they talk — oh, you can't say. Something was wrong with the combination!" She slipped back to her cushions with a light word. "Perhaps we did n't make the proper sacrifice to Juno!"

Nevertheless there were tears, almost, in the voice. He made an impatient gesture, wishing to blot out this intervening gulf of years with all its repulsive detail of the lost game, that separated them from the starting point, so long ago!

"Oh, I am not going into it," she protested. "It's dead and decently buried. But one wonders. Do you still get to

the station half an hour before train time, Alfred? What a lot of time you must have wasted these last ten years!"

She showed him that she could still laugh. He did not like this sudden shift up and down the emotional scale.

"But we stuck — after a fashion — sort of half-way stuck!"

"Yes, we stuck — half-way!"

And there they were at the bottom. The candles flickered and smoked. The last fagot curled up economically into white ash. The woman's eyes still searched the ceiling for an answer to all the mystery. The man threw away his cigar. It was dead, almost pathetically dead — all their loud discords, their silent inharmonies. Nothing it seemed could ever relight the fire of their passionate distaste. Between the before and the now there lay a field of ashes where there might have been — the fragrant carpet of life, flower-sown with tears and laughter. The mere inexorable fate of it made them calm. He said softly, —

"We missed it — somehow."

"Yes — we missed it. And now we're like one of those extinct volcanoes over there in Italy, — a nice, round, proper cone, — all hollow on the inside where the crater was, — except for the ashes. And two little baby cones at our feet, with their hot fires all alive inside. That's life!"

"Well," he laughed, recovering from the surprise of her close-tracking thought, "it must be more comfortable for the neighbors when the eruptions cease. And there is always a chance for green things to grow around the dead cone," he added more gently — "to cover up the scars."

"But the fire — that was *life!*" she sighed.

"And the vines and the green things — they are life, too, of a sort."

The candles began to sputter out, and he got up to snuff them. He roamed about the room restlessly, touching this object and that, then came back to the lounge where his wife lay, wide-eyed, looking up into the darkening gloom. There were lines about the mouth — sad lines — and also in the uncertain shadows — the lines of youth — before it all.

"It's been bad for you, Nelly!"

"For both of us," and her eyes dropped from the ceiling to his. There came a low knock at the door.

"That's Annette — it is very late! You must remember that I have n't explained to Annette — she might find it — embarrassing!"

IV

During the night the lowering sky had been swept clear of clouds, and a fresh breeze flecked the blue water of the Æolian sea, through which the dirty little coast steamer ploughed its way toward the Calabrian shore. Close together on the rear deck Marshall and his wife stood gazing high above them at the ruined temple on the eastern promontory of the island. One solitary shaft in lovely isolation, wrapped with its clinging vine, reached into the vivid blue of the heavens.

"Some of it still stands — after all!" he exclaimed, pointing upwards.

"And so lovely, even in its ruin," she murmured. His hand lightly touched her shoulder, and as the temple faded into the distance across the waves he said gently, —

"We must make those green things grow over the dead volcano!"

She smiled wistfully, while the maid Annette eyed them speculatively through the cabin window.

A RECORD-BREAKING BALLOON VOYAGE

BY HENRY HELM CLAYTON

In some moment of rest or recreation in the open air, every one must have looked into the blue sky, seen the snowy masses of cloud, and wondered to what unknown haven they were drifting. For me, the study of the sky and the weather has an irresistible fascination. In my youth, I watched the clouds with eager interest; and in my manhood, I have spent many years in observing and pondering over the meanings of their various shapes and motions, because I believe they hold secrets of great interest to the human race. Stop the vast flow of invisible vapor of which the cloud is but a visible symbol, and within a single year every wheel of industry would cease to turn, and our own busy land would be as silent and tenantless as the great Sahara; the summer sun would no more woo the fields to verdure; and the trees of our groves and forests would be but bare and lifeless trunks. Fortunately, no such grand catastrophe is likely to occur; but the variations of rainfall from month to month, and year to year, have a very great influence on our lives and comfort; and a knowledge of the laws of these changes will aid much in increasing the good, and decreasing the evil of their effects. I have hoped to aid in wresting these secrets from nature; but the study of the clouds has also had for me another interest, because I believe that the air is one day to be the highway of human travel, and a knowledge of its currents will aid in making its navigation safe and rapid.

The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, with which I am connected, has won a place among the leading observatories of the world for its researches concerning the conditions of the upper air, and the director, Professor A. Lawrence Rotch, is widely known in Europe. For this reason, when the interested aeronauts of the great nations of Europe began to make arrangements for the first international balloon contest, to be held in America, naturally they sought information from the observatory in regard to the conditions likely to be met here. All the contestants had studied the problem of the balloon and its equipment, and had provided themselves with the best balloons and instruments that the present state of the art permits. The pilots were all experienced men, and all had given much thought to the use of favorable air-currents in ballooning. The Germans, particularly appreciative of scientific knowledge and the advantages of expert advice, invited the director of the Blue Hill Observatory to go as aide in one of their balloons. Not finding it convenient to go himself, the director asked me to represent the observatory in this voyage. And so it happened that I was to undertake to map out the best air-currents for a balloon to take, in order to reach the greatest distance from its starting-point at St. Louis, and to put into actual practice what I had often planned in imagination.

Provided with heavy wraps for the balloon voyage, I arrived at St. Louis on October 20, the morning before the race. Already the air was full of eager preparation and expectancy. The newspapers contained full accounts of receptions given to the visiting aeronauts, pungent paragraphs concerning the characteristics of the individuals, and vivid descriptions of the preliminary trial trips in the balloons. Most of the aeronauts had come from far distant lands, and some of them had only a limited command of English. Under the inspiration of the Aero Club of St. Louis, many thousands of dollars had

been contributed toward the promotion of this unique race; a section of the city's gas-plant had been reserved for the purpose of making a light gas especially for the balloons, and about three hundred soldiers had been detailed from the United States Army to aid in protecting and launching the balloons. All this careful preparation assured the filling and dispatching of the balloons with exemplary promptness. On the afternoon of my arrival, I was called to meet the officials conducting the race and the contestants for the prize. At this meeting, the rules of the contest were discussed and agreed upon. It was decided that whenever any contestant came to the ground voluntarily and landed, the race was over for him; he would not be allowed to rise again; but much discussion arose in regard to the time that might be given for a contestant to free himself, if his trail-rope became entangled with objects below. It was agreed that fifteen minutes were to be allowed in case of such an accident, at the end of which time, if he had not freed himself, he was to be considered as having landed. It was decided that the distance should be measured in a straight line from St. Louis to the point of landing.

The morning of the race found me busy in aiding my German friends in the preparation of the balloons for a start. All the balloons were spread out, each on a large sheet of canvas, with the valve uppermost and the mouth next the gas-main. Next, the various lines were attached: first, a line for operating the valve and allowing the gas to escape when necessary; second, a line for ripping open the top of the balloon and thus letting out all the gas at once. This line was to be used only at the moment of landing. Its employment is comparatively new, and it is one of the most useful of the various devices for rendering ballooning safe. So secure did the pilot of our balloon, the Pommern, feel in its use that the anchor usually carried was dispensed with.

In order to place these ropes properly, a man had to crawl down through the empty balloon and come out at its mouth. After the arrangement of these details, the net to which the basket is attached when in place was quickly spread over the balloon under the skillful guidance of our pilot, Mr. Erbsloeh.

Before noon, all the balloons were ready to receive the supply of gas which was to carry them aloft, and within less than two hours afterward, the gas-main being connected with all the balloons simultaneously, they became swelling globes, some twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, towering above the ground and gently oscillating in the breeze.

As a check on the movements of the contestants and to provide material for a study of the race afterward, the Aero Club at St. Louis gave each contestant a sealed, self-recording barometer, which traced on a sheet every movement of the balloon in a vertical direction, and thus showed at what height it was sailing at each moment in its course, making it impossible for any contestant to descend to earth without a record of the event. These packages were placed in the baskets of the balloons by the judges themselves, with instructions that they were to be returned with the seal unbroken immediately after landing.

In addition to these instruments we had recording barometers of our own, thermometers of a delicate kind for recording temperature, and compasses of various sizes and shapes. In use, the thermometers are whirled outside of the basket of the balloon as far as one can reach, in order that the temperature may be obtained away from the balloon and not be affected by the temperature of the observers' bodies.

The rules of the contest were that the balloons should ascend following one another in rapid succession. That in which I was to aid and of which Oscar Erbsloeh was the pilot, was assigned by lot the first place in the list. We were provided with red envelopes by the committee, with in-

structions to throw them overboard at the end of each two hours and as near as possible to towns, so that they might more readily be found. We also had a number of blanks placed in envelopes addressed to various newspapers, which we were requested to fill out and throw overboard, giving our position and speed at the time.

Before all this preparation was complete, throngs had begun to gather to see the race. Nearly an hour before the time of our departure, the streets immediately around the balloon-field were dense with people. During this last hour, crowds came streaming in from every direction. All the surrounding towns and cities contributed to the gathering, and some sightseers had come from as far as Boston and New York. Before the ascent of the first balloon, every seat on the stands erected for ticket-holders was taken, and a crowd, estimated by the newspapers at 300,000, surrounded the field of operations to witness the first race of this kind ever held in America.

Five minutes before the time of starting, Mr. Glidden, the time-keeper, began to call off the elapsing minutes, and then during the last minute, the elapsing intervals of ten seconds. This was a hurried period of final preparation; sandbags for ballast were hung all around our basket, which was the smallest of the nine, until its dimensions seemed nearly doubled. Finally, after several bags of ballast had been added and removed, the balance was adjusted so as to give only a slight excess of lift, and the Pommern was ready to carry Mr. Erbsloeh and myself on our long journey. A few seconds after four o'clock the order to depart was given. We grasped the hands of our friends in a final farewell, the restraining hands of the soldiers were removed, and slowly the earth began to recede from us. A wild, tumultuous cheer burst from the waiting thousands and I waved my hat in return to the waving hats and handkerchiefs below. The balloon was rising and moving northward without the slightest jar or jolt, such as one ordinarily associates with motion, and it was difficult to realize that we were not stationary and the world spinning beneath us. Soon the great city of St. Louis lay spread out below us as on a map. The houses and street-cars looked like toys and the men like creeping ants.

The upper currents of the atmosphere in the United States almost always move toward some point between northeast and southeast, usually nearly east. We had discussed our course the previous evening at dinner, and Mr. Erbsloeh, deferring to my opinion about the best current to take, agreed to seek this upper current immediately after leaving St. Louis, and to make directly for the Atlantic coast, going south of the lake region. We wished to reach the coast as far north as possible, because in that direction the land stretched to the greatest distance from St. Louis, and it was agreed that we should ascend or descend as was necessary during the voyage in order to find favoring currents. About half an hour before the ascent of our balloon, one of the small sounding balloons which were then being liberated daily from St. Louis by Mr. S. P. Fergusson for Professor Rotch, was set free, somewhat in advance of the usual hour, for the purpose of aiding the balloonists. The air-currents near the earth's surface were toward the north, or northwest; but this small balloon showed that the eastward upper current which we sought was to be found at a height of about one mile and a half, and, throwing out sufficient ballast, we rose at once to find it. This manœuvre rendered our balloon one of the most conspicuous in the race, as is shown by the following remarks from the St. Louis *Republic* on the morning following the race: —

"The Pommern first, and then the America, made the brightest marks in the sky. Experts said the Anjou held the most gas, but the German far and away was the most conspicuous in the heavens. High and far she soared, and far and high went the others, but always was the Pommern the most majestic. Long after

the businesslike United States had swept out of sight, lost in the murk of haze to the northwest, the pride of the Teutons hung a sapphire sun in an opalescent sky, high in the north. 'It is magnificent, but not good ballooning,' said a veteran; 'the others are sailing lower and making more distance.' Nevertheless was the Pommern a sight good for the eye."

This remark of the veteran, confirmed by all the experts with whom I have discussed the matter since, showed that Mr. Erbsloeh, with the audacity of youth and confidence in his ability as a balloonist, and I, with the audacity of my ignorance of ballooning, but desirous of utilizing the air-currents to the best advantage, had broken the tradition of long-distance ballooning, which is to keep near the earth, at least during the first night out. At the height of about a mile and a quarter, we found a current moving toward the northeast with a speed of about twenty-two miles an hour. Here the ascent of the balloon was checked, and at this level we prepared to spend the night. It was now past sunset. In finding our course, we had crossed the lower Missouri near its mouth and then the Mississippi near the city of Alton, Illinois. The sun had set in a deep haze, a glowing ball of fire, but the adjustments necessary to beginning our journey had prevented much note of this, our first sunset. It was about six P. M. when we passed the twin cities of Alton and Upper Alton, their brilliant electric lights sparkling in the gathering dusk, like swarms of fireflies on a summer evening.

We watched these glowing lights amid a silence more profound than any I have ever known. After we left St. Louis, the roar of the city sank to a soft murmur, and then ceased, and now not a sound was to be heard, not even the rustle of the wind, because we were moving with the wind and hence in a dead calm. One often speaks of "the silent wood," but in the midst of the wood are heard the rustlings of the leaves and the myriad voices of nature; only in a balloon far above the earth is absolute silence to be found, a silence as of death. Onward we drifted through the night, past the twinkling lights of various towns, and the scenery below us, bathed in the mellow moonlight, was like a fairy land of toy gardens and glistening brooks.

As we passed over towns, we threw overboard the notices provided for giving the press information of our progress. In order to cause these notices to be more easily found, I bought a number of small rubber balloons from a peddler on the ground, and at the appointed time a package of notices was attached to one of them and it was set free. The balloon, thus weighted, descended rapidly, and I thought it would serve to attract the attention of any one who passed near it after it had reached the earth. However, I have as yet no knowledge whether or not this device assisted in the finding of our notices.

About 3 A. M., the brilliant lights of a large city brightened the haze of the lower air like a coming dawn. This was Lafayette, Indiana, and we were soon passing over its northern suburbs, now wrapped in profound slumber. The throbbing and whistling of locomotives which reached our ears, showed, however, that all was not dead, but that even in the dead of night some life was astir to carry on the activities of a busy world. Here we crossed the Wabash, moving softly toward the southwest, and soon afterward we had an adventure often enjoyed by balloonists, that of a race with a locomotive, in which, I regret to say, the locomotive won. It was evidently a swift midnight express for the east, and when our courses finally diverged, the train was already several miles ahead of us.

The balloon had now sunk to within three-fourths of a mile of the earth's surface, and we first became aware of approaching dawn, not by the appearance of the sky, but by the awakening life below. There came to our ears out of the depths, first the faint, shrill bugle-calls of chanticleers, then the barking of dogs,

and finally the soft, muffled rumble of a wagon on its early trip to the city. As if not to disappoint the expectant life below, there soon appeared a rosy flush on the eastern sky, and the whole heavens, both east and west, were then suffused with pink. The sunrise was not more brilliant than I have seen below, but the unobstructed view in every direction and the strange surroundings gave it an unusual beauty. The landscape was now seen clearly for the first time, and there spread out below us a scene so picturesque that it is difficult to describe. We were crossing the headwaters of the Wabash, whose bed was covered with a broad river of fog far more beautiful than the river itself; while into it flowed smaller streams of mist, and here and there a lakelet of fog in a basin between the hills reflected faintly, from the crests of its snowy billows, the colors of the rosy dawn.

While we were directly over the valley of the Wabash, an electric car, with glaring headlight, rushed along on its early morning trip, like some submarine monster at the bottom of a wide river of fog.

The cause of this fog is the great cooling of the surface of the earth by radiation. The air, more transparent than glass, is but little heated by day or cooled at night by radiation, so that, at heights exceeding a half mile, there is very little daily change in its temperature, and it is scarcely more than one degree warmer during the day than at night. On the other hand, the earth's surface is much heated by day and much cooled at night, causing a large daily change in the temperature of the ground and in the air which comes in contact with the ground. This cooling of the lower air does not extend to a height of more than five hundred feet above level ground, so that a balloon floating along near that altitude is in air almost as warm as that of the day. As a consequence, balloonists like to seek this height, if there are not other reasons why it is desirable to go higher; because, except near the ground at night, the air grows colder as one goes higher, and at heights of five or six miles, the cold is more intense than that of the coldest part of the earth's surface.

The balloon is like a little earth; it absorbs and radiates heat very powerfully. At night, the balloon is continuously cooling, and we had to throw out ballast at intervals to keep from sinking to the earth on account of the cooling and shrinking of the gas, as well as on account of a slow loss of gas through the envelope of the balloon. This ballast was in the form of little scoopfuls of sand taken from a bag.

On the other hand, when the sun rose that first morning, a dazzling, brilliant orb, the balloon was heated in a surprisingly few minutes. Its gas, expanding and growing lighter, caused us to ascend rapidly, and we were soon again at a height of about eight thousand feet. Had it not been for an opening at the bottom of the gas-bag, made for that purpose, the balloon would have ascended many miles, — in fact until the expanding gas burst the envelope asunder and allowed it to fall to earth a lifeless mass. I knew all this, but also I knew that many years of experience had adapted the balloon to meet these demands, and I had not the slightest fear. In fact, I watched with intense pleasure the grand panorama unfolding in all its detail by the light of day. Apparently quite unconscious of our existence, the busy world of man awoke and began its daily routine. Its inhabitants were microbes, creeping along the ground, or riding noiseless on almost microscopic vehicles at a pace which seemed so slow that even a snail might envy it. How strange it all was! The whole visible world below was like a garden divided into innumerable plots of green and brown with the lines of small separation running always east and west, or north and south, and thus rendering the use of the compass unnecessary for obtaining directions. Those garden-plots were farms, broad acres in extent. The untamed rocks alone stood weirdly out from the general culture. So strange did

they appear that it was not until I had consulted my companion that I felt sure these were indeed rocks, standing out like little, irregular, volcanic cones above the general level of the prairie. All day we were crossing the great state of Ohio, so splendidly cultivated as to be almost a garden, with hardly an interval of waste land from one end to the other. We passed over or near the cities of Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Newark, and Zanesville. When we reached Columbus it was already past noon, and we were hungry. Reclining in our basket, and shielding ourselves as best we could from the sun, we ate our mid-day meal. At the height of two miles, the sun shines with a fierce intensity unknown below, where the dust and the denser air scatter the rays which, thus diffused, lose their intensity while illumining every nook and corner of our houses. At heights exceeding five miles, this diffused light is mostly gone and the sun shines a glowing ball, sharply outlined in a sky of which the blue is so dark as to approach blackness. At the outer limits of the atmosphere, the sun would appear a brilliant star of massive size among other stars; and if one stepped from its burning rays into shadow he would enter Egyptian darkness. At the height of a mile and a half, we found it necessary to shelter our faces to prevent sunburn, although the air around us was but little warmer than that of the previous night, being about forty-five degrees. As the afternoon wore on and the balloon began to cool and sink, we were obliged to throw out much sand, casting it away a scoopful at a time; and just after sunset, it was even necessary to empty two or three bags at once.

In preparation for a long trip in the air, I had provided myself with an instrument for taking latitude and longitude from the balloon in the same way that a ship determines its position at sea; but, owing to some error in observation and to unsatisfactory maps, we lost our bearing in eastern Ohio; and consequently, shortly after sunset, in order to make inquiries, we allowed our balloon to settle within about two hundred feet of the ground near a lonely farmhouse. The inhabitants of the farm did not see us until we were close upon them, and then consternation reigned supreme. In the barnyard, pigs, chickens, geese, and sheep rushed frantically in every direction for cover, hopping over and under one another, and turning every conceivable angle. The chickens had no doubt seen hawks before in their time, but a monster twenty-five feet in diameter probably baffled the imagination of the most daring of their tribe. In the midst of this commotion and noise, a woman appeared at the door of the house, and gazing motionless from wonder, fear, or other emotion, could not reply to our oft-repeated inquiry as to the name of the nearest town.

In a brief time we had swept past her little domain on to that of a farmer who responded to our inquiry by the query, "Where did you come from?" and then, "Where are you going?" Before we could get this matter settled to his satisfaction, we were out of hearing; and, passing over a small cluster of houses, we learned from some boys that we were over the town of Otsego. As my knowledge of geographical names had limits, and I was not quite sure whether we had yet passed out of Ohio into Pennsylvania, I asked what state the town was in. It took the boys some minutes to overcome the shock of their surprise that these wanderers in the air did not even know what state they were in. They evidently thought that we were in a state of supreme ignorance; but finally we learned that the town was in Ohio between Zanesville and Port Washington. Freeing ourselves from the boys, who had seized our trail-rope, we now rose several hundred feet, and continued our journey toward the northeast. Soon the sun set once more amid a brilliant glow of red. In the gathering dusk the Ohio River was flowing below us grand and silent on its journey to the sea, but by a route far more

indirect than that we sought. We crossed about twenty miles north of Wheeling, West Virginia. From out of the darkness below a voice came up to us with the familiar demand, "Where are you going?" and then in insistent repetition, "Where are you going?" I was considering whether I should say to New York or Boston, but reply was unnecessary, for, not getting an immediate response, he gave us a warm invitation to a much hotter and more wicked place than either of those I had in mind! It seemed a strange behest to an occupant of the skies, but it is said that even angels may fall.

At 7.20 P. M. we passed over the city of Pittsburg with its glowing furnaces and innumerable lights. Over all this region there was a tinge of smoke indicating the centre of the great coal industries, and making it difficult to see clearly the objects beneath us. I was much impressed by the weird beauty of these glowing furnaces as seen from above; and it did not occur to me to connect these and the smoky air with the invitation earlier in the evening until I related the incident to an audience of young men at a university a few weeks later. We were now traveling northeastward well along the path we had planned to follow from St. Louis. But we were approaching mountains with which neither of us was familiar, and as the balloon was now within a distance of about one thousand feet of the ground, it seemed desirable to rise in order to avoid becoming entangled in the forests on the mountain-side.

We threw over ballast, and rose to a height of about a mile. We were soon crossing the ridges of the Appalachian Mountains which showed dusky gray outlines in the moonlight, while between them lay black, abysmal valleys. There were suggestions of awful precipices and bottomless depths which made me shudder involuntarily as I looked into them, although up to that time I had felt as safe and as free from fear as if I had been taking a voyage on an ocean liner above the depths of the great ocean of water. About 2 A. M., we saw the brilliant lights of Harrisburg to the north, and passed directly over the city of Carlisle, where long lines of lights stretched at right angles to each other. We were now within about two thousand feet of the ground, and I listened for signs of life, but the sleeping city was as quiet as the dead. We crossed the Susquehanna River near the rapids at a height of less than one thousand feet, and could hear the gurgling murmur of the waters long before they came in view, and after they were lost to sight. We crossed a railroad-siding, where a puffing engine was waiting with a train of cars, and called through our megaphone, hoping to attract the notice of the engineer; but our voices were drowned by the hissing steam. Some factories, or foundries, were passed, where the wheels of industry evidently turn by night as well as by day, for we could hear the throb of engines and the voices of men.

Even before the first signs of dawn appeared in the east, we were hailed with a cheerful "Good-morning" by some early riser, and in response to our inquiries he informed us that we were then thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, and moving directly toward that city. At this time and until we reached Philadelphia at sunrise, the air below us was entirely calm; fogs and mists filled the valleys and hollows, and there was not the slightest noise or rustle of the wind amid the trees. The air in which we floated was moving over the calm air below, as over a soft cushion, at a speed of about thirty miles an hour. So smoothly did we glide that a glass of water filled to the brim would not have spilled a drop. We were going with the speed of the wind, and not a breath of air rustled through the balloon. It was ideal traveling, — no smoke, no dust, no jar, no noise; we were out in the open, fresh, morning air at a comfortable temperature of about fifty-five degrees, and watching an unfolding panorama of surpassing beauty. We were approaching Philadelphia, over the surburban homes, flower-

gardens, and beautiful estates of its wealthier citizens. Floating at a height of between five hundred and one thousand feet above the earth, we exchanged morning greetings and bits of information with people below, hearing them as distinctly as if only separated from them by the width of a street, so easily does sound travel upward to this height. We talked through a megaphone and were easily understood.

As the balloon passed over a railway station where an early morning train had stopped, the passengers clambered out to see us, and I heard afterwards that it was with much difficulty the conductor got them in again, so as not to delay the train. Presently we crossed the Schuylkill, and then came a wilderness of factories with tall chimneys belching sparks. As the balloon was now within a few hundred feet of the earth, and there was a possibility of sparks reaching it, a small scoopful of ballast was thrown overboard, which sent us upward about fifty or a hundred feet. Some workmen, noticing this, supposed that we had thrown something at them — so I read afterward in a newspaper.

Before we had reached the centre of Philadelphia the warming rays of the rising sun touched the balloon, and we shot upward to a height slightly exceeding two miles, where the temperature was found to be a few tenths of a degree below the freezing point. This manœuvre of the balloon was in accordance with our wishes, because the ocean was now near, and if we were to continue our voyage, for which we had ample gas and provisions, it must be in the direction of New York and New England. The lower currents were moving east-northeast; but these would have carried us a little south of our desired goal, and we wished to know whether there might be a more favorable current within a reasonable distance of the earth's surface. At the height of two miles, the State of New Jersey lay spread out below us like a map. Looking eastward we could see the bays and inlets of the shoreline for fully fifty miles on either hand, while the great ocean lay before us glistening in the morning sun with a silver sheen. We did not find a favorable current. It became evident that we must descend, and Mr. Erbsloeh requested me to pack everything secure because the balloon might strike the earth with a shock.

I pulled the valve-rope and down we came, two miles in a few minutes. When within several hundred yards of the earth's surface, we emptied two bags of sand, checking the downward speed of the balloon; and a few additional scoopfuls of sand thrown overboard brought us into equilibrium within a short distance of the ground, over which we continued to glide rapidly toward the northeast, traversing the state of New Jersey diagonally in about an hour and a half. We crossed the head of a bay and could see the waves of ocean breaking on the shore beyond. It was high time to descend, and selecting an open place in the suburbs of Asbury Park, we opened our valve and approached the ground. Suddenly our flight was arrested. We had encountered some telegraph wires amid which the basket was entangled, while the great mass of the balloon above was tugging to free us. The emptying of two more bags of ballast, a combined push against the wires, and the balloon was free once more, ascending rapidly. It now became necessary to act quickly; the valve was reopened, and in addition, a small hole was torn in the side of the balloon with the ripping-cord. This was effective, and we touched the ground; then with a long vigorous pull of the ripping-cord, the balloon lay to the leeward of the basket, an empty bag, and the race was over. In forty hours we had traversed the greatest distance in a straight line ever traveled by a balloon in America, and had won the race. In an air line from St. Louis, the distance is 872 miles; but in making this distance, since the course was not perfectly straight, we had traveled 932 miles at a speed varying between 17 and 31 miles an hour, and averaging 23.3

miles an hour. In all this distance, we had found it necessary to inquire as to our geographical position only once.

Although we had traveled this great distance there remained plenty of provisions, gas, and ballast for another day's journey in the air. Out of the forty-one original bags of ballast we had twelve remaining, — a larger number, as it developed afterward, than any other contestant.

Our first question to the people who immediately surrounded us was in regard to the latest news from the others in the race.

We were informed that the balloon United States had landed near Lake Ontario, but that the others were still in the air. We had no definite news of the others until late in the evening.

We were most hospitably received by the citizens of Asbury Park. The mayor made a speech extending to us a cordial welcome and giving us the freedom of the city. The leading citizens also provided us with an ample dinner. The news-gatherers came early, and after getting the information they wanted they left us to finish our journey in a more commonplace manner, and seek a much-needed rest.

During the forty hours that we were in the air we lived in a basket two and a half by three feet. In these narrow quarters there was not much room for freedom of motion, yet neither of us felt greatly cramped for room, on account of the excitement and novelty of the voyage, and the fact that we were much engaged with the details of the management of the balloon and with the problem of keeping track of its course. This latter was accomplished by means of our instrument for determining latitude and longitude, and by means of maps which we carried, one for each state, plotted on a large scale. From these maps the names of the towns and rivers over which the balloon passed were determined by their appearance on the maps. We were also busied in trying to keep informed of the direction and speed of the air currents above and below us.

One of the methods which I devised for doing this was to suspend a small plumb-bob by a slender cord far below the basket of the balloon, and by another cord to suspend a very light silk banner. This banner swung nearly the same length below the basket as did the plumb-bob, and the slightest difference in the speed or direction of any current below the balloon, as far down as we could let this device, was determined by the swinging of the banner away from the bob. For finding the motion of currents farther below us we threw out light objects, such as pieces of paper, from the car, and watched their motion while descending. In this way we kept fairly well informed of the movements of the currents below us without having to waste our gas and ballast in ascending or descending. The determination of the motions of the currents above us was more difficult. But we were aided to some extent in doing this by the few clouds which we saw. On account of our own motion it was difficult to tell exactly in which directions the clouds were going; we could tell only whether they were moving to the right or left of the balloon. Plenty of exercise was obtained in drawing up the fifty-pound bags of ballast over the sides of the basket, where they were suspended from small rings, and afterward in throwing out the sand as it was needed in order to maintain our position in the air. There was no provision for sleep, but we ate our three regular meals in the air just as if we had been on the ground. There was no dressing for breakfast, or dinner, except to exchange our shoes for slippers, and to add or remove wraps, as the temperature demanded. For food we carried such provisions as rolls, mutton chops, mutton stew, fried chicken, eggs, crackers, and sausage. The last we did not taste. It was a concentrated food reserved in case the balloon might drop in some out-of-the way place, as in the fastnesses of the mountains or in the wilds of

Canada, where we would be several days in finding our way out to civilization. For drinks we carried some dozen or so bottles of Apollinaris water, a bottle of coffee, a bottle of tea, and two or three bottles of wine.

In order to supply the blood with the necessary oxygen, the heart beats automatically much more rapidly at great altitudes, where the air is rare, than it does at the earth's surface, and for this reason it is not best to use stimulants. Already the brain is surcharged with blood and there is a feeling of exhilaration.

For bathing one of us would pour slowly on the hands of the other a bottle of Apollinaris water. This was an expensive bath, perhaps, but it answered the purpose admirably, serving for both water and soap, because the free carbon dioxide in the water acted as a cleansing agent.

After having been in the air so many hours, with the earth apparently swimming along beneath the balloon, that condition had come to seem the normal one, and, when we had landed, I felt for an hour as if something wrong had happened to the earth which lay so quiet and still beneath the feet.

In making the air a domain for human travel, the conquest of which seems almost in sight, a competitive race like this is a trial of methods, materials, and men to the utmost possibilities; and although the results of one race cannot settle the matter, the results of many races determine the best of these appliances and also open the door to new inventions and new methods. Another advantage of such a contest is that it adds much to our knowledge of the movements of the atmosphere. The various tracks followed by the balloons map out the motions of the air and enable the meteorologist to follow its spiral motion toward the storm centre and to note the daily waves of oscillation from side to side of the general course followed by the air.

In the distances traveled this balloon race from St. Louis proved to be one of the greatest ever undertaken. Seven of the nine contestants crossed the Alleghany Mountains and landed near the Atlantic coast, while one landed in the region of the Great Lakes about six hundred miles from the starting point.

This result is so impressive that it has aroused the imagination of the American people and set them wondering as to the possibilities of this novel method of navigation. Aero clubs have sprung into existence in almost every large city; the Signal Corps of our army is considering the building of several airships, and Congress will be asked for a large appropriation for further experiments; the officers of our navy are discussing the possibilities of launching flying machines from naval vessels, or of sending up men in captive balloons from the ships for the purpose of reconnoitring, and a horde of inventors are at work on improvements of present appliances and on new machines for navigating the air. It seems safe to predict that the next year or two will witness an enormous activity in this matter in America.

In Europe the question of navigating the air has been longer a matter of public interest, and there the balloon has been brought to its present state of development. There exist well-organized clubs for using the balloon in sport and in recreation, and ascents for this purpose are very frequent in summer. Elongated or cigar-shaped balloons have been devised and driven through the air with a speed increasing as light motors of greater power have been invented, until now these elongated balloons navigate the air by their own power at velocities of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, making long excursions and returning to their starting points. Monster airships of this kind some three hundred feet in length are already in commission in the war departments of every great nation in Europe, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are being expended in their further improvement.

The flying machine, or the machine which without gas will navigate the air, as does the bird, was first successfully used in America. After centuries of human effort, Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, Ohio, were the first to fly with wings (or aeroplanes) in a motor-driven machine without gas. The machines of this class are those on which the greatest amount of thought is being spent by inventors at present, for it seems probable to thoughtful men that these will be the machines which in the future will swiftly carry men and messages through the air. But long after these machines have been perfected the balloon will still retain a place in sport and recreation, just as does the sailing boat, since its rival the steam-driven craft has largely displaced it for business and for war.

The world seems on the point of realizing that vision of Tennyson, who wrote more than half a century ago, —

> For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

A JOY FROM LITTLE THINGS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

To press a joy from little things: —
From feet that fall in time,
From daylong silent fashionings
Of some heart-hidden rhyme;

From shapes of leaves and clouds and snow,
From other's brighter eyes,
From thinking "I am dull, I know,
But some are glad and wise," —

From love remembered, though too dim
For laughter or for tears,
One fragile flame, so pale and slim,
To gleam on grayer years; —

That is one way of Joy, I know,
Yet I desire, desire,
To go the way a god might go
Through Love and Life and Fire!

PROPHETIC VOICES ABOUT AMERICA

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

THE tone and spirit of American writing about America is much better than it used to be. As our foreign critics have ceased to be supercilious, we ourselves, it would seem, have ceased to be vainglorious. Here beside me are some half-dozen volumes of essays, lectures, and studies, all by Americans, all about the Republic, all fresh from the press.[1] In not one of them does the Eagle scream. Not one of the writers even claims that our great experiment of democracy is yet proved successful. None of them, it is true, are really pessimistic. A note of discouragement here and there is the worst one finds. But all acknowledge frankly the disappointments in our past, all face candidly the perplexities of our present; only one claims with confidence to have penetrated the clouds that shut out the future.

The writers are for the most part men entitled to a respectful attention. One is of the small group from which, in all human probability, we shall choose the next President. Another, his colleague in the cabinet, many of us would pronounce the best mind in the government, if not in our entire public life. Of the two, Secretary Root shows, I think, much the better literary instinct. Considered merely as serious prose about great topics, his addresses invite comparison with the writings of English rather than American public men, of whom so very few make a good appearance in print. Now and then, there is a kind of quiet depth of meaning in his sentences that actually reminds one a little of Lincoln. Secretary Taft has not such a gift; but he achieves a detachment, an air of thoughtful, disinterested concern about public affairs, as of an honest, well-bred gentleman, which one too often misses in the utterances of even our highest public officials.

Two presidents and two professors of universities maintain the usual large proportion of academic contribution to this as to all other topics about which books can be written. As it happens, both Secretary Taft and Secretary Root have taken occasion to point out the limitations of the academic point of view concerning affairs. According to the former, it has too great "certainty and severity;" and Secretary Root, while setting the highest value on the public schools as opening the door to opportunity and service, admits a doubt "whether the higher academic education contributes much to capacity for political usefulness." But the presi-

[1] Yale Lectures on the "Responsibilities of Citizenship:" —

(1.) *The Citizen's Part in Government.* By ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

(2.) *Four Aspects of Civic Duty.* By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, Secretary of War; First Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

(3.) *True and False Democracy.* By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(4.) *Standards of Public Morality.* By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, President of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(5.) *American Legislatures and Legislative Methods.* By PAUL S. REINSCH, Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin. New York: The Century Company. 1907.

(6.) *The Spirit of the American Government.* A Study of the Constitution; its Origin, Influence, and Relation to Democracy. By J. ALLEN SMITH, Professor of Political Science, University of Washington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(7.) *The Industrial Republic: a Study of the America of Ten Years Hence.* By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1907.

dents of our greater universities become perforce men of affairs, however academic their ideals and training may be. President Butler seems in far greater danger of error from oratorical fervor and rhetorical facility than from any timid preciseness of scholarship. President Hadley has more of the academic quality in his style, and what may be a bit of New England acerbity as well; but his point of view is almost irreverently practical, common-sense, contemporaneous. And even to the mere professor, the mere scholar, however we may bow and smile him out of court when he begins to philosophize, we must concede a certain competency for investigations of facts, such as Professor Reinsch has made in his study of American legislatures, and such as constitutes the main part of Professor Smith's study of the Constitution.

The last writer of our group, Mr. Upton Sinclair, is a socialist; he is also, it must be confessed, a decidedly sensational novelist. But in the company of two statesmen and four academic dignitaries we may venture, perhaps, to let him also say his say.

It is but just, indeed, that he or some other socialist should have a word; for hardly one of the others is content to leave socialism entirely alone. So much, at least, the socialist propaganda has accomplished; conservative publicists, however they may reprobate it, do not treat it as negligible. Nor is their reprobation so strongly tinctured as it once was with contempt. Secretary Taft is, it is true, contemptuous of the mere "parlor socialist," for whom, in fact, he reserves his most scornful word; but he will not deny sympathy to the socialistic impulse of men who have really suffered under our present economic arrangements. President Butler concedes to the propaganda both sincerity and ability, and is content with the refutation, effective perhaps, but rather worn, that socialism is an illogical attempt "to overcome man's individual imperfections by adding them together." Secretary Root ends a remarkable sentence, descriptive of the dangers which beset on either side the true course of popular government, by contrasting "the dreams of Utopia, to be realized by changing everything," with "the reverence for the past that is horrified by changing anything;" and later on, summing up the grounds of hopefulness, he takes comfort in the diminishing proportion of avowed socialists in the American labor unions.

On the whole, what is most striking in nearly all these animadversions on the Republic is the entirely serious way in which the writers address themselves, not perhaps to socialism itself, but to that aspect of American life which is most provocative of socialistic remonstrance. Were a socialist to read them all together, as I have done, he might well be tempted to quote them Kipling: —

> "Nor call too loud on Freedom,
> To cloak your weariness."

For all have much to say of liberty. But it is a far cry from the kind of defense of liberty which they offer to the old defiances of kings and aristocracies with which we Americans began. Here is not a word, in fact, concerning tyranny of the old-fashioned sort. On the contrary, here is more than one vigorous assertion of the utter distinction, the contrast and incompatibility, indeed, between liberty and equality. Secretary Root's declaration has been celebrated journalistically as extraordinary and as courageous. "After many years of struggle for the right of equality," he remarks, "there is some reason to think that mankind is now entering upon a struggle for the right of inequality." The phrasing is uncommonly good, but the contention is far from extraordinary, the commitment would hardly seem bold if the speaker were not a public man and an office-holder. On the contrary, this is the main thesis of President Butler in more than one of his papers, and he keeps iterating it as if he were discontent because he cannot find words violent enough to arouse us all to its axiomatic

truth and its vital importance. Clearness on this point, he urges, is the essential distinction between a true and a false conception of democracy. "We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. The contrary is the case. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty and as a means of rewarding each according to his merits and deserts." And again: "The corner-stone of democracy is natural inequality, its ideal the selection of the most fit."

The thought tempts to epigrammatic over-emphasis in the statement; and no doubt we Americans have often fallen into a slipshod neglect of such distinctions among ideals which, not long ago, we were disposed to consider peculiarly our own. To emphasize this particular distinction, even to over-emphasize it, may be a good way to get rid of whatever there may still be left in us of the old hazy bigotry. But are we not again befooling ourselves if we fancy the distinction a discovery, or if we try to make it broader and harder and faster than in truth it is? President Butler, for instance, takes too little pains to point out that the equality he is contemning is equality of economic condition, not of privilege. He does not pause long enough to consider fully the claim that the denial of equality of industrial opportunity may utterly defeat that very ideal of liberty which he holds up to us as the essential and the *summum bonum* of democracy. On this point, his oratorical approach to the problem leaves him — and even Secretary Root may be a little open to the same criticism — decidedly at a disadvantage as compared with the least distinguished of our group.

Professor Smith's deliberate account of the founding of our government — mainly a searching out of the old intrenchments of privilege in the Constitution — has led him on to a more careful qualification of his statements. The American doctrine of liberty, he points out, had its origin in economic conditions quite unlike those of to-day. It was in fact based on the assumption of equality of economic opportunity; and under the old industrial system of apprenticeship and private initiative, before the days of machinery and corporations, a practical equality of opportunity did in fact exist. If, therefore, as socialists claim, and as we all know to be in great measure true, the coming in of machinery and the concentration of capital in a few hands have destroyed equality of industrial opportunity, the principle of liberty would seem to be in need of a new application.

And Professor Smith thus works his way to what seems the most valuable generalization I have found in any of these writers. When the masses were economically independent and substantially equal, he argues, the aristocracy, the powerful few, — dominant politically in America as everywhere else at the time of our beginnings, — could maintain their place and power only by keeping hold of political privilege and making the state all-powerful. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* was, accordingly, the right creed of the masses at that time, — the time, that is to say, of Rousseau and Adam Smith and Thomas Jefferson. They did not need the help of the state to protect themselves economically; on the contrary, they had good reason to fear that the state, considered as a merely political machine, over which they had little control, might be used by the aristocracy to deprive them of their economic independence. To-day, the situation is reversed. With the gradual attainment of universal suffrage the people have got control of the state; but meanwhile they have been losing control of the means and appliances of industry, they have been losing their economic independence. The parties to the old controversy have accordingly changed sides. It is the wealthy and privileged few who now cry, "*Laissez faire!*" It is the unprivileged many who desire more and more governmental interference with industry. What was once the radical platform is become

the conservative, and what was once the conservative is become the radical.

It is a generalization which I think many sincerely liberal minds, opposed to privilege, but confirmed in the habit of associating privilege with the entire theory of a strong and paternal government, may come to welcome. It is firmer ground, one feels, than the footing of Secretary Taft when, before an audience of Yale undergraduates, he tries to explain how experience has modified the rigidity of the *laissez-faire* notions which he imbibed when he himself was a Yale undergraduate and his father a member of the cabinet. "I think these principles," the secretary explains, "are still orthodox and still sound, if only the application of them is not carried to such an extreme as really to interfere with the public welfare." The longer one looks at the explanation, the more clearly one perceives that *laissez-faire* doctrines are true precisely so far as they are true, — and the more strongly one is reminded of the classical advice of the Hon. Preserved Doe, in "The Biglow Papers," —

> "A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
> Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard."

One can't help wondering if Professor William Graham Sumner was in that audience; for it seems probable that Secretary Taft had in mind not so much the newer questions of government control of the great corporations as a very old question, over which the battle of *laissez-faire* has been fought many times before. When the issue is on the tariff, it is still the unfavored many who possess that war-cry, still the favored few who importune government for help. Two years ago, Secretary Taft spoke in a way to indicate that he held clear views about protectionism, and did not fear to express them. That he should now, both in this little book and in more recent utterances, give forth an uncertain sound on that issue, must prove a grave disappointment to many who have accounted themselves his well-wishers, to all who have been led to regard him as of the school of courage and candor in public life.

And here, too, if I mistake not, lies the plainest falling-short of the present administration in the eyes of its more disinterested supporters. Six years ago, President McKinley, "regular" Republican though he was, and while parties could demand regularity far more imperiously than they can to-day, said at Buffalo, in his last public speech, —

"The period of exclusiveness is past The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and kindly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the times, measures of retaliation are not."

Theodore Roosevelt, who entered public life a tariff reformer, and who so long remained, and measurably still remains, the hope of independent and manly men inside and outside his party, solemnly promised, while McKinley lay unburied, to endeavor to carry out his policies. For six years we have waited in vain for President Roosevelt to affirm or to controvert the last and on the whole the most important announcement of policy President McKinley ever made. He has never moved in that matter, nor has he ever explained why he does not move. And now, as his administration approaches its end, the man whom he would have us take for his successor will go no farther than to declare for tariff revision — after the election! That of course means, after the election of a Republican President and Congress. It means, therefore, revision by a House of Representatives under the control of Speaker Cannon, and a Senate under the guidance of Senator Aldrich. Will the American people be content to vote upon the issue in that form?

Mid-ocean should be a good place for broad and placid views of human affairs, and I happen to be writing at sea. But it happens also that I find on board ship an illustration of the actual working of

our present tariff laws which well-nigh counteracts the sea's great soothing. Down in the hold are several thousand tons of American steel billets. They will be sold in England cheaper than they can be bought in America Nor is this an exceptional incident; such cargoes are the rule. The last time we discussed the tariff, protectionists did not predict and did not defend this process of "dumping." Since then, writers like Mr. Edward Stanwood have, I believe, accepted it as an outcome of extreme protectionism, and defended it as a relief to an occasionally glutted home market. But has any one ever defended such juggling with the laws of trade as a regular practice? Certain it is that the American electorate has never approved it. Probably the mass of voters do not yet understand that our protected manufacturers are actually making a profit on goods sold in England cheaper than at home, and in competition for the home market of those very foreigners against whom we are taxed to protect them. The voters have not, in fact, had a chance to consider at all this new phase of our tariff policy.

For that, however, we cannot blame the party in power. The opposition has had all along, of course, the right to bring the question before the people, and every general election for the past ten years or more has presented an opportunity. But this weapon of attack has lain unused in the Democratic arsenal. Meanwhile Mr. Bryan (not to be outdone, are we to suppose, in astuteness by the other side?) proposes to make government ownership of the railways the issue — but also, after the election! The tariff is again, as it would have been in 1900 or in 1904, but even more plainly, the best fighting ground of the opposition. It is to be remembered that, as a matter of simple fact, they have never lost when they have forced and kept that issue before the people. But the opposition, apparently, has no memory. Failing a new leadership, which must mean a new leader, Democratic stupidity bids fair, once again, to equal or surpass the measure of Republican culpability.

Does this heat seem political — even partisan? But so much is pertinent, I think, to the line of discussion which all these writers follow. For all turn, in some fashion, to the endless theme of privilege, to the still unsolved problem of economic justice as an ideal of the state. With nearly all, this is the main theme — and in what sincere and disinterested writing about affairs is it not the main theme? I think, as I have said, that it is superficial, almost archaic, to write as if the last word were said about democracy when one has set liberty over against equality. But neither is that eagerness wisdom which, rushing to attack the newer positions of privilege, such as are challenged in our more recent legislation for the hampering of trusts by fuller control of railroads and other means of transportation, raises the siege of an older stronghold. Essentially the same power and process which manipulates railroads to the ends of monopoly — a concentration of the selfishness of wealth — piled up, and to the same end, that extraordinary tariff wall which now, while it shuts out the foreign producer, lest he lower prices among us, leaves our own manufacturers free to serve free-trade England far more cheaply than they will serve their countrymen at home.

But it is well, of course, to take account broadly of all the aspects of privilege in the Republic, to consider candidly all the advantages which wealth, by an utterly unexampled facility in aggregation and combination, has contrived to win. Wealth is not, it is true, the only form of privilege in America. There is the privilege of race, to go no further; but none of our writers is dealing with the case of the negro, the red man, the Asiatic. Moreover, the problems of that class, although vastly momentous and unspeakably difficult, are yet of a range something less than universal; they are also, I am persuaded, of an at least relatively diminished and diminishing im-

portance. The struggle for ideals, for justice, is in the main and usually either a fight with overweening wealth or a leashing and beating back from anarchy of the discontents and envies that spring from real or comparative poverty. Of course, therefore, the struggle in America is but part of a universal contention, and is distinct and peculiar only by reason of our democratic and federal form, and whatever else there is in our life to set us apart from other modern peoples.

Perhaps it should be accounted one of the peculiarities of our case that wealth cannot here, as in older countries, grace and ingratiate itself with claims of blood, with high traditions of conduct, with the records and memorials of historic sacrifices and heroisms. If we must admit that there is nowhere else so great a mass of wealth, so easily combined, to be reckoned with, at any rate it must also be said that nowhere else does wealth thrust itself so crudely before the vision. Nowhere else does so little of sentiment or reverence help to fight its battles. Nowhere else is its predaceousness so plainly greed.

The consideration is not negligible. England is to-day, as we all know, in many respects quite as democratic as America; but whereas, even before our independence was achieved, and even in aristocratic Virginia, Jefferson could strike down the entire system of entails, it survives to this day in the mother country. Because the English people hold in real honor the great families whose names are forever associated with noble passages in their history, the greater part of the land of England cannot be bought, but passes on, generation after generation, from eldest son to eldest son, no matter how improvident its possessors. That the system works a continuing hardship to farmers whom it prevents from becoming landowners is patent. That we have been so long exempt from it is a true instance of our exceptional freehandedness in the struggle for that reasonable equality of opportunity which I think we must account essential to the attainment of the substance of liberty.

Why, then, has wealth so great weight and power in our system? Taking it for granted, of course, that greed will in America forever play upon whatever weaknesses of universal human nature it elsewhere suborns, what, if any, are the more peculiar means which it may here make use of? In what concrete ways does it successfully combat our American ideals of liberty and independence, fair play, justice? To be more specific, what is the fault or weakness in this our American plan of government? Is it possible to strike one's finger on the spot? Or is the sickness general, spreading throughout all our veins and members?

This, it would seem, must be, of necessity, the main present inquiry about the Republic. It is true, as one of our writers is at much pains to show, that we began by deliberately granting to privilege what was thought a firm footing in our fundamental law, national and state; that our founders, for the most part, held this to be wisdom, and the only way to ensure us stability. But their theory is long since abandoned, and the particular fortifications of privilege which they erected — such as property qualifications for the suffrage and for office — are nearly all long since swept away. Such dominance as wealth has now in our system may be regarded as a new kind of dominance, and exercised by a new kind — or degree— of wealth.

Where, then, is the breach? Nothing is more interesting, in the comparison of our several writers' views, than the almost unanimity of their answers to this question, so far as they definitely consider it. The executive in our system has, they seem to agree, justified all the reasonable hopes of the founders. In state and nation alike, the chief executive is, as a rule, a fairly true representative of the people's interests, at any rate of the people's will. The old fears that he would turn usurper, and suborn courts and legislatures to his ambition, have proved

quite mistaken. Now and then a governor, less often a president (Andrew Jackson is almost the sole instance), has been, for a little while, successfully imperious. But the executive department has not in the long run gained in power at the expense of the others. On the contrary, it has had much ado to hold its own. Quite as rare are the instances of proved corruption or faithlessness. Nor have the courts either unduly enlarged their function or betrayed their trust. It is with the legislatures that fault is found.

It is the legislatures, and particularly the national Congress, which have proved most rapacious of power and shown the strongest disposition to encroach upon the powers of other departments. "Ever since the Civil War," President Butler declares, "Congress has steadily invaded the province of the President." It has likewise, as he and President Hadley point out, thrust itself into the province of the courts; but in the nature of things this invasion could not go so far as in the case of the executive.

Secretary Taft puts it with his habitual mildness. So far from the Executive's usurping legislative functions, "the tendency," he remarks, "is exactly the other way. The danger that the Executive will ever exceed his authority is much less than the danger that the legislature will exceed its jurisdiction." And he points out that, since the legislature holds the purse strings, the President is always "a petitioner at the door of Congress for the means to carry on the government."

President Hadley is not given to mildness, particularly with legislatures. "The legislature," he says, "not only fails of its primary purpose in making the right kind of laws, but perverts its secondary purpose by exercising the wrong kind of checks upon the administration. A representative can exact a price for his support of the administration in a matter of public interest, and the more the public interest is concerned in the passage of the measure, the higher the price he can charge." And both he and Professor Reinsch dwell upon the tendency of all our legislatures to multiply laws on every subject that can be thought within their jurisdiction; a tendency which has forced the courts, although at first inclined to be timid, to a freer and freer exercise of their right to pronounce statutes unconstitutional, and which has led the states to impose, by constitutional conventions, countless new limitations upon the activity of their law-makers.

President Butler goes back to Madison for a rather cautious prediction of what has happened. He would have done better to take this striking prophecy of Gouverneur Morris, in a letter to a correspondent who asked a question about the Constitution:—

"That instrument was written by the fingers which write this letter. Having rejected redundant and equivocal terms, I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit; excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. But, after all, what does it signify that men should have a written Constitution, containing unequivocal provisions and limitations? The legislative lion will not be entangled in the meshes of a logical net. The legislature will always make the power which it wishes to exercise, unless it be so organized as to contain within itself the sufficient check. Attempts to restrain it from outrage, by other means, will only render it more outrageous. Having sworn to exercise the powers granted, according to their true intent and meaning, they will, when they feel a desire to go farther, avoid the shame if not the guilt of perjury, by swearing the true intent and meaning to be, according to their comprehension, that which suits their purpose." [1]

And it is the legislatures which have proved most pliable to the demands of privilege, of wealth. On this point there

[1] Gouverneur Morris to Timothy Pickering. Sparks's *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, vol. iii, page 323. I am indebted to two friends, Mr. T. H. Clark and Mr. W. C. Ford, of the Library of Congress, for this quotation.

is no dissent. "It is to the committee rooms and the floors of the legislatures," President Butler declares, "that private interests go for help or protection. There responsibility is so divided, there secrecy is so easy, that measures demanded by the people are done to death, despite the urging of national and state executives. As matters stand to-day, states and syndicates have senators, districts and local interests have representatives, but the whole people of the United States have only the President to speak for them, and to do their will." Secretary Taft is again the mildest. All he will say is, "I do not mean to deny that at times private and special interests do, in fact, exercise an influence to the extent of defeating needed legislation." But he agrees with the others that the chief reason for this, as for the general failure of the legislatures to be rightly representative, lies in the control which particular states and other electoral districts exercise over members. "Particularism" is, I suppose, our only word for this phenomenon. Professor Reinsch lays much stress upon it, but President Hadley has given it the most attention and goes at the greatest length into the analysis of it and the setting forth of its consequences.

The upshot of his analysis is that, with comparatively rare exceptions, the old theory that every legislator represents the whole country or the whole state, as the case may be, is practically abandoned. The theory now would seem to be that it is enough if each merely looks after the interests of his own district. Nowhere in the legislatures is there clearly placed any responsibility for the welfare of the entire body politic, and nowhere (since we have not the English device of a responsible cabinet) is the responsibility clearly placed for the entire body of legislation enacted by a particular congress or general assembly of a state.

By two steps, President Hadley reaches the practical outcome. "If a man is chosen president to govern the country as a whole, and if a number of men are sent to Congress to see that the country is not governed as a whole, but with a view to the interests of the separate parts, there is a perpetual threat of a deadlock." That means, according to the writer's conviction, — which is not, however, fully announced in this book, — the failure of representative government. The second step is logical, if surprising. "But the country must be governed, and somebody must be found to do it. The President may not do it. That stands in the Constitution. Congress may not. That also stands in the Constitution. The only man left to do it under present conditions is the party boss. If a man gets the power to control nominations both for the executive and the legislature, he can furnish government of the kind he wants, either good or bad."

Here, no doubt, is an instance of the academical too great "certainty and severity" of reasoning about affairs. An overstrained major premise is made to yield an inference at once too broad and too precise. In practice, the instinct of compromise is far too strong, and compromise too potent a resource, to permit of anything like a constant and complete deadlock between legislature and executive. Both yield much, and together they so often contrive, without other help, to carry on the government, that the boss is neither omnipresent nor, when he exists, omnipotent. Nevertheless, one does recognize the physiognomy thus so candidly traced as a kind of composite portrait of representative government in America.

We shall not easily agree upon any statement of the extent of the evil. Sincere men will vary all the way from Secretary Taft's mere acknowledgment that there is something the matter to the journalese of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, — "government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich." But the evil stands confessed, proved, explained, — and few of us would deny that it is of great enough proportions to make us all ashamed.

Naturally, it is the socialist of our group who is disposed to make the most of it. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine how he could make any more of it than he does. "The process culminated," he tells us, "at the beginning of the present decade, when 'big business' was in practically undisputed possession of both the major parties, of Congress and the Presidency, and of the governments in every town, city, and state in America."

I think that we should not take Mr. Sinclair as a fair representative of the socialist thought of our time. Certainly, he does not appear to good advantage in comparison with the writers with whom I am here associating him. When we turn from almost any one of them to him, his rhetoric seems cheap, and much of his reasoning irritatingly *ad captandum*. Irritating also is his loose, irresponsible handling of matters of fact, his positive assertion of things quite incapable of proof, — as when he states that Roosevelt got a second term in 1904 only by the death of Senator Hanna, — and such outbursts of undisciplined feeling as his heaping of rather vulgar epithets upon the German Emperor. But his book may perhaps serve at least to indicate the socialistic view of the most recent phases of our political and economic life.

His main contention is that practically all the ills which we now endure as a community — not the political ills only but the economic and the social as well — are the outcome, and the perfectly logical outcome, of the *régime* of competition, under which a few private individuals have at last gained possession of all the means of production. The subversion of government is but one phase of the racking and squeezing which society must continue to endure so long as capital, omnipotent, shall continue to demand profits.

This, of course, is not new. Nor is there anything new in his remedy — the extinction of private ownership of capital and the taking over by the community of all the machinery and other appliances of industry. Nor yet does it seem a new thing to be told that we are come to a crisis, and that the "revolution" is at hand. It provokes a kind of smile, indeed, to remember how many times society has been told that it was passing through a "transitional stage," how constantly "the present crisis" has been discovered. And not by socialists only; it would almost seem that men cannot write earnestly, with feeling, about society, without discovering a crisis. But Mr. Sinclair contrives to give some novelty to his contention. One of his chief devices is a curious parallel between the present "present crisis" and that other crisis of the fifties out of which came the revolution that overthrew slavery; and his journalistic instinct is keen enough to furnish forth the parallel with incidents which make it readable. The revolution is to come within a year after the presidential election of 1912. (The author admitted that it might come this past summer — the book was written in the spring — but he is entitled to the credit of having clearly preferred the later date.) To Secretary Taft, as president from 1908 to 1912, President Buchanan's rôle of "the last figurehead" is assigned, while the parts of other leading actors in the earlier crisis — Webster, Clay, Sumner, John Brown, and the rest — go to various living celebrities ranging in quality from former President Cleveland to Mr. Jack London. Lincoln, we may be sure, is not neglected. He will find his counterpart as an emancipator in Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the New York *Journal* and various other newspapers.[1] Even the

[1] Whose modesty, let us trust, has not led him to forbid the editors of those papers to make mention of this tribute to their owner. It is to be hoped also that, while not failing to mention with approval the volume which contains this illuminating comparison, Mr. Hearst's papers have pointed out that it is Mr. Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*, — not *The Industrial Republic*, — which, as Mr. Sinclair himself informs us, has been compared to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These are points on which, after the revolution, school children ought not to be misled.

method and process of the revolution are quite frankly revealed; Mr. Sinclair is not a secret conspirator, but, as he announces in his preface, "a scientist and a prophet."

If one were compelled, with no prompting of personal grievance, to choose between this and even the most conservative, the most placid view of the Republic to be found in any of these writers, it is hard to see how one could hesitate. Such hurried reasoning, so suffused with feeling, can only prevail, one would think, with minds already filled with such a wish for change as will readily father the thought of revolution. But there are quieter socialists than Mr. Sinclair, who make their way by more careful steps to revolutionary views of society; and there are men with no bent whatever towards socialism who feel much as he does about the competitive system in its present phase and its effects in our American life.

All the writers of our group, indeed, go so far as to admit that we must deal henceforth with conditions and with forces which our founders did not and could not contemplate; that our system must therefore, if it is to endure, withstand a new kind of strain, perhaps discharge new functions. "Our political system has proved successful under simple conditions," says Secretary Root. "It still remains to be seen how it will stand the strain of the vast complication of life upon which we are now entering."

Does the admission mean that we must introduce into it any new principle or principles? That Lowell was wrong, and really begged the question, when he said that the Republic will survive so long as it shall adhere to the principles of the founders? That is the drift of much writing and speaking nowadays. It is one form, apparently, of the reaction which takes place in many minds when they find they must give over the comfortable assumption that all the great constitutional questions are settled, that no problem of free government can prove really troublesome to people who have already attained civil and religious liberty, the ballot, the public school.

It is not, however, the view of Secretary Root, who of all the conservatives of our group makes the most systematic attempt at a forecast of the future. On the contrary, he is clear that we shall need no new principles whatever, but only "the adaptation of the same old principles of law with which our fathers were familiar." True, the Secretary confesses that he regards optimism as the plain duty of every citizen and pessimism as "criminal weakness;" but his quiet recital of what he considers favorable signs for the future of free government in America is quite without the objectionable quality one finds in Mr. Sinclair's prophesying.

Secretary Root looks to tendency, rather than achievement; and he is hopeful, not because he finds our public life as it should be, but because he does find it — undeniably lamentable as are some of its aspects — measurably better than it has been. He enumerates our gains. We have vastly improved our civil service; the several extensions of the merit system have deprived the spoilsmen, the office-brokers, of the greater part of their stock-in-trade. We have won for both life and property far greater security than they had at the time of our beginnings. We manage our benevolent institutions better and better. We have raised the standard for nearly all elective officials; an Aaron Burr, for instance, could hardly be chosen nowadays to the vice-presidency. We have been so far successful in the long fight against corruption that the scandals of President Grant's time — the *Credit Mobilier* fraud, the peculations of Belknap, Secretary of War, the Whiskey Ring, the Tweed Ring, — have to-day no counterparts. We have gradually developed a public opinion which would utterly condemn practices that were quite common a century ago, such as the use of lotteries to secure money for seminaries of learning. We have begun to mulct railroads for granting rebates to favored shippers, and to prosecute great capital-

ists for manipulating railroad and other corporations to their own interests, — offenses which long went unpunished. We have similarly begun to take account of the thefts of our public lands. We have done much, by the Australian ballot and other measures of reform, to prevent corrupt practices at elections.

These gains are real and substantial; this there is no denying. But are they enough? Are they enough to offset the positive reasons for discontent enumerated by Mr. Sinclair and by abler writers? Are they enough, if we adhere to Secretary Root's own point of view, and consider only tendency, direction, to offset such a list as might be made of the respects in which we have lost rather than gained?

For we must observe that Mr. Root says nothing of that. He does not strike a balance, or show us the other side of the picture. Yet he would hardly deny that something discouraging may be said on this very point of tendency, of direction, which he emphasizes. Socialists may be wrong when they tell us the poor have been growing poorer, but they are not wrong when they tell us that the rich are growing richer. Neither are those writers wrong, on the other hand, who point out that the new organization of industry into prodigious trusts, real as may be its economies, tends to stifle the enterprise of individuals and to deprive us altogether of a certain noble and loving quality in work, as precious to the workman as it is invaluable and inimitable in his product. Nor are they entirely wrong who find in the labor unions a well-nigh equal tendency to destroy the premium which an elder *régime* put upon the industry and the competence of the individual laborer. Nor yet are they wrong who hold that these tendencies away from excellence in industry work their way also into the life of the state.

It is a question of gains and losses, therefore, not of gains alone. We cannot reckon upon any saving *inertia* in the Republic which will always incline it towards justice and righteousness, save as the wicked and selfish among us may divert it to their evil ends. On the contrary, the labor of reform keeps still its Sisyphean character; the stone that patriots toil so hard to roll upward will always, once they remove their shoulders, slip back down hill again.

Perhaps we have not yet, we Americans, fully considered how long humanity has been at this endless task; how many shoulders have been at the stone; how many times it has gone painfully upward; how many times, how suddenly, over what anguish and despair and shame, it has rolled downward. Were we always to keep in mind the entire past of representative government and of democracy, we should often, I doubt not, tremble at the thought of the vastness of our audacity. We should wish, perhaps, that we had willed to try our experiment on a smaller scale; that we had waved back the millions of Europe's baffled and beaten who have thronged across the Atlantic to our shores; that the other millions left behind would not still look to us so wistfully, as though we were condemned to bear the burden of the whole world's hope in democracy.

This might well be one's mood as one considered it all, — but not if one considered it at sea.

How inevitably, if one thinks long of the state, the old figure of the ship recurs! And how surely, if in thought or in fact one looks out upon the ocean, and forward to the prow, rising and falling, and backward to the vessel's foaming wake, and upward to the bridge, one's mood grows firmer, more heroical! How surely, also, when one is at sea, do human affairs, with all their bewildering intricacy, sink away into that right perspective which permits the mind to dwell resolvedly upon the elementary, the elemental things! There, no willful optimism can blot out the dreary vision of human selfishness, as tireless and hungry as the waves; of human folly, as restless and as inconsequent; of human misery, as widespread and as ceaseless. But

neither can any coward awe obscure the shining truth that over all the ocean's moods — its mists and storms, no less than its tranquillities — the ship is victor. And the mind, guided by that thought, rests upon the primal, saving facts of human courage, wisdom, hope unconquerable, — even as he who walks the bridge and finds the ship her course is fearless, knowing that he has always the compass and the sextant, the sun, the stars.

MUSIC-EDUCATION AND "AUTOMATICS"

BY LEO RICH LEWIS

Let us undertake at once to define the musical scope of self-playing instruments, since that will be helpful in defining the realm of their educational usefulness. Whatever rosy presentation of their powers may be made by the enthusiastic salesman, we should not permit ourselves to believe that they are a substitute for a gifted interpreter, nor that they can, in matters of expression, duplicate the renderings which a soulful amateur can attain. There may be an exception to this statement in the case of one modern and very expensive foreign product. But this instrument, — the Welte-Mignon, — depending for its records upon the individual performer, can be shown to be less valuable for educational purposes than its more mechanical rivals. As to other automatic instruments, even the most perfect hitherto devised cannot, at will, select from any point in the gamut tones to be emphasized. It cannot, in a word, produce variations in tone-quality for the several tones sounding at the same instant. This single fact is sufficient to establish the inadequacy of the instrument to reproduce completely the efforts of ten or twenty fingers governed by one or two brains.

One might suppose that a recognition of this fact would immediately relegate automatic instruments to the limbo of the artistically unimportant. Such is, however, far from being the case. If we would shape our views correctly on this point, we ought to try to trace the evolution of the average musical intelligence, — or, indeed, the evolution of that musical intelligence which comes finally to embrace, after years of careful observation and training, the whole realm of musical art. And, lest we find ourselves forced to deal in musical technicalities, we may turn to literary art and consider similar developments in that field. In following this analogy we ask merely that music be regarded as a language of some sort. What music treats of, we need not attempt to define; that is one of the problems which interest metaphysicians and æstheticians, and we may allow them still to find it a baffling problem. But we must accept the statement that music is a language. We ought further to be willing to accept the statement that it is a definite language, — not as giving definite information on any subject, but as conveying a definite message from the mind or soul of the composer, through the interpreter, to the hearer. This must be true, since, after listening to a great musical work, the hearer is satisfied. He has been attentive for a time to an utterance in tone, and, at the conclusion of that utterance, he has received an impression which he knows to be the result of a clearly defined plan combined with a mastery of the means of communication sufficient to carry out that plan with complete success. He is satisfied with the result. He will not be able to render in words any portion of the

discourse; but he is fully aware of the significance of the composer's message, of its completeness, as well as of the precision which characterizes the processes of conception and communication of that message. Music is, then, a language, because it embodies itself in an orderly discourse. Its definiteness is proved by the concurrent evidence of millions of satisfied — and a smaller army of satiated — auditors.

The task of the mind in the presence of any verbal or written discourse has at east two phases: to discover the literal meaning of the message, and to discover the spirit of the message. In the word "spirit" — which, as we are using it, is suggestive rather than specific or even quasi-scientific — we are including such phases of the utterance as appeal to the emotions. We are stirred by this or that feature of the discourse in question, apart from the verbal meaning of the thing. What might be called the "clothing of the thought" comes to our observation along with the message which the words themselves bring to our purely intellectual perception. We set up in our consciousness, in connection with the ideas expressed, many activities which interest us in proportion as the author shows his view of life to be large or meagre, graceful or uncouth, sumptuous or squalid. Or, in some cases, we may perceive that his soul-outfit is rich, but that his technique of expression is undeveloped. In certain literary products, we recognize that the "spiritual" element has a dominant value; in certain others, we note that it plays but a small part; but, in any case, we are likely to find, in the process of recognition of the element of the spirit, a considerable portion of the artistic enjoyment which we experience.

Now, the spirit can give its full light only when we have fully comprehended the letter. We are likely to be contented with a partial perception of the spirit, because any and every nook of a great artist's soul is so delightful to look into. What delight, then, to explore fully and freely a considerable section of such a soul, as it has expressed itself in a significant work of art! And how readily we get the maximum effect of the spirit, as soon as we have understood the verbal substance of the utterance! Any receptive soul finds, for its respective stage of development, full communion with the soul of the great artist, when once the purely intellectual elements of the artist's utterance are comprehended.

The lover of literature, if he seeks acquaintance with a play of Shakespeare, must first decipher the meaning of many a richly significant or ornate period. He must interpret for himself many an archaic phrase. He must see, in their proper perspective, many utterances of chief and secondary personages. To attain these ends, the lover of literature does not necessarily seek every opportunity to see a play performed; or, if he is studying a poet, he does not frequent public recitals of the poet's works. In fact, if his knowledge or appreciation of dramatist or poet depended solely upon facilities for the public hearing of works, his growth in literary grace would be lamentably slow. He buys the work or works in question, or finds them in a library, and studies them at his leisure. He takes a scene from a Shakespearean play, reads it slowly, frequently halts and re-reads, looks up unknown words, traces allusions to their sources, compares one passage or section with another; and thus, by a process which is frequently laborious, builds for himself a conception of the work. That conception may be imperfect in many respects. It is subject to extensive revision under the suggestion of a great commentator or of a great interpreter. The student's own life-experience may modify his appreciation very greatly. In other words, his personal maximum of appreciation is subject to the ordinary laws of the evolution of personality. But the fundamental basis of any genuine appreciation whatsoever must necessarily be the power to think the author's thoughts. The power to be swayed by his

emotions is a normal man's birthright. We respond with our complete personal maximum of emotional appreciation, as soon as we have caught the complete statement of the artist's thought. We may be sure, then, that the phrase "cultivation of the emotions" needs new definition for some of us. What we really mean by it is "cultivation of ability to appreciate the lofty expressions of emotion," as that expression embodies itself in great works. It is easy to feel the emotion; it is frequently difficult to grasp the expression of it. It is easy to thrill in sympathetic vibration with a great soul; it is often difficult to remain completely in the company of a great soul as it "thinks itself forth" into full expression of itself.

I will not undertake to draw comparisons, as to their respective artistic importance, between the classics of literature and the classics of music. Probably all will concede that the classics of music are works of art of considerable importance, and that acquaintance with them is distinctly worth cultivating. As we must think Shakespeare, if we would appreciate him, so must we think Beethoven, Bach, and all the rest, if we would be among their intelligent devotees, if we would attain our personal maximum of appreciation of them. We must therefore have facilities for reviewing or rehearing their significant diction as fully and freely as those afforded by the printed pages which present to us the great works of literature. Without such facilities, we must ever be content with a partial appreciation.

Perhaps, for some, I need to define the process of "thinking music." Let him who seeks a definition permit a familiar tune like "America," "Old Hundred," or "Home, Sweet Home," to pass through the mind. Let it be divested of all verbal association. Or, let a piano-piece which has recently been scores of times repeated by some earnest student, be subjected to the same treatment. One is thus "thinking music." Now, if the individual in question happens to be at all familiar with the first few measures of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, let him try the same process upon these. He may be able to review with completeness the first three or four measures, but will find himself at a loss as to the secondary instrumental parts before the twentieth measure is reached. If, with the score before him, he is able to aid his memory, he can make a better record. Probably the one who needs a definition of "thinking music" would not be able to think through the whole first movement in this way. Such ability is not at all necessary for complete appreciation of the work. If we expected or required that, we should be expecting and requiring the trained score-reader's ability to translate signs into tones. Such ability, obviously, can be acquired only by technical studies. The lay hearer has accomplished the feat of thinking a work when, as it is performed, he recognizes fully what is heard at a given instant and would be able immediately to detect any departure from correctness in the performance.

Any definition of "thinking music" which connotes extra-musical suggestion is, for our present purpose, out of place. We are not considering music with a "programme," or any form of vocal music. The hearer who values music as an aid to thinking about something else is probably not making the most profitable use of his hearing, no matter how attractive the evoked visions and experiences may be. Perhaps the most difficult point to make clear to the "half-experienced" music-lover is precisely that upon which we are now touching. Such a listener, frequently earnest in his desire to understand music, is likely to suppose that a musical thought is a phrase the meaning of which can be expressed perhaps in words, perhaps in gesture, perhaps in a mood or in some outward evidence of an emotional state. Let it be clearly understood that, for us, thinking music means thinking nothing but music; and let it also be understood that the genuine music-hearer, if we may

so term him, finds music beautiful or ugly, significant or stupid, in itself, and not because of its extra-musical suggestiveness.

If our analogies have had any force, it must be clear that great efficiency in thinking music is not merely desirable but essential to appreciation. One may have keen delight in observing changes of color, contrasts of harmony, conquests of technical difficulties, and all the other outward characteristics of a musical performance. But, unless one is fully able to think the work, he lacks the most important element in the appreciation of it. The concert-room experience of many music-lovers would cause them to hesitate to take literally the foregoing statement. Such doubters may find helpful suggestion in another analogy. Many will remember the elder Salvini and will recall the enthusiasm of his American audiences. More recently Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, and Réjane have been admired here. One frequently hears an expression of enthusiastic appreciation of these actors from those who do not understand the language spoken. A common remark is: "I knew from the action exactly what was being said." It is not to be denied that the hearers in question got enjoyment from the performances of these gifted actors. But no one would dare to maintain that appreciation of dramatic virtuosity is full, or in any important sense reliable, unless the hearer not only understands the language, but is able to catch, with what might be called syllabic detail, the thoughts expressed. Even one who practically knows the play by heart in another language cannot attain his own maximum appreciation; one absolutely must know the language used. To maintain the contrary would be tantamount to saying that the histrion's care as to detailed interpretation of the text is an unimportant element in his performance. Like the alien listener's appreciation of great histrionic art, so the average music-lover's appreciation of a great interpreter's art is sadly incomplete. It is probably quite safe to say that such a concert-goer counts his time well spent if he really understands one-tenth of what he hears at a concert of high grade. He gets entertainment from several other sources while the concert is in progress: there is the social charm of the audience, interest in the personality of the performers, delight in observing the conquest of technical difficulties. All these and other things make part of his enjoyment. As for the music, one tenth of the understanding which he would expect to have of a lecture or reading is probably as much as he attains.

Those of us who have "been through the mill" know a different sort of appreciation. We are perhaps inclined to lay the flattering unction to our souls that this appreciation of ours is a special recognition by Providence of the special gifts with which we have been endowed. We cannot believe that one who knows little or nothing of theory, little or nothing of technicality, little or nothing of musical history, can attain this same completeness of appreciation. We are wrong. We forget that music is a language, and that, like all languages, it is susceptible of being fully learned by any one born to it, who can find opportunity to hear it continuously and significantly — and, of course, correctly — used. Indeed, does not each of us know some one who, wholly lacking technical knowledge but having had cultivated musical surroundings, has developed the highest and keenest musical appreciation? As for myself, I have been able to gather evidence enough to justify the statement that the only essentials to full appreciation of music are: first, an innate love for music (being born to the language); second, an opportunity to hear much music. Everything else follows in the wake of this original outfit and this opportunity. The former has been and is possessed by many; the latter could be secured by only a few until the modern mechanical player was invented, the player which is

capable of rendering symphonic works.

Until such players came upon the market, the lover of music could not readily get into tonal form that which the composer has committed to paper. Many years of study were necessary to the acquisition of technical ability to render a two-hand or four-hand arrangement of an overture or symphony. Still longer technical preparation was necessary to the performance of great compositions for a solo instrument. Obviously, such playing ability could be acquired only by those with rare opportunities and special gifts. Furthermore, opportunities to hear performances of great compositions were very few. The zealous concert-goer, living at a metropolitan centre, would hear in a decade perhaps ten performances of Beethoven's Third and Fifth Symphonies, four performances of one of Mozart's last three symphonies, as well as of Schubert's Unfinished and Schumann's First and Second. The foregoing estimate is too large rather than too small. During that decade ten performances of any single fugue of Bach would certainly not have been heard in public. The concert-goer might perhaps have opportunities to hear the above-named and other symphonies in four-hand arrangement; but this could happen only if accomplished performers were in the circle of his friends.

The automatic instrument has removed this disability. The average man can now pass the thought-substance of musical masterpieces in review at will. Thus is established the possibility of consistently developing power to think music. Since this power is fundamental to all musical cultivation, and since its development in high degree is possible to every one born to the language of music, the automatic instrument is the most serviceable agent of musical education which has come into being since instrumental composition became independent of vocal. And this would be true, even if automatic instruments permitted the giving of no color or expression to renderings, — which is, of course, very far from being the actual case.

Some have thought that it was an offense against art to permit an individual to play upon an automatic instrument a great work in wrong tempo and with errors of emphasis. It is true that, if there were no possibility of correcting earliest impressions, there might be a basis for this view. But, just as we still are glad to have children memorize masterpieces of literature, even though they may be incapable of applying correct emphasis or of grasping fully the significance of what they are learning, so should we be glad to allow the musically inexperienced to come in contact with a great work, even though there may be a certain distortion of the original during the period of early acquaintance. Certainly one may safely opine that the possibility of repeating this experience indefinitely, and of varying it by the use of a great number of masterpieces, means the attainment of a "good" before which the so-called offense against art dwindles into insignificance. For one who is note-perfect in his acquaintance with a great work, the composer has become a definite artistic personality; and the interpretation of that work under a great conductor, or at the hands of a great performer, can begin to have its due effect. To increase one's equipment and susceptibility in these matters is obviously the chief goal of all musical education. Hence, as we have said, among the agencies of musical education, the automatic instrument is the most efficient yet discovered.

ON BEING ORIGINAL

BY IRVING BABBITT

THERE has been a radical change during the last hundred years in the world's attitude toward originality. An age of conformity has given way to an age of self-assertion; so that nowadays a man makes a bid for fame by launching a paradox much as he might have done in the time of Pope by polishing a commonplace. Then, even a person of genuine originality was in danger of being accounted freakish. Now, many a man passes for original who is in reality only freakish. Boileau, speaking for the old criticism, says that Perrault was "bizarre;" Sainte-Beuve, speaking for the new, says that Perrault had genius. From the outset the neo-classic critics stifled free initiative in the name of the "rules," and opposed to every attempt at innovation the authority of Aristotle and the ancients. The relation of the literary aspirant to the "models" during this period is not unfairly summed up in the words of the comic opera, —

> Of course you can never be like us,
> But be as like us as you 're able to be.

Later, under French influence, the tyranny of etiquette was added to the tyranny of classical imitation. Aristotle was reinforced by the dancing master. Social convention so entwined itself about the whole nature of a Frenchman of the Old Régime that it finally became almost as hard for him as we may suppose it is for a Chinaman to disengage his originality from the coils of custom. The very word original was often used as a term of ridicule and disparagement. Brossette writes of the Oriental traveler Tavernier that he is "brutal and even a bit original." "When it is desired to turn any one to ridicule," writes Boursault about the same time, "he is said to be an *original sans copie*." Anything in literature or art that departed from the conventional type was pronounced "monstrous." La Harpe applies this epithet to the *Divine Comedy* and points out how inferior the occasional felicities of this "absurd and shapeless rhapsody" are to the correct beauties of a true epic like Voltaire's *Henriade*.

And so we might go on, as Mr. Saintsbury, for example, does for scores of pages in his *History of Criticism*, exposing the neo-classic narrowness and setting forth in contrast the glories of our modern emancipation. But this is to give one's self the pleasure, as the French would say, of smashing in open doors. Instead of engaging in this exhilarating pastime, we might, perhaps, find more profit in inquiring, first, into the definite historical reasons that led to the triumph of the so-called school of good sense over the school of genius and originality; and second, in seeking for the element of truth that lurked beneath even the most arid and unpromising of the neo-classic conventions. For if, like Mr. Saintsbury and many other romanticists, we reject the truth along with the conventions, we shall simply fall from one extreme into another.

The whole subject of originality is closely bound up with what is rather vaguely known as individualism. We must recollect that before the disciplinary classicism of the later Renaissance there was an earlier Renaissance that was in a high degree favorable to originality. At the very beginning of this earlier period, Petrarch made his famous plea for originality in a letter to Boccaccio, and established his claim in this as in other respects to be considered the first modern man. "Every one," says Petrarch, "has not only in his countenance and gestures, but also in his voice

and language, something peculiarly his own (*quiddam suum ac proprium*) which it is both easier and wiser to cultivate and correct than to alter." And so many of the Italians who followed Petrarch set out to cultivate the *quiddam suum ac proprium*, often showing real ardor for self-expression, and still oftener perhaps using the new liberty merely as a cloak for license.

Society finally took alarm, not only at the license, but at the clash of rival originalities, each man indulging his own individual sense without much reference to the general or common sense of mankind. There was a reaction against individualism, and an era of expansion was followed by an era of concentration. This reaction, especially in France and Italy, soon ran into excesses of its own. Yet we must not forget that at the moment when the neo-classic disciplinarian appeared on the scene, the great creative impulse of the early Renaissance was already dying out, or degenerating into affectation. The various forms of bad taste that spread like an epidemic over Europe at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century (cultism, Marinism, euphuism, préciosité, etc.) have their common source in a straining to be original in defiance of sound reason. We may say of the writers of these different schools as a class that in spite of occasional lyrical felicities they have "all the nodosities of the oak without its strength, and all the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration."

The school of good sense was the natural and legitimate protest against this pseudo-originality. But this school can be justified on higher grounds than simply as a reaction from a previous excess. It tried to apply, however imperfectly, the profound doctrine of Aristotle that the final test of art is not its originality, but its truth to the universal. The question is one of special interest because we are living in an age that comes at the end of a great era of expansion, comparable in some ways to the Renaissance. Now, as then, there is a riot of so-called originality. In the name of this originality art is becoming more and more centrifugal and eccentric. As the result of our loss of standards, the classicist would complain, we are inbreeding personal and national peculiarities and getting farther and farther away from what is universally human.

In other words, the chief ambition of our modern art, which resembles in this respect some of the art of the later Renaissance, is to be original. The first aim of both classic and neo-classic art on the other hand was to be representative. Aristotle had said that it is not enough to render a thing as it is in this or that particular case, but as it is in general; and he goes on to say that the superiority of poetry over history lies in the fact that it has more of this universality, that it is more concerned with the essentials and less with the accidents of life. The weakness of neo-classic art was that it substituted the rule of thumb and servile imitation for direct observation in deciding what were accidents and what were essentials. It was ready to proscribe a thing as "monstrous," that is, as outside of nature, when in reality it was simply outside the bounds set by certain commentators on Aristotle. The artist had to conform to the conventional types established in this way, even if he sacrificed to them poignancy and directness of emotion. He was limited by the type, not only in dealing with any particular literary form, — tragedy, epic, etc., — but even in his creating of individual characters. For example, he must be careful not to paint a particular soldier, but the typical soldier, and, of course, he was not to depart too far from the classical models in deciding what the traits of the typical soldier are. Thus Rymer condemns Iago because he is not true to the character that soldiers have borne in the world for "some thousand of years." According to Rymer again, the Queen in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays

oversteps the bounds of decorum. Some particular queen, Rymer admits, may have acted in this way; but she must be rid of all her "accidental historical impudence" before she can become an orthodox, typical queen entitled to "stalk in tragedy on her high shoes."

The attempt of the neo-classicists to tyrannize over originality and restrict the creative impulse in the name of the type was bound in the long run to provoke a reaction. There was needed, to carry through the difficult and delicate task of breaking with convention, some man of more than Socratic wisdom; instead, this task was undertaken by the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau." In almost the opening sentence of his *Confessions*, Rousseau strikes the note that is heard throughout the nineteenth century, from the early romanticists to Ibsen and Sudermann: "If I am not better than other men, at least I am different." By this gloating sense of his own departure from the type, Rousseau became the father of eccentric individualists. By his insistence on the rights and legitimacy of unrestrained emotion he inaugurated the age of storm and stress not only in Germany but throughout Europe. Our modern impressionists, who would make of their own sensibility the measure of all things, are only his late-born disciples.

Emotion, insists the classicist, must be disciplined and subdued to what is typical; else it will be eccentric and not true to the human heart. "The human heart of whom?" cries Alfred de Musset, like a true disciple of Jean-Jacques. "The human heart of what? Even though the devil be in it, I have my human heart of my own — *j'ai mon cœur humain, moi.*" The whole of French romanticism is in that *moi*. Away with stale authority, usage, and tradition that would come between a man and his own spontaneity and keep him from immediate contact with "nature." Let him strive once more to see the world bathed in the fresh wonder of the dawn. To this end let him discard books ("a dull and endless strife") and live as if "none had lived before him."

Every man, in short, is to be an original genius. It was the assumption of this attitude by Rousseau's followers in Germany that gave its name to a whole literary period — *Geniezeit*. Germany sought its emancipation from convention, not as Lessing would have wished, through the discipline of reason, but through "genius" and "originality," which meant in practice the opening of the floodgates of sentiment. We can imagine the disgust with which Lessing looked on the Rousseauism of the youthful Goethe. In *Werther* critics are accused of being in a conspiracy against originality. Their rules are compared to a system of dams and trenches with which the critics protect their own little cabbage-patches against genius whose impetuous waves would otherwise burst forth and overwhelm them and at the same time astound the world. One thinks of Lessing's admirable defense of criticism, of the passage in which he confesses that he owes all he has, not to genius and originality, but to a patient assimilation of the wisdom of the past. "Without criticism I should be poor, cold, short-sighted. I am, therefore, always ashamed or annoyed when I hear or read anything in disparagement of criticism. It is said to suppress genius and I flattered myself that I had gained from it something very nearly approaching genius. I am a lame man who cannot possibly be edified by abuse of his crutch."

We are still inclined to side with original genius against what Lessing calls criticism. Criticism itself has come to mean nowadays mere appreciativeness, instead of meaning as it did for Lessing the application of standards of judgment. It may however appear some day how much the great romantic leaders, Shelley, for example, suffered from the absence of just what Lessing called criticism. Men may then grow weary of a genius and originality that are at bottom

only an outpouring of undisciplined emotion. One whole side of our American transcendental school is only a belated echo of German romanticism, which itself continues the age of original genius. There is special danger even in Emerson's conception of originality and in the unbounded deference with which it fills him for the untrained individual. Every man, to become great, merely needs, it would appear, to plant himself "indomitably on his instincts;" but it is not safe for the average person to trust so blindly to what Rymer would have called his own "maggot." Hawthorne, the best observer of the group, has left an account of some of the nightmare originalities that were developed under the Concord influence.

We read of a certain character in one of Marivaux's plays: "He is a man whose first impulse is to ask, not, 'Do you esteem me?' but, 'Are you surprised at me?' His purpose is not to convince us that he is better than other people, but that he resembles himself alone." The comedy in which this eighteenth-century Bernard Shaw figures was written a number of years before Rousseau assumed the Armenian costume and began to agitate Europe with his paradoxes. Since Rousseau the world has become increasingly familiar with the man who poses and attitudinizes before it, and is not satisfied until he can draw its attention to the traits that establish his own uniqueness. He not only rejoices in his own singularity, but is usually eager to thrust it on other people. His aim is to startle, or, as the French would say, to *épater le bourgeois*, to make the plain citizen "stare and gasp." Dr. Johnson said of Lord Monboddo that if he had had a tail he would have been as proud of it as a squirrel. Perhaps Rousseau was never more deeply hurt than by the lady who said on breaking with him, "You're just like other men." This, as a French critic remarks, was a home thrust that one of Molière's soubrettes could not have improved upon. The claim of Rousseau and his earlier followers was not simply to be unique, but unique in feeling. This sentiment of uniqueness in feeling speedily became that of uniqueness in suffering — on the familiar principle, no doubt, that life, which is a comedy for those who think, is a tragedy for those who feel. Hence arose in the romantic school a somewhat theatrical affectation of grief. Byron was far from being the first who paraded before the public "the pageant of his bleeding heart." Chateaubriand especially nourished in himself the sense of fated and preëminent sorrow, and was ready to exclaim at the most ordinary mischance, "Such things happen only to me!" Sainte-Beuve makes an interesting comparison between Chateaubriand and another native of Brittany, the author of *Gil Blas*. "A book like *René*" says Sainte-Beuve, "encourages a subtle spiritual pride. A man seeks in his imagination some unique misfortune to which he may abandon himself and which he may fold about him in solitude. He says to himself that a great soul must contain more sorrow than a little one; and adds in a whisper that he himself may be this great soul. *Gil Blas*, on the other hand, is a book that brings you into full contact with life and the throng of your fellow creatures. When you are very gloomy and believe in fatality and imagine that certain extraordinary things happen to you alone, read *Gil Blas* and you will find that he had that very misfortune or one just like it, and that he took it as a simple mishap and got over it."

The same contrast might be brought out by comparing Montaigne and Rousseau, the two writers who in a broad sense are the masters, respectively, of Lesage and Chateaubriand. This contrast is easily missed because at first glance Montaigne seems an arch-egotist like Rousseau, and is almost equally ready to bestow his own idiosyncrasies on the reader. Yet in the final analysis Montaigne is interested in Montaigne because he is a human being, Rousseau is interested in Rousseau because he is Jean-Jacques.

Montaigne observes himself impartially as a normal specimen of the genus homo. Rousseau, as we have seen, positively gloats over his own otherwiseness. Montaigne aims to be the average, or it would be less misleading to say, the representative man. Rousseau's aim is to be the extraordinary man, or original genius. Rousseau is an eccentric, Montaigne a concentric individualist. The sentence of Montaigne that sums him up is, "Every man bears within him the entire image of the human lot." Rousseau is rather summed up in his phrase, "There are souls that are too privileged to follow the common path," with its corollary that he is himself one of these privileged souls.

The nineteenth century saw the rise of a race of eccentric individualists especially in art and literature who, like Rousseau, scorned the common path and strove to distinguish themselves from the bourgeois and philistine in everything, from the details of their dress to the refinements of their sensations. In this quest of the rare and the original they attained to a departure from the norm that was not only eccentric but pathological. Every man was to have the right to express not only his own particular vision of life, but his own particular nightmare. We finally come to a writer like Baudelaire, who builds himself a "little strangely scented and strangely colored kiosk on the extreme tip of the romantic Kamchatka" and "cultivates his hysteria with delight and terror;" who instead of being true to the human heart, as the old-fashioned classicist would say, makes it his ambition to create a "new shudder." All the modern writer cares for, says M. Anatole France, is to be thought original. In his fear of becoming commonplace he prides himself, like Victor Hugo, on reading only those books that other men do not read, or else he does not read at all and so comes to resemble that eighteenth-century Frenchwoman who was said to have "respected in her ignorance the active principle of her originality." The danger of the man who is too assimilative, who possesses too perfectly the riches of tradition, is to feel that originality is henceforth impossible. It is related of a French critic that he used to turn away wearily from every new volume of poetry that was submitted to him with the remark, "All the verses are written."

Genuine originality, however, is a hardy growth and usually gains more than it loses by striking deep root into the literature of the past. La Bruyère begins his *Characters* by observing that "Everything has been said," and then goes on to write one of the most original books in French. Montaigne wrote a still more original book which often impresses the reader as a mere cento of quotations. An excessive respect for the past is less harmful than the excess from which we are now suffering. For example, one of our younger writers is praised in a review for his "stark freedom from tradition . . . as though he came into the world of letters without ever a predecessor. He is the expression in literary art of certain enormous repudiations." It is precisely this notion of originality that explains the immense insignificance of so much of our contemporary writing. The man who breaks with the past in this way will think that he is original when he is in reality merely ignorant and presumptuous. He is apt to imagine himself about a century ahead of his age when he is at least four or five centuries behind it. "He comes to you," as Bagehot puts it, "with a notion that Noah discarded in the ark, and attracts attention to it as if it were a stupendous novelty of his own."

We may be sure that the more enlightened of the Cave-Dwellers had already made deeper discoveries in human nature than many of our modern radicals. Goethe said that if as a young man he had known of the masterpieces that already existed in Greek he would never have written a line. Goethe carries his modesty too far, but how grateful just a touch of it would be n the

average author of to-day. With even a small part of Goethe's knowledge and insight he would no longer go on serving up to us the dregs and last muddy lees of the romantic and naturalistic movements as originality and genius. He would see that his very paradoxes are stale. Instead of being a half-baked author he would become a modest and at the same time judicious reader; or if he continued to write he would be less anxious to create and more anxious to humanize his creations. Sooner or later every author as well as the characters he conceives will have to answer the question that was the first addressed to any one who designed to enter the Buddhist church: "Are you a human being?" The world's suffrage will go in the long run to the writer or artist who dwells habitually in the centre and not on the remote periphery of human nature. Gautier paid a doubtful compliment to Victor Hugo when he said that Hugo's works seemed to proceed not from a man, but from an element, that they were Cyclopean, "as it were, the works of Polyphemus." Hugo remained the original genius to the end, in contrast to Goethe, who attained humane restraint after having begun as a Rousseauist.

Romanticism from the very beginning tended to become eccentric through overanxiety to be original; and romanticism is now running to seed. Many of our contemporary writers are as plainly in an extreme as the most extreme of the neo-classicists. They think that to be original they need merely to arrive at self-expression without any effort to be representative. The neo-classicist on the other hand strove so hard to be representative that he often lost the personal flavor entirely and fell into colorless abstraction. Both extremes fail equally of being humane. For to become humane a man needs, as Pascal puts it, to combine in himself opposite extremes and occupy all the space between them. Genuine originality is so immensely difficult because it imposes the task of achieving work that is of general human truth and at the same time intensely individual Perhaps the best examples of this union of qualities are found in the Greek. The original man for the Greek was the one who could create in the very act of imitating the past. Greek literature at its best is to a remarkable degree a creative imitation of Homer.

The modern does not, like the Greek, hope to become original by assimilating tradition, but rather by ignoring it, or if he is a scholar, by trying to prove that it is mistaken. We have been discussing thus far almost entirely the originality of the Rousseauist or sentimental naturalist: but we should not fail to note curious points of contact between sentimental and scientific naturalism. The scientific naturalist, or, as we might call him, the Baconian, aims less at the assimilation of past wisdom than at the advancement of learning. With him too the prime stress is on the new and the original. Formerly there was a pedantry of authority and prescription. As a result of the working together of Rousseauist and Baconian there has arisen a veritable pedantry of originality. The scientific pedant who is entirely absorbed in his own bit of research is first cousin to the artistic and literary pedant who is entirely absorbed in his own sensation. The hero of modern scholarship is not the humanist but the investigator. The pathway to fame is not to know the standard writers, but to disinter writings and reputations to which the past had given decent burials. The man who can dig up an unpublished document from some musty archive outranks the man who can deal judiciously with the documents already in print. The love of truth shades imperceptibly into the love of paradox, and Rousseauist and Baconian often coexist in the same person. A royal road to a reputation for originality is to impugn the verdicts of the past — to whitewash what is traditionally black or to blackwash what is traditionally white. Only the other day one of the English

reviews published the "Blackwashing of Dante." A still better example is Renan's blackwashing of King David which concludes as follows: "Pious souls when they take delight in the sentiments filled with resignation and tender melancholy contained in the most beautiful of the liturgical books will imagine that they are in communion with this bandit. Humanity will believe in final justice on the testimony of David, who never gave it a thought and of the Sybil who never existed," etc. The whitewashings have been still more numerous. Rehabilitations have appeared of Tiberius, the Borgias, and Robespierre. A book has also been written to prove that the first Napoleon was a man of an eminently peace-loving disposition. Mr. Stephen Phillips undertakes to throw a poetical glamour over the character of Nero, that amiable youth, who, as the versifier in *Punch* observes, —

> would have doubtless made his mark
> Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,
> Murdered his mother!

If this whitewashing and blackwashing goes on, the time will soon come when the only way left to be original will be to make a modest plea for the traditional good sense of the world. This traditional good sense was never treated with an easier contempt than at present. A writer named Bax, who recently published a volume rehabilitating the revolutionary monster Marat, says in his preface, "It is in fact a fairly safe rule to ascertain for oneself what most people think on such questions [that is, as the character of Marat] and then assume the exact opposite to be true." Of books of this kind we may usually say what FitzGerald said of Henry Irving when he made himself up in the rôle of Shylock to look like the Saviour: "It is an attempt to strike out an original idea in the teeth of common sense and tradition." Of course there are in every age and individual elements, often important elements, that run counter to the main tendency. One of the regular recipes for writing German doctors' theses is to seize on one of these elements, exaggerate it, and take it as a point of departure for refuting the traditional view. Thus Rousseau says in one place that he has always detested political agitators. We may be sure in advance that some German will start from this to prove that Rousseau has been cruelly maligned in being looked on as a revolutionist.

Even our more serious scholars are finding it hard to resist that something in the spirit of the age which demands that their results be not only just but novel. Even our older universities are becoming familiar with the professor who combines in about equal measure his love of research and his love of the limelight. Most good observers would probably agree that contemporary scholarship and literature are becoming too eccentric and centrifugal; they would agree that some unifying principle is needed to counteract this excessive striving after originality. For example, Professor Gummere, who is one of the most distinguished representatives of the scholarly tradition that ultimately goes back to Herder and the Grimm brothers, diagnoses our present malady with great clearness in a recent article on "Originality and Convention in Literature." The higher forms of poetry and creative art, he says, are being made impossible by the disintegrating influences at work in modern life and by an excess of analysis. He suggests as remedy that we jettison this intellectual and analytical element and seek to restore once more the bond of communal sympathy. This remedy betrays at once its romantic origin. It is only one form of Rousseau's assumption that an unaided sympathy will do more to draw men together than the naked forces of egoism and self-assertion will do to drive them asunder. Even in his studies of the beginnings of poetry Professor Gummere should perhaps have insisted more on communal discipline as a needful preliminary to communal sympathy. However that may be, our present hope does

not seem to lie in the romanticist's attempt to revert to the unity of instinct and feeling that he supposes to have existed in primitive life. We need to commune and unite in what is above rather than in what is below our ordinary selves, and the pathway to this higher unity is not through sympathy, communal or otherwise, but through restraint. If we have got so far apart, it is not because of lack of sympathy, but of humane standards.

Without entering fully into so large a topic as the impressionism of our modern society, its loss of traditional standards, and its failure as yet to find new, we may at least point out that education should be less infected than it is with a pedantic straining after originality. In general, education should represent the conservative and unifying principle in our national life. The college especially must maintain humane standards if it is to have any reason at all for existing as something distinct from university and preparatory school. Its function is not, as is so often assumed, merely to help its students to self-expression, but also to help them to become humane. In the words of Cardinal Newman the college is a "great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end;" this end is to supply principles of taste and judgment, and train in sanity and centrality of view; to give background and perspective, and inspire, if not the spirit of conformity, at least a proper respect for the past experience of the world. Most of us have heard of Mrs. Shelley's reply when advised to send her boy to a school where he would be taught to think for himself: "My God! teach him rather to think like other people." Mrs. Shelley had lived with a man who was not only a real genius but an original genius in the German sense, and knew whereof she spoke. Now the college should not necessarily teach its students to think like other people, but it should teach them to distinguish between what is original and what is merely odd and eccentric both in themselves and others. According to Lowell this is a distinction that Wordsworth could never make, and Wordsworth is not alone in this respect among the romantic leaders. We must insist at the risk of causing scandal that the college is not primarily intended to encourage originality and independence of thought as these terms are often understood.

The college should guard against an undue stress on self-expression and an insufficient stress on humane assimilation. This danger is especially plain in the teaching of English composition. A father once said to me of a "daily theme" course that it had at least set his son's wits to working. But what if it set them to working in the void? The most that can be expected of youths who are put to writing with little or no background of humane assimilation is a clever impressionism. They will be fitted not to render serious service to literature but at most to shine in the more superficial kinds of journalism. Ultimately a great deal of what goes on in the more elementary college courses in English may well be relegated to the lower schools — and the home — and what is done in the advanced courses in composition will probably either be omitted altogether or else done as it is in France in connection with the reading and detailed study of great writers. Assimilation will then keep pace as it should with expression.

Spinoza says that a man should constantly keep before his eyes a sort of exemplar of human nature (*idea hominis, tamquam naturæ humanæ exemplar*). He should, in other words, have a humane standard to which he may defer and which will not proscribe originality, but will help him to discriminate between what is original and what is merely freakish and abnormal in himself and others. Now this humane standard may be gained by a few through philosophic insight, but in most cases it will be attained if at all by a knowledge of good literature — by a familiarity with that

golden chain of masterpieces which links together into a single tradition the more permanent experience of the race; books which so agree in essentials that they seem, as Emerson puts it, to be the work of one all-seeing, all-hearing gentleman. In short, the most practical way of promoting humanism (if we may be permitted that much-abused word) is to work for a revival of the almost lost art of reading.

As a general rule the humane man will be the one who has a memory richly stored with what is best in literature, with the sound sense perfectly expressed that is found only in the masters. Conversely, the decline of humanism and the growth of Rousseauism has been marked by a steady decay in the higher uses of the memory. For the Greeks the Muses were not the daughters of Inspiration or of Genius, as they would be for a modern, but the daughters of Memory. Sainte-Beuve says that "from time to time we should raise our eyes to the hill-tops, to the group of revered mortals, and ask ourselves, What would they say of us?" No one whose memory is not enriched in the way we have described can profit by this advice. Sainte-Beuve himself in giving it was probably only remembering Longinus.

THE GLORY THAT WAS SPAIN

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

I STOOD above Granada, on a height
Between Alhambra, goldenly aglow,
And the sad hill Albaicin, where woe
And squalor cower in noisome caves by night.
Far down, the Darro, in its path of light,
Glimmered toward day now swiftly dipping low,
Yet kissing with last, lingering rays the snow
On tall Sierras, till all the East was bright.
Brighter wast thou, O Spain, at thy white dawn,
When thou stoodst firm, strong bulwark of Christ's folk;
Ere from thy face the Christ-light was withdrawn,
And on thy neck was laid the bigot's yoke.
Now between gilded show and knaves that fawn,
Thou sitt'st at dusk, proud in thy beggar's cloak.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY EDWIN D. MEAD

THE German Emperor, at the reception given him at the Guildhall in London, in November, referring to his address at his previous reception at the Guildhall in 1891, emphasized anew his desire to promote the peace of the world.

"I said then, on this spot, that my aim was above all the maintenance of peace. History, I venture to hope, will do me justice, in that I have pursued this aim unswervingly ever since. The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of the good relations between our two countries, and I will further strengthen them so far as lies in my power. The German nation's wishes coincide with mine."

It was not pleasant to read, in connection with the report of the Emperor's warm words and of the festivities at London and at Windsor, the dispatches of that week to our American newspapers, stating that, while the reception accorded the Emperor by the people of London was respectful, the atmosphere which prevailed during his appearances in public was cool, and that the English officials were even relieved that his passages through the streets passed off without any disagreeable incidents. The principal dispatch added this comment:—

"The anti-German feeling among a large section of the English people derived fresh impetus from the antagonism which cropped out between the two nations on various lines during the recent conference at The Hague. However cordial the relations between the ruling houses of Great Britain and Germany may be, the British public does not share these sentiments. A large section, if not a majority, of English people persists in believing Germany to be Great Britain's one enemy among the nations, and this enmity has been fanned recently by continuous warnings from some of the leading newspapers and reviews, as well as from military experts, that Germany's chief naval and military activity is directed toward schemes for the invasion of England, that Germany plans to surprise England some day when she is fully prepared to strike suddenly, just as Japan surprised Russia."

This word, printed in a thousand newspapers, is the blunt expression of a feeling which has been widespread in England for the last half-dozen years, and which during the last autumn I found harbored and confessed by serious men of high standing in London to an amazing extent. The amenities attending the Emperor's recent visit have done something to improve the situation, but not much. When a feeling pregnant with so great mischief exists, in so great degree, it is probably a good thing to have it find open expression; and the outspoken declaration ought to receive sharp discussion. The feeling is probably no worse than it was two years ago. The German Chancellor, in his address to the Reichstag in November, spoke frankly of the present relations between the two countries as "strained." Two years ago the relations were more manifestly strained. I remember hearing a well-known English publicist, a man of large experience in both political and commercial circles, say at that time that he had more than once in such circles heard frank avowal of the opinion that, if England were ever going to check the rapidly-growing German navy, the sooner she did it the better, before it got any larger; the smashing would be easier now than later. It was a common English belief that Germany was planning war with France, and that

England must become involved; and there was much growling in the newspapers of all the countries. A conference of the English and German delegates at the International Peace Congress at Lucerne in the autumn of 1905 resulted in efforts which undoubtedly did much to allay the irritation and promote better understanding. The best of these achievements was the interchange of visits between large bodies of the journalists of the two countries. The Germans had a magnificent reception in London, and the Englishmen had an equally fine reception in the German cities; and the tone of the newspapers has certainly improved. The *Times* among London newspapers had almost a monopoly of bad manners and insolence in discussing in October the expected visit of the German Emperor and his chancellor, and was rebuked with energy by its contemporaries. There was no incident in the Emperor's visit to London more interesting than his cordial reception of the large delegation of London journalists, with his warm word to them upon the power and duty of the press to promote fraternity and good understanding among nations.

The suspicion and jealousy, with whatever ameliorations, have persisted. My love for England has such frequent occasion for expression that I shall not incur any charge of partiality for Germany when I say that the ill feeling seems to me much commoner and more menacing in England than in Germany. I should have said this with yet stronger emphasis before the extravagances of the German Navy League in December. There was not the slightest admixture of coolness in the reception of King Edward in Germany last summer; there was the utmost cordiality and warmth among all classes of the German people and in all agencies of public opinion.

But why should there not be, is the ruffled Briton's rejoinder. King Edward is "the peacemaker," and the Kaiser is "the war lord," always threatening to disturb the peace; and he talks of the Kaiser's message of sympathy for Kruger and his "butting in" in Morocco. The disinterested outsider finds no difficulty in explaining both of these incidents upon grounds involving no enmity to the true England. English history itself in fifty years will deal with the promoters of the Boer War quite as sharply as it now deals with Lord North, much more sharply than Lord Salisbury, considerably less than fifty years after the Crimean War, passed judgment upon the policy of that war, — a judgment so akin to that for which the English populace at the time was willing to mob Cobden and Bright, — and will praise an "impulsive" Kaiser as it praises the rest of the critics. The general historian will say that the Algeciras Conference marked an epoch in international procedure, forcing the nations henceforth to concerted action in situations like that in Morocco, instead of leaving greedy nations each to its individual pleasure; that this was the thing of real significance in the episode — and that this was due to the German Emperor, even conceding that he, like the rest, was actuated also by thoughts of future trade. The American will rejoice that the situation which was created gave his government its first impressive occasion to appear at the European council board, and did more than anything before to shatter the superstition so long sustained by our expanded Monroe Doctrine that this is still politically, as in 1823, a world of two hemispheres and not one round world. The historian will also say that this same "war lord" throughout his reign — his challenge to history at the Guildhall was a safe one — has faithfully kept the peace; that while during the last generation England and almost every nation in Europe, as well as the United States, have been engaged in wars, England and the United States in what many of us count peculiarly wicked wars, Germany, barring the wretched chapter in West Africa, has for the whole long period of almost forty years kept out of war.

In truth, the Morocco speech and the Kruger message have little to do with it; they are mere pegs on which to hang pique. The real thing is the immense industrial and commercial development of Germany since 1870, to most observers the most pregnant and impressive phenomenon in Europe to-day. Germany has increased in population as notably as in prosperity, — almost twenty millions in the period since the Franco-Prussian War. Her great cities have doubled and trebled in population. We think Chicago a miracle; but since 1870 Berlin has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago, the Greater Berlin having to-day a population of over three millions. Thirty years ago, when I was a Leipzig student, the population of Leipzig was less than 150,000; to-day it is more than half a million. Dresden is larger than Leipzig, Munich much larger, Breslau and Cologne only a little smaller. Hamburg then had almost precisely the same population as Boston; to-day, although Boston's growth has been so great, Hamburg, with more than 800,000 people, is larger than Boston; the growth of her commerce has been vastly greater, and her docks and port facilities are incomparably finer, models commended to Boston for imitation at this very moment by an expert commission. The Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd are the largest steamship companies in the world, larger than any English companies, the former having more than 150 ocean steamers in its service. It has been largely the beauty, speed, and comfort of the German steamers which have forced the immense general improvement in the Atlantic service in the last dozen years. The development of the German railway system has been as remarkable as the development of ocean commerce. The great railway stations especially are the finest in Europe, — by all odds superior to those in the great English cities; the finest of them all as yet, the new union station now building at Leipzig, will cost $25,000,000. Nowhere else is city-making such an art; at this time the University of Berlin is planning a special department devoted to the wise and beautiful laying-out of cities, with provision for making the lectures available to the directing municipal officials of Germany. In industrial and technical education, from top to bottom, Germany's achievements in this line have been amazing. She is far ahead of England, as she is in so much ahead of us. It is by science that she has pushed her way to industrial supremacy in so many fields, that she has captured the chemical industries of Europe and in so large degree the electrical industries, and that she is distancing or crowding England and ourselves in the markets of the world.

Our selfish competitive instincts, stirred by this, made Germany the favorite target of our own jingo talk two or three years ago. We were quite sure, until the German ambassador or somebody took the trouble to give the petty census of Germans in Brazil, — it were heartily to be wished that fifty million Germans might find their way into that great continent, — that she was threatening terrible things down there, and that our old Monroe gong must be got out and beaten with power. Here, perhaps, was to come the splendid chance, sure to come sometime for those who wait for it, to show the stuff in our new navy; and shrewd shakings of the head about those menacing Germans helped to get an extra cruiser or two — as similar flurry about the Japanese helped last spring to get one or two more, and is being industriously worked at this moment to get more still. Our hysteria about Germany was a mild attack, and now seems to have disappeared. England's case is severer, and persists. She feels in her bones that Germany, with her crowding population, her prosperity and her demand for markets, must feel the need for colonies and dependencies, and that inasmuch as she herself, in the days when German industry was an infant, had ap-

propriated almost the whole available earth, Germany must somehow covet some of her domain, or somehow wish to cripple and supplant her maritime power or do something to reduce her and get ahead of her. The new German navy can only be intended for use against England, at the right time; and the time will be within half a dozen years. Why the same suspicion has not yet been born in England about our own new navy, stronger than Germany's, while having a much less precious merchant marine to safeguard, does not appear. A popular book, of *The Battle of Dorking* species, detailing this coming German invasion, a book now having wide circulation in England, places the date at 1910; but the more conservative folk, including military experts, incline to 1912. The sober judgment thus of a general in the regular army, representing sundry other generals, was reliably reported to me. These expert folk claim authentic knowledge — of course the Berlin war office shares all such secrets with visiting Englishmen! — that German experts have mapped England in such detail for military purposes that the number of cavalry horses which can be stalled in the stables of every manor-house from Penzance to Berwick-on-Tweed is registered. Many German youths who were innocently supposed by most of us to have come to London to earn their living as waiters in restaurants were really, according to the truly wise, on this business. One of the ablest statesmen of England declared to me his belief, shared, he assured me, by many like himself, that if England had voted at The Hague for the inviolability of ocean commerce in war, Germany would have been at war with her in less than two years!

I think that the extent and seriousness of this feeling in England — a feeling sharply condemned and opposed by English right-mindedness and common sense — have not been generally known here in America; and the mischievous effects of it in international affairs first fully evidenced themselves at The Hague last summer. Mr. Carnegie recognized the feeling and satirized it a year and a half ago, in a trenchant article entitled "The Cry of Wolf" (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1906), which it would be salutary to have circulated in America, as well as in England itself, much more widely than has been done. The situation furnishes abundant material for a supplementary chapter to Cobden's famous pamphlet on "The Three Panics." One of the three panics described in that powerful work, it may be remembered, was the panic of 1853, when even more Englishmen than now fear a German invasion — including no less a person than Lord Palmerston, who, as Mr. Morley well says, "had a strong dash of honest stupidity in his composition" — took it into their heads that they might wake up some morning to find that 50,000 Frenchmen had landed on the English shores during the previous night, with 100,000 more close behind them. One thinks too of the crazy fear of Russia which haunted England so persistently, and at which Gladstone, long after Cobden's "Three Panics," so often directed the shafts of his irony.

"One moment," he once wrote, "we describe Russia with contempt as bankrupt; the next we enthrone her as omnipotent at Constantinople, and, having placed her there, we next gratuitously supply her, who cannot at sea even look Turkey in the face, with an unbounded store of fleets and armies, which she is at once to use, seemingly out of sheer depravity, in stopping the Suez Canal, while the fleets of England, France, Italy, and Austria are to look on in stupefied dismay."

The scare in England during the last three years over the German "wolf" has been quite as ridiculous and sometimes as great as the panic of 1853 over France, or the panics over Russia which Gladstone had to face. It has been just as groundless as the 1853 scare, and it has been far more mischievous. No rational motive has been assigned for the appre-

hended German invasion. There is to be no provocation for it on England's part; it is to be undertaken in the fullness of time, on general principles, in sheer wantonness, for the purpose of crippling England's prosperity, spoiling her commerce, and seizing, it may be, some of her colonies, — precisely that is the nightmare. With no rational motive assigned for the proceeding, its practical impossibility and the disastrous results to Germany from its inevitable failure seem quite to be lost sight of by these troubled dreamers. The first necessary step would be a German naval victory over a sea power three times as great as her own; the second necessity would probably be the dealing at home with a French army of half a million men; the third, if things came so far, — and, with the present quickened sense of international justice, that stage would be reached almost instantly, in the case of wanton warfare assumed, — would be the dealing in English waters with the navy of the United States. Can any sane man believe that Germany, granted that her Kaiser or her *junker* class be as depraved as the theory demands, is — with a social democracy at home keen for the first auspicious chance to start a revolution and proclaim a republic — insane enough for a venture involving these things? Yet nothing less than this is the notion which chiefly, certainly not solely, furnishes the soil, if not the nerve, for the present pitiful movement in England to augment the militia in immense degree, to fill the land with rifle clubs, to militarize the schools, and even turn parish houses and church basements into centres for target practice, — to do everything which alarmist brigadiers, fighting parsons, and titled ladies not a few can do to make all things pertaining to army and navy the fashion. "The Nation in Arms" — that is what these mischief-makers, "honestly stupid" and genuinely panic-struck as be it conceded many of them are, would make of England. Precisely that is the title which they give their monthly journal, a journal spread broadcast in England and showing in the party behind it an adroitness, a persistence, and a free use of money which the children of light might themselves well emulate. It is a melancholy phenomenon to any lover of the true England — a regular output almost incredible, in the nervous fears, the unworthy suspicions, the tawdry ambitions and bad philosophy which it reveals, to one who remembers that it is addressed to a people who but yesterday listened to Tennyson and Browning and Bright and Gladstone. It were almost to be wished that it might be read in certain circles in this country, where a similar bacillus has begun to gnaw, for the sake of showing betimes the depths in which it is possible to fetch up when the gnawing gets fierce and has a "scare" in the background. One cannot but wonder whether a flame like that about Japan which our yellow journals and political adventurers have been fanning might not under favorable conditions attain such dimensions as to stimulate efforts to make our own republic a "nation in arms"!

But the chief mischief of this strained relation between England and Germany is that hinted at in the London dispatches noticed above, — the antagonism between the two nations on various lines revealed at the recent Hague Conference. This rivalry and friction were there obvious throughout; they were the subject of universal discussion; and it is not too much to say that they were the occasion of the chief failures of the Hague Conference to do things which it ought to have done and which its great majority earnestly desired. Its actual achievements were certainly most important. The adoption of the Drago doctrine, to pass by the broader provisions, has relieved ourselves of half of our excuse for a large navy, this alone being worth a hundred times the whole cost and effort of the conference. For the failure of the two great proposals in behalf of the limitation of armaments and of the inviolability of ocean com-

merce in time of war, Germany and England are respectively responsible. It was Germany that prevented such serious consideration of the limitation of armaments as might point the way to hopeful action in the near future. It was England whose adherence to her traditional policy of seizing the private property at sea of peoples with whom she may be at war blocked the great advance in that field which else would have been so easily possible.

It is not of course implied that other nations do not practice this policy of preying upon commerce in time of war, as well as England. The practice is universal. But the other great powers are now in the main — we do not forget the puzzling position of France — united in readiness to give up the practice. If England would agree, this most barbarous of all usages, this still persisting in war, would come to an end. Without the agreement of this immensely preponderant naval power, reform is impossible. The scope of the reform is immeasurable. The chief respectable excuse and plea for the big navies to-day is that a nation's navy is an insurance for its merchant marine; and England is entitled to a vastly larger navy than any other power because her commerce and commercial fleet are vastly larger. But once settle it by international decree that all private property at sea in time of war shall have immunity from capture, and half the legitimate function of a nation's navy instantly disappears; the naval budget can at one stroke be cut down to that degree. This is precisely the argument of the present Lord Chancellor of England in his vigorous writings on the subject; for England is not without strong men who are laboring earnestly to make her respect this clear demand of our present civilization. The demand of civilization, these men say, and most men would suppose, is here in accord with England's own interest; for with the greatest commerce of any nation, her exposure to danger and loss in ocean warfare is greatest. But the "honestly stupid" Briton, to say nothing of others, believes that this danger is not so great as the advantage of the preponderant terror which his vastly preponderant navy exercises over other commercial nations which might attack him; he is willing to run the risk of the greater damage for the sake of the defense of the greater terror. Believing this, and waiving other considerations, he refuses to coöperate with the other great nations in banishing this worst of barbarisms and inaugurating a policy which might in a decade work a revolutionary reduction in the world's naval burdens; and he will not see that so long as Britain champions the barbarism, so long Germany, inordinate and indefensible as her new programme is, will persist in building up a big navy, and that just in proportion to Germany's commercial growth and commercial ambitions will be her chafing and discontent at the ratio of naval superiority which Britain arrogates as her right and posits in all discussions of proportionate armaments. That Britain is fairly entitled to a very great superiority, in view of her commerce and her situation as concerns food supply, no sensible German and nobody else would be likely to question; as no sensible person would question Germany's present right to an exceptionally strong army. I am not saying that Germany or America in England's position would not act as England acts. But any nation actually holding the key to the naval situation, as England holds it to-day, would have paramount responsibility for progressive action; and the naval question, in this day of sea power, is the main question when we talk of military burdens and the military menace.

It is reason for gratulation that the United States, now with a large navy and a small merchant marine as a possible spoil in war, took earnestly the same position in this matter at The Hague which she took at the beginning of her national life, when she had almost no naval strength at all. It is a matter of

historical interest that it was with Prussia that we concluded the first treaty in which this principle was ever embodied. This was at the instance of Benjamin Franklin, who was more emphatic in his condemnation of the barbarism of preying upon private vessels in war than any other statesman of his time; and the signing of this treaty with Frederick the Great was the last official act of Franklin in Europe, before his return in 1785. Germany and America, who coöperated at The Hague this year in the effort to make the principle universal in its operation, may well turn back with pride to this old treaty of amity and commerce and read its memorable twenty-third article, containing this clause: —

"All merchants and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested."

Washington wrote to Count de Rochambeau concerning this treaty as a whole, that it "marks a new era in negotiation, . . . should its principles be considered hereafter as the basis of connection between nations, it will operate more fully to produce a general pacification than any measure hitherto attempted amongst mankind."

No less enlightened than the word of Washington at the time was the word of the English Lord Shelburne. Speaking of the treaty between England and France concluded shortly afterwards, he "regretted that Pitt in his French treaty had not gone further, and followed the example of the treaty which had been recently negotiated by Franklin between the United States and Prussia, under the terms of which even the merchant vessels of belligerents were exempt from capture." One could wish that Lord Shelburne or the present Lord Chancellor had been on the British delegation at The Hague last year, with full powers. One could wish especially that the present Liberal Government had risen to its great opportunity and given such instructions to its delegates as would have guaranteed to the Hague Conference its greatest triumph and glory. The English premier must certainly be thanked for his high desires and purposes, backed by the noble resolutions of the House of Commons, touching the consideration at The Hague of the limitation of armaments. Had England had a Lord Pauncefote at The Hague last year, there is little doubt that he would tactfully have found some means to make this desire felt, to the extent at least of securing such discussion as would have had an educational value for the nations.

Our own position in this matter was as advanced as upon the question of the inviolability of commerce. Secretary Root's strong utterance upon the subject on the eve of the conference will stand preeminently to his honor and that of the republic. Germany must bear the responsibility of thwarting the rational consideration of this imperative subject, as England must bear the responsibility of thwarting action to extend civilization to the seas. The responsibility in both cases is a grave one. And the point here emphasized is that the wrongs thus committed against the great cause of international order and progress were committed by these two nations with regard chiefly to each other. But for England, Germany would probably have been induced to discuss in some form the proportionate limitation of armaments. But for Germany, England would probably have agreed to modify her hoary old position as to commerce in war.

What is the first result of this blocking of action in behalf of the limitation of the world's frightful naval burdens? It is an immediate and startling expansion of the naval programme of both England and Germany, which is most likely to provoke, however great the folly of it, a corresponding expansion of our own programme. Last April President Roosevelt wrote to the New York Peace

Congress that our purpose was to add further new vessels to our navy only to take the place of old ones passing out of service. In his message to Congress in December, he says, "It was hoped the Hague Conference might deal with the question of the limitation of armaments," expresses his disappointment at the failure of concerted action, and adds, "Such being the fact, it would be most unwise for us to stop the upbuilding of our navy. To build one battleship of the best and most advanced type a year would barely keep our fleet up to its present force. This is not enough. In my judgment, we should this year provide for four battleships."

This means $40,000,000, with $20,000,000 more for extras.

Nothing can justify such a demand as this, and it is to be hoped Congress will deal with it with common sense. The one plausible pretext for it — nothing in the Japanese budget excuses it — is the action of England and Germany. England two years ago expressed her willingness to hold her programme for naval increase in abeyance, pending some possible action by the Hague Conference looking to the proportionate limitation of armaments. The Hague Conference took no action; and we are now witnessing the immense new activity of the British navy-yards, the pushing especially of large battleships of the Dreadnought class; within two years, we are told, Great Britain will have a fleet numbering a round dozen of these monsters.

What meantime is the news from Berlin? That the Federal Council has submitted to the Reichstag a bill modifying the naval programme of 1900, reducing the service term for naval vessels from twenty-five to twenty years, — this shorter term is now a ridiculous over-estimate, — and increasing the size of battleships to the Dreadnought standard. The reduction of the service term means the building within twelve years of five battleships and one large cruiser more than were contemplated by the programme of 1900. Germany will by 1917 have seventeen Dreadnoughts. The new scheme will require $17,500,000 a year more than the German navy previously has cost. The borrowings of the empire since the inauguration of the programme of 1900 have already reached the total of $360,000,000.

It is not surprising that Herr Bebel, in the discussion following the reading of the budget in the Reichstag, should declare it to be evident that a war is being planned by Germany upon Great Britain. It is not surprising that many here, and more in Europe, should believe, when our fleet was ordered to the Pacific, that it was meant for war with Japan. Most sane men refused to believe it, as they refuse to believe that Germany is planning war upon England; but in both cases great folly has been exhibited at a critical time, when there was peculiar need of soberness and restraint. The socialist leader declared that the German Navy League was agitating the war on Great Britain, and that this agitation could be observed on all sides. Nobody who knows Germany well will question this. The Navy League in Germany is composed of much the same elements as the similar body so pregnant with similar mischief in this country, and the organizations which are working to make England "a nation in arms." There are almost as many people in Germany as in England and America who still chatter about "trade following the flag;" and a poor contingent of the *junkers* in the Prussian *Herrenhaus*, with sundry uneasy military folk, would like to see the flag make almost any audacious venture, to the tune of "Deutschland über Alles," quite regardless of trade considerations. The Navy League's activities during the Emperor's absence in England were worse than ever before, so extravagant indeed that many of its most eminent and respectable members resigned from the organization. In the very week of the Emperor's return, the Berlin *Tageblatt*, the leading Berlin newspaper, advised all the

moderate members to leave it. The League, it said, "has gradually become pernicious; it has been the source of the constant agitation which threatens to put Germany at enmity with the whole world and especially with England." The League condemns the extravagant new naval programme as too small, as a violent faction in London similarly condemns the British Admiralty; and no one can say to what lengths these hotheads may temporarily push large sections of their peoples.

But are these wild naval folk the German nation? Do they control the sober German thought or ultimate German policy? Have they countenance from the best German statesmanship, or from the German Emperor? As concerns England, the capital misfortune has been that the popular and perhaps dominant idea has long prevailed that they do exactly represent the Emperor. "The favorite English conception of the Kaiser," said the leading liberal London journal, with but slight exaggeration, while the Kaiser was in England, "is that of a War Lord, with a stern face and fierce moustache, making bellicose speeches, in a uniform decorated with the death's head and crossbones. The fact that he has never made war does not impress them." In truth, with all his glorifications of monarchy and the army, the Kaiser's speech at the Guildhall, like his similarly pacific word at Amsterdam on his way back to Berlin, was in strict accord with the whole tenor of his utterances concerning any such matter as that in which troubled Englishmen have held him under suspicion. What he said at the Guildhall he meant. He meant it when he said at Bremen two years ago, when unveiling a statue of the late Emperor Frederick, "When I came to the throne after my grandfather's Titanic age, I swore a soldier's oath that I would do my utmost to keep at rest the bayonet and the cannon." He meant it when he said at Düsseldorf as far back as 1891, "I only wish that the peace of Europe lay in my hand; I should certainly take care that it never again is broken." In one word, with all reservations for things in the German and especially the Prussian system which the democrat hates, — and the present crisis exhibiting anew the scandalous injustice in the suffrage makes his hate now very hot, — the German Emperor, as Andrew D. White and President Butler of Columbia and Professor Peabody of Harvard have been forcibly reminding us, is the ablest and most enlightened ruler in Christendom. If his recent visit to England serves in any degree, as happily it seems to be doing, to make Englishmen trust more securely that such a one does not easily lend himself to plots such as many have feared and suspected, something will have been accomplished towards bringing the two nations themselves into better accord.

It is for this end that the serious journals of the two nations are doing such praiseworthy and necessary work. The American press can do much for the world's peace and order, much for England and Germany, by registering with power the judgment that, as another has said, "there is a place for both nations in the sunshine," and it is time for them to cease "making faces at each other." I, for one, am no more a believer in any Pan-Teutondom than I am in an exclusive and arrogant Anglo-Saxondom; but it has come about that at this juncture the success of the policies which must chiefly determine international justice and progress depends preëminently upon the fraternity and hearty coöperation of England, Germany, and the United States. The Kaiser's Guildhall utterance upon what constitutes "the main prop and base for the peace of the world" should be expanded to just that form. Germany's own recognition of the preëminent importance to her people of their increasing practical relations to the English-speaking world appears in the recent substitution of English for French as the required modern language in her high schools.

There is not much danger that we in the United States shall ever again do long or serious injustice to England: the ties that bind us are too many. But, were it only for the reason that most of us read English newspapers ten times as much as we read German ones, there is danger that we may not do justice to Germany and may become victims of the malign talk about her being the chief disturber of the peace, and logically provoking "isolation," and the other direful things. Germany becomes day by day our own more and more formidable commercial rival, as she is England's; and it is always easy to do injustice to our rivals. It may sometime be as necessary for the United States as for England to consider that, if Germany crowds sharply in some of the markets, it is usually by means which are not proper occasions for resentment and pique, but for praise and imitation — by recognition of the fact discerned by the shrewd youth in the anatomy class, that "the brain is a very useful organ: it is useful to think with." She has brought thorough education to bear on industry and trade, where many of the rest of us have stumbled on by rule of thumb; and in the very fields where the Englishman and the American have perhaps the greater fertility and originality, she has often distanced them by method and training. It is pleasant and most useful to see men like President Pritchett and Professor Hanus applauding her at this time for this superiority, and commending her methods to the American people.

It is not in industrial education alone, however, or chiefly, that we may learn from Germany, or that we are under obligation for high service rendered. From the time when Horace Mann published his report on the schools of Germany, in 1843, the German influence has been the strongest foreign influence upon our public school system; and for a far longer period, from the time, ninety years ago, when Everett and Ticknor and Cogswell and Bancroft went to study at Göttingen, to the present time, the German universities have been in a high degree our graduate schools. It fortifies one's soul to know, when we hear of "strained relations," real or possible, between America and Germany, or England and Germany, that among the things "made in Germany" which have most general currency in the Republic is the so great proportion of our best scholarship; that our American colleges and universities are filled with men in every field of thought and learning who, thronging to the German universities in these last decades, have come home to weave all over this broad land a web of such love and admiration and gratitude as, with that other web woven by the millions of our people who are bound to Germany by the close ties of race, shall surely suffice, in any time of folly or stress, to smite down the Philistines and maintain justice here toward the great land of Luther and Goethe and Kant.

The scholars whom Harvard and Yale and Columbia year by year are sending to Berlin, in that happy interchange of professors which was itself suggested by the German Emperor, will each and all be ambassadors of this fraternity. If Professor Kühnemann, who came from Germany a year ago to lecture at Harvard, and has been writing of his experience and impressions so warmly in the German periodicals since his return, is a fair representative, the Germans of the interchange will be similar ambassadors; and we shall not only learn lessons from Germany which we need, but Germany will be plainly told of many things American which she needs. Professor Kühnemann, going home from America, has plainly told her that the excessive assertion of the principle of authority and the absurd dictatorship so prevalent in Germany need to give place to larger freedom and individual initiative in education and in life.

In the summer of 1909, the University of Leipzig will celebrate the fifth centennial of its founding, and the Uni-

versity of Berlin its first centennial. Hundreds of American scholars will join with others in pious pilgrimage to the old halls to which they owe so much. It were to be wished that the commemoration might be marked by a German-American educational exposition at Leipzig, in which the two nations should submit to each other and the world representations of their best achievements in every field of education. In some hall of the exposition, day by day, the best educators of America and Germany and the world should exchange their wisdom. The best American message would have no more to do with the large freedom and individual initiative which Professor Kühnemann is commending in our education than with the inspiring new movement which is so rapidly enlisting our universities and our public-school system itself in the cause of peace and the better organization of the world. Old England's scholars, like our own, will share in the great German commemorations in 1909; and the thinkers of England, Germany, and America should there unite in epoch-making speech and action in behalf of international justice and fraternity.

BROWNING'S OLD YELLOW BOOK

BY CHARLES W. HODELL

It is now nearly fifty years since Robert Browning rescued from "odds and ends of ravage" that strewed San Lorenzo square his unique source for *The Ring and the Book*, — the "old yellow book." With eyes riveted to its pages, he made his way homeward that June day. By the time he reached Casa Guidi, his mere casual curiosity as a bibliophile had been quickened by hints of a more human interest. All the afternoon he read on and on in those time-stained pages, until as evening fell the book was finished and laid by. That night, as he trod the terrace, the story of forgotten crime acted itself over again to his mind's eye, and the actors long since returned to dust were again suffering and sinning creatures. The human tragedy had reawakened from the gloomy, dull record. But it was only after the lapse of four years that the poet wrought from it his most protracted and comprehensive poem.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington, which has done much for science in its brief existence, now offers as its first publication on a literary subject this "old yellow book." The poet's original copy which he bequeathed to Balliol College, Oxford, has been reproduced in complete photo-facsimile.[1]

This waif of a forgotten crime was not a published volume, but a collection of the testimony and arguments in the Franceschini murder case, tried in the criminal courts of Rome during January and February of 1698. The papal press had printed these matters in a series of pamphlets for use in the court. The pamphlets were then gathered along with certain other kindred material into a vellum cover, their collector probably being a Florentine lawyer of the day who had a technical interest in the case. This record is full of sophistries, of the shrewd thrust and parry of a great legal battle, of the torturing of fact and motive, of charge and countercharge, all weighed down by masses of precedent which further per-

[1] *The Old Yellow Book.* Source of Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, reproduced in photo-facsimile; translated and edited by Charles W. Hodell. Washington, D. C.: The Carnegie Institution. 1907.

plex the lay reader. It is one of the least literary, one of the most chaotic and forbidding of source books at first sight.

Yet the general fact of this tragic story which found its end in Guido's execution is plain enough in the book. Franceschini, of a poor but noble house of Arezzo, had after years of vain service to a cardinal in Rome sought to mend his fortunes by marriage. His rank more than made amends for his age and mean appearance when he made advances to the Comparini, a family of the comfortable middle class, for the hand of their thirteen-year-old daughter. But there was cheating on both sides of the bargain. And so the marriage was scarcely made when domestic bitterness arose. The Comparini declared that Pompilia was a mere foundling of infamous birth, and accordingly had no rights in their property. The husband's disappointed greed soon turned to deadly hatred against the child-wife left in his power. After three years, she fled back to her foster parents in Rome, using the aid of a young priest, Canon Caponsacchi. The fugitives were overtaken and arrested. After trial for adultery at the husband's accusation, Caponsacchi was given a light sentence, and Pompilia was placed for safe-keeping in a monastery, from which she was subsequently removed to her parents' home. Here a few months later her husband sought her out and slew her along with her foster parents. It is the record of his trial for this murder which fills the pages of the old yellow book.

Such is the harsh story which fell into the poet's hands. Sordidness, subterfuge, viciousness, brutality darken the record. These are intensified by the web of sophistries woven around them by the lawyers. Crime, not tragedy, is apparent. The art impulse seems utterly absent from the report. And yet by that strange affinity whereby the artist is drawn to his own proper material, Browning felt the call of the book. On its flyleaf he inscribed a motto from Pindar: "Her strongest winged dart my Muse hath yet in store." In this conviction he devoted four of his ripest years to the transmutation of the crude old volume into his great poem.

The human interest which drew Browning to this old volume was probably due in large part to the few white pages that save the story. One piece of convincing testimony presents the child-wife as no mere negative victim, but as a suffering saint. This is the testimony of Fra Celestino, the Augustinian monk, who had been her spiritual guide during her dying hours. Only four days after her decease he made the following affidavit, which is further supported by the affidavits of ten other eye-witnesses: —

I, the undersigned, bare-footed Augustinian priest, pledge my faith, that inasmuch as I was present, helping Signora Francesca Pompilia from the first instant of her pitiable case, even to the very end of her life, I say and attest on my priestly oath, in the presence of the God who must judge me, that to my own confusion I have discovered and marvelled at an innocent and saintly conscience in that ever-blessed child. During the four days she survived, when exhorted by me to pardon her husband, she replied with tears in her eyes and with a placid and compassionate voice, "May Jesus pardon him, as I have already done with all my heart." But what is more to be wondered at is that although she suffered great pain, I never heard her speak an offensive or impatient word, nor show the slightest outward vexation either toward God or those near by. But ever submissive to the Divine Will, she said: "May God have pity on me," in such a way indeed, as would have been incompatible with a soul that was not at one with God. To such an union one does not attain in a moment, but rather by the habit of years. I say further that I have always seen her self-restrained, and especially during medical treatment. On these occasions, if her habit of life had not been good, she would not have minded certain details around

her with a modesty well noted and marvelled at by me; nor otherwise could a young girl have been in the presence of so many men with such modesty and calm, as that in which the blessed child remained while dying. And you may well believe what the Holy Spirit speaks by the mouth of the Evangelist, in the words of St. Matthew, chapter 7: "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Note that he says "can not" and not "does not," that is, making it impossible to infer ability to do perfect deeds when oneself is imperfect and tainted with vice. You should therefore say that this girl was all goodness and modesty, since with all ease and all gladness, she performed virtuous and modest deeds even at the very end of her life. Moreover, she has died with strong love for God, with great composure, with all the sacred sacraments of the Church, and with the admiration of all bystanders, who blessed her as a saint. I do not say more lest I be taxed with partiality. I know very well that God alone is the searcher of hearts, but I also know that from the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks; and that my great St. Augustine says, "As the life, so its end." Therefore, having noted in that ever-blessed child saintly words, virtuous deeds, modest acts, and the death of a soul in great fear of God, for the relief of my conscience I am compelled to say, and cannot do otherwise, that necessarily she has ever been a good, modest, and honorable girl.

This tenth day of January, 1698.

I, Fra Celestino Angelo of St. Anna, bare-footed Augustinian, affirm as I have said above, with my own hand.

And in irrepressible postscript, he adds: "She died as an innocent martyr."

These words must have thrilled Robert Browning, the poet of the human soul, with an absolute conviction of their truth, as they thrill the reader to-day. They are their own proof. We recognize a grave true-hearted priest, moved to a passion of tenderness, and almost to awe at the death of a seventeen-year-old girl. He doubtless knew something of the ill-repute which had clouded her name for months past. Yet with unmistakable emotion, he crowns her saint, and is confirmed by all who witnessed her dying hours. This for Browning was the key of her character and story. The narrative was no longer one of cruel, meaningless suffering, but it recorded the making of one of God's saints.

Now there was in Robert Browning a fine chivalrous attitude toward woman. He might have said with Tennyson: "I would withdraw my hand from my best friend were he to wrong a woman." This shows itself in his *Flight of the Duchess*, *The Glove*, *Count Gismond*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*. So when Browning found in the midst of this criminal record the soiled, bleeding Pompilia, an innocent victim, as he felt, of the human heart's worst hell, he would save her. His human sympathy would make her live and die again in her true saintly purity, just as he had formerly made so many of the dead to relive in his *Men and Women*.

When Browning had once undertaken this task, it is quite evident from the first book of the poem that he felt an unusual self-consciousness in his artistic functioning. He has there described in detail the book and its finding, and by repeated metaphor has sought to explain the artist's use of his material. Two cardinal truths seemed to impress him, the value of the original gold of fact, and the transmuting power of the artist. Fact and the creative mastery over fact were the almost equally important bases of his conception of art.

For the artist's personal mastery he had indeed a high regard, but in theory and practice alike he looked upon it as re-creative rather than creative; its function is to revive the all but extinct life of persons and stories from the past. Of artists he says in *Sordello*, —

> They are fain invest
> The lifeless thing with life from their own soul.

And Swinburne makes practically the same declaration in his *Tristram of Lyonesse* : —

> And give
> Out of my life to make their dead life live
> Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
> Between the deep lips of forgotten death.

This creative power seemed to Browning to be the artist's highest prerogative: —

> But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that *can*.

This masters death in moribund or extinct relics of life, and Browning likens it to the miraculous power of Elisha in raising the dead. And he describes the creative fervor which seized him in these words: —

> The life in me abolished the death of things,
> Deep calling unto deep; as then and there
> Acted itself over again once more
> The tragic piece. —
> A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
> And lights my eye and lifts me by the hair,
> Letting me have my will again with these.

This creative joy is akin to that divine creative joy which Paracelsus describes in his dying hour, and in it man has himself risen to godlike power. Such is the dignity and glory of creative art as seen by Robert Browning.

But Browning was equally insistent upon the value of the fact transmuted, and his figure of the "pure gold" places a far higher estimate upon it than the artist would usually be willing to accredit to his sources. The old yellow book was to him an inviolable human document. Professor Dowden has said that he handled it almost reverently. Years of acquaintance with the volume familiarized him with its every detail. According to Mrs. Orr he had read the record through eight times. Then, with the honesty and minute, painstaking integrity of a historian he reorganized his material. He even went so far as to verify through an astronomer friend Caponsacchi's casual statement, "There 's new moon this eve." Names, places, dates, incidents, details of motive, forms of expression, fragments of law are taken from the book in countless profusion. That strange, grotesque medley of law and sophistry in Arcangeli's monologue is in fact a skillful mosaic of scores of fragments taken from all parts of the book and laid in an original design and cemented by irony and humor. This monologue is a good illustration of how much of a show of technical learning an artist may make in some unusual field by a brief application of his mind to it, and would refute some of the claims of professional knowledge in Shakespeare. Browning seems not to have gone beyond the book for his knowledge of the Civil Law, and yet he handles these abstruse matters with the ease of an adept. He also handles them with almost absolute accuracy. Shakespeare's free modification of the ascertained fact of history is in striking contrast with this minute fidelity to the record of a forgotten crime. Fidelity conditioned and directed the poet through all his protracted dealing with the subject.

Even the architecture of the poem, its unusual plan, seems to have been devised with the purpose of the fullest truth-telling concerning the material before the artist. For Browning had it borne home to him on every page of the book that truth is not single, but that it "is this to me and that to thee." Fact and motive change kaleidoscopically according to the angle of prejudice of the speaker. This is illustrated extensively in the two semi-popular Italian narratives included in the book which are direct prototypes of Half Rome and the Other Half Rome. And as a matter of course, the real lawyers and witnesses in the case interpreted everything according to their own intense personal bias. Now the plan Browning has adopted will include all of this contradictory detail. The poet can thus present all the baffling fluctuations of motive and those sidelights on fact which are to be found in real life, and in the monologue of the Pope he has provided a place where he may speak his own wisest word concerning these actors and events from the

long ago. Browning the lover of truth is nowhere more manifest than in the devising of this plan for telling the fullest truth of the book. And he follows it honestly, even to the giving of many facts and motives of the story which run counter to his own interpretation and his own sympathy in the case.

But while the poet thus respected the integrity of fact to an unusual degree, he knew that art is more than fact; it is fact intensified and made significant by the play of genius upon it. The detailed illustration of this is abundant and interesting in a comparison of source and poem. Such a significant fact as Pompilia's sword-thrust at her husband is given new significance with the successive tellings of Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope, and all of these draw deeply upon the poet's insight into human character and the spiritual law. Browning has not merely rearranged and readjusted the scattered details of the book. He has transmuted the facts of a crime into the higher truth of tragedy, a transmutation which was controlled by his own moral and spiritual insight. This play of the personal Browning upon the fact of the book is perhaps best illustrated in the characters and relationships of the three main personages, Guido, the ideal villain, Caponsacchi, the ideal hero, and Pompilia, the ideal saint in Browning's gallery.

In the re-making of Guido Franceschini the poet has dealt honestly with the material before him. He has forged no new charges. Brutality, craft, and greed were characteristic of the real Guido. The poet is also by his dramatic power able to present all the self-sophistications of such a mind, and can, along with Half Rome and Tertium Quid, look at the story from the standpoint of the morals of that day, which differed so essentially from his own. But behind all this we realize the presence of the poet with his higher code of ethics and his higher manhood, rebuking the low in Guido. Then the really dire import of the character is intensified by increasing the passion of wickedness which controls his heart. "Hate has become the very truth of him." The ideal virtues and graces of life shrivel before his cynical scorn. He has lost all faith in God and man because of the brutal greed which has dominated his struggle against a gambler's world. The mere low cunning of the real Guido, however, has been sublimated into a self-possessed and subtle devilishness. Guido is no mere caricature; he is an embodiment of Browning's knowledge of the darkest recesses of the human heart. The bad man in fiction is moreover an epitome of much of the deeper thought of his creator. His decadence, his subtle attitude toward his sin, his mastery over the world, the final nemesis which overtakes him, — all these draw largely upon the moral insight of the poet.

Canon Caponsacchi in the book has the same external relationship with the story. He had first excited the jealousy of Guido, and later had escorted Pompilia in her flight from her husband's home. His affidavit when he was placed on trial, which is included in the book, is manly, but hardly heroic, and shows no personal feeling for the young woman he had rescued. There are other indications of his courage. When he had been overtaken at Castelnuovo by the husband, he faced the latter with the words, "I am a gallant man, and what I have done I have done to save your wife from death." Guido had quailed at this bold front. But it is not mere physical courage and personal gallantry that sum the character of Browning's hero. To these he has added nobler qualities of high manliness — delicate chivalry, religious sincerity, hatred of sham, hot indignation at brutality, and a scorn of the unsound conventional morality of his day. Much of this is Robert Browning himself. With it all there is an almost uncontrollable flood of passion which sweeps through the fact of the story with thrilling power.

The poet has in fact changed a rather

impersonal helper as he found him in the book into an intensely human St. George. In this story, he too is brought to a spiritual crisis which transforms him from "fribble, fop, and coxcomb" into a Christian hero. The young priest was "named and known by that moment's feat, there took his station and degree." The conventional world around him became irksome, and a better taste and a truer religion found birth along with his love. It seems not at all improbable that the legend of St. George of Merry England may have had something to do with the poet's general conception of his hero; for Caponsacchi is referred to five times as St. George, and his deed of rescue is changed from April 29 to St. George's Day. Possibly Vasari's fine St. George Slaying the Dragon, which is the altar piece in Caponsacchi's church of the Pieve, forwarded this interpretation of the young priest as found in the record. But, apart from this, Caponsacchi undoubtedly drew from the poet's noblest conception of Christian heroism.

Of Pompilia's character, Browning is said to have remarked, "She is just as I found her in the book." This however is but half true. The outward incident of her story is indeed the same, but she is usually spoken of as the wretched child or the unfortunate girl. It is only in Fra Celestino's affidavit, given above, that we see something more of her character. Browning evidently felt that Fra Celestino had indeed seen the true Pompilia to whom all the rest of the world had been blind, but that he had seen her only in part. Accordingly, without changing the outward fact of her life, he deepened its spiritual current.

As she now stands, Pompilia is not merely the heroine of his masterpiece; she is the embodiment of the highest vision of Robert Browning as to the sphere and the potency of woman. She stands as his exemplar of the highest womanly soul. Without talent and without education, she has the higher beneficence of true saintliness. Mother love has never been more fully and more subtly expressed in English poetry than in this child-mother. There is "faith held fast despite the plucking fiend," which cannot but see all well the day she is dying, — even the future of her babe. The effluence of her saintliness mastered all who watched over her dying bed, and it was this in "the sad, strange smile," "the grave, griefful air," that had converted Caponsacchi into the hero-saint. Her sane clear heart sees placidly and charitably into the turmoil of sin which had surrounded her.

The eternal womanly as thus conceived by the poet doubtless had much of Mrs. Browning's spiritual nature in it. She too had an earnest religious devotion and faith, and had lived unconquered through long dark years of pain; finally her life was crowned by love and motherhood. The mother element in Pompilia, which is utterly unnoted in the record of the old yellow book, must have been an outcome of the lavishly passionate motherhood of the Casa Guidi home in Florence.

The poet seems likewise to have created his Pompilia in part through his reverent conception of the more spiritual Mariolatry in which he had come to share through long study of the Madonnas of Florence. The story of the Virgin Mary, with its perfect embodiment of so much that is highest in woman, — faith, endurance of pain, and reverent motherhood, — entered deeply into the final composition of Browning's ideal. And Caponsacchi speaks of her again and again as the Madonna.

Such were the ideals from Browning's deeper life which commingled with the mere fact of the book and gave immortality to the long-forgotten woman of sorrow.

> It was not given Pompilia to know much,
> Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
> Be memorized by who records my time.
> Yet if in purity and patience, if
> In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend.
> Safe like the signet stone with the new name
> That saints are known by, — if in right returned

For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise, —
Then will this woman-child have proved — who knows? —
Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me.

One of the most interesting and personally significant additions which the poet has made to the fact of the book as he found it is the mutual love between Caponsacchi and Pompilia that sprang up in spite of the conventional barriers which kept them apart, and which even seemed to declare all love to be sinful. In the book, Pompilia turns to Caponsacchi in sheer desperation, and in spite of Guido's attempt to prove a criminal love between them, there is no evidence of personal love on either side. Browning might have taken advantage of this to remove all trace of suspicion from his favorite hero and saint. But he created more truly. He realized that in their close contact there were elements of danger, but he had a confidence in the purity of finer manhood and in the holiness of womanhood. He knew indeed of the presence in this world of a love that is lust, and such love has been shown in Ottima and Sebald. But he recognized the presence of a higher spiritual love, independent of the passion of the body, — a love which is worship of the good and heavenly as embodied in an actual man or woman, a love which is a real yearning up to God.

Such "love is best," such love is the "prize of life;" the "true end" for which we live is in "this love-way with some other soul to mingle." With such a philosophy of the purifying and ennobling nature of love, Browning had no doubt nor fear concerning the soul recognition which, as he felt, must have been instant between these two characters. The conventional world around them would have sneered at such a love as but the thin veil of lust; but Browning felt it to be the crowning glory of his hero-saint Caponsacchi and his suffering saint Pompilia.

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

We see therefore that these characters, as the great fictitious characters of all ages, pass into the company of the blessed immortals of the human heart by no dint of correct copying. The Madonna of the Chair is no photographically accurate replica of a peasant woman, but derives its chief power from the personality of Raphael. Hamlet, the Dane, was drawn in his essential nature neither from the old play nor from flesh and blood prototype; he is a composite of innumerable vital forces which played through the spirit of Shakespeare. Dandie Dinmont undoubtedly owed more to Scott than to the Scotch farmer pointed out by Lockhart. It must always be so. These immortals live by reason of the immortal element in their creators. And here in this source-study, much of the profoundest inner life of Browning stands revealed as we watch him breathing the breath of his own life into the inert and crude clay of the characters as he found them in the record before him.

Fidelity to fact and creative and interpretative amplification have thus gone hand in hand throughout the making of the poem. The murder story is Browningized until

God 's aglow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.

What had been the cunning and unsympathetic record of a brutal crime became a tragedy. No previous artist had given it shaping or interpretation. Nor had popular appreciation and criticism tested it. Thus it was virgin material for the artist. To it he applied his energies self-bound by a conscientious fidelity. And marshaling the material of the book into an entirely new order, he interpenetrated it with what lay wisest and deepest in his own nature, creating therefrom the most human and most significant longer poem of the nineteenth century.

THE HARBOR OF LOST SHIPS

BY ELLEN PAINE HULING

THE group in the Hanns' kitchen stared eagerly at Aunt Rachel. With exasperating slowness she uncoiled from her head the dripping shawl; she even stopped to sand the floor. The signs were ominous.

"Dyin'?" gasped old Isaac.

"Iss, b'y."

All Lone Island knew whom she meant. It had been a hard year; fish had struck in late and the winter that followed was terrible even for Labrador. Many a komatic load had the dogs drawn to the "dead house" on the hill, there to wait till spring permitted burial in the shallow graves of the mainland. But while death was grimly familiar to Lone Island, special interest lay in the case of Billy Gosse.

"'T is not so won'erful," sighed Mary Hann. "He was aye white an' frail-like."

"He was mortal fond o' the sea," added old Isaac. "When I could n't get a seventh man for the Break o' Day the b'y come down to me wi' his crutch. 'Ye's wantin' an extra hand?' ses he. 'I'd not be much at the traps, but, zur, I's powerful good on watch!'"

From his nets Eli Hann looked up soberly. "He was aye a queer little lad," he said. "Many 's the time I've passed him sittin' alone, just watchin' the tide an' the skiffs going out to the traps. One day I seed the tears roll down his cheeks.

"'What's the matter, sonny?' ses I.

"'"T is nothin',' ses he. 'I was but thinkin' where the tides go, an' the stars i' the dawn, — an' most where the lost ships go. There's a powerful many o' they, I'm thinkin'.'

"'Powerful many, lad,' ses I.

"'There's hundreds, I'm thinkin',' ses he. 'Hundreds o' ships an' hundreds o' men, like the fishin' fleet beatin' north in June. An' 't is somewhere they go, for they never comes back. O zur, hev ye ever heard where it is — the harbor o' lost ships?'

"'No, b'y,' ses I. '"T is a far sail to that port.'

"'Aye,' ses he. '"T is far. 'T will be a grand place, wi' grass an' trees, so beautiful they canna leave. 'T will be to the south, beyond the ice. O zur, will ye take me there some time?'

"'The Lord forbid!' ses I."

There was silence. Into the darkness the red-hot stove sent out a sinister glow.

"Strange, now, that his sister willna let him know he's dyin'," Aunt Rachel remarked at last.

Her hearers started. "She willna tell him?"

"No. '"T is but right ye should send for Parson Torbin,' ses I. 'The lad's never been converted.'

"But she only looked at me strange-like. 'He'll see no parson,' ses she. '"T would kill him!'"

"And right she is!" As she spoke the firelight shone full on Mary Hann's strong young face and on the baby nestled in her bosom. "And right she is! Ye mind the time old Parson Graff o' Roarin' Cove preached on hell torment? 'T was a wild night outside! Billy Gosse sat there by his sister just starin' into the pit o' dark behind the pulpit — an' the look o' the lad's eyes! — What's a child like Billy to do wi' hell?"

"'T is her duty to prepare him!" said the elder woman. "'T is for the sake o' his soul!"

"Aye, lass!" Isaac Hann frowned sternly at his daughter-in-law; his fist came down with hard emphasis. "An' if she willna let the lad see the parson, 't is

the parson's duty to see the lad whether she will or no. If he or any other Christian man lets the child die unprepared, I say the sin lies on his head!"

Through the silence that followed sounded passing footsteps. Mary Hann crossed to the window.

"Ye needna be worryin'," she said grimly. "Yon that passed was the parson!"

But it was with no feeling of triumph that Parson Torbin, of Hunt Harbor, cowering before the gale and trying to wrap his coat closer across his narrow chest, toiled painfully up the hill. The struggle against waves and ice had been fierce; each blast of the sea-wind set him coughing and gasping. Yet all this was nothing beside dread of his mission.

He was in one of the coughing spells when Moira Gosse opened the door. She was a tall lass, strong-limbed, deep-bosomed, full of a dignity more matronly than girlish. "'T is a fine mother she'll make some day," Aunt Rachel had once said.

By the flickering light she saw the pallor of his face, the exhausted droop of his shoulders. With firm but not unkindly grasp she seized the young man's arm.

"Come in," said she. "Go to the stove an' change yer coat. Ye'll find father's jersey on the nail i' the corner."

A moment later she returned, carrying a bowl of hot tea.

"Drink it," she commanded.

When he had finished, she stood before him, her face stern.

"Why did ye come?"

"T' see Billy."

"Ye know ye'll not see him. Ever since he heard Parson Graff talk o' hell he's been won'erful feared o' dyin'. An' now — 't would kill him, zure!"

"But him dyin' unprepared!"

"I know," she answered shortly. "An' I mind what mother said to me: 'Take care o' Billy. He's not like the rest. Take care o' him — an' donna let them frighten him!' — As fer the other — the Lord'll never hurt Billy. He couldna!"

The young parson looked pleadingly into her eyes. "Think o' yerself, lass!" he entreated. "Think o' yer guilt if he dies unprepared, — the guilt an' the sin on yer head! Lass, 't was fer that I came. 'T was fer that I crossed Crooked Tickle on the breakin' ice this night. I couldna rest wi' that over ye — I love ye too well!"

A spasm of coughing interrupted him. She put her hand on his shoulder to steady him; all the mother-love of her being spoke in the pitying look and gesture. He read her face, misunderstood the glance as one of yielding. From the next room came a weak boyish call. He started toward it.

In an instant she was before him, her body against the door. Though he struggled, her strength was greater.

"Let be!" she gasped. "Have I na said ye shallna see him?"

Baffled and wordless, he stepped back. A wave of pity again swept over her; her eyes filled with tears.

"Lad, I canna. If 't were anything else —"

The young man took her in his arms. "Lass, ye love me!" he murmured passionately. "Ye know ye love me — ye mind our words on the hill in June when the bake-apples were white. Ye love me — 't is by our love I ask. For the sake of our love, let me see the child!"

"Never!" — She raised her head — "Listen," said she. "'T is not of my will that ye'll ever see him. And if ye see him against my will, 't is the end of our love forever. Now go. — And, lad, take heed o' the ice crossin' the tickle!"

On the threshold he turned, while the sea-wind swept in from the darkness and old Isaac, passing, listened curiously.

"If ye need me," he cried, "if ye are needin' me at the last, ye'll hang a red handkerchief from the pole on the hill. Ye know I'll come to ye, living or dead. Lass, oh lass —"

When he had gone she went to her brother. The child was sitting up in bed, his white little face turned toward the window.

"Do ye na hear it?" he whispered. "'T is something lost i' the night!"

Her own face paled. "'T is but the ice."

The boy caught her arm. "Tell me, is it dyin' I am?"

"'T is no such thing!" cried his sister wildly. "Who's been tellin' ye that? 'T is gettin' well ye are, gettin' well fast, I say."

With both hands he clung to her. The sweat stood on his forehead.

"Ye's zure? Zure?" he entreated. "Last night I dreamed I were dead an' buried, in the Buryin' Cove on the mainland. An' 't was black an' chill an' I couldna breathe — 't was the beginnin' o' hell. — Ye's zure? I's mortal feared o' dyin'!"

His moan of terror in her ears, his little cold body clinging to hers, the girl took refuge in the dreamworld they both loved.

"Zure, lad, I's courageous zure! — Look now, 't is all tired ye are. Lie still a bit an' I'll tell ye about St. Johns where all the schooners come from. 'T is a grand place, wi' hundreds o' people an' great high flakes by the shore. On the hill the governor sits to see the ships pass by. And beyond are moors full o' the loveliest flowers — star o' Bethlehem an' vetch an' the rest. Up on the high moors 't is warm an' still; ye can lie in the grass an' look up at the blue; 't is warm an' soft an' quiet there, far above the weary sea — "

His hand slipped from hers. He was asleep.

In the gray dawn she went to the window. The fog hung low; the doorstones glistened in the wet. Beyond heaved interminable ice-sheets, veined with black water.

She turned back. Her brother had not awakened. But even to her eyes the night had brought a change. The features were sharp; over the face, thin, transparent, a darker shade was creeping.

"'T is the death-shadow!" murmured she in awe.

At the Hanns' door she met old Isaac.

"The lad's dyin'!"

"Ye didna let the parson see him?"

"No. But he's dyin', man, dyin'! Is there naught un can do?"

Isaac Hann's face hardened. The heart of the man was struggling with his narrow creed. Under heavy brows he eyed her strangely, while through the silence the crash of the floe ascended like thunder.

"'T was yesterday the doctor were on Crooked Island," muttered he.

"The doctor from Battle Harbor — the one that cured Jane Pilley?"

"Aye."

For a moment the girl stared, incredulous. Then she turned toward the fields of drifting ice.

"I'll be going for the doctor," she said.

"'T is the hand o' the Lord!"

Rachel Hann, gazing after the retreating figure, turned sharply at the old man's tone.

"Listen," he exulted. "'T is the Lord takin' her — takin' her to give the lad a chance before he passes! Gie's yer handkerchief, lass. 'T is the hand o' the Lord!"

It was not till twilight that Moira Gosse returned. Alone in the dusk she made her way down the steep ledges of Crooked Island. In her eyes still sounded the words of an old fisherwoman: "The doctor's not here, girl. 'T was but yesterday he went to the mainland. Did Isaac Hann na tell ye that?"

At the water's edge she stared across to the hillside. In her window gleamed a light. Suddenly she started, sprang forward with a cry. From the pole she had seen floating a red handkerchef.

Springing from pan to pan of ice, she crossed the tickle. Again and again she fell. The spray broke over her; the sharp edges cut her fingers to the bone. The whole black world heaved and sank like the ice-cakes. But already Luke Jackman's stage loomed close. From the stagehead some one was watching her.

Without warning, the pan crumbled beneath her feet. She jumped — slipped. Intolerably cold, the Arctic waters gurgled in her ears, over her head, crushed out her breath. And then, after infinite ages, she felt the air — warm — the sharp, poignant bliss of breathing.

"Lie still, lass."

The girl struggled against the arms that held her.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Listen," continued Mary Hann's pitying voice. "'T was na the parson's fault; he thought 't was ye signaled him. Half dead the lad was when he got here, half dead wi' bleedin' of the lungs. Lass, donna be hard — "

At the door Moira paused. From wall to wall the light shone on curious eager faces, — a death-bed conversion did not come every day to Lone Island. By her brother's side sat Parson Torbin. The sea-water yet dripped from his worn black coat; the fever of disease moistened his forehead and traced livid lines down his hollow cheeks. But in his eyes burned the zeal of the fanatic.

"'Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,'" he was saying. "An' 't is forever an' ever, wi' never a moment's rest. O lad, if ye'll but repent an' turn unto the Lord — "

The boy sat erect. On his face was a look of uttermost mortal fear, infinitely keener than any known to the unimaginative fisherfolk of Lone Island.

"'T is to yon I'm goin'?" gasped he.

Parson Torbin's face was white with agony. More merciful than his thought of God, gladly, gladly would he have given all hope of eternal life to take the child in his arms and comfort him. By supreme effort he forced himself to his duty.

"To yon," he said sternly. "To the torments o' hell on sinners forever an' ever!"

"'T is a lie!"

White, passionate, merciless, Moira Gosse towered above him.

"'T is a lie!" she cried. "An' now — go!"

Before her the women fled speechless; for the last time the two stood face to face. In their eyes love and fear waged immortal duel for the child's spirit.

"Lass, 't is for your soul as well as the lad's!"

"Go!"

Vanquished, he passed out into the night.

She took the child in her arms.

"'T is not true?"

"'T is cruel lies, lad. 'T is cruel lies against the good God. Think ye the maker o' mothers is cruel like that?"

"Where is't I'm goin'?" he asked drowsily.

"'T is a long journey."

"Over the sea?"

"Aye, over the sea."

The boy roused. "'T is the harbor o' lost ships?"

"Aye, lad, 't is the harbor o' all lost things, o' lost ships an' the souls o' men. 'T is beyond the stars, beyond the sea, beyond the edge o' the world. An' 't is there the mothers wait on the hill an' watch till the ships beat home. An' the Lord God comes down to meet them, to welcome them home from the sea. 'T is a brave beat t' harbor ye've made,' says He. 'Ye'll be weary; come now an' rest.'"

There was silence. The girl flung her arms passionately about the little form. "Lad, lad, take me wi' ye!" she cried.

But the ship had reached harbor.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE sudden death of Edmund Clarence Stedman came with a strange pathos upon the readers of his many writings, especially as following so soon upon that of his life-long friend and compeer, Aldrich. Stedman had been for some years an invalid and had received, in his own phrase, his "three calls," that life would soon be ended. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, on October 8, 1833, and was the second son of Colonel Edmund Burke Stedman and his wife Elizabeth Clement (Dodge) Stedman. His great-grandfather was the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, Jr., a Harvard graduate of 1735, and a man of great influence in his day, who died in middle life under the hospitable roof of Benjamin Franklin. Stedman's mother was a woman of much literary talent, and had much ultimate influence in the training of her son, although she was early married again to the Honorable William B. Kenney, who was afterwards the United States Minister to Turin. Her son, being placed in charge of a great uncle, spent his childhood in Norwich, Connecticut, and entered Yale at sixteen, but did not complete his course there, although in later life he was restored to his class membership and received the degree of Master of Arts. He went early into newspaper work in Norwich and then in New York, going to the front for a time as newspaper correspondent during the Civil War. He abandoned journalism after ten years or thereabouts and became a member of the New York Stock Exchange without giving up his literary life, a combination apt to be of doubtful success. He married, at twenty, Laura Hyde Woodworth, who died before him, as did one of his sons, leaving only one son and a granddaughter as his heirs. His funeral services took place at the Church of the Messiah on January 21, 1908, conducted by the Reverend Dr. Robert Collyer and the Reverend Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Those who happen to turn back to the volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1898, will read with peculiar interest a remarkable paper entitled "Our Two Most Honored Poets." It bears no author's name, even in the index, but is what we may venture to call, after ten years, a singularly penetrating analysis of both Aldrich and Stedman. Of the latter it is said: "His rhythmic sense is subtle, and he often attains an aerial waywardness of melody which is of the very essence of the lyric gift." It also remarks most truly and sadly of Stedman that he "is of those who have suffered the stress of the day." The critic adds, "Just now we felt grateful to Mr. Aldrich for putting all this [that is, life's tragedies] away in order that the clarity and sweetness of his art might not suffer; now we feel something like reverence for the man [Mr. Stedman] who, in conditions which make for contentment and acquiescence has not been able to escape these large afflictions." But these two gifted men have since passed away, Aldrich from a career of singular contentment, Stedman after ten years of almost constant business failure and a series of calamities relating to those nearest and dearest.

One of the most prominent men in the New York literary organizations, and one who knew Stedman intimately, writes me thus in regard to the last years of his life: "As you probably know, Stedman died poor. Only a few days ago he told me that after paying all the debts hanging over him for years from the business

losses caused by ——'s mismanagement, he had not enough to live on, and must keep on with his literary work. For this he had various plans, of which our conversations developed only a possible rearrangement of his past writings; an article now and then for the magazines (one, I am told, he left completed); and reminiscences of his old friends among men of letters — for which last he had, for eight months past, been overhauling letters and papers but had written nothing. He was ailing, he said — had a serious heart affection which troubled him for years, and he found it a daily struggle to keep up with the daily claims on his time. You know what he was, in respect of letters, — and letters. He could always say 'No' with animation; but in the case of claims on his time by poets and other of the writing class, he never could do the negative. He both liked the claims and did n't. The men who claimed were dear to him, partly because he knew them, partly because he was glad to know them. He wore himself quite out. His heart was exhausted by his brain. It was a genuine case of heart-failure to do what the head required."

There lies before me a mass of private letters from Stedman, dating back to November 2, 1873, when he greeted me for the first time in a kinship we had just discovered. We had the same great-grandfather, though each connection was through the mother, we being alike great-grandchildren of the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, Jr., from whom President Grover Cleveland is also descended. At the time of this mutual discovery Stedman was established in New York, and although I sometimes met him in person, I can find no letters from him until after a period of more than ten years, when he was engaged in editing his Library of American Literature. He wrote to me afterwards, and often with quite cousinly candor, — revealing frankly his cares, hopes, and sorrows, but never with anything coarse or unmanly. All his enterprises were confided to me so far as literature was concerned, and I, being some ten years older, felt free to say what I thought of them. I wished, especially, however, to see him carry out a project of translations from the Greek pastoral poetry of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. The few fragments given at the end of his volumes had always delighted me and many other students, while his efforts at the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus dealt with passages too formidable in their power for any one but Edward FitzGerald to undertake.

After a few years of occasional correspondence there came a lull. Visiting New York rarely, I did not know of Stedman's business perplexities till they came upon me in the following letter, which was apparently called out by one of mine written two months before.

71 West 54th Street,
New York, *July* 12th, '82.

My dear Colonel, — I had gone over with "the majority" [that is, to Europe], when your friendly card of May 9th was written, and it finally reached me at Venice. In that city of light, air, and heavenly noiselessness, my son and myself at last had settled ourselves in ideal rooms, overlooking the Grand Canal. We had seclusion, the Molo, the Lagoon, and a good café, and pure and cheap Capri wine. Our books and papers were unpacked for the first time, and I was ready to make an end of the big and burdensome book which I ought to have finished a year ago. *Dis aliter visum!* The next morning I was awakened to receive news, by wire, of a business loss which brought me home, through the new Gothard tunnel and by the first steamer. Here I am, patching up other people's blunders, with the thermometer in the nineties. I have lived through worse troubles, but am in no very good humor. Let me renew the amenities of life, by way of improving my disposition: and I 'll begin by thanking you for calling my attention to the error *in re* Palfrey — which, of course, I shall correct. Another

friend has written me to say that Lowell's father was a Unitarian — not a Congregationalist. But Lowell himself told me, the other day, that his father never would call himself a Unitarian, and that he was old-fashioned in his home tenets and discipline. Mr. L. [Lowell] was under pretty heavy pressure, as you know, when I saw him, but holding his own with some composure —for a poet. Again thanking you, I am,

Always truly yrs.,
E. C. Stedman.

This must have been answered by some further expression of solicitude, for this reply came, two months later, —

University Club, 370 Fifth Avenue,
New York, *Sunday*, *Sept.* 16, 1883.

My dear Higginson, — There *is* a good deal, say what you will, in "moral support." I have proved it during the last few weeks: 't would have been hard to get through with them, but for just such words as yours. And I have had them in such abundance that, despite rather poor displays of human nature in a sample of my own manufacture, I am less than ever a pessimist.

As for that which Sophocles pronounced the father of meanness — πενία — both my wife and myself have been used to it nearly all our lives, and probably shall have, now, to renew our old acquaintance with it. Though somewhat demoralized by a few years of Philistine comfort — the *Persicos apparatus*, &c. — I think we shall get along with sufficient dignity.

We have suffered more, however, than the money-loss, bad as that is. And hence we are doubly grateful to those who, like yourself, send a cheery voice to us at just this time.

Ever sincerely yrs.,
Edmund C. Stedman.

During the next few years we had ample correspondence of a wholly literary and cheerful tone. He became engaged upon his Library of American Literature with a congenial fellow-worker, Miss Ellen Hutchinson, and I was only one of many who lent a hand or made suggestions. He was working very hard, and once wrote that he was going for a week to his boyhood's home to rest. During all this period there was, no doubt, the painful business entanglement in the background, but there was also in the foreground the literary work whose assuaging influence only one who has participated in it can understand. Then came another blow in the death of his mother, announced to me as follows: —

44 East 26th St.,
New York, *Dec.* 8th, 1889.

My dear Higginson, — Yes: I have been through a kind of Holy Week, and have come out in so incorporeal a state that I strive painfully, though most gratefully, to render thanks to some, at least, of my beautiful mother's friends and mine who have taken note of her departure. I have always wished that she and you could know more of each other — though nothing of yours escaped her eager taste and judgment. for she was not only a natural critic, but a very *clanswoman*. with a most loyal faith in her blood and yours. Most of all, she was a typical woman, an intensely human one, to the last, though made of no common clay. She was of an age to die, and I am glad that her fine intelligence was spared a season of dimness. Still, *I* have suffered a loss, and doubtless one that will last a lifetime.

Sincerely yours,
E. C. Stedman.

There followed another long period of mere literary correspondence, from which I take only this passage from a letter written April 9, 1889, which has a pathetic interest for me at least because it indicates in advance the music selected by himself for his funeral and actually given there.

"I must copy for you *now* the Song

which you have kindly remembered so many years. In sooth, I have always thought well of your judgment as to poetry since you intimated (in the *Commonwealth*, was it not?) that these three stanzas of mine were the thing worth having of my seldom-written verse." Then follows the poem, under the same title it had always borne, "Stanzas for Music," closing with that exquisite verse, rising to its highest height at its very end.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me!
But thy soul, when I strive to be near it —
The innermost fold of thy spirit —
Is as far from my grasp, is as free
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl, in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would wear it.

The laborious volumes of literary selections having been completed, there followed still, under the same pressure, another series of books yet more ambitious. His *Victorian Poets* (1875, thirteenth edition 1887) was followed by the *Poets of America* (1885), *A Victorian Anthology* (1895), and *An American Anthology* (1900). These books were what gave him his fame, the two former being original studies of literature, made in prose; and the two latter being collections of poetry from the two nations.

If we consider how vast a labor was represented in all those volumes, it is interesting to revert to that comparison between Stedman and his friend Aldrich with which this paper began. Their literary lives led them apart; that of Aldrich tending always to condensation, that of Stedman to expansion. As a consequence Aldrich seemed to grow younger and younger with years and Stedman older; his work being always valuable but often too weighty, "living in thoughts, not breaths," to adopt the delicate distinction from Bailey's *Festus*. There is a certain worth in all that Stedman wrote, be it longer or shorter, but it needs a good deal of literary power to retain the attention of readers so long as some of his chapters demand. Opening at random his *Poets of America*, one may find the author deep in a discussion of Lowell, for instance, and complaining of that poet's prose or verse. "Not compactly moulded," Stedman says, even of much of Lowell's work. "He had a way, moreover, of 'dropping' like his own bobolink, of letting down his fine passages with odd conceits, mixed metaphors, and licenses which, as a critic, he would not overlook in another. To all this add a knack of coining uncouth words for special tints of meaning, when there are good enough counters in the language for any poet's need." These failings, Stedman says, "have perplexed the poet's friends and teased his reviewers." Yet Lowell's critic is more chargeable with diffuseness than is Lowell himself in prose essays, which is saying a good deal. Stedman devotes forty-five pages to Lowell, and thirty-nine even to Bayard Taylor, while he gives to Thoreau but a few scattered lines and no pretense at a chapter. There are, unquestionably, many fine passages scattered through the book, as where he keenly points out that the first European appreciation of American literature was "almost wholly due to grotesque and humorous exploits — a welcome such as a prince in his breathing-hour might give to a new-found jester or clown;" and when he says, in reply to English criticism, that there is "something worth an estimate in the division of an ocean gulf, that makes us like the people of a new planet."

Turning back to Stedman's earlier book, the *Victorian Poets*, one finds many a terse passage, as where he describes Landor as a "royal Bohemian in art," or compares the same author's death in Florence at ninety, a banished man, to "the death of some monarch of the forest, most untamed when powerless." Such passages redeem a book from the danger of being forgotten, but they cannot in the long run save it from the doom which awaits too great diffuseness in words. During all this period of hard work, he found room also for magazine articles, always thoroughly done. No-

where is there a finer analysis, on the whole, of the sources of difficulty in Homeric translation than will be found in Stedman's review of Bryant's translation of Homer, and nowhere a better vindication of a serious and carefully executed book (*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1872). He wrote also an admirable volume of lectures on the *Nature and Elements of Poetry* for delivery at Johns Hopkins University.

As years went on, our correspondence inevitably grew less close. On March 10, 1893, he wrote, " I am so driven at this season, 'let alone' financial worries, that I have to write letters when and where I can." Then follows a gap of seven years; in 1900 his granddaughter writes on October 25, conveying affectionate messages from him; two years after, April 2, 1903, he writes himself in the same key, then adds, " Owing to difficulties absolutely beyond my control, I have written scarcely a line for myself since the Yale bicentennial" [1901]; and concludes, " I am very warmly your friend and kinsman." It was a full, easy, and natural communication, like his old letters; but it was four years later when I heard from him again as follows, in a letter which I will not withhold in spite of what may be well regarded as its oversensitiveness and somewhat exaggerated tone.

2643 Broadway, New York City,
Evening, *March* 20th, 1907.

My dear Kinsman, — Although I have given you no reason to be assured of it, you are still just the same to me in my honor and affection — you are never, and you never have been, otherwise in my thoughts than my kinsman (by your first recognition of our consanguinity) and my friend; yes, and early teacher, for I long ago told you that it was your essays that confirmed me, in my youth, in the course I chose for myself.

I am going on to Aldrich's funeral, and with a rather lone and heavy heart, since I began life here in New York with him before the Civil War, and had every expectation that he would survive me: not wholly on the score of my seniority, but because I have had my " three calls " and more, and because he has ever been so strong and young and debonair. Health, happiness, ease, travel, all " things *wauregan*," seemed his natural right. If I, too, wished for a portion of his felicities, I never envied one to whom they came by the very fitness of things. And I grieve the more for his death, because it seems to violate that fitness.

Now, I can't think of meeting you on Friday without first making this poor and inadequate attempt to set one thing right. Your latest letter — I *was*, at least, moved by it to address myself at once to a full reply, but was myself attacked that day so sorely by the grippe that I went to bed before completing it and was useless for weeks; the letter showed me that you thought, as well you might, that I had been hurt or vexed by something you had unwittingly done or written. I can say little to-night but to confess that no act, word, or writing, of yours from first to last has not seemed to contain all the friendship, kindness, recognition, that I could ever ask for. . . . Perhaps I have the ancestral infirmity of clinging to my fealties for good and all; but, as I say, you are my creditor in every way, and I constantly find myself in sympathy with your writings, beliefs, causes, judgments. — Now I recall it, the very choice you made of a little lyric of mine as the one at my " high-water " mark gave me a fine sense of your comprehension — it seemed to me a case of *rem acu tetigit*, I am thoroughly satisfied to have one man — and that man *you* — so quick to see just where I felt that I had been fortunate. . . .

For some years, I venture to remind you, you have seen scarcely anything of mine in print. Since 1900 I have had three long and disabling illnesses, from two of which it was not thought I could recover. Between these, what desperate failure of efforts to " catch up." Oh, I can't tell you, the books, the letters, the

debts, the broken contracts. Then the deaths of my wife and my son, and all the sorrows following; the break-up of my home, and the labor of winding up so much without aid. But from all the rack I have always kept, separated on my table, all your letters and remembrances — each one adding more, in my mind, to the explanation I had *not* written you. . . .

Your attached kinsman and friend,
EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Stedman came from Mount Auburn to my house after the funeral of Aldrich, with a look of utter exhaustion on his face such as alarmed me. A little rest and refreshment brought him to a curious revival of strength and animation: he talked of books, men, and adventures, in what was almost a monologue and went away in seeming cheerfulness, with his faithful literary associate, Professor George E. Woodberry. Yet as I bade him good-by, there came to me the memory of those brief and touching words which he had sent with an ivy wreath to Walt Whitman's funeral — and which needed but a slight change of name to be appropriate at the funeral of Stedman himself:

Good-bye, Walt!
Good-bye, from all you loved of earth —
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman —
To you, their comrade human.
The last assault
Ends now; and now in some great world has birth
A minstrel, whose strong soul fills broader wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hilltop where your dust shall lie,
Even as we say good-bye,
Good-bye, old Walt!

SUNDERED

BY JOHN B. TABB

THOU sleepest sound, and I
Anear thee lie,
Yet worlds apart:
Thou in the light of dreams;
I, where the midnight seems —
An ashen sea —
From this my world and that wherein thou art
To blot out all but me.

THE VARIORUM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

SHAKESPEAREAN scholars have once more cause for rejoicing. In this volume Dr. Furness presents them with the fourteenth play in his admirable edition, equipped as before with the essence of the comment and criticism of two hundred years, with all the results of scholarship on date and sources, and with an account of the fortunes of the drama on the stage. For purposes of comparison Dryden's treatment of the same story in his *All for Love* is printed in full, and a score of other dramatic versions are summarized with varying degrees of fullness. The quality of the compilation remains as noteworthy as its compendiousness. It is rare indeed to find either in the printing of the Folio text or in the abstracts of criticism any falling away from that accuracy which has from the first distinguished this great undertaking. The mere statement of these facts makes further praise unnecessary.

But Dr. Furness's eagerness to serve Shakespeare does not stop here. He is no longer content merely to chronicle the opinions and conclusions of others. Every note dealing with a disputed point closes with the judgment — we had almost said the decision — of the editor, and in his preface he combats sturdily what he conceives to be widely current misinterpretations of some of the chief characters. The almost official standing which the weightiness of the edition seems to confer upon these utterances warrants us in considering them with great care; for an effort is necessary not to be overawed by the *ipse dixit* of one whose labors, so amply vouched for, point him out as umpire. He himself has often shown us how to be justly critical of the great Shakespeareans of the past without stinting admiration, and we would fain follow his example.

The first question is of the text. Dr. Furness is now the leader of the wholesome reaction against reckless emendation, — a reaction which itself tends towards an opposite extreme, that of a superstitious veneration for the authority of the First Folio. It comes to be a foregone conclusion that, where any defense in any degree rational can be made for a Folio reading, Dr. Furness will be found on the conservative side. Of the two extremes this is undoubtedly the safer; yet surely there is a more excellent way. A few examples will show whither the tendency leads. Few of the learned and ingenious Theobald's emendations have been more universally accepted than that which reads in v, ii, 87, in Cleopatra's eulogy of her dead lover, —

> "For his bounty,
> There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
> That grew the more by reaping."

The First Folio, sole source of the text for this play, reads for "autumn" "*Anthony*," and to "Anthony" Dr. Furness clings. "Theobald," he says, "asks, 'how an Anthony could grow the more by reaping?' Would it not be equally pertinent to ask how an autumn could grow the more by reaping? Reaping in the autumn is done when the grain is ripe, and grain thus reaped never grows again." True, in nature, one may reply, because winter follows. But there was no winter in Antony's bounty; *therefore* "an autumn 't was, That grew the more by reaping."

Again, in II, v, 79, 80, Cleopatra says, according to the Folio, —

> "Call the slave again,
> Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?"

On which the editor remarks: "Is this

interrogation mark absolutely wrong? It has been discarded by every editor since the *Third Folio*. But may it not indicate Charmian's hesitation and Cleopatra's imperious questioning of her delay?" To these queries one may safely answer that in modern typography the interrogation mark is absolutely wrong. It is only necessary to read the passage aloud and remember that in the Folio the mark in question has to do double duty for interrogations and exclamations.

In a famous passage in II, ii, 52, the Folio reads, —

> "If you 'll patch a quarrell,
> As matter whole you have to make it with,
> It must not be with this."

Rowe, the first editor, corrected "you have" to "you 've not," and most, though not all, later editors have substantially followed him. Ingleby held to the Folio, interpreting "'you have [to]', in the sense of obligation, *you must*." "To me," says Dr. Furness, the meaning seems to be, 'If you 'll patch a quarrell, inasmuch as you must make the patch out of good whole material, you must not take this.' I think Ingleby is entirely right in his interpretation." But this is to lose the force of the antithesis between "patch" and "whole matter." "You have no solid ground for a quarrell," says Anthony, "and so must base it on fragments. This won't serve even as a fragment."

Opinions on these matters will always differ; but these instances, to which many could be added, will suffice to show Dr. Furness's tendency as a critic of the text.

Of more general interest are the controversies of the Preface. One of these is in a sense also textual, yet of some moment to all who care for our older literature. In several previous volumes, and here once more, Dr. Furness states that many of the misprints in the early editions "are due to the practice of reading the copy aloud to the compositor, — a practice which we now know obtained in early printing-offices." Among the examples he quotes are these typical ones: For "shall well *gree* together" the first Folio reads, "shall well greet together;" for "thou should'st *tow* me after," "thou should'st stowe me after;" for "no more but *e'en* a Woman," "no more but in a Woman." Any compositor, and, I should have thought, any one with much experience of proof-reading, could assure him that precisely such mistakes still occur without the aid of any such copy-reader as he assumes. Recently I have come across such clear instances of mistakes of the ear, as the setting up of "sight" for "site" and "right" for "rite," though the compositor was using printed copy. Such examples merely show that a compositor is often influenced by his mental ear, so to speak, and is liable to confuse words which sound alike as well as words which look alike. Dr. Furness's case, then, cannot be proved from internal evidence. But what about the assertion that we know that the practice of reading to the compositor existed? No reference is given in the present volume, but in the Variorum editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, where the same theory is upheld, a reference is given to T. L. De Vinne's *Invention of Printing* (New York, 1876, p. 524), where it is stated that "Conrad Zeltner, a learned printer of the 17th century, said . . . 'that it was customary to employ a reader to read aloud to the compositors, who set the types from dictation, not seeing the copy.'" But in Mr. DeVinne's second edition (1878) he corrected this statement, on the authority of the French bibliographer, J. P. A. Madden, to the effect that "Zeltner was not a printer, but a Protestant minister . . . the author of a curious book entitled *The Gallery of Learned men who have excelled in the honorable Art of Typography*, printed at Nuremberg in 1716." This weakens so seriously the authority of Zeltner that it has been necessary to seek more solid evidence. The most elaborate argument on Dr. Furness's side is that

of Dr. Madden himself; but an examination of Dr. Madden's examples from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has shown that the " anagnostes " or " lector " whom he defines as a reader to the compositors was really a reader to the proof-corrector.[1] An investigation of some twenty-nine sixteenth-century engravings of printing-offices listed by Mr. Falconer Madan of the Bodleian confirms this conclusion, and makes it clear that the compositor followed with his own eyes the copy, which was fastened to a " visorium " or lay on the type-case.

It has seemed worth while to go into this matter in some detail, since the repetition of Zeltner's mistake in volumes so justly regarded as authoritative as the Variorum gives it a wide currency.

The search for the sources whence Shakespeare gathered the material for his plots has engaged the industry of scholars these many years; and now, when these sources, in the case of all but three plays, can be pointed to with fair assurance, one not infrequently hears ungrateful epithets cast at the painstaking " source-hunter." One cause of this ingratitude seems to be that there has been a tendency on the part of the scholars to stop short of their goal. They have too often rested satisfied with the discovery of the bare fact, have failed to go on to its application. For few results of research have placed so potent a weapon in the hands of criticism as those which enable us to observe, as Dr. Furness says in connection with North's Plutarch, " the magic whereby Shakespeare, gilding the pale stream with heavenly alchemy, transfigures the quiet prose, at times almost word for word, into exalted poetry." And in matters of plot and characterization the insight and appreciation that may be gained are no less notable than in the matter of diction and poetry. In his Preface, however, Dr. Furness has chosen to lay stress on the other aspect of the case. The accuracy of our reading of the characters of Octavius Cæsar and Cleopatra has suffered seriously, he maintains, from the preconceptions carried over from our knowledge of history; and therefore " we should accept these plays with our minds the proverbial *tabula rasa*," " we should accept Cleopatra, at Shakespeare's hands, with minds unbiased by history. We should know no more of her than what we hear on the stage."

Several considerations make us hesitate before assenting to this somewhat violent backward swing of the pendulum. Supposing for the moment that the view of Cæsar and of Cleopatra which Dr. Furness opposes to the current one is correct, it is doubtful whether the popular misconception can be laid to excessive study of Plutarch. Surely very many readers are familiar with Shakespeare's play who never turned the pages of Sir Thomas North, popular though he has been in a restricted sense. Again, if, as Dr. Furness implies, our minds have been already biased in our schooldays, his counsel to wipe away every previous record is impossible, and the cure lies not in an attempt to forget, but in a more careful study of what Shakespeare has chosen to omit, to retain, and to add in his treatment of the material supplied by the great biographer of antiquity. Most doubtful of all, however, is his rereading of the two characters in question. He objects to the view of Octavius as " cold, crafty, and self-seeking," and gathers in rebuttal the scenes and utterances which indicate his nobility, his warm-heartedness, and his sincere and fervid love and admiration for Antony. Cleopatra has been unjustly regarded as fickle: " her love for Anthony burned with the unflickering flame of wifely devotion." Nor was Coleridge right in contrasting the love of affection and instinct of Romeo and Juliet with the love of passion and appetite of Antony and Cleopatra. Antony's love for Cleopatra, says Dr. Furness, " was not of the senses;

[1] See Guy M. Carleton on " The Elizabethan Compositor " in *The English Graduate Record*, January and February, 1906.

for, be it remembered, Cleopatra was not beautiful; she had no physical allurements."

Here, surely, is something to make us rub our eyes. The love of Antony and Cleopatra not of the senses! What, then, of the significance of the whole atmosphere of the Alexandrian court, reeking with sensual indulgence, the picturing of which is justly regarded as one of the most superb achievements of the dramatist? Cleopatra had no physical allurements! What, then, of Enobarbus's famous description of her when she pursed up Mark Antony's heart upon the river of Cydnus? There she is described as having o'er-pictured Venus, and elsewhere as "a morsel for a monarch," in whose lips and eyes was eternity, whose "hand kings have lipp'd, and trembled kissing."

But the answer to such extravagances is not best given by quoting opposing passages. For one quality is this tragedy even more notable than for that famous "happy valiancy" of style, — for the unparalleled success achieved in it by Shakespeare's characteristic method of depicting human nature. In this field he is supreme largely because he gives to his creations a complexity that more than anything else makes them real. Smaller men create characters of a single dominating trait, or of a combination of a few easily harmonized traits; or, risking a greater failure, aim at complexity and achieve confusion and inconsistency. Shakespeare above all made men and women about whom we differ as we differ over the people we know; and our instinct is right in condemning the rival interpretation rather than believing that the artist has bungled. What Dr. Furness has done in this attempt to ennoble Octavius and whitewash Cleopatra is to select, under the obsession of an idea, one set of passages, all of which have their due significance, and from these to derive portraits of a man and a woman lacking precisely that subtlety and that delicate balancing of opposing tendencies which are essential elements of some of the most superb characterizations in all literature.

The critic's laurels are not always to be awarded to the scholar.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THINKING BY TYPEWRITER

I HAVE been attracted by that feature of Walter H. Page's proposed university course for writers, as outlined in the November *Atlantic*, which requires daily writing, and I should like to give it what emphasis I can by a short chapter from the biography of a "hack."

Perhaps I had always a vague desire to "touch the magic string," but aside from the usual brilliant and edifying descriptions of country stores, railway stations, vacation episodes, and the like, which are implied by two or three terms of preparatory school, I did nothing in the way of deliberate composition until I was farther advanced in years than I now care to remember. After leaving school without having particularly distinguished myself, I experimented for a number of years with a profession with which the accident of birth had made me more or less familiar from childhood. I did not become famous for practical success, but I acquired a considerable capital of technical jargon, and this, bettered by an ancestral example, enabled me to work out a few generalizations for the good of the calling. More precisely, I wrote an article of the how-to-learn-how variety and submitted it to the editor

of a class journal. To my surprise it was published, favorably received, and without any previous experience I was called upon to play the part of a teacher. For five years I have been producing a literature, if such it may be called, of a semi-technical character.

How to accomplish thinking has been my problem from the first. After a few weeks the novelty of authorship wore off and a most obstinate paralysis seized my faculties. With publication day approaching at a gallop, twenty times have I sat at my desk in hopeless vacancy, waiting for the inspiration that never came. I talked with ministers, as having at least an acquaintance with the divine afflatus, but they were only amused at my troubles. I searched the libraries. A text-book on rhetoric assured me that I should have an elaborate plan before attempting to write, and that under no consideration should I presume to write a sentence until I had phrased at least a paragraph in my mind. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Having desperately resolved to follow this method, and having sat at my desk for days in succession without the reward of a single paragraph, I fell into a slough compared with which Christian's was a transparent pool.

Nevertheless, something in me would not yield, and I resolved again and again that I would force thought. Accordingly I began a series of excitements. I tried coffee, opium, physical exercise, dictating to a stenographer, and doubtless stopped short of a phonograph because I could neither buy nor borrow one. I should not have faltered even at alcohol, but that the reaction from coffee left me in such a state of collapse that I was afraid a stronger stimulant might prove fatal.

However, most problems seem to have a solution, and one cannot struggle five years without making some headway. In a newspaper, not long ago, I stumbled upon a criticism of Mr. Page's suggestion that one learns to write by continued daily practice. As usual I was receptive, and was at once eager for a test. I began to write every day. In default of ready phrases and clear plans I simply sat down at my typewriter and struck the keys. The product at first was mere drivel, but in two or three hours something like sanity began to emerge, and I could then reduce the chaos to order. Details are unnecessary and might be tedious, but I may say that the total results of this latest experiment have been to me almost incredible. In the last two months alone I have accumulated a vast amount of raw material, and have written more finished articles than I usually write in six. I have put not less than one hundred thousand words upon paper, an accomplishment which in the old days would have required at least a year. To crown all, I now enjoy often the novelty of writing an article at the first attempt.

Whatever merits the plan may ultimately be found to have, I am confident that for such hacks as I, this method will most surely develop thinking. I must think while I write, not in advance, and if I set only rubbish to flowing, real ideas will be caught in the stream. The crudities and platitudes which at first appear need not discourage me. A psychologist has said that whatever occurs in consciousness must be introduced, and the most aristocratic thoughts may be ushered in by ragged associates. By daily throwing off a vast amount of trash, I seldom fail to release ideas that are suited to my purpose. This very article, which is now a thing of beauty, I hope, would at first have disgraced a patent medicine almanac.

THE JOG

As a girl I lived in New Hampshire, and it took one hour and twenty minutes to drive to the village for the mail. The distance was eight miles, and as you may suspect, our automobile was one horse-power; type, — "Dobbin." This morn-

ing my son George was obliged to go out to one of the Jersey suburbs on business. It took him — by an express train — twenty minutes; the distance was fourteen miles. And as I sat at the deserted breakfast-table, coffee cup in hand, my eyes still following the irate figure of the outraged George tearing toward the subway, I fell to thinking in rather a homesick fashion of Dobbin and my old-time jogs for the mail.

I have always loved jogs, whether they were along New Hampshire roads or on the pleasant mental paths of quiet thinking and reading. I have always preferred tree-shadowed, winding ways to straight avenues lighted by electric lights at regular intervals. I would rather bump over a cartroad overgrown with grass than bowl over the asphalted miles of New York. For one must pick his way slowly along my dim up-and-down roads and sedgy cowpaths; thank goodness *they* are realms yet unconquered by the God of Speed! But who of my children or grandchildren would stop to *pick* their way anywhere? Even the tots — whose fathers used to grope slowly, candle in hand, up the dark stairs and through the hall to bed — the modern tots, I say, press a button and move rapidly bedward in a burst of electrical glory.

When I go to California each winter, George puts me on a " Limited Flyer " (I believe that is its reassuring name), and before I have settled myself to look and day-dream out of the window, behold! I am at the Pacific, with only the lurid unrealities of picture post-cards in my hand to assure me that Ute Pass and Pike's Peak do exist.

And there in California my son John — is it psychologically usual, I wonder, that a jog-loving mother should have one railroading son and another who is a motor-maniac? — John meets me with a great red thing that dashes my breath away and whisks my unfrisky gray locks all askew as we " tool " ten miles in fifteen minutes to his bungalow in the hills. " Tool! " Oh, comfortable shade of my Dobbin!

Just so in the winter's reading, — no jogging is provided for my old-fashioned, unhurrying mind. John's wife reads aloud to me, and she enjoys analyzing — oh, unjogging process! — the novels that we absorb together. And they are not, alas, the pleasant drowsy detail of Clarissa's heart and wardrobe through seven unstingy volumes, — no indeed! Over a slender thing of two hundred meaty pages (meaty in the sense of beef extract) we harass our minds, watching the psychology of a nervous and usually feminine soul through a modernly-involved crisis. I say *modernly*-involved, because I believe that writers nowadays think that even human nature itself was in *my* day constructed like a childish stage-coach and is now made with the complexity of an automobile. Sometimes I smuggle up to my room one of the fat books from the dusty top shelf of the library, — *Castle Rackrent*, or *Peregrine Pickle*, or some such tale by a " pillow-soothing author." For while Heaven keeps me supplied with good eyes and a day of twelve long sunny hours, I shall not *choose* my Rocky Mountains on a post-card and pulverized human nature in literary capsules!

But I would not have any one think me either a loud-voiced crank or a patient victim. I realize well enough that on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street Dobbin would be a terrible clog in the wheels of progress, so I never try to proselyte. As for being a victim — well, I would gladly live the life of a locomotive all winter for the sake of my spring.

Every spring I go back, alone and not as an obstruction in my children's Sixth Avenues, — back to my Dobbin days. On the first of May I leave California with very little of ticket, very much of illustrated railroad folder, and no time-tables. On the first day of June I appear in New York. My son George meets me; no questions are asked. I may

have spent twenty-six of my thirty-one days on the road between Los Angeles and the Grand Canyon (you may *see* Arizona if you take the Overland, the way-train of the desert), or I may have spent three weeks with a volume of Mandeville or Marco Polo (no Motor-Flights for me, thank you!) in a certain little sea-bordered garden I know in Victoria. But wherever I have been, the journey has been a jog.

Once in a while I have the good fortune to stumble upon a tiny branch road, where as one of three passengers I may sit in a semi-baggage car and traverse a distance of eleven miles in approximately one hour. This is truly jogging. It has even more of the spirit of happy-go-lucky carelessness than Dobbin and the village post-office. For suddenly, out in the middle of a field, the semi-baggage car may break into a violent stop, and while the fussy little engine goes off for half an hour on some important, mysterious business of its own, I am left as rooted among the quiet yellow barley as one of the deep-hearted "copodoras" snuggled motionless by a fence post. The skeleton Time is locked away, and for thirty minutes the key of the closet lost. I am very happy on a journey like that.

Three thousand miles in thirty-one days is not an exact substitute for my girlhood and Dobbin. I know, — not by some eighty miles a day, — but it is comparative jogging, which is, I know, all that one can expect. And I am happy that I may spend a part of each year that is given, like our old New Hampshire cows, browsing along my by-paths, and chewing with the luxury of timelessness the contenting cud of my own care-free thoughts.

VISITED ON THE CHILDREN

THE spirit moves me to pour my sins into an impersonal and public ear, — not into one that is attached to a private and particular head. And in unloading my conscience before the Contributors' Club, I come as a penitent to the confessional. I do not, it is true, ask for absolution, but I hope for the inward peace that follows acknowledgment of sin.

My first mistake was in following Hamlet's advice to his mother, when I should have realized that the counsels of youth to age are frequently better as copy-book maxims than as guides for right living. If I had not assumed a virtue when I had it not, I should not now be acknowledging a fault when I unfortunately have it.

I am an old maid (though that is not my "fault" referred to above). I am supposed to be passionately devoted to children, and as I have none of my own, my friends are very kind about supplying Nature's deficiency. As a matter of fact, I have always actively disliked children. When I was in the early twenties I had a great many girl friends, and I became almost a professional bridesmaid. By a natural sequence of events my rôle gradually changed to that of godmother, — and then my trials began. In looking back I can trace my decline and fall to one act.

When I was visiting my friend Kate Brown I assumed a sympathy with childhood which I did not feel, and out of friendship for an adoring mother feigned an interest in her mewling and puking offspring. I crushed my desire to pinch the baby, and instead, kissed it. I wanted to say, "What a grotesque head it has!" but, instead, murmured, "Is n't he the image of his father!" Then fearing that insincerity was written all over my hypocritical face, I capped the climax of untruth by boldly saying, "I do love children."

I have always called falsehoods of that type "nervous lies," meaning thereby the kind of misstatements called forth by some social exigency and not by a native desire to deceive. I am aware that no definition can palliate my offense.

From this moment my reputation as

a child-worshiper was established. The news was flashed from fireside to fireside that a universal aunt had arisen to bless the homes of tired mothers. Thenceforward my seasons divided themselves into visits to the households — or rather to the nurseries — of my friends, for I really may be said to have visited the children. In fact, to speak still more truthfully, I was visited *on* the children as irrevocably as if I were the sins of the fathers incarnate.

The poor little victims were passive in suffering; I was active. If I had only said boldly to my married friends in the beginning, "I'm sorry, but I'm not very fond of children and I have no knack in managing them," all would have been well. I should have stood upon a definite, if eccentric, platform. But I catered to the vanity of motherhood, and incidentally to my own, by seeking parental popularity.

When I used to tell my friends that I could hardly keep my hands off their babies, I fear that I allowed them to misinterpret my meaning. The truth is, all the salient points about a child irritate me, — its ubiquitousness, its egotism, its power of usurping attention, and its horrible frankness. My arms fairly ache to shake most little girls, and my palm itches to spank most little boys. (I am not sparing myself in this confession.) In my fiercer moods I have even been known to suggest wild-animal games, so that I could roar and lay violent hands on the spoiled darling of its mother, and in the guise of a tiger give it the slap it so richly deserves. The first I knew of my supposed passion for children (ominous phrase!) was when I went to visit my friend Mrs. Smith, and she greeted me thus: "Oh, Eliza dear, Kate Brown wrote me how fond you are of children, — she said you played with her baby for hours at a time to keep him from crying, — so I have arranged to let you have my three little girls all to yourself for a few days. I have taken the opportunity of your being here on a good long visit to run up to town for a friend's wedding. Of course the children are a little noisy, but you won't mind that, and they're wonderfully friendly. They think of you as Aunty already. Come in, Lily, Rose, and Daisy."

My three fates entered and glared at me. I drew back my upper lip in what Mrs. Smith thought was a smile, but the children knew was a snarl. Lily's lower jaw dropped stupidly, and her *m*'s were all *b*'s. She snuffled incessantly. She was the most unprepossessing child I ever saw except Rose. Rose's voice suggested a diet of slate-pencils and pickles. She had straight colorless hair, and her face was all bespattered with muddy freckles. Daisy had rudimentary teeth with fringed edges, like saws, and her eyes were like gimlets. When she looked at me she saw my real, but hidden, self as clearly as if I had been a transparency hanging in a window. She glowered her dislike at me, and I tried to do the same to her without being detected by her mother.

"This is your dear Aunty Eliza," Mrs. Smith said ingratiatingly. "She has no little girls of her own, and you must n't let her feel lonely." (How tired I have become of that introduction!) Then she turned to me.

"You are so different from Fanny!" (mentioning a common friend). "Now when *she* is here I keep my little girls out of her way, for she tells her friends quite honestly that she does n't care for children. Is n't it funny and frank of her?"

Funny and frank indeed, — and oh, supremely sensible! How I have envied Fanny, — that wise virgin, — who assumed a fault when she had it not, and now has the reward of seeing children swept from her path by parents too tender to submit the little dears to the eye of indifference. For, as a matter of fact, Fanny's feeling for children is one of love and sympathy as compared with mine.

It may excite surprise that the hollowness of my affection has never been detected. It *has always* been detected — by the children, who are the most clear-sighted of the human family, but never by their mothers, who, having eyes, see not. Children don't like me any better than I like them, — and thereby they win from me a grudging respect. Many a time have I begged parents, with tears in my eyes, not to force their little ones to stay with me against their wills. The only result of this appeal is that I have overheard subsequent curtain lectures and surreptitious admonishings, all on the text, " Poor Aunt Eliza! She has no little children of her own, and you must try to love her because she loves you so much."

In my younger days I seriously contemplated matrimony as an escape from children (strange paradox!). But marrying is like quarreling in that it takes two to do it, and on the whole it seemed simpler to remain single.

It has been a great relief to speak the truth at last, although anonymously. I can assure my harshest judges that my punishment has fitted my crime with an exactness which even Gilbert's Mikado — that dispenser of perfect justice — would approve. The moral of my confession is that it is better to seem worse than you are than to be worse than you seem; for the consequences of assumed virtue fall fatally upon the delinquent, while the wages of an assumed sin are frequently paid by other people.

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THE SOCIAL DISABILITY OF THE JEW

BY EDWIN J. KUH

"Wer darf das Kind beim rechten Namen nennen?" — GOETHE.

IN the great carnal trinity of Hunger, Sex, and Hate, Hate has forever been the goad of race against race. The pages of history drip with the blood of nations. Religion, destined to calm the surge of passions, but added new incentives to destruction. From this hideous nightmare of suffering, stronger than race, stronger than creed, must come an ultimate awakening — the awakening of the moral nature in man. The gospel of righteousness, calling more insistently than ever, must finally lift the burden of bigotry and dogma weighing on the earth.

The share of the Jewish race in this suffering we do not wish to magnify in order to bolster an argument. All nations have had their martyrdom, and many have succumbed. The Jewish race has survived, denationalized, heterogeneous in composition, homogeneous in fellowship, modern in its aspirations.

Wherever scattered, it is confronted with the problem of adaptation. Its civil liberty in Europe dates from the French Revolution, but its mean average of emancipation ranges over considerably less than a century. Within that incredibly short space of time, the Jewish race has been transformed from an immured tribe of aliens into a people of cosmopolitan citizenship. It has found a safe anchorage and a definite opportunity to work out its own salvation, with its problem of assimilation largely dependent on the intelligence of the various nations within whose borders it makes its home.

In Russia, Rumania, Spain, and Portugal the struggle is carried on in the spirit of mediævalism. In the other countries of Europe, racial and religious acerbity is intensified by economic and political agitation. These factors, although impotent to alienate the civil rights of the Jew, persist in the form of social intolerance. The liberated Jew of Europe, secure from persecution by church and state, is still exposed to the game laws of the social chase. England and France probably rank highest in point of tolerance; while intellectual Germany and the restless kingdom of Austro-Hungary offer the spectacle of a clashing of classes, in which the baiting of Jews is an eruptive phenomenon. We therefore perceive that civilized Europe, although shamed into the granting of civil rights, has not yet humanized itself above social persecution.

Gauged by European standards, we have no Jewish question in the United States. There is no open revolt, no persecution in masses, no partisan propaganda. The Jews in this Republic have never, as a class, suffered from civil disabilities. Our political, economic, and religious freedom is absolute. And still our equivalence is not established. We realize, smouldering under an apparently calm surface, a general antagonism against our race. The problem is usually regarded as a skeleton in the closet. Among the Jews it is treated strictly as a family affair; among our Christian population, either with open offensiveness, or with a show of discretion supposed to pass for delicacy. We see in this aloof-

ness an example of the same pernicious prudery which educators have recognized in the suppression of a scientific understanding of the sex relation. It is, therefore, the writer's belief that an open discussion of the situation not only is permissible, but will be helpful to a better understanding.[1]

We have two groups of Jews in America: the orthodox and the liberal. The former are steeped in the ritualism of the past, and cling to race and religion with a tenacity which stamps them voluntary aliens. Whatever education the orthodox Jew has, expresses itself in Talmudic lore, an object of almost as much curious interest to the liberal Jew as it would be to Christians. The offspring of these ancient Jews, influenced by environment, gradually drift into the liberal ranks, although filial loyalty often delays the flowering of conviction into action. But the Jew who really counts in America, who comes into intimate contact with his American countrymen, is the liberal Jew — and when we speak of Jews in this essay, we have this group in mind.

It is this group, too, which is most alertly cognizant of the social restrictions of the race. For though present conditions, compared with the persecutions of history, might be considered almost ideal, the Jewish people, having within an incredibly short period of emancipation risen to the level of modern nations, are almost as sensitive to the finer disabilities under which they labor as were their forbears to ancient and mediæval torture.

But this same ascent, which has rendered the organism of the Jew more finely sensitive, has also given him perspective. For fifteen centuries the civil and canonical law of the Talmud cemented the people into a homeless nation, cohesive and stationary through its religion. It was of necessity a religious tribe, separated by the Gentile and separating itself from the Gentile in order to insure its salvation and to protect its life. But to-day, the solidarity of the Jews as a racial and particularly as a religious entity is undergoing a tremendous change. And the American Jew of to-day can look beyond self-preservation and his tribe and leisurely and hopefully review his situation.

So looking, he can see that competition is one cause of the conditions under which his people labor. An expatriated race, the Jews are forced to adapt themselves to the character of the people among whom they are scattered, coerced into a constant struggle for assimilation and amalgamation. The French Jews must

[1] "As to the Jewish element in 'Deronda,' I expected from first to last, in writing it, that it would create much stronger resistance, and even repulsion, than it has actually met with. But precisely because I felt that the usual attitude of Christians toward Jews is — I hardly know whether to say more impious or stupid, when viewed in the light of their professed principles, I therefore felt urged to treat Jews with such sympathy and understanding as my nature and knowledge would attain to. Moreover, not only towards the Jews, but towards all Oriental peoples with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable which has become a national disgrace to us. There is nothing I should care more to do, if it were possible, than to rouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs. But towards the Hebrews we Western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called 'educated' making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek. To my feeling, this deadness to the history which has prepared half our world for us, this inability to find interest in any form of life that is not clad in the same coat-tails and flounces as our own, lies very close to the worst kind of irreligion. The best that can be said of it is that it is a sign of the intellectual narrowness — in plain English, the stupidity — which is still the average mark of our culture." — (*Life and Letters* of George Eliot.)

be Frenchmen; the German Jews, Germans; the American Jews, Americans. In every country they are obliged to grope for their place in the commonwealth, and they ardently strive to find it. Thus, as the Jewish people make themselves numerically felt in all civilized communities, and as their intellectual endowment raises them, not only above the submerged citizens, but into the active class of competitors in commerce, science, art, and the professions, friction is unavoidable. Yet the source of the Jews' tribulations lies much deeper than competition

It is traditional to account for anti-Jewish feeling on the score of religion. But this should seem rather out of date. We are not arguing with the ignorant and stupid demi-Christians, who have never learned that Christianity, by reviling Judaism, strikes its parent. We are not arguing with the Christian who forgets that Christ was a Jew and spoke the language of the Jew. We are not arguing with the Christian who, had Christ been born nineteen centuries later, might have been so blinded by race prejudice as not to recognize in him the Saviour. We shall not argue with the Christians who are a house divided against itself, and whose religious history is soaked in Christian blood for the greater glory of God. The conversion of "Christians" to Christianity is still an unfinished task, and will keep our friends busy for generations to come. "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me."

The opprobrium of covetousness and craftiness which history has heaped upon the reputation of the Jew still clings. The usual philo-Semitic defense is, that these traits are the direct result of the Jews' debarment through long centuries from all pursuits other than the commercial. This defense merely explains, cannot condone, laxity in commercial honor. No race has a monopoly of honesty, and it would be difficult to prove that the Jew is either worse or better than his neighbor. We should say that the commercial standard of the Jew is governed by the community in which he lives; or, in the words of the German statesman, every country has the Jews it deserves. If the American Jew has been outstripped by the predatory ruthlessness of the Christian American financier, his inferiority must be charged less to a lack of business acumen than to the absence of that magnificent criminality which an awe-struck community witnesses, and sometimes admires, in the American plutocrat. The abject panic into which our President's attempted enforcement of the eighth commandment is throwing a certain class of emasculated Americans should serve to check the finger which points to the mote in the eye of the Jew. Moreover, the dishonest Jew is never a leader of his people; nor do the brethren of his race conceal their intimate contempt. The conscience of Israel is never cold. We denounce the hypocrisy of praise at the grave of a man who has not lived an upright life. Our church gives cold refuge to men who would cover misdeeds by piousness. We honor above all men the scholar and the man of consistent good deeds.

The causes of feeling against the Jews, then, may be said to be not primarily religious or commercial. What are they?

First and most powerful among them is the instinct of race hatred, to which the Jew is constantly and acutely exposed, because of his expatriation and his intimate mingling with other races. In the intermingling of races in America, the differentiation between the Frenchman, the American, the German, the Italian, assumes the character of a good-natured incoalescence, whereas the sentiment against the Jew usually crystallizes into active rebuff.

The physical causes for this animosity reside largely in the Jewish type. Though the various separate characteristics which repel the "Aryan" from the Jew can easily be pointed out in other races (Aryan

included), a cumulative burden of idiosyncrasies weighs on our unfortunate people. It goes without saying that the Jewish type is not uniform, nor do we wish to concede that the caricaturist is always true to nature, but it must be acknowledged that the typical Jewish figure is not pleasing to the eye. The great masters in painting and sculpture have almost always modified or falsified the Jewish type in deference to æsthetic demands. This unfavorable physical impression is heightened by certain mannerisms, such as exaggerated gestures, by the peculiar voice inflection which grates on the ear, and by the distortion of the English language of which so many of our "prominent" Jews are guilty. Although these physical attributes are shared by other Oriental and also by the Latin races, they reach a climax in the Jewish type, which in its culmination is unsympathetic to the Anglo-Saxon, the Oriental, or the Latin people. It is not agreeable to touch on this phase of our inquiry; but the importance of physical repulsion can hardly be overestimated.

A visitor from Altruria might wonder why a race of people of intelligence, cleanly, moral, law-abiding, sober, industrious, prosperous, should be socially undesirable in a democracy. The following incident may offer an answer.

Several years ago the writer, on a vacation voyage, met a judge of one of our higher courts. He was a thoughtful man, refined in manner, moderate in speech, and a close observer of human affairs. Our conversation happened to drift to the subject of the education of the American Indian and to that of college fraternities. The question whether an Indian might be eligible for a college fraternity was, rightly or wrongly, answered in the affirmative. We then asked why Jews were *personae non gratae* in fraternities. Our friend answered very quietly, and without the slightest suggestion of harshness, "Because the Indians have better manners." There then ensued a gap of silence which became rather oppressive. But it struck the writer very forcibly that the probe had touched the sore. The remark has rankled ever since, and is responsible for this contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Society will condone any fault more readily than offenses against good taste. Does not the social disability of the Jew in the United States hinge on this point?

It is easy enough to see why this charge is defensible. Our Jewish immigrants have come to America to earn their bread. The majority, when landing, are poor, without the advantages of an education. They mend their worldly condition, but not their minds. The result is obvious. Their possession of material wealth and of the comforts of life gives them a false sense of social values. Secure in the conviction that they possess the great desideratum, they become self-assertive. They forget that the money which buys them a box at the opera or an apartment at a fashionable hotel has not bought for them culture. They take the shadow for the substance. The defense that they are merely copying the American parvenu is no justification.

Do my Jewish readers wonder that the doors of summer hotels, where our parvenus sprawl in shameless familiarity, are closed to them and their people? I have not a single word of defense for the vulgar exhibitions of Jewish people in public places. These upstarts bring the blush of shame to the face of every decent Jew, who would show more loyalty to his race by open condemnation than by half-hearted defense or pouting resentment.

The exclusion of Jews from college fraternities is another case in point. In many frank interviews with fraternity men we have received the impression that they do not want Jewish boys because of their bad manners. This is a sane and commendable stand. On the other hand, we know of instances where Jewish boys were "rushed" for a fraternity, and dropped just in time, with rather undignified alacrity, when they announced

their racial "disability." These boys were young fellows of culture, and apart from their origin, desirable associates in every respect. Their exclusion was an expression of hidebound prejudice, rearing its head in the institution which more than all others should be liberal in thought.

Now we wish to say to the young men of American colleges that from them will spring the representative men of the future of this Republic. The university stands for education and culture, for liberal thought and decent action, for justice, and for all the qualities which combine to make a gentleman. It stands for a type of man, unfortunately rare, of the stamp of the man Roosevelt. Do you represent that type? Are you loyal to the spirit of the Constitution of your country when you debase your manhood in blind intolerance? Are you good Christians? Does your faculty, which supplies you with Jewish teachers, connive at your actions? Do you honor Jesus when you spurn the race from which he is sprung? Do you remember Emerson's "the education at college of fools?" You cannot do the Jews and the community at large a greater service than by excluding the undesirable members of their race. But you cannot afford to stultify yourselves by a sweeping generalization.

Not only bad manners, but other faults which may be charged against the Jewish people, are fostered by the close family affiliation of the Jews. That this condition has arisen from necessity rather than choice does not alter the fact, or invalidate the statement that it is the Jew himself who must remedy the situation. For remedied it must be. This close family affiliation has, through its very excess, ceased to be an unmixed virtue. It serves to perpetuate objectionable idiosyncrasies, and narrows the sympathies. Not all the lavishness with which the Jew contributes to charities can give him the true spirit of altruism, so long as his interest is so strongly centred in his family. The projection of self into the next of kin savors strongly of selfishness masquerading as love. And the deadly monotony of family reunions is the thief of individual development. "Why," says Emerson, "should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's." Men should not be able to say of us, "If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument." Rather we should be able to say, "I shun father and mother, and wife and brother, when my genius calls me."

We believe that the Jewish home is the nursery for the perpetuation of idiosyncrasies which tend to aggravate, instead of to relax, the social disabilities of the Jew.

Another of the most intense Jewish characteristics is the adoration of the child. The physical well-being of our offspring is made to assume undue priority over the spiritual life. Physical privation for the child, even within the limits of hygienic restraint, wrings the tender heart of the Jewish parent. Hence the fear of disease obtains to a degree little short of monomania. It is not difficult to perceive the softening influence of this domestic management. The child, become an object of anxious solicitude, is usually restrained from the more hardy play of his young neighbors, and a retarded physical development is the result. In the mean time, he becomes excessively self-conscious. Excluded from physical competition, he attempts to assert himself mentally — too frequently to the ill-concealed delight of doting parents who find compensation in the precociousness of their stunted children. The product of this bad training is a high-strung child, lacking in physical courage and over-impressed with its importance in the community. Its egotism, extending into the years of adult life, is bound to receive some very painful shocks. In the interest of fairness, this is the place to state that the children of Christian Americans, although usually not permitted to suffer in physical development, are likewise shame-

fully pampered. They share with Jewish children a distorted view of the relation of things, — enormously enlarged and distorted images of their tastes, their clothes, their likes, their aversions, and their talents, — and they have in addition a large bump of irreverence.

The suppression of physical development in Jewish children makes them a tempting butt for their neighbor. The bully is usually safe in hurling a race insult against the Jewish boy. The Irish, who also seem possessed of a comical inclination to class themselves among the oppressed nations, would give short shrift to any one venturing aspersions against their race. The Jew would make a better man and a fitter protagonist for his people if he possessed the qualifications to resent a race insult, not by "dignified" silence, but by the more direct manual *argumentum ad hominem.*

It has been conceded in this essay that a heavy burden of responsibility for the intolerance against the Jews rests on the Jew himself. The most intelligent among our Jewish friends consider the situation hopeless. They reason that you cannot alter the Jew and cannot alter the Gentile. We beg to differ most emphatically.

A ceaseless process of adaptation is gradually modifying the Jewish type. Climate, environment, unconscious and conscious adoption of customs and manners, cannot fail to exercise their cogent influence. The French Jew is easily distinguishable from the German Jew, the German from the Russian. The Jew who, by establishing himself in a country town, dissociates himself from his own flock and comes into closer contact with his Christian neighbors, frequently exhibits refinement of manners considerably beyond that of his city cousin. The physical type of many Jews all over the civilized world has been so modified through adaptation (not by any means to their disadvantage), that they have become unrecognizable to their own race.

But the most potent of evolutionary influences is intermarriage. Whatever of Chauvinism exists in the Jewish people is quickly aroused by the suggestion of miscegenation; for the Jewish heart, whether hidden under gabardine or broadcloth, is proud, — proud of a lineage with its colossal Mosaic tradition, which has moulded the western world. To the uncompromising orthodox Jew, intermarriage signifies nothing short of apostasy, and by the liberal Jew mixed marriages are at least mildly deprecated. When a liberal Jew is questioned as to the cause of his misgivings, he will usually reply that miscegenation evidences disloyalty to the Jewish religion and would jeopardize the preservation of the race. When pressed for a definition of the Jewish religion, the liberal Jew, if a man of education, will almost invariably confess to that form of agnosticism which is born of reverence for the unknown and unknowable. You will find that he does not disavow the applicability of reason to questions of faith. You will find him rather skeptical as to the efficacy of prayer; his conception of the Divinity is far from dogmatic; and while the imagery of the immortality of the soul is quite flattering to his ego, he would not be willing to subscribe to the certainty of an hereafter. The argument will usually simmer down to the compromise that Judaism stands for ethics, and that the history of the Jewish race is sublime.

And we shall not quarrel with him on either point. Our understanding will usually terminate in the agreement that the principles of ethics and righteousness have sufficient power of locomotion without the aid of the theologic crutch. To the liberal Jew, the church is not essentially a house of worship. In communities where the Sabbath has been transferred to Sunday, he seeks intellectual diversion, ethical support, and a release from the rote of everyday life in the pleasant gregariousness of the synagogue. If loyalty has not stifled his candor, if allegiance to tottering dogma has not blinded his vision, he must confess that the reformed

synagogue is but a way-station on the road to free-thinking.

Assuming these observations to be correct, the Jewish compunctions anent mixed marriages are racial, not religious, and must be modified in compliance with that point of view.

It would be well to remind our Jewish race-purists of some facts in history. Do they remember that the question of mixed marriages caused much confusion in Jerusalem after the return of the Jews from captivity? Do they remember the conversion of Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans to the Jewish faith? Do they remember that the Jews of Gaul and Spain received through various channels and at different periods an infusion of native blood? Do they know that the number of converted Jews during the past fifteen centuries is computed by millions? It is as certain that alien blood, pagan and Christian, flows in Jewish veins, as it is that the Christian nations have a liberal admixture of Jewish blood. The forefather of many a Jew went clad in Roman toga or Athenian pallium. And we would feel constrained to confess ourselves poor diagnosticians if George Bernard Shaw, the *enfant terrible* of nimble wit in contemporaneous literature, succeeded in disproving the existence in himself of the same strain of blood as coursed in the veins of Heinrich Heine. Israel is much less the offspring of a race than the work of history. Opposition against the intermingling of Jewish blood with that of other races is as untenable in theory as in practice; first, because no race has shown a greater adaptability to "Aryan" civilization than the Jew (being, in fact, the parent of civilization through the Mosaic law); and second, because the hyphenation of modern races is actually finding a corollary in a constantly increasing Jewish-Gentile sanguinity. As the alien traits of the Jew fade into softer outline, the elements of attraction will outweigh those of repulsion, and national, racial, and religious bigotry will be submerged in an irresistible confluence.

We do not underestimate the power of ecclesiastic resistance on the Christian side. The church has made many concessions to intelligence, and it will make more. An institution so jealous of its power as the church may be expected to fight hard against natural tendencies. But the interchange of pulpits between Jew and Christian is a sign of the times, and evidence that Christian vision has become sufficiently acute to recognize its parent in religion. And in the Ethical Culture movement the effacement is complete. A growing intelligence will do the rest.

If our investigations have been accurate, then, the vexed question of the social disability of the Jew in the United States must find its solution primarily in the self-elevation of the Jewish race; in a modification of the racial type, which is, *nolens volens*, in constant progression; in better physical development; in the best possible efforts of education, extending particularly to the younger generation of Jewish merchants; in the most earnest nurture of good breeding and culture; in judicious intermarriage; in ethical living.

So far as the Jew is able to understand Christianity, its points of contact with paganism, such as the faith in miracles and the adoration of images, are merely fortuitous. Nor does the pomp of the church seem a true reflection of the simplicity of Jesus. As we understand the Scriptures, Jesus preached essentially a conduct of life. When Jesus comes into his own, there will be no problem of race hatred.

THE DIVINE SOIL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

How few persons can be convinced of the truth of that which is repugnant to their feelings! When Darwin published his conclusion that man was descended from an apelike ancestor who was again descended from a still lower type, most people were shocked by the thought; it was intensely repugnant to their feelings. Carlyle, for instance, treated the proposition with contempt. He called it the "gospel of dirt." "A good sort of man," he said, "is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect." Huxley tells of seeing the old man one day upon the street, and of crossing over to greet him. Carlyle looked up and said, "You 're Huxley, are n't you, the man who says we are all descended from monkeys?" and went on his way. It would be interesting to know just what Carlyle thought we were descended from. Could he, or did he, doubt at all that, if he were to go back a few thousand years over his own line of descent, he would come upon rude savage men, who used stone implements, and lived in caves or rude huts, who had neither letters nor arts, and with whom might did indeed make right, and that back of these he would find still more primitive races, and that these too had their still more savage and bestial forbears? When started on the back track of his own race, where could he stop? Could he stop anywhere? The neolithic man stands on the shoulders of the paleolithic, and he on a still lower human or semi-human form, till we come to a manlike ape or an apelike man, living in trees and subsisting on roots and nuts and wild fruits. Every child born to-day, by the grip of its hands, the strength of its arms, and the weakness of its legs, hints of those far-off arboreal ancestors. Carlyle must also have known that in his fetal or prenatal life there was a time when his embryo could not have been distinguished from that of a dog, much less of a monkey. Was this also intolerable to him?

It must be a bitter pill to persons of Carlyle's temperament to have to accept the account of their own human origin; that the stork legend of the baby is, after all, not good natural history. The humble beginning of each of us is not one that appeals to the imagination, or to the religious sentiment, or to our love of the mysterious and the remote, yet the evidence in favor of its truth is pretty strong.

In fact, the Darwinian theory of the origin of man differs from the popular one just as the natural history of babies, as we all know it, differs from the account in the nursery legends, and gives about the same shock to our sensibilities and our pride of origin.

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn in this life, and one that many persons never learn, is to see the divine, the celestial, the pure, in the common, the near at hand — to see that heaven lies about us here in this world. Carlyle's gospel of dirt, when examined closely, differs in no respect from a gospel of star-dust. Why, we have invented the whole machinery of the supernatural, with its unseen spirits and powers good and bad, to account for things, because we found the universal everyday nature too cheap, too common, too vulgar. We have had to cap the natural with the supernatural to satisfy our love for the marvelous and the inexplicable. As soon as a thing is brought within our ken, and the region of our experience, it seems to lose caste and be cheapened. I am at a loss how to account for this

mytho-poetic tendency of ours, but what a part it has played in the history of mankind, and what a part it still plays — turning the light of day into a mysterious illusive and haunted twilight on every hand! It would seem that it must have served some good purpose in the development of the race; but what is not so easy to point out is the evil it has wrought, the mistakes and self-delusions to which it has given rise. One may say that in its healthy and legitimate action it has given rise to poetry and to art and to the many escapes which the imagination provides us from the hard and wearing realities of life. Its implacable foe is undoubtedly the scientific spirit — the spirit of the now and the here, that seeks proof and finds the marvelous and the divine in the ground underfoot; the spirit that animated Lyell and opened his eyes to the fact that the forces and agencies at work every day around us were adequate to account for the tremendous changes in the earth's surface in the past; that animated Darwin and led him to trace the footsteps of the creative energy in the natural life of plants and animals to-day; that animated Huxley and filled him with such righteous wrath at the credulity of his theological brethren; and that animates every one of us when we clinch a nail, or stop a leak, or turn a thing over and look on the other side, and apply to practical affairs the touchstone of common sense.

That man is of divine origin in a sense that no other animal is, is a conviction dear to the common mind. It was dear to the mind of Carlyle, it chimed in well with his distrust of the present, his veneration of the past, and his Hebraic awe and reverential fear before the mysteries of the universe. While Darwin's attitude of mind toward outward things was one of inquiry and thirst for exact knowledge, Carlyle's was one of reverence and wonder. He was more inclined to worship where Darwin was moved to investigate. Darwin, too, felt the presence of the great unknown, but he sought solace in the knowable of the physical world about him, while Carlyle sought solace in the moral and intellectual world, where his great mytho-poetic faculty could have free swing.

We teach and we preach that God is in everything from the lowest to the highest, and that all things are possible with him, and yet practically we deny that he is in the brute and that it is possible man should have had his origin there.

I long ago convinced myself that whatever is on the earth and shares its life is of the earth, and, in some way not open to me, came out of the earth, the highest not less than the humblest creature at our feet. I like to think of the old weather-worn globe as the mother of us all. I like to think of the ground underfoot as plastic and responsive to the creative energy, vitally related to the great cosmic forces, a red corpuscle in the life-current of the Eternal, and that man, with all his high-flying dreams and aspirations, his arts, his Bibles, his religions, his literatures, his philosophies — heroes, saints, martyrs, sages, poets, prophets — all lay folded there in the fiery mist out of which the planet came. I love to make Whitman's great lines my own: —

> I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be.
>
> My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
> On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
> All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.
>
> Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
> Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know I was even there,
> I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
> And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.
>
> Long I was hugged close — long and long.
>
> Immense have been the preparations for me;
> Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing
like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own
rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to
hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother genera-
tions guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could
overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their
mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to com-
plete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

II

The material, the carnal, the earthy, has been so long under the ban, so long associated in our minds with that which hinders and degrades, and with the source and province of evil, that it will take science a long time to redeem it and lift it again to its proper place.

It jars upon our sensibilities and disturbs our preconceived notions to be told that the spiritual has its root in the carnal and is as truly its product as the flower is the product of the roots and the stalk of the plant. The conception does not cheapen or degrade the spiritual, it elevates the carnal, the material. To regard the soul and body as one, or to ascribe to consciousness a physiological origin, is not detracting from its divinity, it is rather conferring divinity upon the body. One thing is inevitably linked with another, the higher forms with the lower forms, the butterfly with the grub, the flower with the root, the food we eat with the thought we think, the poem we write, or the picture we paint, with the processes of digestion and nutrition. How science has enlarged and ennobled and purified our conception of the universe; how it has cleaned out the evil spirits that have so long terrified mankind, and justified the verdict of the Creator: "and behold it was good." With its indestructibility of matter, its conservation of energy, its inviolability of cause and effect, its unity of force and elements throughout sidereal space, it has prepared the way for a conception of man, his origin, his development, and in a measure his destiny, that at last makes him at home in the universe.

How much more consistent it is with what we know of the unity of nature to believe that one species should have come through another, that man should have come through the brute rather than have been grafted upon him from without. Unfolding and ever unfolding, upward and onward, from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex—that has been the course of organic evolution from the first.

One thinks of the creative energy as working along many lines, only one of which eventuated in man; all the others fell short or terminated in lower forms. Hence, while we think of man as capable of, and destined to, still higher development, we look upon the lower orders as having reached the end of their course, and conclude there is no to-morrow for them.

The anthropoid apes seem indeed like preliminary studies of man, or rejected models of the great inventor who was blindly groping his way to the higher form. The ape is probably our ancestor in no other sense than this. Nature seems to have had man in mind when she made him, but evidently she lost interest in him, humanly speaking, and tried some other combination. The ape must always remain an ape. Some collateral branch doubtless gave birth to a higher form, and this to a still higher, till we reach our preglacial forbears. Then some one branch or branches distanced all others, leaving rude tribes by the way in whom development seemed arrested, till we reach the dawn of history.

The creative energy seems ever to have been pushing out and on, and yet ever

leaving a residue of forms behind. The reptiles did not all become birds, nor the invertebrates all become vertebrates, nor the apes all become men, nor the men all become Europeans. Every higher form has a base or background of kindred lower forms out of which it seems to have emerged, and to which it now and then shows a tendency to revert. And this is the order of nature everywhere, in our own physiology and psychology, not less than in the evolution of the forms of life. Do not our highest ideals have their rise and foundation in sensation and experience? There is no higher without first the lower, and the lower does not all become the higher.

The blood relationship between man and the anthropoid apes, as shown in the fact that human blood acts poisonously upon and decomposes the blood of the lower apes and other mammals, but is harmless to the blood of the anthropoid apes, and affiliates with it, is very significant. It convinces like a demonstration. Transfer the blood of the dog to the fox or the wolf, or *vice versa*, and all goes well; they are brothers. Transfer the blood of the dog to the rabbit, or *vice versa*, and a struggle for life immediately takes place. The serum of one blood destroys the cells of the other. This fact confirms Huxley's statement that the anatomical difference between man and the anthropoid apes is less than the corresponding difference between the latter and the lower apes.

III

One thing we may affirm about the universe — it is logical; the conclusion always follows from the premises.

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is, "Look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of your power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the centre of the world. Stand in your own dooryard and you have eight thousand miles of solid ground beneath you, and all the sidereal splendors overhead. The morning and the evening stars are no more in the heavens and no more obedient to the celestial impulses than the lonely and time-scarred world we inhabit. How the planet thrills and responds to the heavenly forces and occurrences we little know, but we get an inkling of it when we see the magnetic needle instantly affected by solar disturbances.

Look under foot. Gold and diamonds and all precious stones come out of the ground; they do not drop upon us from the stars, and our highest thoughts are in some way a transformation or a transmutation of the food we eat. The mean is the divine if we make it so. The child surely learns that its father and mother are the Santa Claus that brought the gifts, though the discovery may bring pain; and the man learns to see providence in the great universal forces of nature, in the winds and the rain, in the soil underfoot and in the cloud overhead. What these forces in their orderly rounds do not bring him, he does not expect. The farmer hangs up his stocking in the way of empty bins and barns, and he knows well who or what must fill them. The Santa Claus of the merchant, the manufacturer, the inventor, is the forces and conditions all about us in everyday operation. When the lightning strikes your building or the trees on your lawn, you are at least reminded that you do not live in a corner outside of Jove's dominions, you are in the circuit of the great forces. If you are eligible to bad fortune where you stand, you are equally eligible to good fortune there. The young man who went West did well, but the young man who had the western spirit and stayed at home did equally well. To evoke a spark of fire out of a flint with a bit of steel is the same thing as evoking beautiful thoughts from homely facts. How hard it is for us to see the heroic in an act of our neighbor!

IV

What a burden science took upon itself when it sought to explain the origin of man! Religion or theology takes a short cut and makes quick work of it by regarding man as the result of the special creative act of a supernatural Being. But science takes a long and tedious and hazardous way around through the lowest primordial forms of life. It seeks to trace his germ through the abyss of geologic time where all is dim and mysterious, through countless cycles of waiting and preparation, where the slow, patient gods of evolution cherished it and passed it on, through the fetid carbon, through the birth and decay of continents, through countless interchanges and readjustments of sea and land, through the clash and warring of the cosmic forces, through good and evil report, through the fish and the reptile, through the ape and the orang up to man — from the slime at the bottom of the primordial ocean up to Jesus of Nazareth. Surely one may say with Whitman, —

> "Immense have been the preparations for me;
> Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me!"

It took about one hundred thousand feet of sedimentary rock, laid down through hundreds of millions of years in the bottom of the old seas, all probably the leavings of minute forms of life, to make a foundation upon which man could appear.

His origin as revealed by science fills and appalls the imagination; as revealed by theology it simply baffles and dumbfounds one. Science deepens the mystery while yet it gives the reason and the imagination something to go upon; it takes us beyond soundings, but not beyond the assurance that cause and effect are still continuous there beneath us. I like to think that man has traveled that long adventurous road, that the whole creation has pulled together to produce him. It is a road, of course, beset with pain and anguish, beset with ugly and repellent forms, beset with riot and slaughter; it leads through jungle and morass, through floods and cataclysms, through the hells of the Mesozoic and the Cenozoic periods, but it leads ever upward and onward.

The manward impulse in creation has doubtless been checked many times, but never lost; all forms conspired to further it, and it seemed to have taken the push and the aspiration out of each order as it passed on, dooming it henceforth to a round of life without change or hope of progress, leaving the fish to continue fish, the reptiles to continue reptiles, the apes to continue apes; it took all the heart and soul of each to feed and continue the central impulse that was to eventuate in man.

I fail to see why our religious brethren cannot find in this history or revelation as much room for creative energy, as large a factor of the mysterious and superhuman, as in the myth of Genesis. True it is that it fixes our attention upon this world and upon forces with which we are more or less familiar, but it implies an element or a power before which we stand helpless and dumb. What fathered this man-impulse, what launched this evolutionary process, what or who stamped upon the first protoplasm the aspiration to be man, and never let that aspiration sleep through all the tremendous changes of those incalculable geologic ages? What or who first planted the seed of the great biological tree and determined all its branchings and the fruit it should bear? If you must have a God, either apart from or immanent in creation, it seems to me that there is as much need of one here as in the Mosaic cosmology. The final mystery cannot be cleared up. We can only drive it to cover. How the universe came to be what it is, and how man came to be man, who can tell us?

That somewhere in my line of descent was an ancestor that lived in trees and had powerful arms and weaker legs, that his line began in a creature that lived on the ground, and his in one that lived in

the mud, or in the sea, and his, or its, sprang from a germ at the bottom of the sea, but deepens the mystery of the being that is now here and can look back and speculate over the course he has probably come; it only directs attention to ugly facts, to material things, to the everyday process of evolution, instead of to the far away, the unknown, or the supernatural.

How the organic came to bud and grow from the inorganic, who knows? Yet it must have done so. We seem compelled to think of an ascending series from nebular matter up to the spirituality of man, each stage in the series resting upon or growing out of the one beneath it. Creation or development must be continuous. There are and can be no breaks. The inorganic is already endowed with chemical and molecular life. The whole universe is alive and vibrates with impulses too fine for our dull senses; but in chemical affinity, in crystallization, in the persistence of force, in electricity, we catch glimpses of a kind of vitality that is preliminary to all other. I never see fire burn, or water flow, or the frost-mark on the pane, that I am not reminded of something as mysterious as life. How alive the flame seems, how alive the water, how marvelous the arborescent etchings of the frost! Is there a principle of fire? Is there a principle of crystallization? Just as much as there is a principle of life. The mind, in each case, seems to require something to lay hold of as a cause. Why these wonderful star forms of the snowflake? Why these exact geometric forms of quartz crystals? The gulf between disorganized matter and the crystal seems to me as great as that between the organic and the inorganic. If we did not every day witness the passage, we could not believe it. The gulf between the crystal and the cell we have not seen cleared, and man has not yet been able to bridge it, and may never be, but it has been bridged, and I dare say without any more miracle than hourly goes on around us. The production of water from two invisible gases is a miracle to me. When water appeared (what made it appear?) and the first cloud floated across the blue sky, life was not far off, if it was not already there. Some morning in spring, when the sun shone across the old Azoic hills, at some point where the land and sea met, life began — the first speck of protoplasm appeared. Call it the result of the throb or push of the creative energy that pervades all things, and whose action is continuous and not intermittent, since we are compelled to presuppose such energy to account for anything, even our own efforts to account for things. An ever active vital force pervades the universe, and is felt and seen in all things, from atomic attraction and repulsion up to wheeling suns and systems. The very processes of thought seem to require such premises to go upon. There is a reason for the universe as we find it, else man's reason is a delusion, and delusion itself is a meaningless term. The uncaused is unthinkable; thought can find neither beginning nor ending to the universe, because it cannot find the primal cause. Can we think of a stick with only one end? We have to if we compass time in thought, or in space, either.

V

Given atomic motion, chemical affinity, — this hunger or love of the elements for one another, — crystallization, electricity, radium, the raining upon us of solar and sidereal influences, the youth of the earth, and the whole universe vibrating with the cosmic creative energy, the beginning of life, the step from the inorganic to the organic, is not so hard to conceive. In a dead universe this would be hard, but we have a universe throbbing with cosmic life and passion to begin with. It is impossible for me to think of anything as uncaused, and in trying to figure to myself this beginning of life I have to postulate this universal creative energy that pervades the worlds as animating the atoms and causing them to combine so as to produce the primordial protoplasm. Then

when the first cell divides and becomes two, I have to think of an inherent something that prompts the act, and so on all the way up.

I cannot conceive of crystallization, this precise and invariable arrangement of certain elements, nor of the invariable chemical compounds, without postulating some inner force or will or tendency that determines them. I cannot conceive of an atom of carbon, or oxygen, or hydrogen as doing anything of itself. It must be alive, and this life and purpose pervades the universe. This inability on my part may be only the limitation of thought. I know there are things I cannot conceive of that are yet true. I cannot conceive how the sky is still overhead at the South Pole as at the North, because one position to my senses is the reverse of the other and I am compelled to think of up and down as the same. I cannot think how anything can begin, because time, like matter, is infinitely divisible, and there always remains a mathematical fragment of time between the not beginning and the beginning. The conditions of thought are such that I do not see how one can think of one's self, that is, be object and subject at the same instant of time, — jump down one's own throat, so to speak, — and yet we seem to manage to do it.

VI

If life can finally be explained in terms of physics and chemistry, that is, if the beginning of life on the globe was no new thing, the introduction of no new principle, but only the result of a vastly more complex and intimate play and interaction of the old physico-chemical forces of the inorganic world, then the gulf that is supposed to separate the two worlds of living and non-living matter virtually disappears: the two worlds meet and fuse. We shall probably in time have to come to accept this view — the view of the mechanico-chemical theory of life. It is in a line with the whole revelation of science, so far, — the getting rid of the miraculous, the unknowable, the transcendental, and the enhancing of the potency and the mystery of things near at hand that we have always known in other forms. It is at first an unpalatable truth, like the discovery of the animal origin of man, or that consciousness and all our fine thoughts and aspirations are the result of molecular action in the brain; or like the experience of the child when it discovers that its father or mother is the Santa Claus that filled its stockings. Science is constantly bringing us back to earth and to the ground underfoot. Our dream of something far-off, supernatural, vanishes. We lose the God of a far-off heaven and find a God in the common, the near, always present, always active, always creating the world anew. Science thus corrects our delusions and vague superstitions, and brings us back near home for the key we had sought afar. We shall probably be brought, sooner or later, to accept another unpalatable theory, that of the physical origin of the soul, that it is not of celestial birth except as the celestial and terrestrial are one. This is really only taking our religious teachers at their word, that God is here, as constant and as active in the commonest substance we know as in the highest heaven. Science finds the beginning of something like conscious intelligence in the first unicellular life, the first protozoön. When two or more cells unite to form a metazoön, it finds a higher and more complex form of intelligence. In the brain of man it finds a confraternity of millions of simple cells, each with a life and intelligence of its own, but when united and coöperating, the intelligence of all *pooled*, as it were, we have the mind and personality of man as the result. This fact leaves no room for the notion that the mind or soul is an entity apart from the organ which it uses. It seems, on the contrary, in some mysterious way to be the result of the multicellular life of the nervous system. Thus we do not banish the mystery of the soul, we only bring it nearer home. We disprove a fable and are then confounded by the fact

that lurks under it. And this proves true in all attempts at ultimate explanations of the phenomena of this world.

It seems as if we saw the hint of prophecy of the vegetable in the mineral — in this growth of crystals, in these arborescent forms of the frost on the pane or on the flagging-stones. One may see most wonderful tree and fern forms on the pavement, with clean open spaces between them, no less than in a wood, — an endless variety of them. A French chemist has lately produced by inorganic compounds the growth of something like a plant, with roots, stem, branches, leaves, buds, — a mineral plant, as if the type of the plant already existed in the soil. Yes, the inorganic is dreaming of the organic. And the plant in its cell structure, in its circulation, in its intelligence, or ingenious devices to get on in the world, is dreaming of the animal, and the animal is dreaming of the spiritual, and the spirituality of man touches the spirituality of the cosmos, and thus the circle is complete.

VII

So far as science can find out, *sentience* is a property of matter which is evolved under certain conditions, and though science itself has not yet been able to reproduce these conditions, it still believes in the possibility. If life was not potential in the inorganic world, how is it possible to account for it? It is not a graft, it is more like a begetting. Nature does not work by prefixes and suffixes, but by unfolding and ever unfolding, or developing out of latent innate powers and possibilities, — an inward necessity always working, but never an external maker. It is no help to fancy that life may have been brought to the earth by a falling meteorite from some other sphere. How did life originate upon that other sphere? It must have started here as surely as fire started here. We feign that Prometheus stole the first fire from heaven, but it sleeps here all about us, and can be evoked any time and anywhere. It sleeps in all forms of force. A falling avalanche of rocks turns to flame; the meteor in the air becomes a torch; the thunderbolt is a huge spark. So life, no doubt, slept in the inorganic, and was started by the reverse of friction, namely, by brooding.

When the earth becomes lifeless again, as it surely must in time, then the cycle will be repeated, a collision will develop new energy, and new worlds, and out of this newness will again come life.

It is highly probable that a million years elapsed between the time when the ancestor of man began to assume human form and the dawn of history. Try to think of that time and of the struggle of this creature upward: of the pain, the suffering, the low bestial life, the warrings, the defeats, the slow, infinitely slow gains, of his deadly enemies in other animals, of the repeated changes of climate of the northern hemisphere from subtropical to subarctic, — the land at one time for thousands of years buried beneath an ice sheet a mile or more thick, followed by a cycle of years of almost tropical warmth even in Greenland, — and all of this before man had yet got off of "all fours," and stood upright, and began to make rude tools and rude shelters from the storms.

The Tertiary period, early in which the first rude ancestor of man seems to have appeared, is less than one week of the great geologic year of the earth's history — a week of about five days. These days the geologists have named Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene, each one of these days covering, no doubt, a million years or more. The ancestor of man probably took on something like human form on the third, or Miocene, day. The other and earlier fifty or more weeks of the great geologic year gradually saw the development of the simpler forms of life, till we reach the earliest mammals and reptiles in the Permian, about the forty-eighth or forty-ninth week of the great year. The laying down of the coal measures, Huxley thinks, must have taken six millions of

years. Well, the Lord allowed himself enough time. Evidently he was in no hurry to see man cutting his fantastic tricks here upon the surface of the planet. A hundred million years, more or less — what of it? Did the globe have to ripen all those cycles upon cycles, like the apple on the tree? to bask in the sidereal currents, work and ferment in the sea of the hypothetical ether, before the gross matter could evolve the higher forms of life? Probably every unicellular organism that lived and died in the old seas helped prepare the way for man, contributed something to the fund of vital energy of the globe upon which man was finally to draw.

How life has had to adjust itself to the great cosmic changes! The delays must have been incalculable. The periodic refrigeration of the northern hemisphere, which brought on the ice age several times during each one of the Eocene and Miocene days, must have delayed the development of life, as we know it, enormously.

VIII

From nebula to nebula — these are the hours struck by the clock of eternity: from the dissipation of the solar systems into nebular gas by their falling together, to their condensation again into suns and worlds, by the action of physical laws — thousands of millions of years in each hour, and the hours infinite in number. This is a hint of eternity. How many times, then, there must have been a world like this evolved in the course of this running down and winding up of the great clock, with beings like these we now behold! how many such worlds and such beings there must now be in the universe, and have always been! Can you think of the number? Not till you can think of infinity. The duration of life upon the globe, to say nothing of man's little span, is hardly a tick of this clock of eternity, and the repetition of the birth and dissipations of systems is well symbolized by the endless striking or ticking of a clock.

Then, sooner or later, comes the thought, What is it all for? and from the great abysm comes the echo, "What for?" Is it our human limitations, the discipline of this earthly life, when we have to count the cost and ask what it is for, that makes us put the question to the Infinite? When the cosmic show is over, what is the gain? When our universe is again a blank, who or what will have reaped the benefit? Will the moral order which has been so slowly and painfully evolved, and which so many souls have struggled to live up to, still go on? Where? with whom? I seem to see dimly that you cannot bring the Infinite to book, that you cannot ask, What for? of the All, — of that which has neither beginning nor end, neither centre nor circumference, neither fulfillment nor design, which knows neither failure nor success, neither loss nor gain, and which is complete in and of itself.

We are tied to the sphere, its laws shape our minds, we cannot get away from it and see it in perspective; away from it there is no direction; at either pole on its surface there is the contradiction of the sky being always overhead. We are tied to the Infinite in the same way. We are part of it but we may not measure it. Our boldest thought comes back like a projectile fired into the heavens — the curve of the infinite sphere holds us. I know I am trying to say the unsayable. I would fain indicate how human and how hopeless is our question, "What for?" when asked of the totality of things. There is no totality of things. To say that there is, does not express it. To say that there is not, does not express it. To say that the universe was created, does not express the mystery; to say that it was not created, but always existed, does not express it any nearer. To say that the heavens are overhead is only half the truth; they are underfoot also. Down is toward the centre of the earth, but go on through and come out at the surface on the other side, and which way is down then?

The Unspeakable will not be spoken.

In the light of science we must see that life and progress and evolution and the moral order must go on and on somewhere; that the birth of systems and the evolution of planets must and does continue, and always has continued; that if one sun fades, another blazes out; that as there must have been an infinite number (how can there be an infinite number? where is the end of the endless?) of worlds in the past, so there will be an infinite number in the future; that if the moral order and the mathematical order and the intellectual order disappear from one planet, they will appear in due time on another.

All that which in our limited view of nature we call waste and delay — how can such terms apply to the Infinite? Can we ever speak truly of the Infinite in terms of the finite? To be sure, we have no other terms, and can never have. Then let us be silent and — reverent.

ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XXIV

It was the early twilight, and MacLeod was going to Electra to say good-by. But first he tapped at Rose's door. He had seen her from time to time through the day, and nothing of significance had passed between them. That unbroken level had been exciting to her. She knew he had things to say and that he would not go leaving them unspoken; delay was only the withholding of bad news. Now she came to the door, a fan in her hand and the summer night reasonably accounting for the breathlessness she felt. Her pallor made a white spot in the dusk; she was like a ghost, with all the life drained out of her. MacLeod stepped inside and closed the door.

"Hot!" he breathed, taking a place by the window.

She could not quite compose herself, and stood near him, fanning him to give herself a pretext for movement. MacLeod looked up at her, smiling. He saw how pale she was.

"Why," he said, with his beguiling kindliness, "you must n't look as if you were afraid of me."

She moved a little, to escape his eyes.

"No," she said, in a low tone, "I don't mean to be afraid. But I am."

"What of, Rose?"

She wanted to say, from her confused suspicions, that he was inevitably contemplating some course that would involve her freedom. But he had turned, and was looking at her in a smiling candor. There was evidently no more guile in him than in the impartial and cherishing sun.

"I wish life did n't present itself to you as a melodrama," he volunteered, with almost a brightness of reproach.

She shook her head. The tremulous expectancy of her face remained unchanged.

"I wish so, too," she answered.

"Well!" He spoke robustly, with a quick decision. "I'm going back. I shall sail next week."

She drew a quick breath. Ready as she was to disbelieve him, it was impossible to deny herself an unreasonable relief. She held herself rigid with anticipation, knowing what the next words would be and how he would command or entreat her also to go. But they amazed her.

"Rose," said he, "this may be the last

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little talk we have together here. I want to speak to you about your mother."

"My mother!" Unconsciously she drew nearer him. Her mother was — what? A banished dream, not forgotten, but relegated to dim tapestried chambers because the air of the present seemed to blur out memory by excess of light. She had awakened from her girlhood's dreams; to them, chiefly, her mother had belonged. Now that past beneficence was a faded flower found in a casket, a scent of beauty touched by time.

"Sit down," said MacLeod, and she obeyed him. He stretched out his legs at ease, and put his head back, his eyes closed, in an easy contemplation. "We don't speak of her very often, do we, little girl?"

"No!" Her irrepressible comment was, "I thought you had forgotten her."

But he continued, —

"I was thinking the other day how much you lose in not having known her as she was when I met her first."

"I have the miniature."

"I know. But that's only a suggestion. It does n't help me bring her to life for you. She had beauty — not so much as you have — and an extraordinary grace and charm. She had, too, that something we trace back to breeding."

He had always undervalued the virtues claimed by gentle birth, and she looked at him, amazed. He understood, and laughed a little. His best weapon against the aristocrat had been tolerance, at its mildest, or a gentle scorn. Where a mob threw eggs, he tossed a rounded epithet.

"I know," he said, "you think I laugh at breeding. Not in her. She had its rarest virtues. She was like an old portrait come to life. She could n't think of her own advantage. She could n't lie. Ah well! well!" He seemed to be musing over the sadness of things begun and ended all too soon, over a light quenched, a glory gone. Rose found herself passionately anxious to hear more. He had brought her a jewel, a part of her heritage; she might have seen it, but without knowing how bright it was. She was acquiescing, too, in the old spell of his kindness, but never, it seemed to her, so beguilingly administered: for he had come, like a herald accredited by an impeccable authority — the talisman of her mother's name. He was, she thought from his voice, gently amused, even smiling a little to himself.

"You see, Rose, your mother made a bad match. Her people, the few there were, repudiated her. I had no qualifications. I was a poor scribbler, too big, too robust, too everything to suit them. I breathed up all the air. I just went into their stained-glass seclusions and carried her off. They never forgave me."

"Her father died very soon." She had never referred to the two old people as her grandparents. She found, in her emotional treasury, no right to them, even as a memory. This hesitating question, indeed, seemed a liberty, as it subtly brought them nearer.

"Yes. Your mother was prostrated by that. She had a strong sense of family feeling."

Immediately Rose pictured to herself the wonder of having such clinging tendrils, to aspire upward, and such filaments of root to mingle with kindred roots in a tended ground. Until now it had seemed to her brave and desirable to walk alone without inherited ties, the cool wind breathing about her, unchecked by walls of old restraint. Now, whether he was gently guiding her thoughts toward his desired ends, or whether some actual hunger in her was impelling them to seek lost possibilities, she did not know; but she was sad. She wanted the spacious boughs of a tree of family life to sit under, to play there and rest. He was continuing, —

"Above all, your mother was a woman of great loyalties, not only to individuals but to her inherited pride. You know that threadbare phrase, *noblesse oblige?* I can laugh when most of them

use it. I never laughed when I saw her cutting her conduct by it."

"I never knew —" She was about to say, in her glowing surprise, that she never knew he cared so much for her mother, or that he had been cherishing such memories.

"That's the reason, my dear," he was saying now, "why you must model yourself on her, and not on me. I don't know that you ever had the least desire to model yourself on me, but I feel very strongly about your knowing what kind of woman she was and letting her — well, letting her decide things for you."

"I wish —" All sorts of longings were choking her and crying for expression; but she could only finish, "I wish she had not died."

"Yes, child. Now these people here, Rose," — his voice had changed into a decisive affirmation, "they are a good sort, very gentle, very well worth your meeting them with fairness. You haven't met them fairly. Now, have you?"

"What do you mean?" She was trembling, not so much under his words as from her own dreary shame. The shame had been with her all day, until she was tired with it, and the words seemed to be little separate floutings to make the burden heavier.

"Electra called you an adventuress. She had every right to."

"Yes. She had every right to." But Rose spoke with the unreasoning bitterness of youth that, finding itself in the wrong path, is sure the way, once entered, has no turning.

"She says you came here with a lie on your lips. Is n't that true?"

"But you told me —" She was seeking to get back her lost self, the one that still believed in its own integrity. "I did n't choose to lead the life she thinks I led. You told me it was the noblest thing to do."

"Ah!" He took the words out of her mouth. "I did. But did you make your stand magnificently and face the conventions you defied? No! you came here and told a lie. You chose the cheapest part you could, and played it."

His righteous anger was sweeping her away. Everything helped him, even her own sad sense of inexorable destiny and her poor desert.

"You have taken a very unfortunate step, child," he was saying. "You came here on a questionable errand. Now you have owned up to these people. They know what you are."

"Oh!" She threw out her hands at the horror of it. Until now she had not seen herself as she must be, even in Electra's eyes. His way of presenting things made them intolerably vivid.

"But they — they will not —" She quivered before him, and seemed to crouch and lessen.

"They won't tell? I don't feel sure of that. But do you want to trade on their not telling? Such things are always known."

"Well, I have done wrong. I must suffer for it."

"Who suffers? You — and I. The blow to me is incalculable. I don't understand it. Your mother's memory — that should have kept you straight. So far, child — why, you're a liar."

She was, she told herself, the tears streaming over her face. The happy certainties she had felt with Osmond withdrew into a vague distance. At last she understood; she had sinned, and she was not forgiven.

"Now!" said MacLeod. His voice had a ring she knew. "Now, we must consider what is to be done. One thing I have done already. I have taken passage for you. I will stand by you if you go back to France. I won't support you here. Nor shall they. Think what you did. A cheap adventuress could do no more, except persist in it." He was all breathing indignation.

"Do you mean —" Her voice broke. "Do you mean to take me back to him?"

"The prince? By no means. I mean to take you back to work, to be good and

clean and honest. You must retrieve this step. You shall be independent of me, if you like. You shall sing. My dear daughter, you may not think I have shown you much affection, — but your honor is very dear to me." He looked nobly sincere, and yet she bent her brows upon him and tried to read a deeper soul than he displayed.

"Father!" The word was wrung from her. She had not willingly called him by it for the two years past. "You have persuaded me before. How can I believe you?"

A melting change came over him. It was evident in his voice, his suffused look, his whole manner.

"My child," said he, "can't you believe I loved your mother?"

Immediately the tides of her filial being were with him. If she denied him, she must hurt something to which her very blood bade her be faithful. The house of life, the father, mother, and their child, — these were the sacred three, and it might be her high emprise to keep their union holy.

"Can you be ready to-morrow?" he asked, with that emphasis his followers knew. "You will stay in town with me until we sail."

"Yes."

"Will you be ready?"

"I will be ready."

He got up and bent to kiss her forehead. But she retreated.

"No," she breathed. "I'll do it, father, but don't be kind to me."

He gave her a little pat on the shoulder, and a reassuring "Nonsense! I'm always kind. We'll have famous times yet, my dear."

She stood droopingly while his steps went down the stairs and out through the veranda and ceased upon the grass. Then she opened her door and crossed the hall to grannie's room and tapped.

"Come in," called the kind old voice. Grannie was in bed, a candle by her, a book in her hand. She looked, in her nightcap, like a beautiful old baby. "I had to crawl in here," she said apologetically. "I get so stiff sitting about. But I don't want to sleep. Draw up the rocking chair."

Rose went up to the bedside, and dropped upon her knees, looking up so that the light could strike her face. It was a wretched face, but she tried to keep it calm lest it should plead for her.

"My father is going to take me away," she began. "I must pack to-night. But I want to tell you — "

"Take you away? where?" asked grannie.

"To France."

"Why, I don't like that!"

Rose continued, —

"I am not a good woman. My father has told me so. He has shown me. I believe it."

"I guess you're tired," said grannie. She laid a motherly hand on the girl's forehead. Then she smoothed her hair, and tucked a lock behind her ear. "I guess I would n't say such things."

"I was never married to Tom Fulton. I thought it was right not to be. But I came here and called myself his wife. I am an adventuress. My father says so."

The old lady sat looking at her with a puzzled glance.

"You blow out the candle," she said then. "It makes it kind of hot. Now I'll move over, and you climb up here and lie down a spell. I guess it'll rest you."

Rose put out the candle and breathed her relief now that even that light was off her tortured face. Then she did stretch herself on the bed, and grannie put out a hand and held hers.

"'T won't hurt your skirt, will it?" she asked. "You've got such pretty clothes. I should n't want to have 'em tumbled."

Rose spoke again with her insistent haste, —

"I am an adventuress."

"There! there! don't say that. It's a miserable kind of a word. Did your father come here to take you back?"

"I don't know why he came — not

entirely. But he tells me to go with him. I must go."

"Do you want to go, dear?"

She hesitated a moment, and they both listened to the sounds of the summer night.

"I want to be honest," Rose said at last. "It is too late — but I must do the best I can."

"It is n't ever too late," said grannie. "But I don't seem to want you to go. I'm fond of you, dear." Rose lifted the cherishing hand to her lips. "Peter is fond of you, too. He told me so to-day. It is all over between him and Electra. He told you that?"

"Dear Peter! But after this" — she was quivering with impatience to put that test — "you would n't be willing to have him like me — after this?"

Now grannie was silent, but only because she was thinking. The tightening clasp of her hand made that evident.

"My dear," she said at last, in her soft old voice, "you can't imagine how stupid I am. I never know how to say things right. But if it was a transgression — I suppose you'd say it was —"

Honesty rose up in the girl, and cried to be heard.

"I thought it was right," she protested sharply. "I did think it was right. About coming here I did n't think much, except that I was lonesome and afraid. Now I understand. I must pay my penalties. I must be honest. It is too late, — but it's all I can do."

"You see, about transgressions," said grannie, "why, they're not to be thought of, my dear, not for an instant after we are sorry. We've just taken the wrong road, that's all. We've got to clip it back into the right one. We can't sit down to cry."

"We've got to take our punishment!"

"Yes, mercy, yes! I guess we have. But we've got to be happy, too. The punishments were given us in love. We've got to be thankful for 'em. Now, do you feel as if 't was right for you to go back with your father?"

"There are hard things there. I ran away from them. I must face them."

"Then you go, dear," said grannie. "But don't you forget for one minute that there's the love of God. Peter and I love you, too. And when all the things are done, you hurry right back here, and we shall be here — some of us, anyway — and your room'll be ready for you just the same."

Rose lay there with the ineffable sense upon her of that readjusted balance which we call forgiveness. Life, even the narrow piece of it she was touching, greatened with possibilities.

"Grannie," she said, "there's one thing more."

"What is it, dear?"

"I want to leave a message with you. I want you to tell Osmond something."

"Why, honey, do you know Osmond?"

"Yes, I know him." Then she rehearsed the bare details of their meetings, and finishing, said, quite simply, "I can't see him. I can't say good-by. If I spoke to him, how could I bear to go? But it's he who really sends me."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I don't know how to tell you. Only, he is so true he makes me want to be true, too. He wants to do the hardest thing. This is the hardest thing for me. And I want to go and be honest, not stay and have you all make it easy for me to be honest. And I want to prove myself, to use my voice. I don't intend to be supported by my father. But when I have established myself, I shall come back."

She felt as if she were talking to Osmond himself, and as if his idea of great world spaces and inevitable meetings made it certain for them to part without loss.

Grannie was thinking. She gave a little sigh.

"What is it?" asked Rose.

"Osmond likes you very much, does n't he?" asked the old lady.

"It is n't exactly liking. We understand each other. He is different from anybody."

"Yes."

"He understands me almost before I speak. It is comfortable to be with him."

"Yes. And the boy finds it comfortable to be with you."

"Oh, yes! It is because it is so exactly alike for us both. That is why we are so contented together."

"He will miss you when you are gone."

"Oh, but not as I shall miss him! He is so sure of things. He knows so well when the cord between us is holding. But I shall doubt. I shall want to hear his voice."

Grannie sighed again. She was a happy old woman in her certainties; but sometimes she felt tired, with the gentle lassitude of the old. She had been with Osmond through every step of his difficult way, and she had hoped some tragedies would be spared them both. Much as she believed in ultimate good fortune, she had to shrink from his desiring woman's love. Yet this was to be. A little jealous doubt of the girl crept into her troubled heart. Was she light of love, a lady of enchantments who could appear out of nowhere and make all these strange happenings seem commonplace until her fickle destiny should snatch her away again, leaving hurt and mourning hearts behind? Grannie was humbly conscious that there were many things outside her world, exotic flowers of life her upland pastures did not breed. That they were poison flowers she could not well believe; but when her dear boy tasted the essence of them she had to pause and sternly think it over, whether it was well.

"My dear," she said, "you must be honest with him." The gentle voice had steel in it.

"Honest? With Osmond? How should I be anything else? What reason — why, grannie!"

"Osmond is not like other men."

"He is better. He is like a spirit."

"No. He is only a man that's had heavy loads to carry. You must n't be cruel to him."

"Grannie, I never heard you speak like that. You have been so kind."

"I am kind now, but Osmond is my boy. Do you feel to him as you did to Tom Fulton?"

"Oh!" It was a cry of pain. "What has Tom Fulton to do with it, to do with me?" the girl asked, in that hurt surprise. "All I want is to forget him. He made himself beautiful to me because he lied to me. The things I loved he said he loved — and then he laughed at them. But Osmond — what has Osmond to do with Tom Fulton?"

"You have made Osmond love you," said grannie. "That's all."

The chamber was very still. Rose could hear the ticking of grannie's watch beside her on the stand. Presently she spoke in a wondering tone.

"Love me? Grannie, is it that?"

"What did you think it was?"

"I did n't think. I thought it was something greater."

"There is nothing greater, Rose. Is there anything more terrible?"

The girl turned her face over, and dropped it for a minute on the hollow of the old woman's arm. Then she spoke, and to grannie's amazement she laughed a little, too.

"Oh, I never dreamed I could be so happy!"

"Happy! But is he happy?"

"He must be, if he knows it. Do you think he knows it, grannie?"

"I'm afraid he does, my dear," said grannie sadly.

"Has he told you so?"

"Not a word."

"If he does, tell me, grannie. Betray him. I need to know everything he knows — everything."

It was a new Rose, one none of them in America had yet seen. There were tumultuous yearnings in her voice, innocent insistencies; she seemed to be clamoring for life, the boon that it was right and sweet for her to have.

"He does n't speak of you," said grannie. "What could come of it, if he did?"

"What could come of it? Everything could come of it. I shall write him by every mail. Tell him that. I will write him all my life, every minute of it from morning till night. And I will come back, soon, soon, — as soon as I have earned money to be honest on. Tell him that, grannie."

But grannie sighed.

"I am afraid you are not very reasonable," she said. "And I should n't dare to give him such messages. How do I know what they would mean to him? Why, my dear, you may meet some young man to-morrow, any day. You may want to marry him. What do you think Osmond would feel, if you wrote and told him that?"

"Why," said Rose, in a pained surprise, "you have n't understood, after all. But he will understand. No, don't tell him anything, grannie, only that I'll write to him every mail and that I shall come home. He will believe me. Now I must go and pack."

But grannie held her anxiously.

"I'm afraid I've made you troubled," she said.

"No, you've made me rich. I don't care what happens to me now. I can face it all. Dear, dear grannie! I thank you for forgiving me." She kissed the two kind hands, and stood beside the bed for a minute. "He comes to you in the morning, does n't he? Tell him all that then. Only tell him I could n't bear to say good-by. But I shall come back, and there will be welcomes, not good-bys." She went softly out, and grannie heard the closing of the door.

Rose, in her own room, did not begin at once to pack. She was alive again with the most brilliant triumph and delight. Her father's influence had slipped from her, and she stood there shuddering in the delicious cold of a strong wind of life. If she was to go forth, to make herself whole with her own destiny, she was going, not as the puppet of his will, but exhilarated by marvels. There were still large things in the world, strong loyalties, pure faithfulness. She felt like a warrior girded with a sword.

XXV

Osmond was sitting in his playhouse under the tree. He did not expect Rose to come, but he had things to think about, and in the playhouse he never felt alone. He was studying his own life as it had been and as it was. The past looked to him all submission and a still endurance He marveled that a man could live so long and not look man's lot in the face. A thousand passions had been born in him at once, and they seemed almost equally good to him because they were all so strong. He sat there drunk with the lust of power and reviewing his desires as, one by one, they came and smiled upon him.

First he desired a woman, the one woman, Rose, not now romantically through the mist of dreams, but as the wild man wants his mate. Was that love? he asked himself, in this dispassionate scrutiny, and decided that, as men chose to name it, it was love. They crowned it with garlands, they sang about it and drank to it, but that was only to make it sweeter.

He remembered again the passion of protection he had felt for her, the desire to slay whatever crossed her path. That was hate, he knew, and it seemed to him good. All these things were the forces that made up life, and life was a battle.

And then, as he did intermittently after every wave of thought, he remembered that Peter was in love with Rose, he recalled the gay certainty of the boy when he had said he could make her happy, and he saw her in Peter's arms. And this was jealousy.

At once he rose to his feet and listened. A step was coming nearer, heavy and halting, pausing for frequent rests. The familiar sound of it and the appeal

of a presence not yet known made him knit his brows and peer forward through the dark. When the step ceased again, for an interval, he cried out, "Grannie!"

"Why, dear, you there?" called grannie.

He ran to her and put his arm about her, and so they came onward to the chair which had been a throne for Rose. When she had sunken into it, he began to scold her gently. She had not been so far from home for many a day. She had chosen night and a rough path. Why did she do it?

"I had to see you, dear," said grannie. "Maybe I did n't consider how hard it would be, but when I started out, I was n't thinking much about my aches and pains. I had to see you. So I just dressed me and came."

"But, grannie, it's the middle of the night!"

"Yes, child, I suppose it is. Night or day, it's all one. Osmond, her father's going to take her away from here."

"Rose!"

"Yes, dear, she's going. Do you think it's best to let her go with him?"

"No! It's outrageous and impossible."

"I thought you'd say so. Well, Osmond, she meant to go away to-morrow morning without seeing you. But she sent you her love. It seemed to me that . . . So I thought you'd better have it to-night."

She heard him breathing heavily, but he did not speak. Once he walked away from her and back again.

"What has made her want to go?"

"She does n't want it. But he has worked upon her. He's told her she is bad; some dreadful things I guess he said. I don't believe in that man, Osmond. I never did, first minute I laid eyes on him."

"No, grannie, he's not to be believed."

"I thought maybe you'd better have the night-time to think it over in. You may want to do something."

"Grannie, what can I do?"

"I don't know, son. But you're the head of the house."

Again he strode away on his impatient march, and grannie waited and prayed a little and thought how her knees ached and how she hoped God would help him. He was back again.

"You know how it is with me?" he said roughly.

"Yes, child."

"It's a big proposition."

"It's the biggest there is, son. I've just been telling her so."

"Rose? What has Rose said?"

"Not much. Only I had the feeling, when I was with her, that she loved you and did n't hardly know about your loving her. So I came down here."

"You did right to come."

Grannie drew a long breath. The thing was out of her hands, now, she knew. What his hands would do with it did not yet appear. She rose.

"Well, son," she said, "I'll go back. Come with me to the wall. Then I'll manage it alone."

He did go with her, helping her in a tender silence, and at the door she kissed him good-night.

"What time is breakfast, grannie?"

"Eight o'clock."

The next morning when they had assembled in the dining-room, grannie, standing with a hand on the back of her chair, waited. Her face had a flush of expectation. Her eyes sought the window.

"There!" she said, "he's coming. Peter, I've moved your place. Osmond will sit opposite me."

"Osmond!" Peter almost shouted it.

"Yes," said grannie, in what seemed pride. "I thought Osmond would be here."

Osmond came in, a workman in his blouse, fresh from cold water and the night's stern counseling. Rose, hearing his step, could not, for a minute, look at him, because he had once forbidden it. The commonplace room, with the morning light in it, swam before her. After he

had spoken to grannie, he walked up to her and offered his hand. Then their eyes met. Hers were full of tears, and through their blur, even, his face looked stern and beautiful.

"I wanted to see you," Osmond said; and she answered, feeling his kindness as from some dim distance, —

"To say good-by?"

"No, not to say good-by."

Then they sat down, and there was no constraint, but a good deal of talking; and, strangely, it was Osmond who led it. He did not touch upon things of wider interest than his own garden ground, where he was at home. He had pleasant chronicles of the work to give grannie, and MacLeod took a genial interest. Only Peter sat, wide-eyed at the turn things were taking, and Rose grew paler and left her plate untouched. She did not know whether it was joy that moved her, or grief at parting with him. Only the morning seemed like no other morning. When they rose from the table, Osmond turned at once to MacLeod.

"May I see you for a minute or two?" he asked. "We'll go into the west room, grannie."

While Peter started forward, as if to help or hinder as the case might be when he understood it, Osmond had led the way, still with the air of being master of the house, and Rose stood with downcast eyes, as if miserably conscious that the interview would concern her. Inside the west room, cool in the morning, and with a restful bareness about it, a retreat where people went to sleep or read, Osmond turned at once to the man whom, at that moment, he delighted in as a worthy foe. Osmond had never known before the keen, salt taste of victory. All his triumphs up to this time had been as slow as the growth of a tree that recovers itself after lopped branches. Now he felt the anticipation of combat.

"We need n't sit down," he said rapidly, yet with self-possession. He looked taller, even, MacLeod thought with wonder. His dark eyes were full of fire. "I love your daughter," said Osmond, in a full, steady voice. He chose the words the poets had taught him to use simply, and also, perhaps, the novels he had been reading since he had known Rose.

"My dear fellow!" cried MacLeod expansively. And then, remembering the peculiar circumstances of the case, "I'm sorry, devilish sorry for you."

Osmond smiled. He felt capable, if there were no other way of doing it, of wresting the lady's fate from evil chances with his hands. Yet he liked MacLeod to resist. It made the fight more splendid.

"She must not go back with you," he said. "You are not to insist on it. Don't insist. That will save us all trouble."

MacLeod had gathered himself together. He put his hand in his pocket and meditatively brought out his pipe, fingering the case with an absent and lingering interest, as if he felt the call to a lost rite.

"My dear fellow," he said again, "this is too bad. I'm sorry."

"Rose will remain here," said Osmond briefly. "My grandmother will take the kindest care of her."

"But I can't allow it, you know," said the father, still with tolerance. "Rose is due in Paris. We're both due there. It's very good of you, very hospitable and all that, — but you must n't carry this Lochinvar business too far. It's too rapid a world, you know. I'm too busy, my dear fellow. That's the truth."

Osmond stood gazing at him reflectively, not in doubt or hesitation, but because he liked the look of so big an animal, and considering that it would be charming to see the creature yield. Osmond had not sharpened his weapons or even decided what they were. He only knew MacLeod must bend, and that there was in himself a big, even an invincible force to make him.

"Rose is not going," he said quietly.

Then MacLeod laughed. The morning was hurrying by and this vaporing was a hindrance to be shuffled off. "You

say you love my daughter?" he remarked, with a veiled meaning in the tone. "What then? You don't propose to marry her?" The tone said further, "You don't tell me you propose to marry anybody?"

"I only said I loved her," returned Osmond simply. "I thought it would be well for you to know that. It seemed fairer."

MacLeod smiled again, as if he were smiling down on something. Osmond opened the door, knowing where he should find her. She was there at the end of the hall, sitting in one of the high-backed chairs, her hands in her lap, her head bent sweetly as she listened. She was pale, and there was terror in her face. As Osmond read that, his own passion quieted, and he spoke with perfect gentleness: —

"Rose, will you come here?"

She obeyed at once, and they three were in the room together and Osmond had closed the door. He put out his hand to her, and without hesitation she gave him hers.

"Rose," he said, "I have been telling your father you will not go back with him."

Her eyes dilated. Her lips parted eagerly.

"I have said I would," she began; but he forestalled her.

"I have forbidden it, Rose. I have told him I forbid it."

His touch on her hand seemed to be leading her, drawing her into his own breast. They looked at each other, and both forgot the other presence in the room. The color came back slowly to her cheeks, and Osmond's eyes filled with tears.

"Answer, dear," he said, with the same gentleness. "Let me hear you answer."

"Very well," she returned, like a gentle child. "Shall I go now, Osmond?"

He led her to the door, opened it, and closed it after her. Then he glanced at his adversary. MacLeod had sunk into a chair and was sitting astride it, his chin bowed upon its back. He looked terror-stricken. One hand held a little box, and he was tendering it to Osmond.

"Open it," he gasped. "Crush one in your handkerchief. Let me smell it."

Osmond ignorantly but deftly did it, and held the handkerchief to MacLeod's face. MacLeod breathed at it greedily. He lifted his left hand as if it were half useless to him. "Rub it," he said savagely. "Wring it off. Such pain! my God, such pain!"

In a moment more the attack was over, and he looked like an old man, inexplicably ravaged. Osmond's question sprang impetuously.

"Is it — excitement?"

MacLeod smiled a little and moistened his lips.

"You think you did it?" he suggested. "No. You did n't do it. It comes — of itself — like a thief in the night, like the very devil. Nobody's to know it. Understand that."

"Then you need her with you!" Osmond broke out in a fresh understanding.

"Need her? need Rose? Get that out of your mind. The world is full of women. She'll go back with me, but not because I need her."

He walked past Osmond and out through the empty hall, and slowly, but still erect, to the driveway and the road. Osmond stood watching him. He saw him straighten more and more, and assume his wonted carriage though without its buoyancy. Osmond followed for a little distance, but when MacLeod turned to look at him and then went on again, he stepped over the wall and crossed the lot to his own plantation. MacLeod, he knew, was going to Electra's for a last word, and for himself, he had struck his one sharp, quick blow for Rose. She should have an interval alone, to make her abiding decision calmly, and when the moment came for MacLeod's going, Osmond would be there again, to hearten her.

But MacLeod, when Osmond had really turned aside, halted more and more. At last he was sick with fear of that enemy inside his breast. There was no moment now, he knew, when he might not expect it, tearing away at the delicate harmonies within the gates of life. What would happen when the pain grew fiercer still? The enemy would let in that other he refused to think upon, though even that was more tolerable than having this evil creature claw at him when men could see him cringe. And as life itself is death when it is once sapped of power, he threw up his head and strode on faster. One step with the old vigor and abandon — and there it was again.

XXVI

Later that same morning, Peter was hurrying along the road, for the carriage was due and MacLeod had not returned. Peter was not more than reasonably sorry to lose his chief, for he meant to follow soon. He had the excited sense of being ready for flight, of great freedom before him and strength in his wings, and of leaving Osmond and grannie with regret, yet happily, for something untried and as wonderful as youth. He ran along the road, hat in hand, in love with the morning breeze, and Electra met him. She looked wan, he saw, and with an incredulous pang, he questioned whether she could be moved by their separation. But he was glad of a definite and hurried question to ask.

"Where is MacLeod?"

A look like hope flashed into her face. She stopped and turned half about, as if for instant flight back to the house.

"Was he coming to me?" she asked breathlessly.

"We thought he might be there."

"Did he say he was coming?" Her eagerness looked like hunger for a desired good, slipping, by some chance, away from her.

"No! no! he may have gone to the plantation. I'll run down there and find him."

He hurried on, and Electra, watching his light, easy lopes, wished she, too, were a man and running to find Markham MacLeod.

At the pasture-bars, in a bed of roadside fern, Peter found him. MacLeod lay majestically, stretched at length, upon his side, as if some one had disposed him in the attitude of sleep. Peter knew. Yet he stooped and touched one of the beautifully shaped hands with his finger. He stood there a long time, it seemed to him, looking not at the figure at his feet, but off into the morning sky, and MacLeod was not in his mind: only Osmond and what Osmond had said about the lust for fight. Osmond seemed to fill the world. He had wished to kill the man, but God instead had killed him. Yet the other thing might have been. Peter wondered that he had not realized what his brother was to him, and again that he had too often foregone Osmond's companionship, this summer of their reunion, for lesser loyalties. He comprehended him, at the moment, with an exaggerated passion that was pain: a gigantic figure, all sacrifice, all patient truthfulness, and, in its own bounded life, as much to be loved and protected as a woman, and yet untrained and ready for a savage deed. And all the time Electra was advancing rapidly toward him on the road, aimlessly, but, as she afterwards believed, drawn by some premonition of what she was to find. Her approach broke Peter's fearful vision. She was like a figure walking into his dream, and he hurried toward her, remembering what she must not see. He motioned to her harshly with his hand.

"Go back!" he called.

But Electra came inevitably on. Then Peter placed himself before her.

"Something has happened," he said quietly, while she looked him in the face. "Go home."

But now she was gazing past him, and the figure in the bracken caught her

sight. With a low cry, the inarticulate sound that throws suffering woman back to her kinship with the mother brute, she ran past him and stooped over MacLeod; Peter, dull with feeling, thought she tried to raise his head, and failing that, that she took the hand and nursed it on her bosom. Peter judged apathetically that he had never really known Electra; she looked now like a woman numb with grief over a dead child. Then he waked himself out of his maze.

"Don't!" he heard himself calling. "People will come."

"Who will come?" she returned sharply, as if she challenged them all to show why this should not be her dead. Then she wakened. "Go!" she cried. "Get help. It can't be true."

"I will call the men. We can get him home among us."

He ran over the wall and on to the field where men were hoeing. When they had dropped their work and followed him, they found Electra sitting there by the roadside, as if she were the one mourner over the dead, and she did not rise until they stooped to lift him, and arranged how he should be carried. Then she said to Peter, again as if it were her right, —

"Have him taken to my house."

Peter stared at her, but he remembered Rose.

"That will be better," he said; and added, "but who will tell her?"

"His daughter?" said Electra, in her clear tone. "I will tell her. But there is a great deal to do before that. She can wait."

So they walked along the road like a strange funeral procession, Electra in front, as if she had a right to lead. She turned in at her own gate, and they followed, and she walked on up the steps and into the library, where they laid him down. Madam Fulton and Billy Stark had gone for a drive, and the house, in its morning order, looked as if it had been prepared for the solemnity of this entrance. Now Electra's methodical capacity came into play. She sent one man for the doctor and another to the kitchen for hot water and for brandy. But when they were hurriedly dispersed, she turned to Peter and said, with a heartbreaking quiet, —

"And yet, he is dead!"

She sat down upon the floor beside the couch and laid her head on the dead man's heart. Peter knew it was to listen for a flutter there, but with his sensitive apprehension of all emotion, he felt also that she was glad to put her head upon MacLeod's breast. He was conscious of being useless in his inactivity, but he could only stand and stare down at them, the dead man and the mourning woman. Presently Electra got up and stood, dry-eyed, and looked at him.

"He was coming to me," she said, in awe at the loneliness of the event. "I could n't sleep last night. I wish I had known a little more. Instead of thinking about him, I could have met him. I could have been with him."

Peter shuddered.

"I am glad you were not with him."

Electra was not listening. She had placed her hand on the hair of the fallen man, tenderly and yet with reverence.

"He is splendid, Peter, is n't he?" she said, as if she wondered at life and its fleeting forms. "He looks like a god, sleeping." Some echo of her words came back to her, and she felt a momentary pleasure at their sound. Then, very shortly it seemed, men came, the doctor and others who had authority, and Electra was turned out of the room.

"Go upstairs," Peter besought her.

But she stepped out, bareheaded, into the air.

"No," she answered, "I am going to tell his daughter."

"No!" Suddenly Peter remembered how little she was fitted to be a kindly messenger. "No, Electra. I will go."

Electra looked at him in a calm surprise.

"He would wish it," she said. "He

would wish me to do everything." And she was gone.

Peter went back into the room where there were quick voices and peremptory demands. Markham MacLeod was being interrogated in a way that had never befallen him before. His body was being asked to bear witness of the fashion by which it had come to its dumb estate, wherein it could not compel others, but was most ruthlessly at their will.

Rose, at grannie's knee, in a mute gratitude that now she was to stay here, because it had been wonderfully decreed, saw Electra coming up the walk. She ran to meet her lightheartedly; in her flooding delight it seemed to her as if even Electra might acquiesce in her reprieve.

At the foot of the steps they met, Rose all pleadingness, as if again she begged Electra to love her. But Electra delivered her news straightway. She felt like nothing but the messenger of MacLeod.

"He is dead," she said, with the utmost quietude.

Rose stared at her.

"Who is dead?" she managed to ask.

"Markham MacLeod."

Rose leaned forward and gazed still in her face. She was well convinced that this look was real: a look of hopeless grief, though the words were so fantastic.

"Electra," she said gently, and even put out a hand and touched her on the arm. "Electra! What is it?"

"I have told you," said Electra, "he is dead. We found him in the ferns, Peter and I. He is at my house. We thought you ought to know it."

"Come!" said Rose. She seized her hand, and Electra pulled it away again, quietly, and yet as if it had no business in that hasty grasp. "Let me go home with you."

"If you wish," said Electra. "I suppose you have a right to be there. They may want you." And in silence they hurried down the path together and out into the road. At Electra's own gate, she turned to Rose.

"It is strange, is n't it?" she said.

"What, Electra?"

"That he could die."

"Electra, he has not died. No one has died." Rose spoke gently, knowing that in some way the other woman had been shocked and her reason shaken. "Come into the house and we 'll find Peter."

But at the moment Peter and the doctor appeared together in the doorway, and the doctor turned to give orders to a servant in the hall. Peter saw them and came quickly down to them. It was apparent to Rose that something had happened.

"Tell her, Peter," said Electra, in some impatience. "She won't believe me. Tell her he is dead."

Peter and Rose stood looking at each other, she questioning and he in sad assent. Then there crept upon her face a look that was the companion to Electra's. The color faded, her eyes widened.

"My father?" she breathed, and Peter nodded.

"Yes," said Electra, as if she were astonished at them both and their dull wits, "Markham MacLeod is dead."

That evening grannie was in her own room, and Peter and Rose, below, talked intermittently of that strange morning.

"It is incredible, Peter, is n't it," she began, "for him to die like this?"

He nodded.

"I expected violence," he said. "We all expected it."

"Is n't it strange, too, that I can't feel grief! I'm neither glad nor sorry. I feel very still."

"The whole world will feel grief," said Peter loyally.

"Yes, but to me — Peter, it is just as if he were not a man, not something I had loved, but a thing that was great to look at and had no soul. It was like a tree falling, or a huge rock undermined. Don't you see? As if it were the natural thing, and there was no other way possible."

She began to feel the inexorability of

great revenges and to see that when a soul has for a long time denied us answer in our needs, we refuse to believe that it can speak. MacLeod had grown to be a beautiful spectacle of the universe, full of natural health and power. Now that he had fallen, there was nothing left. She had no vestige to remember of those responses in the dim reaches of being when one calls and another answers: homely loyalties, sweet kindnesses, even overlaid by later pain. He had lived what he called the natural life, and its breath had failed him and he was no more. Sometime, she knew, in this dull brooding, she might try to whip herself up into an expected grief; but now, in the bare honesty of the moment, she accepted the event as it was.

"Osmond has been great," said Peter.

She started back to life.

"What has he done?"

"Everything. He 's been Electra's right-hand man. I'll run down to see him a minute presently."

He hoped Rose would send some word of appreciative thanks. Old Osmond, he knew, would like it. But she got up and gave him her hand, in her grave affectionate way, and said good-night. She remembered how Osmond and her father had met in contest, and she knew Osmond would not seek her until Markham MacLeod was wholly gone.

XXVII

Peter met his brother midway in the field, and waited for him.

"I'll go with you," he said.

"No," said Osmond, "I'm not going now. Come back to the shack."

"You're a regular night-owl," said Peter, as they turned. "When I don't find you after dark, I know you're in the woods, prowling. What makes you?"

"It's a good place to think things out, — and swear over 'em."

"What things, old man? You know I would n't tell. Nothing would tempt me to."

Osmond laughed a little.

"If you care so much as that, I'll tell you," he said, with a sudden harshness for himself in retrospect. "I go into the woods to think about life, my life, my difference from other fellows."

They sat down on the bench at the door, and a whippoorwill, calling, made the distance lonely. Peter had no answer for the truth he had evoked. It was too harsh. Only a woman could have met it, and that with kisses, not with words.

"Do you know," he said abruptly, "what all this makes me want? — this horrible excitement?"

"No, boy."

"It makes me want to paint. I want to paint everything I see: Markham MacLeod lying there in that bed of fern, Rose with all the life washed out of her, and you now, your face coming out of the dark. Everything 's been unreal to me since it happened — except paint — and you."

"Poor old chap!" said Osmond. But he fled on from that concurrent sympathy to a dearer plea. "Paint, Pete," he urged. "Let all the rest go. Let MacLeod die. But you paint."

Peter was looking at him now, fascinated. The pale face out of the dark was all one glowing life. Peter wondered at him, his strength, his beauty. Again he felt as he had that morning, as if he had never known his brother, and as if it would pay for any pains to comprehend that pathetic and yet adventurous soul. Peter was more than half woman, with his quick perception of what went on in other minds. He understood, at that moment, that the great adventure of all is life itself: not, as it seemed to him, to paint, to love, but to taste all things with this richness that was beginning to be Osmond's, this hunger for the forbidden, even, so it was hunger. Osmond had begun to recognize his own nature, and for the first time his brother began to recognize him.

"Osmond," he said, in a wistful eager-

ness, very beguiling, "whatever you did, I should believe in it."

Osmond looked at him with that faint sweet smile upon his face, and his eyes offered hints of ineffable meanings.

"Would you, boy?" he asked.

Peter went on. It was almost like a woman's confession of her love.

"Osmond, you say you think about your life when you are alone. What do you think?"

"I think it is full of passions as an egg is of meat. They have been growing while I ignored them. I saw them marching before me and round and round me. They thought they were my masters."

"What then?"

Osmond remembered how the morning seemed when he met Rose in the sunlight, and touched her hand.

"Then," he said gravely, "I was their master. That's all."

"Oh," said Peter exultingly, "you'd be the master in the end. You're great!"

"Pete," said Osmond suddenly, "is this death coming?"

"Is what death?"

"It's too queer for life."

"To sit here talking like this?"

"No, not that exactly, but the sense of things to come. It seems as if life was n't going to be the same again, and nothing was quite big enough to come after things as they've been lately, — but death, and that's only big enough because it's unknown."

"What will come?" asked Peter. He felt at once like a little boy, half afraid, and afraid of his fear, yet with his brother to uphold him.

"We won't go to bed to-night, will we? We 'll sit here, even if we hold our tongues. I can't go to bed."

They did sit there for an hour or so. Peter spoke.

"What are you thinking, old man?"

"Of Rose."

It was not strange to Peter to hear him speak of her familiarly. He returned, —

"I've been thinking of her, too."

XXVIII

The deed was over. The great emotional wave that mounted, in Europe and America, at the death of Markham MacLeod, threw its spray upon this quiet shore. Letters came from his disciples and his lovers, and Rose, wondering as she read them, answered in a patient duty. If a great man is one who moves things, then her father had been great. He was bigger to her now than when she feared him. Though there were mutterings afar of what must come now Markham MacLeod was dead, this country spot took on its old tranquillity. Peter sat in the garden and painted. He seemed to think of nothing else. Rose was too busy to sit, and he began a portrait of grannie; then his only communication with the world seemed to be his flashing glance at her and at his canvas. Osmond, in the plantation, bent his back and worked with the men, and no one knew what he thought. To Peter he was gravely kind, and Rose, with a growing emotion that seemed to her likely to become terror in the end, realized that he had not sought her.

One morning while Peter was in the garden smoking, before he called grannie to her chair again, and Rose was at the library table answering letters, Madam Fulton appeared at the door.

"Where's Bessie Grant?" she asked.

Rose was at once on her feet and came forward to give her a chair, relieve her of her parasol, and stand beside her in a deferential waiting that, for some reason, never displeased this pulsating age with its memory ever upon the habitudes of youth.

"Where's Bessie Grant?"

"She will be in presently. Peter is painting her."

The old lady lay back in the chair and gazed at her absently, as if she merely included her in a general picture of life. Madam Fulton had changed. Her eyes were wistful, and she looked very frail.

"Billy Stark sails on Saturday," she

volunteered, as if it were the one thing in her mind.

Grannie came in at the moment, and put a kindly hand on her old friend's shoulder. Rose went back to her chair, and left them to their talk, while she put up her papers before quitting the room. Madam Fulton looked at grannie now.

"You've had your morning coffee, have n't you?" asked grannie, because she could think of nothing else to offer.

"Yes, I've had coffee, and I've had cereals. Electra is looking after me with that kind of an air, you know, as if I were a rockbound duty. My soul! If it was n't for Billy Stark I should die."

"Poor Electra!" said grannie softly.

"Now what do you want to call her that for? Why is she 'poor Electra' because she chooses to go round like a high priestess strapping me down on altars and pouring libations of cereals and cream? I could stand it if her heart was in it, but it's miles away. And Billy Stark is going."

Grannie only patted her hand.

"Well, well!" said she. "It's been nice to have him here."

"It's been heaven. It's the only heaven I shall ever know."

"We get a little mite of it here every once and a while," said grannie. "Don't you think so?"

"No, except when Billy Stark comes, — and he won't come again. Electra's going, too."

"Abroad?"

"Yes. She's going abroad. At once, it seems. Rose MacLeod!"

Rose looked up from her papers.

"What was it about your father that put the devil into people?"

Rose answered with an unsmiling candor.

"I don't know, Madam Fulton."

"But you know what I mean?"

"He had great personal power."

"You are not in mourning for him?" She had been considering the girl's dress and its fluttering ribbons.

Rose returned with dignity, —

"I am not in mourning."

"Well, Electra is. She has n't put on black, but it's all over her. She's perfectly shameless. I asked her this morning why she was hurrying her sailing, and she said it was because he would wish it. There were things to do for him."

"That he would wish it?"

"Your father. Don't you see? She's got an idea that she's his earthly vicegerent, and there's some majestic poppycock about the Brotherhood. I can't understand it, and I don't want to. All I know is, she's mad. Bessie Grant, when I told the Lord I wanted things to happen, I did n't mean this kind, and He knew it perfectly well."

Rose had risen and stood in grave attention.

"Oh, she must n't do that," she said earnestly. "I must tell her."

"Well, go and tell her, then," said the old lady, turning back to Mrs. Grant. "If you can make her listen, you'll do more than I can. I ought to chaperon her, though you might as well chaperon the Lion of Lucerne. Bessie!" And then as Rose left the room, she bent forward, and leaned her head on grannie's breast. "Bessie," she repeated, "it's a miserable world."

To grannie all ages were as one. The old and the young were alike defenseless, when they were in trouble, and she put her arms about the frail creature and held her warmly.

"Hush, dear!" she said, and forgot this was not one of her own children. "Mother's sorry." Then they both smiled a little, but grannie went on: "You must come right here, you know. Electra will be gone, and Billy, and you don't want to carry on the house alone. You come here, dear, and stay with me."

"Could I?" Madam Fulton lifted her tear-wet face. "If I could stay here a little while, maybe I might pull myself together. I don't know how to do it, Bessie. I don't know how to live. I never did."

Rose had run over to the other house in an unreasoning haste. Electra was in the library, putting her desk in order. Her firm white hands were busy, assorting and arranging. She turned her head as Rose came in, and, without rising, spoke to her collectedly and bade her be seated. She was older, Rose thought; she looked even like a different woman, not merely one whom middle age had overtaken. Purpose sat on her brow, and her eyes looked straight at you, as if she bade you tell your business and be gone. The one effect upon Rose was to make her sorry, infinitely sorry for her. Electra had broken the globe of her hopes upon a rock, and she was not even going to walk on and leave the shards forgotten there. Rose spoke at once, to use her courage while she felt it hot.

"Madam Fulton tells me you are going abroad."

"Yes. I sail next week."

"Is it with any purpose? Electra, did my father make you love him?"

Electra faced her. Color flowed into her cheeks. Her eyes glowed beyond any promise they had ever given.

"I am glad you ask me that," she said, and her full tone was strangely unlike the even consonance of the old Electra's voice. At last she forgot how she did things or why. Life was sweeping her along. "He never made me love him. It was ordained. It was like nothing else on earth."

Rose felt cold with the sad knowledge of it.

"Yes," she said, "he had great power over people."

A smile stole upon Electra's lips.

"We had planned it all," she said. "I was to go to Paris. I was to work with him. Now that he is gone, I must carry on the work for both of us."

Rose regarded her with a wistful compassion, not knowing how much she might help her, and yet wishing to offer all she had.

"Electra," she said, "what do you mean by carrying on the work?"

"His work, the Brotherhood."

"But, dear child, you would have to submit yourself for years and years to all sorts of tests before you would be trusted. I don't even know whether it won't fall apart, now he has gone. It may do that and reorganize in a different form. And how would you find it? You think of it as a definite body with headquarters anybody can reach. Why, Electra, you might stay a dozen years in Paris and not put your finger on it."

Still Electra turned to her that look of rapt allegiance. She heard apparently, yet the words made no impression on her fixed resolve. Now she spoke, and rather sweetly. All the tones of her voice, all her looks, had a reminiscent value, as if they were echoes from her lost relation with him.

"He told me where to write," she said, as if she were satisfied with that. "I shall go there."

"I know, the address for his letters. But he was never there. Now that he is gone, the place will be for other uses. Everything connected with the Brotherhood keeps fluctuating, changing. There would be no safety otherwise."

Electra was looking at her in that removed, patient way that made another woman of her. It was almost like a mother who has cares to think of and can spare no time from them for alien presences.

"I must go," she said again. "He would wish it."

Rose now had her moment of delay. Her mind went back over that weary road, to the past the present had so illumined for her. It tired her to think the trouble ever attendant on her father's life was to go on, ripple after ripple, now that he had sunken into the mystery of things. Once over the horror of his death, there had been a throb of thankfulness that at least an end had been made to his great power of bringing pain. And now here was another life to be thrown into the void after him, another woman to love a dream. She awoke from

that momentary musing, to hear Electra saying, —

"You will excuse me, if I go on working? I sail so soon, and I must leave everything in order."

"Electra," said Rose. Then she called her name again, as if appealing to the softest of her moods. "How can I tell you! Electra, you must n't love my father."

Again that swift smile came to Electra's face. The face itself was all a burning truth. The old crude precision in her seemed suddenly to have flowered into this warm candor that spoke and liked to hear itself disclosing, regardless of its auditor.

"You cannot" — she looked at Rose with happy inspiration, as if she had been the first to make the saying — "you can't kill love with reason."

Again Rose deliberated. When she spoke it was with an air of sad decisiveness.

"Electra," she said wistfully, "did he ask you to marry him?"

"I never thought of it," said Electra at once, in the simplest unreserve. "It would have seemed too small, to limit it and bound it."

"Yes. That is what he would have said, too small. You were a quick pupil."

Electra glowed.

"I know what he would have said, if he had had time. He did not need to tell me."

Rose sat wondering what argument would move her.

"Electra," she ventured, "have you had any curiosity about my father's relations to other people?"

"He had no time to tell me," said Electra, with a proud dignity.

"No, he would not have told you. He never confused his relations. Did you know he was adored by women?"

Electra's face flamed. She made no answer. If she could have set forth adequately what was in her tumultuous thoughts, she would have told Rose that nothing seemed so entirely her own as her part in Markham MacLeod's life. She had no curiosity over his past, no doubt of what her future would have been with him, accepting what he chose to give her, and finding it enough.

Rose pursued her into the cloister of her thought.

"Do you know, Electra," she was urging, "do you know how women devoted themselves to him?"

"They must have devoted themselves to him. I am one of them. I am proud to be."

"Ah, but, Electra, to take so much and give nothing!"

"How do you dare to say he gave nothing?"

"I know. I was slow in learning. I learned it first through your brother. No, don't put me off with a gesture. I must speak of him. It was he who showed me the cruelty of my father's attitude toward women. He laughed over it, but he showed me."

"He was never cruel." Electra seemed to be dreaming away in a sad reminiscence of his kindness.

"But to promise so much, Electra, and give nothing! He implied to every one, I have no doubt, that she was his great helper, that he would have married her if he had not been set aside by his work. That was like him. He was a sponge drinking up devotion."

"Yes, and he gave it back to the hungry and the thirsty and the cold."

"I don't know. I do know what he absorbed. One woman did translations for him. She worked like a dog, and he paid her with one of his looks. Another — she was a titled lady — kept his suite of rooms ready for him, and when he came treated him like a prince. And they all had this sense of intimacy with him. Each thought she was the only one. Each felt she was divided from him by hard circumstance, but she should possess him in the end."

"In heaven?" asked Electra, eager for the slightest knowledge of him.

"No, not in heaven. My father always

said his expectations stopped here. He never carried the game on there."

"The great souls" — Electra began, and stopped. Trouble was upon her brow. She knew there was a goodly reason for every act he did, yet human jealousy was in her. She had to seek out arguments. "The great souls are different," she halted. "They are many-sided. Look at Goethe —"

But Rose had heard that reason. She was tired of it.

"It's a pity they make it so hard for other people," she said wearily. "Because they are great, must they be greedy, too? But that was my father. He may have been a great man, but he was not the man you think him. If you saw him as he was, — he was a big, dominating animal, that's all."

Electra sat staring at her, condemning, Rose knew, not Markham MacLeod, but his daughter. The charm of his mastery was still upon her. Rose and Peter, more mobile than she, had escaped with the cutting of his cord of life. It was as if they had been under a crude natural magnetism, and now that the magician had gone into another room, they were free. But Electra had petrified in the attitude where he had left her. She had a pitying certainty that Rose had never known him. Something like indignation came now into her face. She spoke passionately:

"Why do you want to take it away from me?"

Rose could not answer. Tears were in her eyes from pure pity at the loss and pain of it all.

"We knew each other so short a time," brooded Electra; and it was apparent that she believed the relation had been as much to MacLeod as to her. "Why can't you let me have the comfort of it?"

"If it did n't mean so much time, so much energy wasted! If you would n't devote your life to it, — you might, you know. It's quite like you, Electra. And that would be a pity; because he was never for a minute such a person as you think him, — never, Electra, never in the world."

Electra rounded upon her in a flash of indignation.

"Tell me what you think him."

Rose's mind ran back to that first night when, with the daring inspired in her by their meeting, she had given Osmond a portrait of her father. Now was the time to paint it again, but, for some reason, she could not. The man had not changed, but his aims obscured him. Behind them, he was nothing, but they were large enough to make his monument. Instead of answering directly, she found herself saying, —

"I have had such letters about him!"

"From the Brotherhood?"

"Yes. And they will keep on coming for a long time now, because it is everywhere, you know, in far, far-off places. And there's a tremendous loyalty in them, not only to him but to the Brotherhood."

"How can you read them and not be loyal, too!"

Rose considered why she could. Was it because the Brotherhood seemed, in her latest acquaintance with it, to have all the seeds of the old conditions that made a world of hate? If it had been the pure bond it promised to be, could even her father's sins have quenched the flame in her? Then she remembered one night when, in her father's absence, some one had spoken like a poet and created, in shining imagery, a new world. She had seen it, the new world, hanging like a crystal in the rejoicing sky.

"One night Ivan Gorof spoke," she began.

Electra's brows came together.

"He was the man that died."

"How did you know?"

"Peter told me."

"Yes. Well, there was a time when Ivan Gorof was like a flame. He was more moved than any one. He was a student, — and so enthusiastic, so believing, — I can't tell you! Afterwards he changed. That came suddenly. But

this night he spoke about the Brotherhood as he wanted it to be. He said it could be a chain of hands round the earth, of people who wanted to do justice and show mercy. The old oppressors killed, he said. The Brotherhood must not kill. It can put to death, — but justly."

"What did he mean by justly?"

"Ah, that I don't know. I don't believe he knew, that night. He was like a man seeing a vision. But if such a thing could grow and grow, he said, that would be the kingdom of God. It would begin with the poor. Then some day a king would join it, and there would be rejoicing and wonder because some would think the king was mad and others would know it meant a great step upward. And they would all choose law, not liberty as the Brotherhood sees it. And then, he said, there would be a new heaven and a new earth, and it would n't be possible for oppressors to live, because everybody would love love and be afraid of hate. But it would all come through men who hated injustice more when they did it than when it was done to them."

"But that," said Electra, in no great interest, "is only Christianity."

"Is it? I don't know about that. I thought it was Ivan Gorof."

"What did he say?"

"My father?"

"The chief."

"It was reported to him, and I believe he said it was visionary. He probably smiled a little. He said there would be no peace without the sword. And afterwards Ivan told him to his face — I heard him — that it would come by the sword, but not the sword of war. It must be the sword kept hanging in the temple to be used for the god of the temple."

"Was the chief indignant?"

"He disapproved. Ivan was ignored, after that. He was quietly crowded out. My father," she could not resist saying, "my father was very intolerant of new leadership."

"Naturally! He thought of the general good."

Rose sighed.

"Perhaps he did, Electra; I should like to think he did."

But she had told Electra nothing yet, she realized, to keep her from going forth with an ignorant intent. She tried once more, not to destroy the image of MacLeod, but to make it a just one. Yet if it were better to have the image broken, that, too, must be done.

"My father," she said, "took life like a great play."

"A game!" put in Electra quickly. She had heard him use the word, though as he said it, it seemed noble.

"Yes. He was always rearranging scenes on the big stage, ringing down the curtain and putting it up on another act. But what Ivan Gorof wanted — that silent spread of good — that he could n't understand. He wanted war and himself a big figure in the midst."

"He was a leader!" cried Electra jealously, "the greatest of all."

Rose smiled wistfully.

"I have n't weakened your faith, have I?" she asked. "You don't doubt the wisdom of throwing yourself into this."

Electra rose suddenly from the desk, with an air of terminating the interview. Her voice rang like metal.

"If you talked to me until you were an old woman, you could n't convince me. He was great — great! I should have followed him, if he had lived. I shall follow him all the faster now."

Rose, too, came to her feet.

"I almost think," she said, "I shall hear of your speaking for the cause."

A flush went over Electra's face. She looked wonderfully equipped for some high task and also as if she recognized her own value and was glad she had that to give. Rose went back to Ivan Gorof and his great night.

"I keep remembering more and more of what he said," she mused. "He said the Brotherhood, as he saw it, would have its way because it was so beautiful. It would be like men in shining raiment regarded because they made a light, and

people would see the light and want to walk by it."

"I must put that down," said Electra absorbedly. "I may at any time have to talk about him as I knew him."

"Ivan Gorof?"

"The chief. Was it Ivan Gorof who said that?"

Immediately, Rose saw, the words had lost their lustre. They were of no value, save as they had the sanction of MacLeod. Electra moved a pace nearer the door. She was impatient, Rose believed, to have her gone.

"Good-by, Electra," she said lingeringly and sadly. "I can't persuade you, can I?"

"No, you can't persuade me."

"And you glory in it!"

"Yes. And I thank God I have something to glory in."

At last she had it, the purpose of her life, though it was only a memory. But after all, what might she not turn it into? For she was pressing on as rashly as if the army of her desires were not at the cliff's edge below which foamed the sea, and in the sea, perhaps, lay glorious disaster.

"I shall be in Paris within a month," Rose hesitated. "If I can do anything for you there, — I told you the Brotherhood was not easily found, but I could introduce you to the leaders."

"They will flock about you," said Electra, with a candid bitterness, "because you are his daughter."

"Not long. There are things to do, — money to make over to them, money that stood in his name. Everything was in his name. I don't know how much he had of his own, so I shall keep my mother's and give back the rest."

"That will be right," said Electra. She did not add "ethically." Outlines had grown too sharp for that.

Rose held out her hand, and Electra, after a perceptible hesitation, took it in her firm grasp. Having it, she seemed warmed, through the contact, to something more humble and more natural. Still holding it, she looked Rose in the face, as if she tried to read her deepest self.

"Tell me," she said, and stopped.

"Yes, Electra." The girl's voice was very soft. She felt as if she would tell Electra anything that would help her.

"Did he love you?" The words came with difficulty, whether from jealousy or pure interest Electra herself could not say.

Rose stood a moment, not so much considering her answer as grieved that she must give it.

"No, Electra," she said then. "My father loved nobody, — but himself."

Then, as Electra dropped her hand, she went away. But after three paces she returned, doubtful of her own judgment, but ready to venture it.

"Electra," she said, "the papers have begun already to report a woman's speeches to the Brotherhood. You saw that yesterday."

Electra bowed her head silently. She was white to the lips.

"That woman was Ivan Gorof's mistress. My father separated them, for a time, just as he is separating you now from all your past. Ivan Gorof accused him of it, and next day he died. But I know, as well as I know anything, that now she has gone back to Ivan Gorof's memory. She will preach the Brotherhood as he saw it. Don't you see, Electra, until a man rises that is strong enough, she will lead the Brotherhood herself?"

Electra struck her hands together in a passionate, unconsidered gesture. But she recalled herself immediately.

"Good-by," she said coldly, and, turning about, went in.

(*To be continued.*)

LAUS DIONYSI

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE [1]

(Intended for music by Frederick S. Converse, to be sung at a Classical Pageant in the Harvard Stadium)

(*Chorus:* MEN, WOMEN, BOYS)

SPRING ON THE LAND

SPRING on the vineyards of Attica! Spring on the land,
All the dear land of the Hellenes loved of the sun!
The god Dionysus immortally breathes his command,
And the bars of the prison of winter dissolve, and are gone!

He hath slept — he awakes; he stirs on the hills — he is free,
And the blood at the bountiful heart of the earth throbs again;
Blue is the sky overhead and blue is the sea,
And green roll the billows on laughing valley and plain.

The sap, to the uttermost tendrils, is quick in the vine;
It shall creep, it shall mount, till the spheres of delight take form;
They shall blush, they shall swell, — and their blood flowing red in the wine
Shall be one with the life-blood of men, all vibrant and warm.

Who but thee, Dionysus, hath guarded the vineyards at first?
Their fruit at the last shall be turned to thy kingly employ;
And cool at the lips of sorrowing mortals athirst
Flows ever thy chalice of kinship and freedom and joy.

(*Chorus:* WOMEN)

THE BIRTH OF DIONYSUS

Semele, a woman, bore thee:
We, her mortal sisters, know
All she won and suffered for thee —
All her ecstasy and woe.
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the sun-kissed grape
Joy nor anguish may escape.

Semele besought her lover:
"Zeus omnipotent, draw nigh!
All thy splendor now uncover

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As to Hera throned on high!"
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the mystic vine
Ever crave a heavenly sign.

"Semele, I come." And round her
Blazed a glory, lightning-torn;
Blinded, stricken, dead, they found her —
Yet was Dionysus born.
Io Bacche,
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the mortal race
Dying still to life give place.

Child of Semele, we sing thee
Hymns of holy mysteries;
Nature's next of kin we bring thee
Earth's eternal sympathies.
Io Bacche.
Io Bacche,
Daughters of the soul's desire
Joyful guard thy death-lit fire.

(*Chorus:* MEN)

THE TOKENS OF DIONYSUS

By the cup at thy leathern girdle,
For the draught that sweetens toil,
Thou art brother to all the brethren
That conquer the stubborn soil.
For thou hast yoked to our service
The sun, the night, and the rain;
And thy grateful vinesmen pay thee
With toll of sweat and pain.
That the wine of the victors' vintage
May gush from the barren sod,
Thou sealest thy sons, the chosen ones,
To follow the victor-god.

By the fawnskin on thy shoulder,
Got with the price of blood,
Thou art one with the creature kindred
Of thicket and field and wood.
But the comrades of the forest
Must fall at thy children's will

When the lust of blood is on them,
The passion of man to kill;
For the spell of a savage fury
Reigns where the brutes have trod,
And ever thy sons, the chosen ones,
Must follow the victor-god.

By the bull's horn at thy forehead
The Chosen share thy might —
Lusty of limb and fibre,
Framed for the hard-won fight.
By the pledge of the fertile pine-cone
That crowns thy wreathèd staff
With the token of life's renewals,
Men fling at Death their laugh:
O'er all his conquests conqueror,
Thy feet with triumph shod,
Thou sealest thy sons, the chosen ones,
To follow the victor-god.

(*Chorus:* Boys)

THE WINE OF YOUTH

With shout and song and Bacchic cry
Thy worshipers go reeling by,
Their lips all dyed with ruddy juice,
Their tattered goat-skins flying loose.
Wild creatures from the coverts come
To join the rout with antics dumb,
And man and satyr mingled seem
Like some mad figment of a dream.
Women with streaming locks unbound
Whirl tempest-like thine altars round;
For men with eyes of roving fire
The sacrifice flames high and higher.
The grape, the grape! on every tongue
Its praise and thine together sung!

And we — the youngest-born of earth,
O youngest of immortal birth,
Need yet no draught of autumn wine
To bring our hearts in tune with thine.
We press no grape to drink our fill
Of exaltation; ours to thrill
From heart to prickling finger-tip
With wine that staineth not the lip.

The wine of youth, the wine of youth —
Who drink it need not seek thy truth;
'T is theirs unasked — a heavenly flood,
Wine of the young heart's leaping blood!

(*Chorus:* MEN, WOMEN, BOYS)

SPRING IN THE HEART

Spring in the heart, Eleutherios, highest of names!
The bonds of the spirit are broken; the prisoned go free!
Mortal to mortal, emancipate, joyous, proclaims
Spring in the heart, Dionysus, spring-time from thee!

Fettered of darkness and cold lay the children of men, —
For vision a dimness, the soul but a perishing slave, —
Till the light and the warmth of thy being spread earthward, and then —
Then what a glamour and glory thy godhead outgave!

Eyes that were lustreless shine with all beauty's delight,
Flashing to grace and to color their signal, their gleam;
Murmurs of song thrill sweet on the soundless night,
Music of reeds and the wind on a magical stream.

Lips that were dumb break forth in thy passionate praise,
For spring in the heart, Dionysus, is light to the blind;
The ways of the spirit of song, love and life are thy ways —
Flame of the fires of youth at the heart of mankind!

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

IV

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE RHONE TO THE SEINE

From Montélimar to Lyons the "great north road" to Paris follows almost continuously the east shore of the Rhone, looking across at the feudal ruins that stud the opposite cliffs. The swift turns of the river, and the fantastic outline of these castle-crowned rocks, behind which hang the blue lines of the Cévennes, compose a foreground suggestive in its wan colour and abrupt masses of the pictures of Patinier, the strange Flemish painter whose ghostly calcareous landscapes are said to have been the first in which scenery was painted for scenery's sake. In all the subtler elements of beauty, as well as in the power of historic suggestion, this Rhone landscape far surpasses that of the Rhine; but, like many of the most beautiful regions of France, it has a quality of aloofness, of almost classic reserve, that defends it from the inroads of the throng.

Midway to Lyons, Valence, the capital of Cæsar Borgia's Valentinois, rises above the river, confronted, on the opposite shore, by a wild cliff bearing the ruined stronghold of Crussol, the cradle of the house of Uzès. The compact little Romanesque cathedral of Saint Etienne, scantily adorned by the light exterior arcade of its nave, is seated on an open terrace overlooking the Rhone. As sober, but less mellow, within, it offers — aside from the monument to Pius VI, who ended his troubled days here — only the comparatively recondite interest of typical constructive detail; and the impressionist sightseer is likely to wander out soon to the little square beyond the apse.

Here stands "Le Pendentif," a curious little vaulted building of the Renaissance, full of the note of character, though its original purpose seems to be the subject of archæological debate. Like many buildings of this part of the Rhone valley, it was unhappily constructed of a stone on which the wear of the weather might suggest the literal action of the "tooth of Time" — so scarred and gnawed is the whole charming fabric. As to its original use, it appears to have been the mortuary chapel of the noble family whose arms are discernible among the incongruous animals of its decaying sculpture; for it is part of the strangeness of the little monument that the spandrils of its elegant classic order are inhabited by a rude Romanesque fauna which, combined with the dusky hue and ravaged surface of the stone, produces, in contrast to the rejuvenated church, a look of mysterious antiquity.

A few yards off, down a dark narrow street, the same savour of the past is found in one of those minor relics which let the observer so much deeper into bygone institutions than the study of their official monuments. This is simply an old private house of the early Renaissance, with a narrow sculptured courtyard, a twisting staircase, and vaulted stone passages and rooms of singularly robust construction. It is still — appropriately enough — inhabited by *une très vieille dame*, who has receded so deeply into the farthest convolution of her stout stone shell that her friendly portress had leave to conduct us from basement to attic, giving us glimpses of dusky chambers with meagre venerable furniture, and of kitchens and offices with stone

floors, scoured coppers and pots of herbs, all so saturated with the old concentrated life of provincial France that it was like lifting to one's lips a glass of some ancient wine just at the turning-point of its perfection.

Not far from Valence, Tournon springs romantically from a cliff of the west bank, surmounted by the ducal castle of Soubise; and the next strong impression comes where Vienne, proudest of Rhone towns, lifts its flamboyant cathedral on a vast flight of steps above the river. The site of Vienne, and its long Roman past, prepare one for more interest of detail than a closer inspection reveals. The Roman temple, which may once have rivalled the Maison Carrée, was in the Middle Ages (like the temple of Syracuse) incorporated in a Christian church, and now, extricated lifeless from this fatal embrace, presents itself as an impersonal block of masonry from which all significance of detail is gone. The cathedral, too, has suffered in the same way, though from other causes. In its early days it was savagely mutilated by the Huguenots, and since then the weather, eating deeply into its friable stone, has wrought such havoc with the finery and frippery of the elaborate west front that the exterior attracts attention only as a stately outline.

All the afternoon we had followed the Rhone under a cloudy sky; and as we crossed the river at Vienne the clouds broke, and we pushed northward through a deluge. Our day had been a long one, with its large parenthesis at Grignan, and the rainy twilight soon closed in on us, blotting out the last miles of the approach to Lyons. But even this disappointment had its compensations, for in the darkness we took a wrong turn, coming out on a high suburb of the west bank, with the city outspread below in a wide network of lights against its holy hill of Fourvière. Lyons passes, I believe, for the most prosaic of great French towns; but no one can so think of it who descends on it thus through the night, seeing its majestic bridges link quay to quay, and the double sweep of the river reflecting the million lights of its banks.

It was still raining when we continued on our journey the next day; but the clouds broke as we climbed the hill above Lyons, and we had some fine backward glimpses of the Rhone before our road began to traverse the dull plain of the Bresse.

> So rest, forever rest, O princely pair!

If the lines have pursued one from childhood, the easiest — and, alas, the most final! — way of laying their lovely spectre is to turn aside from the road to Dijon and seek out the church of Brou. To do so, one must journey for two or three hours across one of the flat stretches of central France; and the first disillusionment comes when Brou itself is found to be no more than a faubourg of the old capital of the Bresse — the big, busy, cheese-making town of Bourg, sprawling loosely among boundless pastures, and detaining one only by the graceful exterior of its somewhat heterogeneous church.

A straight road runs thence through dusty outskirts to the shrine of Margaret of Austria, and the heart of the sentimentalist sank as we began to travel it. Here, indeed, close to the roadside, stood "the new pile," looking as new as it may have when, from her white palfrey, the widowed Duchess watched her "Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders" at work; looking, in fact, as scrubbed, scraped and soaped as if its renovation were a feat daily performed by the "seven maids with seven mops" on whose purifying powers the Walrus so ingeniously speculated. Matthew Arnold's poem does not prepare the reader for the unnatural gloss which makes the unhappy monument look like a celluloid toy. Perhaps when he saw it the cleansing process had not begun — but did he ever really see it? And if so, where did he see the

Savoy mountain meadows,
By the stream below the pines?

And how could he have pictured the Duchess Margaret as being "in the mountains" while she was supervising the work? Or the "Alpine peasants" as climbing "up to pray" at the completed shrine, or the priest ascending to it by the "mountain-way" from the walled town "below the pass"?

Is Bourg the walled town, and its dusty faubourg the pass? And shall we, when we pass under the traceries of the central door, and stand beneath the vaulting of the nave, hear overhead the "wind washing through the mountain-pines"? It will have to travel a long way to make itself heard!

Poor Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, so maligned for her imaginative pictures of Lovere and Lake Iseo, may surely be forgiven for having gilded the lily, for adding an extra touch of romance where the romantic already so abounded; but it is less easy to explain how the poet of the church of Brou could evoke out of the dusty plain of the Bresse his pine-woods, streams and mountains. Perhaps (the pilgrim reflects) the explanation will be found within the church, and standing in the magic light of the "vast western window" we too shall hear the washing of the wind in the pines, and understand why it travelled so far to reach the poet's ear.

In this hope we enter; but only to discover that inside also the archæological mops have been at work, and that the elaborate lining of the shrine is as scoured and shiny as its exterior. Well! let us affront this last disenchantment — and the little additional one of buying a ticket for the choir from a gold-braided custodian at a desk in the nave — and closing our eyes to the secularized, museumized aspect of the monument, try to open them to a vision of what it may have been before it was turned into a show.

Alas! even this last effort — this *bon mouvement* of the imagination — fails to restore an atmosphere of poetry to the church of Brou, to put it in any other light than that of a kind of superlative "Albert Memorial," in which regardlessness-of-cost has frankly predominated over æsthetic considerations. Yet it is manifestly unfair to charge the Duchess Margaret with the indiscrimination of the *parvenue*. One should rather ascribe to special conditions of time and place that stifling confusion of ornament, that air of being, as Bacon puts it, so terribly "daubed with cost," which is both the first effect and the final outcome of an inspection of Brou. If Arnold gave the rein to fancy in his mise-en-scène, he was quite exact in picturing the conditions in which the monument was produced, and his enumeration of the "Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders, German masons, smiths from Spain" who collaborated in its making, reminds one that artistic unity could hardly result from so random an association of talents. It was characteristic of the time, of the last boiling-over of the heterogeneous Gothic pot, that this strange fellowship was not felt to be any obstacle to the production of a work of art. One sees the same result in almost all the monuments of the period, especially where the Spanish-Netherlands influence has added a last touch of profusion — and confusion. How could an art so evolved issue in anything but a chaos of overdone ornament? How could line survive in such a deluge of detail? The church of Brou is simply the most distressing because the most expensive product of the period. Expiring Gothic changed its outline as often as the dying dolphin is supposed to change his colours — every ornament suggests a convulsion in stone.

And on all this extravagance of design, which could be redeemed only by the lightest touch of the chisel, lies the heavy hand of the Flemish sculptor. Is it possible that the same phase of artistic feeling produced the three tombs of Brou and those of the Dukes of Burgundy at Dijon? Certainly, at least, the same hand did not carve them. At Brou the

innumerable subordinate figures — angels, mourners and the rest — are turned out with the unerring facility of the pastry-cook's art: they represent the highest achievement in sugar and white-of-egg. At Dijon, on the contrary, each "pleureur" in the arcade beneath the tomb of Duke Philip is a living, sentient creature, a mourner whose grief finds individual utterance. Is there anything in plastic art that more vividly expresses the passionate mediæval brooding over death? Each little cowled figure takes his grief, his sense of the *néant*, in his own way. Some are wrung and bowed with it. One prays. Another, a serene young man, walks apart with head bent above his book — the page of a Stoic, one conjectures. And so each, in his few inches of marble, and in the confinement of his cramped little niche, typifies a special aspect of the sense of mortality — above all of its loneliness, the way it must be borne without help.

The thought came to one, the next day at Dijon, the more vividly by contrast to the simpering sorrow of Brou. The tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, so cruelly torn from the hallowed twilight of the Chartreuse, and exposed to the cold illumination of museum windows, give one, even in this impersonal light, a strong sense of personality. Even the over-laden detail of the period, the aimless striving of its frets and finials, cannot obscure the serious purity of the central conception; and one is led to the conclusion that a touch of free artistic emotion will break through the strongest armour of stock formulas.

One sees them, of course, the ducal tombs, in a setting in a certain sense their own, since this privileged city, in addition to its other distinctions, has a mediæval palace for its museum, and the mailed heels of the recumbent Dukes may have rung on the stone flagging of the Salle des Gardes where they now lie. But the great vaulted hall has ceased to be a guard-room, as they have ceased to be its lords, and the trail of label and number, of velvet cord and iron rail, is everywhere in their democratized palace. It is noteworthy, therefore, that, as the tombs have retained so much of their commemorative value, so the palace itself has yielded as little as might be of its private character to the encroachments of publicity: appearing almost, as one wanders from one bright room to another, like the house of a great collector who still lives among his treasures.

This felicitous impression is partly due to the beauty of the old building, and partly also to the fact that it houses a number of small collections, the spoils of local dilettanti, each kept together, however diversified its elements, so that many of the rooms exhibit a charming habitable mingling of old furniture, old porcelain and the small unobtrusive pictures that are painted to be lived with, not glanced up at from a catalogue.

The impression of happy coincidences, of really providential accidents, which gives such life to the bright varied museum, persists and deepens as one passes from it into the town — the astonishing town which seems to sum up in itself almost every phase of French art and history. Even the deep soil of France has hardly another spot where the past grows so thick and so vigorously, where the ancient growths lift such hale heads to the sunlight. The continuity of life at Dijon is as striking as its diversity and its individuality. Old Dijon is not an archipelago of relics in a sea of modern houses: it is like a vascular system, binding the place together in its network of warm veins, and seeming, not to be kept alive, but to be keeping life in the city.

It is to this vivid synthesis of the past that one reverts from even the strongest single impressions — from the civic sumptuousness of the Palais de Justice, the elegance of the Hôtel de Vogüé, the mysterious symbolism of the jutting row of gargoyles on the west front of Notre Dame — suffering them to merge

themselves, these and many more, into a crowded splendid tapestry, the mere background of the old city's continuous drama of ducal, imperial, parliamentary life.

The same impression of richness, of deep assimilated experience, accompanies one on the way north through the Burgundian province — giving to the trivial motorist, the mere snarer of haphazard impressions, so annihilating a sense of his inability to render even a superficial account of what he sees, and *feels beneath the thing seen*, that there comes a moment when he is tempted to take refuge in reporting the cuisine of the inns — though even here the abundance of matter becomes almost as difficult to deal with.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that after a morning among the hills and valleys of the Morvan, in sight, almost continuously, of that astonishing Burgundian canal, with its long lines of symmetrical poplars, its massive masonry, its charming lock-houses, all repeating themselves like successive states of a precious etching — that after such a morning I seek, and seem to find, its culminating astonishment in the luncheon which crowned it in the grimy dining-room of the *auberge* at Précy-sous-Thil. But was it an *auberge*, even, and not rather a *gargote*, this sandy onion-scented "public," with waggoners and soldiers grouped cheerfully about their *petit vin bleu*, while a flushed handmaid, in repeated dashes from the kitchen, laid before us a succession of the most sophisticated dishes — the tenderest filet, the airiest *pommes soufflées*, the plumpest artichokes that ever bloomed on the buffet of a Parisian restaurant? It corresponded, at any rate, to the kind of place where, in any Anglo-Saxon country, one would have found the company as prohibitory as the food, and each equally a reason for fleeing as soon as possible from the other.

So it is that Précy-sous-Thil may stand as a modest symbol of the excessive amenity of this mellowest of French civilizations — the more memorably to one party of hungry travellers because it formed, at the same time, the final stage of their pilgrimage to Vézelay.

That thought, indeed, distracted us from the full enjoyment of the filet, and tore us from the fragrant *mazagrans* that our panting waitress carried after us to the motor's edge; for more than half the short April day was over, and we had still two hours of steep hill and vale between ourselves and Vézelay. The remainder of the way carried us through a region so romantically broken, so studded with sturdy old villages perched on high ledges or lodged in narrow defiles, that but for the expectation before us every mile of the way would have left an individual impression. But on the road to Vézelay what can one see but Vézelay? Nothing, certainly, less challenging to the attention than the loftily-seated town of Avallon which, midway of our journey, caught and detained us for a wondrous hour.

The strain of our time-limit, and the manifold charms of the old town, so finely planted above the gorge of the Cousin, had nearly caused us to defer Vézelay, and end our day's journey at the Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge. But in the mild air, and on the extreme verge of the bright sky, there was a threat of rain, and the longing to see the great Benedictine abbey against such a sunset as the afternoon promised was even stronger than the spell of Avallon. We carried away therefore (with the fixed intention of returning) only the general impression of a walled town set against a striking background of cliff and woodland, and one small vivid vignette of a deserted square where aged houses of incredible picturesqueness grouped themselves at scenic angles about the sculptured front of the church of Saint Lazare.

From Avallon to Vézelay the road winds to the west, between the leafy banks of the Cousin, through the town of Pontaubert, with its ancient church of the

Templars, past the bridge of the Cure, and out at last into the valley dominated by the conical hill of Vézelay. All day the vision of the Benedictine church had hung before us beyond each bend of the road; and when at length we saw its mighty buttresses and towers clenched in the rock, above the roofs and walls of the abbatial town, we felt the impact of a great sensation — for the reality was nobler than the vision.

The mere sight of Vézelay from the valley — quite apart from the rush of associations it sets free — produces the immediate effect of one of those perfect achievements in which art and nature interpret and fulfill each other. The church stands just where such a building should stand, and looks as a building should look to be worthy of such a site. The landscape about it has the mingled serenity and ruggedness which its own lines express, and its outline grows out of the hill-top without a break between the structural harmony of the two.

Before mounting up to compare the detailed impression with the first effect, one is detained by the village of Saint Père (Pierre) sous Vézelay, which lies just at the foot of the road leading up to the abbey. Here, from a heap of sordid houses, and among stifling barn-yard exhalations, rises the sweet worn old church of Saint Pierre, younger in date than the abbey church above, but stained and seamed by time. From the stone embroideries of its triple porch and its graceful fantastic narthex, it might pass, at first glance, for a more than usually temperate specimen of flamboyant Gothic; but if one backs away far enough to take in its whole outline, the upper façade and the tower reveal themselves as an exquisite instance of thirteenth-century transition. The tower, in particular, with its light ranges of arcades, and the slender, trumpeting angels that so surprisingly buttress its angles, seems, as an observant traveller has already noted, more Italian than Burgundian — though to find its match in Italy one would have to seek, not among actual church-towers, but in the backgrounds of early Tuscan pictures, where, against a sky of gold-leaf, such heralds sound their call from the thatch of the manger.

After the mystical vision of the bell-tower of Saint Père it is almost a drop back to prose to climb the hill to Vézelay and stand before the church of the Magdalen — or rather it is like turning from the raptures of Joachim of Flora or Hugo of Saint Victor to the close-knit dialectic of Saint Thomas Aquinas. This vast creation of mediæval faith might indeed be likened to the great doctrinal system out of which it grew — such a strong, tight, complex structure, so studied, balanced and mathematically exact it seems.

It has seen, the great church, in its well-nigh thousand years of existence, sights so splendid and memorable that it seems at first a mere background for its memories — for the figures of Saint Bernard and Becket, of Philip Augustus and Cœur de Lion, with their interminable train of clerical and secular dignitaries, monks, nobles, doctors of the Church, and all the wild impassioned rout of the second and third Crusades. To have seen so much, and now to stand so far apart from life! One reflects on the happier fate of those other great churches of lay growth, the French cathedrals, whose hearts beat warm for so many centuries, through so many social and political alternations.

The situation of the church of Vézelay typifies this deeper solitude. It stands alone on the crest of the hill, divided from the town below by a wide stony square. Behind the apse, where the monastic buildings lay, a shady grassy slope simulates the privacy of an English close — and on all sides are the blue distances of the Morvan. This loftiness and detachment of site give a peculiar majesty to the building, and conduce no doubt to the impression that in all church architecture there is nothing quite like it,

nothing in which the passive strength of the elder style so imperceptibly blends with the springing grace of the new. The latter meets one first, in the two-storied narthex, a church in itself, which precedes the magnificent round-arched portals of the inner building. It is from the threshold of this narthex that, looking down its lofty vista, and through the triple doorways to the vast and stern perspective of the Romanesque nave, one gets the keenest impression of the way in which, in this incomparable building, the two styles have been wrought into an accord that shows their essential continuity. In the nave itself, with the doors of the narthex closed, another, subtler impression awaits one; for here one seems to surprise the actual moment of transition, to see, as nowhere else (except in a lesser degree at Saint Germer-de-Fly) the *folded wings of the Gothic* stirring under the older forms.

More even than its rich mysterious sculptures, far more than its mere pride of size and majesty, does this undefinable *frémissement* of the old static Romanesque lines remain with one as the specific note of Vézelay: giving it, in spite of its age-long desertion, in spite of the dead and staring look produced by indiscriminate restoration, an inner thrill of vitality, the promise of "strange futures beautiful and young," such as the greatest art alone possesses.

The long spring sunset filled the sky when we turned from Vézelay and began to wind through the valley of the Cure to Auxerre. The day had been too rich in impressions to leave space for more than a deep sense of changing loveliness as we followed the curves of the river through poplar-planted meadows, by white chalk-cliffs and villages hanging on the heights. But among these fugitive impressions is the vivid memory of a white railway viaduct, so lightly yet securely flung across the valley that in the golden blur of sunset it suggested one of Turner's dream-bridges spanning a vale of Tempe: a notable instance of the almost invariable art with which, in French engineering, the arch is still employed. After that the way grew indistinct, and night had fallen when we entered Auxerre — feeling our way through a dimly-lit suburb, seeing the lights of the town multiplied in the quiet waters of the Yonne, and reaching it at last by a bridge that led straight to the steep central street.

Auxerre, the next day — even through the blinding rain which so punctually confirmed our forebodings — revealed itself as one of those close-knit, individual old French towns that are as expressive, as full of vivacity and character, as certain French faces. Finely massed above the river, in a pile culminating with the towers of the cathedral and the detached shaft of Saint Jean, it confirms, and indeed exceeds, on a nearer view, the promise of its distant aspect. A town which has had the good fortune to preserve its walls and one or two of its fortified gates, has always — and more especially if seated on a river — the more obvious opportunities for picturesqueness; and at Auxerre the narrow streets rising from the quay to the central group of buildings contribute many isolated effects — carved door, steep gable or opportune angle-turret — to the general distinction of the scene.

The cathedral itself is the heart of the charming old place — so rich in tone, so impressive in outline, so profusely yet delicately adorned, it rose at the end of the long market-square, shedding on it, even through the grey sheets of rain, the warmth of its high tawny masses. The design of the western front is so full and harmonious that it effaces from memory the less salient impression of the interior. Under a more favourable light, which would have brought out the colours of the rich clerestory glass, and the modelling of shafts and vaulting, it would have seemed, no doubt, less austere, more familiarly beautiful; but veiled and darkened by rain-clouds it offered, instead of colour and detail, only an un-

folding of cavernous arches fading into the deep shades of the sanctuary.

The adjoining Bishop's palace, with its rugged Romanesque arcades planted on a bit of Gallo-roman city wall, and the interesting fragment of the church of Saint Germain, beside the hospital, are among the other notable monuments of Auxerre; but these too, masked by the incessant downpour, remain in memory as mere vague masses of dripping masonry, pressed upon by a low black sky.

The rain pursued us northward from Auxerre along the valley of the Yonne, lifting a little toward noon to leave the landscape under that grey-green blur through which the French *paysagistes* have most persistently seen it. Joigny, with this light at its softest, seemed, even after Auxerre, one of the most individual of ancient French towns: its long and stately quay, closed by a fine gate at each end of the town, giving it in especial a quite personal character, and one which presented itself as a singularly happy solution of the problem of linking a town to its river. Above the quay the steep streets gave many glimpses of mediæval picturesqueness, tucked away at almost inaccessible angles; but the rain closed in on them, and drove us on reluctantly to Sens.

Here the deluge hung a still denser curtain between us and the amenities of this singularly charming town. Sens, instead of being, like Joigny, packed tight between river and cliff, spreads out with relative amplitude between Roman ramparts transformed into shady promenades; and about midway of the town, at the end of a long market-place like that of Auxerre, the cathedral rears itself in such nobility and strength of line that one instantly revises one's classification of the great French churches to make room for this one near the top.

Its beauties develop and multiply on a nearer view, and its kinship with Canterbury makes it, to those under the spell of that noblest of English choirs, of peculiar architectural interest. But when one has done full justice to the long unfolding of the nave, to the delicate pallour of Cousin's glass, and to the associations attached to the "altar of Becket" behind the choir, one returns finally to the external composition of the apsidal chapels as the most memorable and perfect thing at Sens. The development of the *chevet*, which Romanesque architecture bequeathed to Gothic, is perhaps the happiest product of the latter growth on French soil; and after studying so complex an example of its possibilities as the apse of Sens presents, one feels anew what English Gothic lost in committing itself to the square east end.

Of great historic interest is the so-called *Officialité* which adjoins the cathedral — a kind of diocesan tribunal built under Louis IX; but its pointed windows and floriated niches have been so liberally restored that it has the too-Gothic look of a mediæval stage-setting. Sens has many other treasures, not only in its unusually rich collection of church relics and tapestries, but among the fragments of architecture distributed through its streets; and in the eighteenth-century gates of the archiepiscopal palace it can show a specimen of wrought iron-work probably not to be matched short of Jean Lamour's gates at Nancy.

One of its most coveted possessions — Jean Cousin's famous picture of the Eva prima Pandora — has long been jealously secluded by its present owner; and one wonders for what motive the inveterate French hospitality to lovers of art has been here so churlishly reversed. The curious mystical interest of the work, and its value as a link in the history of French painting, make it, one may say, almost a *monument historique*, a part of the national heritage; and perhaps the very sense of its potential service to art gives a perverse savour to its possessor's peculiar mode of enjoying it.

From Sens to Fontainebleau the road follows the valley of the Yonne through a tranquil landscape with level meadows

and knots of slender trees along the river, till the border of the forest is reached, and a long green alley takes one straight to the granite cross on the edge of the town. Toward afternoon the rain turned to a quiet drizzle, of the kind that becomes the soft French landscape as a glass becomes certain pictures; and through it we glided on, past the mossy walls of great estates, past low-lying châteaux, green *pièces d'eau*, and the long grassy vistas that are cut in every direction through the forests about Melun. This district of big "shootings" and carefully-tended preserves extends almost to the outer ring of environs. Beyond them Paris itself soon rose smokily through the rain, and a succession of long straight avenues, as carefully planted as if they had been the main arteries of a fashionable suburb, led us thence to the Porte de Choisy.

To be back in the roar of traffic, to feel the terrific pressure of those miles of converging masonry, gave us, after weeks of free air and unbounded landscape, a sense of congestion that made the crowded streets seem lowering and dangerous; but as we neared the river, and saw before us the curves of the lifted domes, the grey strength of the bridges, and all the amazing symmetry and elegance of what in other cities is mean and huddled and confused, the touch of another beauty fell on us — the spell of "*les seuils sacrés, la Seine qui coule.*"

(*The End.*)

HARKING BACK TO THE HUMANITIES

BY JOHN CORBIN

A PROFESSOR of Romance literature in one of our foremost universities has a very sad story to tell, to illustrate the declining vogue of those studies which used to be called the humanities. In his introductory course in the literature of the Italian Renaissance he had had two young women, intelligent, charming — to teach whom was a delight. He had confidently looked to them the following year to take the advanced course, but at the time of registration they did not appear. Besought for an explanation, they said that his lecture hours conflicted with those of another course they had elected — in abnormal psychology. Charming young women; abnormal psychology: no wonder the professor of Renaissance culture shook his head.

It is everywhere much the same. At Harvard, out of a total of 2334 students in the college, less than three hundred, or about one in eight, are pursuing either Greek or Latin, and many of these elect only a single course or two. The number of those who achieve any considerable degree of classical culture is much smaller.

Yet our professor of Romance literature grew even more pessimistic over another phase of modern education, an almost universal reaction against freedom in the choice of studies — the so-called Harvard elective system. His own university, until lately Harvard's most prominent ally, had only just joined the ranks of those that require students to make the main body of their electives not a scattering of unrelated subjects but a consistent and coherent group. It had not occurred to him, as it seemed, that there might have been some connection between the extension of the elective system and the decline in the humanities, and conversely that the reaction against it may be a symptom of hope and cheer.

I

As has often been pointed out, the elective system is largely a product of the scientific awakening of the nineteenth century. A maze of new branches had been discovered on the tree of knowledge — some of which might perhaps be described as its trunk. Undergraduate life, indeed the entire span of human existence, was too brief to compass them all. The practical difficulty of the situation might have given the ordinary mind what is sometimes called pause. Not so the scientific mind. It is the first article in the modern creed that all knowledge is of equal importance, all training of equal value, provided only that the knowledge and the training are in the line of accurate classified knowledge.

This is no abstract theory. It is rule of thumb — the glorious guiding principle, if you will — by which the elective system has been erected. President Eliot, in an address entitled "Aims of the Higher Education," reprinted in his volume on educational reform, states it explicitly. "There is to-day no difference between the philologist's method of study and the naturalist's, or between a psychologist's method and a physiologist's. Students of history and natural history, of physics and metaphysics, of literature and the fine arts, find that, though their fields of study are different, their methods and spirit are the same. This oneness of method characterizes the true university." You may study the French Revolution, or (that object of Ibsen's casual satire) the domestic industries of Brabant in the Middle Ages, and so long as you study them scientifically they count equally for the degree in arts. You may study literature and science — let us say Petrarch and abnormal psychology — but in "the true university" the spirit and the methods will be identical.

One or two examples will illustrate the practical absurdity that resulted from the attempt to construct a system of education on this theory, and especially in view of the fact that the rubric of it all was entire freedom in the choice of studies. I remember — if I may speak of what I know best — I remember electing a course that centred in the French Revolution, as an aid to the study of modern literature and drama. The lecturer spent hour after hour droning over the series of constitutions that were framed and adopted one day to be superseded the next. What was picturesque and dramatic in the period, even what was of the deepest and most permanent significance, he neglected, or at best passed it over with a small sarcasm at the vanity of so much passion and bloodshed. Constitutions were matters of scientific record, and the soul-history of a great nation in its greatest crisis was not.

Again, I elected to study the Elizabethan drama. The preliminary course was a minute verbal scrutiny of five of the plays of Shakespeare, in which the consideration of literature as literature was casual and incidental. It was strongly recommended that the student repeat this course, philologizing five more plays. The study of the Elizabethan drama as such was limited to two half courses, which were in no wise to be repeated or extended. In order to get at the drama one was required to plough through an equal dose of philology, and it was recommended that the dose be doubled. Decidedly, the play was not the thing. The thing was words, words, words. That was what the glorious proffer of free election came to.

In the end, it is true, one did arrive, in any department of language, at drama *qua* drama, inspiringly taught. Even under such conditions the cold passion for science cannot quite congeal the human spirit. In recent years, owing to the reaction of which I am writing, the humanities are made more prominent, even in the courses primarily philological. Yet the fact remains that in the "true university" of to-day they are, and are intended to be, subordinate to science.

II

The very ideal of a liberal education has been metamorphosed to fall in with the new and absorbing passion. Again I quote the most powerful advocate of the "true university," though any one of a dozen utterances by different educators would do as well. "Science has engendered a peculiar kind of human mind — the searching, open, humble mind, which, knowing that it cannot attain unto all truth, or even to much new truth, is yet patiently and enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of such little new truth as is within its grasp, having no other end than to learn, prizing above all things accuracy, thoroughness, and candor in research, proud and happy, not in its own single strength, but in the might of that host of students whose past conquests make up the wondrous sum of present knowledge, whose sure future triumphs are shared in imagination by each humble worker. Within the past four hundred years this typical scientific mind has gradually come to be the kind of philosophic mind most admired by the educated class; indeed it has come to be the only kind of mind, except the poetic, which commands the respect of scholars, whatever their department of learning."

Unquestionably there is fire in these words. But is it not the kind of fire which inflames the palm that has held a block of ice? What, after all, is the business of a university? Has it not a duty to young men as well as a duty to knowledge? In order to give science its due, is it necessary to ignore altogether the human heart and the human will — character?

How many boys go to college, how many parents send them there, to achieve that peculiar kind of human mind which rejoices not in its own strength, and has no other end than to learn? It may seem a philistine thing to say, yet it is indubitably true, that boys go to college, and that their parents pay the considerable cost of their educations, not to become searching and humble, but to realize the proud strength of the human mind and heart; not to feed their minds on the little new truth within their grasp — spare diet! — but on the many great truths of nature, history, and art; not to narrow their spirits to minute special research, but to expand them in contact with the Promethean fire of the great personalities and the great movements of civilization.

And this is only half of what in America we look for in our universities. As a people we place equal value upon the moral and social side of undergraduate life — upon democracy and manly comradeship as expressed in college spirit; upon personal courage, self-control, and chivalrous generosity as expressed in true sportsmanship. To these things the partisans of the "true university" pay little or no heed. In President Eliot's weighty volume on educational reform they are not considered. Somewhere and somehow there is a lack of coördination between the nation and its universities.

A brief historical retrospect will perhaps put the case in a clearer light. Our universities, like our institutions in general and our people, were originally, and still are, preponderantly English. But the scientific awakening of the nineteenth century, though in a considerable measure the product of English minds, had its origin and ran its course without the university walls. To this day Oxford is powerfully — to our view obstinately, suicidally — resisting it. In Germany, on the other hand, the universities early became imbued with the scientific spirit, and, following their lead, the American universities have for almost a century valued it and cultivated it. In a word, though founded in accordance with native ideals that still endure and flourish in the nation at large, they have largely made themselves over in accordance with the ideals of an alien people. Now Germany, as it happens, has its own peculiar schools of character. The discipline

which the young American gets on the athletic field, in the close community and under the rigid standards of college life, the young German gets, and in an infinitely higher degree, in the army or the bureaucracy. The business of the German university is not at all to discipline character. Quite the contrary, it is to enfranchise it from Kaiserism and red tape. The universities are the great strongholds of German liberty. Their watchwords are the freedom to learn and the freedom to teach. In England and America liberty and truth have been an undisputed heritage for two centuries and more.

In all this we have assumed that the German and the American universities are, roughly, parallel institutions; for that has been the tacit assumption of the advocates of the elective system. The fact is far otherwise. The German university is built on the foundation of the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, which carry the student at least as far as the end of the second year of the American college. Now the instruction in these German preparatory schools is thoroughly organized in groups, production both of coherent knowledge and mental training. In the *Gymnasium* an extended study of the ancient classics is prescribed. Our elective system, disorganized to the point of anarchy, is not so much an imitation of German methods as a caricature of them.

That our universities have responded to the modern scientific impulse is wholly admirable. But in doing so was it necessary to renounce the function of mental training, of character-building and of humanistic culture, which is not only native to them, but vital in the scheme they are ostensibly emulating? By their most recent deeds they are confessing that it was not.

III

From the outset the sense of the great body of educated people, and of a large proportion even of college faculties, has been against the doctrinary extremes to which we have carried our imitation of things German. Almost a generation ago Harvard went through a reaction that still gives occasion for thought, and perhaps also for a smile of far from subtle irony.

The question was of student freedom. It seemed a monstrous thing to the progressive element in the faculty that men in a great university should be subject to petty police regulations in the matter of residence and attendance at lectures. Here, with one stroke of the pen, it was possible to make the university quite like Berlin, Leipsic, and Bonn.

For once the undergraduates were in full accord with the faculty. Midnight potations in Boston were no longer disturbed by thoughts of the nine o'clock lecture in Cambridge. To the moose-hunter it ceased to be evidence of the eternal unfitness of things that his season in the woods should be cut short by term time. Skater, snowshoer, and tobogganer partook deeply of the joys of the ice carnival in Montreal. At the season when winter had become darkest and most oppressive, one party of undergraduates woke up in the Grand Central Station in New York, still clad in their evening clothes. After due consideration, they decided that their purpose the night before must have been to spend the month of February under the clement skies of Bermuda; and stopping only to buy the necessary flannels on Broadway, they embarked forthwith. *Lernfreiheit* bade fair to eventuate in a sort of *Lehrfreiheit* which the faculty had little taste for, namely an entire freedom from any one to lecture to. The Board of Overseers and parents everywhere were even more deeply moved. The life of this experiment in the ways of the "true university" was short.

From that moment it should have been evident that the spirit and needs of our young men are, in many respects, infinitely removed from those of the German undergraduate. They are, in fact, essentially similar to those of the Oxford and

Cambridge man. In the English universities no one is allowed to leave his college after nine o'clock; and to remain without the walls after midnight, on whatever pretext, is a crime punishable and punished with expulsion. Far from considering this régime an infringement of his liberties, the young Briton regards it as part and parcel of a system which he respects and loves. Much as he might relish the autumn hunting in the shires, or the spring gayeties of the London season, he loves his life as an undergraduate more, and acquiesces in the college gate-rules, vexatious though they often are, as the very foundation of the social and athletic, as well as of the studious life, of his college — of the humanities, in short, in the broad and true meaning of the term. For the American youth, of course, the full rigor of the English regulations is impossible; but he might be led far in the same direction if it were made evident to him that that way lies a better ordered and more wholesome life.

For a dozen years past there has been a strong tendency, quite unconscious in all probability, to revert toward the typically English university methods, or rather to compass them a second time in the full swing of the cycle of progress. It was at Harvard that this tendency first showed itself, and Harvard has the greatest need of reform, at least among eastern institutions. But other universities have carried it to a far fuller and more efficient development, and are destined, as it seems, at no distant day to perfect it. Its manifestations are many and varied, but it is chiefly evident in three new departures: a system of grouping electives so as to make them cover some broad and vital department of knowledge, tutorial instruction, and residence in coördinate colleges or halls.

IV

All three, it will be seen, involve an increase of the personal element in the relations of teachers and pupils.

Under the old régime, in England and America, all undergraduates studied the same subjects in the same order, and nothing was taught besides the prescribed curriculum. At Oxford still the scope of election is narrow: one may choose among several "honor schools," — *Literæ Humaniores*, Modern History, Mathematics, Science, and English,—but having chosen, the course of study is virtually prescribed. One might exhaust the entire instruction of an English university in a dozen years. In the leading American universities the body of instruction is so large — and this is the signal service of the elective system — that it would take a hundred years and more to take all the courses offered by the faculty of arts and sciences; and it is permitted either to pursue a more general course than in England or to specialize more narrowly; though, as I have indicated, the ponderous array of electives is primarily calculated for the scientific specialist, and so tends to block the path of the student of the humanities.

Many American universities, as for example Yale, long resisted the extreme development of the elective system; they still prescribed the subjects of the old curriculum as of primary and fundamental value, from the point of view both of mind and character-building and of humanistic culture. It is a curious example of conservatism that Yale, after a slow process of yielding, finally surrendered to the elective system four years ago, when the reaction at Harvard was already vigorous. Other universities, notably Cornell, have been more alert both in adopting the system and in reacting against its extremes. Wisconsin, to the superficial view scientific to the point of utilitarianism, vigorously insists on the grouping of studies. Even Harvard has provided that the highest honors at graduation shall be awarded only for a consistent and orderly group of studies, and offers a body of courses in comparative literature the primary purpose of which is cultural.

Princeton has very happily combined conservatism with progress, and has thus become the leader in the present advance. As Professor West has described a rather complicated system, "the earlier part of the course" consists "mainly of prescribed studies of fundamental and general nature," while "the latter part of the course" consists of "studies of which a majority lie in some large department of the student's own choice, the remaining courses being free — in other words a system of gradual and progressive election based on a prescribed substratum." Such a system combines, in the earlier years, the essentials of the *Gymnasium* and the elder American college, and, in the later years, the essentials of the German and the American university. Throughout there is a system of intimate personal instruction analogous to the tutorial system of the modern English and the early American college.

In the absence of some such organization, that is, under the elective system, it is necessary, in order to make the wisest practicable grouping, that the student plan his entire undergraduate course from the start, with the guidance of some one who knows his peculiar bent and abilities. At Harvard this was early recognized, at least by the reactionary element. Each freshman is given an adviser. In connection with the formal lectures, furthermore, it has been found advisable to have a system of personal conferences. In many universities this takes the form of what are known as quiz sections. In the larger and more elementary courses, Harvard has established a system of individual conferences held by instructors under the professor in charge of the course. In a word — although it is unfortunately a word of ill repute in America — a promising start has been pretty generally made toward tutorial instruction.

As yet it is only a start. In England the tutor comes into close personal relations with his pupils from the outset, and follows them throughout their undergraduate course. The freshman adviser at Harvard has twenty-five new men each year. It is humanly impossible that he become intimately acquainted with each of them, or be familiar with all the varied courses they elect. Furthermore, he receives no additional pay for his office and has usually no time even to do what little he might. In point of fact he is not required to see his advisees except at the opening of the college year, and then he does little more than scrutinize lists of electives to make sure that there is no conflict in the lecture hours. In many cases he is regarded by his charges less as a guide and friend than as a police officer. The instructors in conference deal with a far larger body of undergraduates and — not being primarily scientists — are miserably underpaid. They are mostly raw and recent graduates supporting themselves in advanced study. Quite lately the undergraduates themselves have protested against their negligence and incompetence. Like the new plan for grouping electives, the freshman advisers and instructors in conference are an uninspired concession to the ideals of the impotent minority of progressives.

Princeton alone, of all American colleges, has given personal instruction in the humanities a fair trial. In every study every student has, in addition to the lecturing professor, a tutor called preceptor, whose duty it is to direct his reading, and, by means of personal conferences, to make sure that he has assimilated it to the best of his ability. Each conference lasts an hour, and the number of students in each is limited to four, or at most five. Great care is taken to have the groups of students composed of men of similar attainments and mental calibre, so that progress may be as even and rapid as possible. The preceptors are liberally paid, receiving as much as the average assistant professor. According to all indications the preceptorial system is a signal success. Its advocates report that it has done much in only two years to remove prejudice, once so strong

in the mind of the Princeton undergraduate, against reading and book talk, supplanting it with a real interest in things of the mind.

The innovation is less anomalous than may appear to the casual view. In point of fact it is exactly parallel to the most cherished scientific methods. The basis of the instruction of the "true university" has long been a corps of laboratory assistants, whose business is to train the student in the use of the microscope and dissecting knife, and in the proper observation and recording of results. Even the most advanced scientific students are taught by means of seminars, under the personal supervision of leading professors. One of the most frequent objections to the preceptorial system is its cost. But on the whole it is probably less expensive than the long existing system of laboratories and seminars.

In certain ways the Princeton preceptor differs from the English tutor, and as it seems, to his disadvantage. He does not, in the first place, follow an undergraduate through the four years of the course. In the first two years, the work of which is a varied grouping of general courses, the student has a different preceptor in each course. The authorities wished this otherwise; but — and this is a sharp commentary upon education in the "true university" — it was impossible to find recent graduates prepared to teach all freshman and sophomore studies. In the two later years, however, during which the studies are elected by groups, each student, as in England, has a single preceptor.

Again, whereas the English tutor works with an eye direct upon the two great examinations, set by a university examining board and leading directly to the degree, the Princeton preceptor is, in many courses, concerned only with collateral reading, having no direct bearing on the examinations — which, as in all American universities, are set severally by the professors in the several courses. Both the English and the American examination systems have characteristic virtues and defects; but it may safely be conjectured that personal instruction in the humanities will not be as valuable as it is in the sciences until it bears some vital relation to the final degree.

V

In 1894 a paper by Frank Bolles, late secretary of Harvard College, was published posthumously in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. It was entitled "The Administrative Problem," and dealt with the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of the merely official supervision of the increasing hordes of undergraduates. The plight of Harvard is only a little more pitiful than that of all other leading American universities. New wine in old bottles is bad enough; but when the wine is abundant and the bottles small there is a spilling as well as a bursting. The small colleges of a century ago have doubled and redoubled many times without changing their administrative system. The remedy Mr. Bolles proposed was to divide the student body into administrative units, roughly corresponding to those of the English university.

A few years later a graduate resident at Oxford became impressed with the idea that the same arrangement, in a somewhat completer form, would also remove certain evils in the residential and social life, which had suffered equally in outgrowing the system of the earlier day; and he published a book advocating this view. Any servile imitation of things English was obviously as unwise as impracticable; but by adapting certain fruitful ideas to our needs it seemed easily possible to revive the virtues of the small American college, not only without impairing the intellectual life of the university, but to its decided advantage, in making it more intimate and human. Many leading educators have lately hit upon a similar solution. As President Wilson of Princeton has very happily phrased it, the aim of the university should be to

make the social and the intellectual life interpenetrate.

Again Harvard, though first in the field, has proved a laggard in achievement, and for the same reason. Many undergraduates and graduates, and a considerable number of the faculty, have long favored an administrative and social division of the student body; but the funds and energy of the corporation have been expended in the opposite direction — toward extending the already vast body of scientific electives. Two of the private dormitories, however, Claverly and Randolph, have evolved certain very interesting phases of collegiate life, Randolph being, architecturally and otherwise, the nearest approach to an English university college in America. At certain other American universities the idea, though as yet embryonic, is backed by those in authority, and is thus likely to come speedily to realization.

The University of Chicago has a number of "halls," each organized as a unit under faculty supervision; and it plans, as soon as funds are available, to give each its separate commons. These halls, however, are not quadrangular, but of the familiar style of dormitory. The University of Wisconsin has lately received a grant from the state legislature of one hundred thousand dollars a year for the erection of living accommodations for the students, who have hitherto, except for the small minority of fraternity men, lodged and boarded in a welter of minute and shifting cliques in the houses of townsfolk. It is President Van Hise's intention to build the "dormitories" in the quadrangular form, each with its kitchen and dining-hall, President Schurman of Cornell has long publicly advocated the building of residential halls, and is favorably considering the idea of giving each not only a kitchen and dining-room, but a master and a group of resident graduates corresponding to the English dons. President Wilson of Princeton, to whose energy and originality we owe the system of preceptors, has announced his intention of dividing the student body into colleges or halls, each with its own commons and dons; and though his purpose of disestablishing the upper-class eating clubs has provoked vigorous and not unreasonable opposition, he will certainly in the end achieve some effective reform. There is more than a coincidence here. A universal evil is finding its universal remedy.

VI

Unless all signs fail, higher education in America has entered a new phase of vast significance. Precious as has been the impulse from Germany, — it has in fact been invaluable, — its absolute dominance is passing. Whether the ancient classics will ever regain their predominance in liberal education may be doubted, but when they are taught as literature and not merely as philology they cannot fail mightily to increase their appeal. The important fact is that the human spirit is asserting itself as of at least equal importance with the passion for pure science. The man of broad culture will take his place beside the narrow researcher. Character and style, in living and thinking and writing, will be no less regarded than the conquest of new truth.

To the country at large this new humanistic revival is of deep significance. The scientific spirit, in its most altruistic development, as embodied in the special researcher, has of necessity withdrawn itself very far from the actual and present needs of the nation, political, commercial, and social. At its most practical, in the technical schools, its aim has been frankly utilitarian. The great need of modern America is an impulse away from materialism and toward higher standards of living, moral, intellectual, and spiritual; and it is a hopeful sign of the times that no one has been more vigorous in sounding the advance than the president of our foremost technical university, Cornell. Already we have made mighty progress in the purification of personal life, of business and of statecraft. For the pur-

pose of furthering the movement and conserving it no better engine could be devised than a system of universities in which the chosen youth of the nation shall be brought in contact with the best standards of the human spirit, in their comradeships and their games no less than in things of the mind.

For the universities the departure should prove epoch-making. Hitherto there have been two broadly differentiated types of higher institutions in America, the small college and the large, or more accurately speaking, the college and the university. Princeton has been the most perfect example of the one, Harvard of the other. Both are now seen to be tending toward the same goal, the union of the spirit of pure science with that of the ripest humanities. There is still a long way to go. Princeton is as imperfect in scientific teaching as Harvard is in the organization of study. Nor are the two elements anywhere successfully mingled. But it is not too much to hope that eventually we shall reproduce, in a form assimilated to our national needs, all that is valuable in the two great types of modern university, the English and the German.

A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

After the bargain was completed and the timber merchant had gone away, Jehiel Hawthorn walked stiffly to the pine tree and put his horny old fist against it, looking up to its spreading top with an expression of hostile exultation in his face. The neighbor who had been called to witness the transfer of Jehiel's woodland looked at him curiously.

"That was quite a sight of money to come in without your expectin', wa'n't it?" he said, fumbling awkwardly for an opening to the question he burned to ask.

Jehiel did not answer. The two old men stood silent, looking down the valley, lying like a crevasse in a glacier between the towering white mountains. The sinuous course of the frozen river was almost black under the slaty sky of March.

"Seems kind o' providential, havin' so much money come to you just now, when your sister-in-law's jest died, and left you the first time in your life without anybody you got to stay and see to, don't it?" commented the neighbor persistently.

Jehiel made a vague sign with his head.

"I s'pose likely you 'll be startin' aout to travel and see foreign parts, same's you've always planned, won't you — or maybe you cal'late you be too old now?"

Jehiel gave no indication that he had heard. His faded old blue eyes were fixed steadily on the single crack in the rampart of mountains, through which the afternoon train was just now leaving the valley. Its whistle echoed back hollowly, as it fled away from the prison walls into the great world.

The neighbor stiffened in offended pride. "I bid you good-night, Mr. Hawthorn," he said severely, and stumped down the steep, narrow road leading to the highway in the valley.

After he had disappeared Jehiel turned to the tree and leaned his forehead against it. He was so still he seemed a part of the great pine. He stood so till the piercing chill of evening chilled him through, and when he looked again about him it was after he had lived his life all through in a brief and bitter review.

It began with the tree and it ended with the tree, and in spite of the fever of unrest in his heart it was as stationary as any

rooted creature of the woods. When he was eleven and his father went away to the Civil War, he had watched him out of sight with no sorrow, only a burning envy of the wanderings that lay before the soldier. A little later, when it was decided that he should go to stay with his married sister, since she was left alone by her husband's departure to the war, he turned his back on his home with none of a child's usual reluctance, but with an eager delight in the day-long drive to the other end of the valley. That was the longest journey he had ever taken, the man of almost three-score thought, with an aching resentment against Fate.

Still, those years with his sister, filled with labor beyond his age as they were, had been the happiest of his life. In an almost complete isolation the two had toiled together five years, the most impressionable of his life; and all his affection centred on the silent, loving, always comprehending sister. His own father and mother grew to seem far away and alien, and his sister came to be like a part of himself. To her alone of all living souls had he spoken freely of his passion for adventuring far from home, of the lust for wandering which devoured his boy-soul. He was sixteen when her husband finally came back from the war, and he had no secrets from the young matron of twenty-six, who listened with such wide tender eyes of sympathy to his half-frantic outpourings of longing to escape from the dark, narrow valley where his fathers had lived their dark, narrow lives.

The day before he went back to his own home, now so strange to him, he was out with her, searching for some lost turkey-chicks, and found one with its foot caught in a tangle of rusty wire. The little creature had beaten itself almost to death in its struggle to get way. Kneeling in the grass, and feeling the wild palpitations of its heart under his rescuing hand, he had called to his sister, "Oh, look! Poor thing! It's 'most dead, and yet it ain't really hurt a mite, only desperate, over bein' held fast." His voice broke in a sudden wave of sympathy: "Oh, ain't it *terrible* to feel so!"

For a moment the young mother put her little son aside and looked at her brother with brooding eyes. A little later she said with apparent irrelevance, "Jehiel, as soon as you're a man grown, I'll help you to get off. You shall be a sailor, if you like, and go around the world, and bring back coral to baby and me."

A chilling premonition fell on the lad. "I don't believe it!" he said, with tears in his eyes. "I just believe I've got to stay here in this hole all my life."

His sister looked off at the tops of the trees. Finally, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler," she quoted dreamily.

When she came to see him and their parents a few months later, she brought him a little square of crimson silk, on which she had worked in tiny stitches, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." She explained to her father and mother that it was a "text-ornament" for Jehiel to hang up over his desk; but she drew the boy aside and showed him that the silk was only lightly caught down to the foundation.

"Underneath is another text," she said, "and when your day of freedom comes I want you should promise me to cut the stitches, turn back the silk, and take the second text for your motto, so you'll remember to be properly grateful. This is the second text." She put her hands on his shoulders and said in a loud, exultant voice, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and I am escaped."

For answer the boy pulled her eagerly to the window and pointed to a young pine tree that stood near the house.

"Sister, that tree's just as old as I be. I've prayed to God, and I've promised myself that before it's as tall as the ridge-pole of the house, I'll be on my way."

As this scene came before his eyes, the white-haired man, leaning against the great pine, looked up at the lofty crown of green wreathing the giant's head

and shook his fist at it. He hated every inch of its height, for every inch meant an enforced renunciation that had brought him bitterness and a sense of failure.

His sister had died the year after she had given him the double text, and his father the year after that. He was left thus, the sole support of his ailing mother, who transferred to the silent, sullen boy the irresistible rule of complaining weakness with which she had governed his father. It was thought she could not live long, and the boy stood in terror of a sudden death brought on by displeasure at some act of his. In the end, however, she died quietly in her bed, an old woman of seventy-three, nursed by her daughter-in-law, the widow of Jehiel's only brother. Her place in the house was taken by Jehiel's sister-in-law, a sickly, helpless woman, alone in the world except for Jehiel, and all the neighbors congratulated him on having a housekeeper ready to his hand. He said nothing.

By that time, indeed, he had sunk into a harsh and repellent silence on all topics. He went through the exhausting routine of farming with an iron-like endurance, watched with set lips the morning and afternoon trains leave the valley, and noted the growth of the pine tree with a burning heart. His only recreation was collecting time-tables, prospectuses of steamship companies, and what few books of travel he could afford. The only society he did not shun was that of itinerant peddlers or tramps, and occasionally a returned missionary on a lecture tour.

And always the pine tree had grown, insolent in the pride of a creature set in the right surroundings. The imprisoned man had felt himself dwarfed by its height. But now, he looked up at it again, and laughed aloud. It had come late, but it had come. He was fifty-seven years old, almost three-score, but all his life was still to be lived. He said to himself that some folks lived their lives while they did their work, but he had done all his tasks first, and now he could live. The unexpected arrival of the timber merchant and the sale of that piece of land he'd never thought would bring him a cent — was not that an evident sign that Providence was with him? He was too old and broken now to work his way about as he had planned at first, but here had come this six hundred dollars like rain from the sky. He would start as soon as he could sell his stock.

The thought reminded him of his evening chores, and he set off for the barn with a harsh jubilation that it was almost the last time he would need to milk. How far, he wondered, could he go on that money? He hurried through his work and into the house to his old desk. The faded text-ornament stood on the top shelf, but he did not see it, as he hastily tumbled out all the time-tables and sailing-lists. The habit of looking at them with the yearning bitterness of unreconciled deprivation was still so strong on him that even as he handled them eagerly, he hated them for the associations of years of misery they brought back to him.

Where should he go? He was dazed by the unlimited possibilities before him. To Boston first, as the nearest seaport. He had taken the trip in his mind so many times that he knew the exact minute when the train would cross the state line and he would be really escaped from the net which had bound him all his life. From Boston to Jamaica as the nearest place that was quite, quite different from Vermont. He had no desire to see Europe or England. Life there was too much like what he had known. He wanted to be in a country where nothing should remind him of his past. From Jamaica where? His stiff old fingers painfully traced out a steamship line to the Isthmus and thence to Colombia. He knew nothing about that country. All the better. It would be the more foreign. Only this he knew, that nobody in that tropical country "farmed it," and that was where he wanted to go. From Colombia around the Cape to Argentina. He was aghast at the cost, but instantly decided that he would go steerage. There would be more

real foreigners to be seen that way, and his money would go twice as far.

To Buenos Ayres, then. He did not even attempt to pronounce this name, though its strange, inexplicable look on the page was a joy to him. From there by mule-back and afoot over the Andes to Chile. He knew something about that trip. A woman who had taught in the Methodist missionary school in Santiago de Chile had taken that journey, and he had heard her give a lecture on it. He was the sexton of the church and heard all the lectures free. At Santiago de Chile (he pronounced it with a strange distortion of the schoolteacher's bad accent) he would stay for a while and just live and decide what to do next. His head swam with dreams and visions, and his heart thumped heavily against his old ribs. The clock striking ten brought him back to reality. He stood up with a gesture of exultation almost fierce. "That's just the time when the train crosses the state line!" he said.

He slept hardly at all that night, waking with great starts, and imagining himself in strange foreign places, and then recognizing with a scornful familiarity the worn old pieces of furniture in his room. He noticed at these times that it was very cold, and lifelong habit made him reflect that he would better go early to the church because it would be hard to get up steam enough to warm the building before time for service. After he had finished his morning chores and was about to start he noticed that the thermometer stood at four above zero.

That was certainly winter temperature; the snow lay like a heavy shroud on all the dead valley, but the strange, blind instinct of a man who has lived close to the earth stirred within him. He looked at the sky and the mountains and put out his bare palm. "I should n't be surprised if the spring break-up was near," he said. "I guess this is about the last winter day we'll get."

The church was icy cold, and he toiled in the cellar, stuffing wood into the flaming maw of the steam-heater, till it was time to ring the bell. As he gave the last stroke, Deacon Bradley approached him. "Jehiel, I've got a little job of repairing I want you should do at my store," he said in the loud, slow speech of a man important in the community. "Come to the store to-morrow morning and see about it." He passed on into his pew, which was at the back of the church near a steam radiator, so that he was warm, no matter what the weather was.

Jehiel Hawthorn went out and stood on the front steps in the winter sunshine and his heart swelled exultingly as he looked across at the deacon's store. "I wish I'd had time to tell him I'd do no repairs for him to-morrow, nor any time — that I'm going to travel and see the world."

The last comers disappeared in the church and the sound of singing came faintly to Jehiel's ears. Although he was the sexton he rarely was in church for the service, using his duties as an excuse for absence. He felt that it was not for him to take part in prayer and thanksgiving. As a boy he had prayed for the one thing he wanted, and what had it come to?

A penetrating cold wind swept around the corner and he turned to go inside to see about the steam-pipes. In the outer hall he noticed that the service had progressed to the responsive readings. As he opened the door of the church the minister read rapidly, "Praised be the Lord who hath not given us over for a prey unto their teeth."

The congregation responded in a timid inarticulate gabble, above which rose Deacon Bradley's loud voice, — "Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are escaped." He read the responses in a slow, booming roar, at least half a sentence behind the rest, but the minister always waited for him. As he finished, he saw the sexton standing in the open door. "A little more steam, Jehiel," he added commandingly, running the words on to the end of the text.

Jehiel turned away silently, but as he

stumbled through the dark, unfinished part of the cellar he thought to himself, "Well, that's the last time he'll give me an order for *one* while!"

Then the words of the text he had heard came back to his mind with a half-superstitious shock at the coincidence. He had forgotten all about that hidden part of the text-ornament. Why, now that had come true! He ought to have cut the stitches and torn off the old text last night. He would, as soon as he went home. He wished his sister were alive to know, and suddenly, there in the dark, he wondered if perhaps she did know.

As he passed the door to the rooms of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society he noticed that it was ajar, and saw through the crack that there was a sleeping figure on the floor near the stove — a boy about sixteen. When Jehiel stepped softly in and looked at him, the likeness to his own sister struck him even before he recognized the lad as his great-nephew, the son of the child he had helped his sister to care for all those years ago.

"Why, what's Nathaniel doin' here?" he asked himself in surprise. He had not known that the boy was even in town, for he had been on the point of leaving to enlist in the navy. Family matters could not have detained him, for he was quite alone in the world, since both his father and his mother were dead and his step-mother had married again. Under his great-uncle's gaze the lad opened his eyes with a start and sat up confused. "What's the matter with you, Nat?" asked the older man not ungently. He was thinking that probably he had looked like that at sixteen. The boy stared at him a moment, and then, leaning his head on a chair, he began to cry. Sitting thus, crouched together, he looked like a child.

"Why, Natty, what's the trouble?" asked his uncle, alarmed.

"I came off here because I could n't hold in at home any longer," answered the other between sobs. "You see I can't go away. Her husband treats her so bad she can't stay with him. I don't blame her, she says she just *can't!* So she's come back and she ain't well, and she's goin' to have a baby, and I've got to stay and support her. Mr. Bradley 's offered me a place in his store and I've got to give up goin' to the navy." He suddenly realized the unmanliness of his attitude, rose to his feet, closing his lips tightly, and faced the older man with a resolute expression of despair in his young eyes.

"Uncle Jehiel, it does seem to me I can't *have* it so! All my life I've looked forward to bein' a sailor and goin' around the world, and all. I just hate the valley and the mountains! But I guess I got to stay. She's only my step-mother, I know, but she was always awful good to me, and she has n't got anybody else to look after her." His voice broke, and he put his arm up in a crook over his face. "But it's awful hard! I feel like a bird that's got caught in a snare."

His uncle had grown very pale during this speech, and at the last words he recoiled with an exclamation of horror. There was a silence in which he looked at his nephew with the wide eyes of a man who sees a spectre. Then he turned away into the furnace-room, and picking up his lunch-box brought it back. "Here, you," he said, roughly, "part of what's troublin' you is that you ain't had any breakfast. You eat this and you'll feel better. I'll be back in a minute."

He went away blindly into the darkest part of the cellar. It was very black there, but his eyes stared wide before him. It was very cold, but drops of sweat stood on his forehead as if he were in the hay-field. He was alone, but his lips moved from time to time, and once he called out in some loud, stifled exclamation which resounded hollowly in the vault-like place. He was there a long time.

When he went back into the furnace cellar, he found Nathaniel sitting before the fire. The food and warmth had brought a little color into his pale face, but it was still set in a mask of tragic desolation.

As his uncle came in, he exclaimed,

"Why, Uncle Jehiel, you look awful bad. Are you sick?"

"Yes, I be," said the other harshly, "but 't ain't nothin'. It'll pass after a while. Nathaniel, I've thought of a way you can manage. You know your uncle's wife died this last week and that leaves me without any housekeeper. What if your stepmother sh'd come and take care of me and I'll take care of her. I've just sold a piece of timber land I never thought to get a cent out of, and that'll ease things up so we can hire help if she ain't strong enough to do the work."

Nathaniel's face flushed in a relief which died quickly down to a sombre hopelessness. He faced his uncle doggedly. "Not *much*, Uncle Jehiel!" he said heavily. "I ain't agoin' to hear to such a thing. I know all about your wantin' to get away from the valley—you take that money and go yourself and I'll—"

Hopelessness and resolution were alike struck out of his face by the fury of benevolence with which the old man cut him short. "Don't you dare to speak a word against it, boy!" cried Jehiel in a labored anguish. "Good Lord! I'm only doin' it for you because I *have* to! I've been through what you're layin' out for yourself an' stood it, somehow, an' now I'm 'most done with it all. But 't would be like beginnin' it all again to see you startin' in."

The boy tried to speak, but he raised his voice. "No, I could n't stand it all over again. 'T would cut in to the places where I've got calloused." Seeing through the other's stupor the beginnings of an irresolute opposition, he flung himself upon him in a strange and incredible appeal, crying out, "Oh, you must! You *got* to go!" commanding and imploring in the same incoherent sentence, struggling for speech, and then hanging on Nathaniel's answer in a sudden wild silence. It was as though his next breath depended on the boy's decision.

It was very still in the twilight where they stood. The faint murmur of a prayer came down from above, and while it lasted both were as though held motionless by its mesmeric monotony. Then at the boom of the organ, the lad's last shred of self-control vanished. He burst again into muffled weary sobs, the light from the furnace glistening redly on his streaming cheeks. "It ain't right, Uncle Jehiel. I feel as though I was murderin' somethin'! But I can't help it. I'll go, I'll do as you say, but—"

His uncle's agitation went out like a wind-blown flame. He, too, drooped in an utter fatigue. "Never mind, Natty," he said tremulously, "it'll all come out right somehow. Just you do as Uncle Jehiel says."

A trampling upstairs told him that the service was over. "You run home now and tell her I'll be over this afternoon to fix things up."

He hurried up the stairs to open the front doors, but Deacon Bradley was before him. "You're late, Jehiel," he said severely, "and the church was cold."

"I know, Deacon," said the sexton humbly, "but it won't happen again. And I'll be around the first thing in the morning to do that job for you." His voice sounded dull and lifeless.

"What's the matter?" asked the deacon. "Be you sick?"

"Yes, I be, but 't ain't nothin'. 'T will pass after a while."

That evening, as he walked home after service, he told himself that he had never known so long a day. It seemed longer than all the rest of his life. Indeed he felt that some strange and racking change had come upon him since the morning, as though he were not the same person, as though he had been away on a long journey, and saw all things with changed eyes. "I feel as though I'd died," he thought with surprise, "and was dead and buried."

This brought back to his mind the only bitter word he had spoken throughout the endless day. Nathaniel had said as an excuse for his haste (Jehiel insisted on his leaving that night), "You see, mother, it's really a service to Uncle Jehiel, since he's got nobody to keep house for him." He

had added in the transparent self-justification of selfish youth, "And I'll pay it back to him every cent." At this Jehiel had said shortly, "By the time you can pay it back what I'll need most will be a tombstone. Git a big one so's to keep me down there quiet."

But now, walking home under the frosty stars, he felt very quiet already, as though he needed no weight to lie heavy on his restless heart. It did not seem restless now, but very still, as though it too were dead. He noticed that the air was milder, and as he crossed the bridge below his house he stopped and listened. Yes, the fine ear of his experience caught a faint grinding sound. By to-morrow the river would begin to break up. It was the end of winter. He surprised himself by his pleasure in thinking of the spring.

Before he went into the house after his evening chores were done, he stopped for a moment and looked back at the cleft in the mountain wall through which the railroad left the valley. He had been looking longingly toward that door of escape all his life, and now he said good-by to it. "Ah well, 't wan't to be," he said, with an accent of weary finality; but then, suddenly out of the chill which oppressed his heart there sprang a last searing blast of astonished anguish. It was as if he realized for the first time all that had befallen him since the morning. He was racked by a horrified desolation that made his sturdy old body stagger as if under an unexpected blow. As he reeled he flung his arm about the pine tree and so stood for a time, shaking in a paroxysm which left him breathless when it passed.

For it passed as suddenly as it came. He lifted his head and looked again at the great cleft in the mountains, with new eyes. Somehow, insensibly, his heart had been emptied of its fiery draught by more than mere exhaustion. The old bitter pain was gone, but there was no mere void in its place. He felt the sweet, weak light-headedness of a man in his first lucid period after a fever, tears stinging his eyelids in confused thanksgiving for an unrecognized respite from pain.

He looked up at the lofty crown of the pine tree, through which shone one or two of the brightest stars, and felt a new comradeship with it. It was a great tree, he thought, and they had grown up together. He laid his hardened palm on it, and fancied that he caught a throb of the silent vitality under the bark. How many kinds of life there were! Under its white shroud, how all the valley lived. The tree stretching up its head to the stars, the river preparing to throw off the icy armor which compressed its heart — they were all awakening in their own way. The river had been restless, like himself, the tree had been tranquil, but they passed together through the resurrection into quiet life.

When he went into the house, he found that he was almost fainting with fatigue. He sat down by the desk, and his head fell forward on the pile of pamphlets he had left there. For the first time in his life he thought of them without a sore heart. "I suppose Natty'll go to every one of them places," he murmured as he dropped to sleep.

He dreamed strange, troubled dreams that melted away before he could seize on them, and finally he thought his sister stood before him and called. The impression was so vivid that he started up, staring at the empty room. For an instant he still thought he heard a voice, and then he knew it was the old clock striking the hour. It was ten o'clock.

"Natty's just a-crossin' the state line," he said aloud.

The text-ornament caught his eye. Still half asleep, with his sister's long-forgotten voice ringing in his ears, he remembered vaguely that he had meant to bring the second text to light. For a moment he hesitated, and then, "Well, it's come true for Natty, anyhow," he thought.

And clumsily using his heavy jackknife, he began to cut the tiny stitches which had so long hidden from his eyes the joyous exultation of the escaped prisoner.

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

III

LOYALTY

BY J. O. FAGAN

THE relations, coöperative and otherwise, that exist between the men and the management of a railroad are intimately connected with the safety and efficiency of the service. Generally speaking, the public is quite ignorant of the nature of these relations. The men and the management may be working harmoniously with a constant solicitude for the safety and well-being of the patrons of the road; or, on the other hand, they may be entrenched in opposing camps, mutually watchful and suspicious of each other, and more or less forgetful of the wider and vastly more important interests of the community at large. One way or the other, the public knows little or nothing about the actual situation. The managers of railroads are not in the habit of discussing such matters or of taking the public into their confidence; our organizations of railroad men likewise pursue the even tenor of their way. It seems to the writer that the time is opportune for a candid discussion of this topic, with a view to the education of public opinion, and in the general interest of travelers by rail. A very brief preliminary survey of the situation will not be out of place.

It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the tremendous importance of the railroads as a factor in our national life. Their ramifications are like countless veins or arteries penetrating every nook and corner of the continent. Backward and forward through these arteries there passes and repasses an endless procession of commerce and travel. In times gone by these huge systems of national and international intercourse have, for the most part, been directed and kept in working order by boards of management more or less personal and irresponsible in their methods of administration. But within a few years a great change has taken place. A new partner, in the person of the railroad employee, has literally pushed his way into the manager's office. So important a factor has he now become in the councils of a railroad corporation that hardly a move can be made in the operating department without first consulting his rights and wishes. Not only is the power and influence of the railroad employee at the present day an important factor in railroad management, but, in the opinion of competent judges, the time is not far distant when manager and employee will meet on equal terms and together legislate for the interests of all concerned. Now, granting the ever-increasing power of the employee in framing the rules and influencing the management, what is there to be said about the division of responsibility? The question calls for the most serious consideration of railroad men. Manifestly, it also concerns the public interest, for, in criticising conditions on our railroads, public opinion should be thoroughly informed concerning the situation, so that in all fairness it may call for remedies and reform from the right quarter.

At the present day, when an accident happens on a railroad and lives of passengers are sacrificed by reason of the carelessness or neglect of employees, practically the whole moral and financial responsibility is immediately assumed by the management. Heartfelt regret is at

once expressed by the highest authorities, the injured are visited by sympathetic officials, and every conceivable kind of bill or expense is at once acknowledged and paid. On the other hand we, the employees, singly and collectively, ignore the whole business. We simply stand back and let the press and the authorities figure out reasons and remedies for themselves. We neither adopt resolutions of sympathy nor pay out a single dollar to benefit the families of the dead, or to alleviate the sufferings of the injured.

Considering the division of power, does this adjustment of responsibility appeal to any fair-minded person? It has occurred to some of us that if we or our organizations were assessed in hard cash in proportion to our responsibility for some of these preventable accidents, the casualty lists on our railroads would very quickly assume microscopic proportions. An " Employees' Liability Act " would, of course, be looked upon as an absurdity; yet, if unprejudiced judges were to analyze a few of our accidents they would quickly conclude that the idea is sanely and soberly logical. They would simply consider the matter in the light of fair and square taxation with unmistakable and ample representation. It must not be forgotten that the manifestation of power by railroad labor is to be looked for not so much in the wording of schedules and agreements as in what the managements of railroads under pressure *feel constrained to refrain from doing.* The fairness and cogency of this argument may not be " as deep as a well " nor " as wide as a church door," but I think, in the words of Mercutio, " 't is enough." The questions and considerations that arise in this way in regard to the interests of the public, the management, and the men, are all comprehensively included and can be profitably discussed under the simple caption of loyalty, — on the one hand, loyalty of the men to their employers, and, on the other, loyalty of the employers to the men.

No sincere well-wisher of the railroad employee will question the importance of the relation that exists, or that is supposed to exist, on American railroads, between labor and loyalty. Volumes have been written about loyalty in the abstract. For the most part politicians and teachers of national morality and patriotism have monopolized these arguments. The former would sink individualism in the interest of the machine, the latter for the good of their country. Granted the purity of their motives, the efforts of these people are entirely praiseworthy, and yet the significance and importance of loyalty in the industrial life of the nation can by no means be said to be included in the teachings of either politician or patriot. On American railroads in particular the question of the loyalty of employees to the corporations and to the interests of the public is vastly more important than a superficial glance at the subject would lead one to suppose. Understanding as we do the ever-increasing influence of the employee, the problem which we have now to consider relates to what at the present day he is doing with his power, and to what, with his ever-increasing importance, he intends to do with it in the time to come. The future holds in it the answer to these questions in terms of selfishness and abuse of power, or in terms of loyalty to himself, the corporations, and the public.

To attempt to give a definition of loyalty to apply to and to cover this railroad business would simply be time and effort thrown away. It is one thing to impress upon learned and critical readers that individualism is in error and that loyalty is " willing and practical devotion to a cause that is outside of the individual and larger than he is." It is quite another affair and altogether more important to reproduce our philosophy in terms of actual conduct and behavior. Not one railroad man in a thousand has either the time or the mental training to study theories, and from the teachings of professors to work out rules for his daily guidance; yet it is manifest that the most useful and whole-

some ideas can be put to little practical utility in this railroad business until the employee is aroused, and some practical interpretation of them brought home to him with unmistakable sincerity and emphasis. While, therefore, it is unnecessary to supply railroad men with a definition of loyalty, it will be just as well to call attention to some of its most important features.

Loyalty then, as applied to the railroad service, means the safety of the traveling public in so far as human safeguards can be depended upon. Again, comparing the service as it actually is with what it might be, loyalty means the elimination of numerous petty delays, and at times serious blockades, which, at the present day, on many railroads, are so annoying to the traveling public. This matter of delays to passenger trains is quite an important feature, and it is surprising how much the personality of the men and their interpretation of loyalty to the public interest figure in the problem. Furthermore, a stricter interpretation of loyalty by employees on any given railroad can easily be shown to mean a positive reduction in operating expenses to the tune of thousands upon thousands of dollars. These additional resources placed at the disposal of the management would mean, of course, funds wherewith to satisfy the never-ceasing demands of employees for better conditions and increase of pay. Finally, loyalty means fidelity, and with fidelity comes sympathy, and with sympathy comes practical and earnest coöperation between management and men, without which safe and efficient service is liable to be a mere delusion and will-o'-the-wisp.

Now, while it is a pleasure to bear witness to the steadfast loyalty, frequently under trying conditions, of numerous individual employees, it is nevertheless the duty of the unprejudiced investigator to call attention to the fact that the tendency of the forces that are at work in this railroad business at the present day, on the part both of the men and of the management, is simply and positively to eliminate loyalty as a useful and essential factor in the administration of affairs. While the public, the management, and the men are mixed up in the responsibility for this unsatisfactory condition, the blame for the lack of sympathetic coöperation, which is only another term for loyalty, that exists among us, must, to begin with, be laid at the door of the employee himself. This is by no means the hasty opinion of an individual thinker. Professor Royce, an eminent authority on the subject, in a lecture recently delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston, describes the situation very emphatically in the following language: —

"The trades-unions demand and cultivate the loyalty of their members, but they emphasize the thesis that to be loyal to his union the laborer must disregard certain duties to the community at large and to the nation, duties which loyalty to loyalty seems obviously to require."

By loyalty to loyalty, Professor Royce means "the maximum of loyalty to the world." But professors and students of industrial conditions are by no means unsupported in their conclusions. That labor leaders themselves are aware of the inherent weakness of our position may be inferred from the following extract from an editorial in *The International Railroad Employee* for November, 1907.

"I may not lay claim to either the age or wisdom to advise my brother workers what to do, but if you will consider some of my suggestions relative to your actions and surroundings, and talk them over among yourselves, I am sure you will be able to find the world brighter for you. You seldom, if ever, give any serious thought to bettering your condition except by hoping for better wages. *Your ideals begin and end with wages*, and so long as that be true there is no possibility of your condition being bettered."

Surely this is a most uncomfortable and damaging confession. Interpreted in terms of railroad service it should have the effect of causing the public to sit up

and think it all over. With all our education and enlightenment, is it really a fact that the ideals and humanity of the American railroad man can be crammed into a nutshell in this way by honest and practical investigators, and labeled "wages"? At the present day the assertion that corporations are soulless has almost the nature and force of an axiom. It would now appear, according to the authorities just quoted, that the policy and ideals of labor, as represented by the American railroad man, are not only soulless but brainless as well.

So far in this discussion we have been dealing with theories and opinions. It now remains to be seen by actual example and illustration upon what ground or basis these theories have been advanced. In plain English, what is the actual and manifest cost, in character and dollars, of this lack of loyalty to the world at large which is a distinguishing feature of railroad life at the present day? It is hardly fair to call it a lack of individual loyalty, for at heart the American railroad man is thoroughly loyal; but, unfortunately, the systems of labor organization and management under whose direction he works practically call upon him to renounce his personal principles in the interest of schedules and agreements which constitute the machinery of the operating department.

It may, of course, be taken for granted that managers of railroads are well aware of the importance and value of practical loyalty in all branches of the service; and yet when one examines the evidence with a view to ascertaining what they actually do for its encouragement one is driven to conclude that there must be some kind of a hitch somewhere. As an illustration let us take the following incident, which is almost an everyday occurrence: —

Freight train No. 1 pulls into a yard a few miles outside the terminal. The train and engine crew are on overtime; that is to say, every hour they remain out on the road means a great many dollars in wages over and above their regular pay. Before long, another freight train, No. 2, overtakes train No. 1. Instead of pulling into the yard and doing its work in turn, this second train runs up the main line and backs in ahead of train No. 1, thus putting it in a pocket. In this way train No. 1 is delayed three or four hours, thus causing the engine to be late for the return service, and altogether entails upon the railroad an extra and entirely unnecessary expense of perhaps fifty dollars.

A few days later, the writer, happening to meet the engineman of train No. 2, spoke to him in regard to the affair. He appeared to be very much surprised that his conduct should be questioned or criticised in any way. He had supposed it was every man's duty to shift for himself; to *jump* another train whenever an opportunity presented itself, and to get to his destination as quickly as possible. The question of the interest of the company was a side issue to which he paid little attention. If loyalty of this kind was a matter of importance to the company, why, he contended, was the attention of the men not called to such matters in some emphatic way? So far as he was aware, the management had little to say on any subject except as its views were set forth in the rules and regulations. In his opinion it was every man for himself on the one hand, and every official for himself on the other, and whenever their interests or opinions clashed it became the duty of the management and the grievance committee to settle the differences. This engineman was not far wrong so far as concerned the actual conditions of his daily work, and yet the management of a railroad takes a good deal more interest in such matters than this man had any idea of.

Some time ago a vice-president of one of our railroad systems addressed a gathering of some five hundred railroad station-agents and clerks. He had a good deal to say to the men about loyalty. He tried to impress upon his hearers that railroad men should think less about their wages and their material prosperity and

more about character and the duties they owed to their employers and to the public. The prosperity of the men was in every way dependent upon the prosperity of the road; consequently, every act of loyalty, every little economy, was a genuine factor in obtaining satisfactory results and returns for the road. In the matter of supplies, for example, employees could do splendid work for the road if they would only put their minds to it. But it was not such an easy matter nowadays to put a stop to waste in some departments, even when its practice was shameful and persistent. Of course, it was an easy matter to find fault with a station-agent if he used a pint of ink over and above his allowance; but when the operating department consumed thousands of gallons of oil per year more than was absolutely necessary, the problem became much more complicated. However, seeing that reporters were excluded from the hall, he would venture to say that in the single case of oil it was possible for engine crews, by the exercise of the simplest loyalty and regard for the prosperity of the road, to reduce the expenditure in that one item to the extent of many thousands of dollars per year. But, of course, in the interest of harmony it would never do to tell enginemen and firemen that they are deliberately wasteful or lacking in loyalty to their employers.

To say the least, one gets the impression from these remarks that railroad officials are called upon to pursue their labors with something in the nature of a "sword of Damocles" suspended over their heads. However, it must not be supposed that instances of loyalty on a railroad are few and far between. On the contrary, from time to time the attention of the management is directed to instances of conspicuous and profitable loyalty.

Some time ago one of the largest freight yards in the western part of the state enjoyed a very unenviable reputation for breakages of draw-bars, derailments of cars, and all sorts of unnecessary delays to passenger trains. Finally a change was made in the yard-master. The new man began operations with heart-to-heart conversations with the yard-men. If they had grievances he was ready to straighten them out. The men had his sympathy and backing, and in return he requested their coöperation in order to convert the record of the yard from the worst to the best on the system.

Working in this sympathetic yet practical way, in a year's time he had succeeded even beyond his expectation. While handling a much larger volume of business, the operating expenses and the bills for breakages were reduced many thousands of dollars.

Illustrations of a similar nature can be multiplied indefinitely, but one will serve as well as a hundred to demonstrate the fact that railroad men as a rule give little thought to the matter; and that railroad managers, while quite aware of its significance and value, seldom go out of the beaten routine of their regular duties to impress upon their employees the importance of the issues at stake. The following somewhat remarkable illustration will throw additional light on the subject: —

On one of the busiest sections of a New England railroad a certain foreman has charge of a gang of men. This foreman is a good average man, something of a "hustler," and thoroughly capable and experienced. When carefully examined, however, his record revealed the fact that he had been unable to keep a man on his gang more than a month or two at a time. During ten or twelve years' service he had to break in and teach the business, practically in vain, to upwards of two hundred green men. Now there is a right and a wrong way of driving spikes and tamping ties, and poor and inexperienced work means broken rails, jumping of track by cars, and a variety of accidents. The foreman in question is a thoroughly conscientious man. In driving his men in unreasonable fashion he fancies he is working in the interests of the railroad

company. He considers himself loyal to the backbone, and yet he is probably the most expensive section foreman on the division.

At another point on the same railroad a different kind of a section foreman is stationed. This man has been on one and the same section for fifteen years, and of his original gang of seven men he still retains five. Of the two who are missing, one is dead, the other accumulated a little competency and retired from the service. This foreman is, comparatively speaking, a very quiet man. He is methodical and exact in everything he does. He always addresses his men in a low tone, but with considerable emphasis. His men like him, and they work behind his back in exactly the same manner as when he is standing over them. His conduct is not so much a matter of temperament as of downright calculation and of thought upon the real value and meaning of loyalty to the interests of his employers.

Drawing up the facts in the cases of these two foremen, the writer sent them to an experienced roadmaster with the request that he would kindly give him an idea as to what, in his opinion, would be the difference in actual cash value of the services to the railroad of these two foremen. He replied that he was much interested in the question, and had looked up the records of the sections with considerable minuteness, and was of the opinion that the conduct and loyalty of the foreman in the second illustration represented a saving to the company of at least a thousand dollars a year. But in answer to a further inquiry as to what notice or encouragement the loyalty of the men received in his department, he replied that no particular attention was paid to it by the management, that such matters were allowed to drift, for the simple reason that the men were organized and that the agreements between the company and the unions call for promotion in turn, or what practically amounts to the same thing, and that, in short, there was certainly no organized method or means by which loyalty could be recognized or rewarded.

For the purpose of demonstrating the value of a thoughtful consideration of the interests of a railroad corporation no illustration can be considered too insignificant. At a certain junction point a man has charge of fifty lamps. At another station another man secures equally good results from the same number of lamps while burning a fraction of a cent's worth less oil per lamp per night. By actual investigation and test, it was discovered that the second man handled the business with a saving to the company of practically one dollar per year per lamp. This was very interesting when one considers the thousands of switch and other lamps that burn nightly all the year round on a railroad system. Carrying the inquiry a little farther, the writer was able to ascertain that, so far as known, only two or three railroads in the United States take any notice of such information when they happen to possess it; they do not commend the employees for faithful service and thus stimulate others to like meritorious efforts.

The Santa Fé Railroad is a notable exception to the general rule. In December last this road published a list of employees who had been heartily thanked by the management and given merit marks for loyalty to the road and the public, not only in cases of emergency, but in the simplest cases of thoughtfulness and economical workmanship. The following is taken from a list of forty: —

"E. H. Vaden, Engineer, and W. L. Sims, Fireman, ten merit marks each for discovering switch in bad condition and without a light, making it safe and afterwards providing a light."

At the risk of making a slight digression from the main line of my argument I am tempted to add a few lines regarding methods of management on the Santa Fé. They are taken from a report of one of the officials, and probably represent the most up-to-date and sanest railroad management in the country to-day: —

"To make an effort to reduce injuries and accidents to the lowest possible minimum, the company has felt justified in creating an office to handle in a systematic manner the question of preventing accidents and injuries. Great and astonishing results can be obtained along these lines by constant attention and earnest work on the part of the person in charge of this office, and by securing the coöperation of all employees and the assistance of the heads of the different departments. It is, therefore, very necessary that the '*safety officer*' be as thoroughly acquainted as possible with all the men over the entire system and personally call their attention to the importance of lending their assistance to this cause."

In contrast to the personal attention that is paid to the human element on the Santa Fé, let us glance at the methods pursued on railroads in the East. You will find in our railroad offices an exact record and working history of every piece of equipment, from a spike to a locomotive. Every draw-bar, every coupler, every passenger coach, and practically every engine-tire has to give an account of itself. The performances of these "parts" are carefully scrutinized and watched. You will be shown all sorts of diagrams, charts, and volumes of statistics going to show the care and expense devoted to equipment and machinery. But if you happen to ask for a few human statistics you are likely to be disappointed. For instance, if a certain train crew runs a freight train two hundred times in a year, breaking seventy draw-bars and upon different occasions delaying thirty-seven passenger trains, and another crew under very similar conditions pulls out only thirteen draw-bars and delays only nine passenger trains, you may consider the records quite important, but in the railroad offices you will find no statistics of this nature, no comparative statements and diagrams illustrative of the workmanship and character of different men and of the value and significance of the human element in the running of a railroad. In a word, you will infer from your investigation that if it is n't a machine or a piece of machinery it is n't worth bothering about.

Finally, let us take a very significant illustration, in which the traveling public should be somewhat interested. The other day a through passenger train arrived at a junction in the western part of Massachusetts. It was on its way east and was practically on time. But at this point it became necessary for the engineman to renew the water-supply. Consequently he cut off his engine and ran down some little distance to the water-stand. After an interval of twenty minutes, as the engine had not returned to the train, the station master went down to investigate the delay. He found the engineman and fireman sitting quietly in the cab waiting for a brakeman to come and turn on the water. It was some brakeman's duty to do this work at this point, and as he failed to appear, business came to a standstill. The engineman knew his rights and stuck to them. The idea of loyalty to the interests of the corporation and the public could not be permitted to enter into the question, for the reason that to do another man's work, even in a case of emergency, would be to surrender rights and privileges which had been fought for and secured after months of agitation and diplomacy. The train was thirty minutes late at its destination. In such cases the management is helpless.

It matters little that my illustrations may be criticised as uncommon occurrences. The principle that tolerates the situation is surely out of place on a railroad. By way of contrast, the following item taken from the merit list on the Santa Fé Railroad is both interesting and significant: —

"J. E. Helms, Engineer, and M. C. Collins, Fireman, ten merit marks for coaling up engine 1029 when the coal chute was out of service."

Strange as the statement may seem at first sight, we railroad people at the present day are suffering from a very pecul-

iar form of mental blindness. Perhaps the point will be more comprehensible if we call it "department paralysis." Our vision seems to be strictly limited to our own departments or spheres of action. In this way every department on a railroad is loyal to itself and more or less forgetful of the other departments. For example, the operating department is responsible for the care and prompt movement of trains. In a general way it is taken for granted that these movements must be made with safety as well as dispatch. And yet, looking into the matter closely, we are able to discover that dispatch and not safety is the main feature and business. Unfortunately there is no safety department on a railroad, or rather safety takes pot-luck in all the departments. Altogether, safety finds it no easy matter to secure recognition, and city governments, railroad commissioners, and railroad officials all seem to suffer from department paralysis upon occasions when loyalty to the interests of the traveling public would seem to demand a much clearer and wider vision. To all appearances it is impossible for these departments to see beyond the precincts of their own particular hobby or vocation. Let us take a very pertinent illustration: —

The other day in the vicinity of Boston several teams were smashed and two persons were killed at a well-known and very dangerous crossing. It being Christmas time, there had been an almost continuous procession of vehicles all day long over the crossing. At a moment when perhaps the crush was greatest, the gong in the gate-house gave warning that an express train was approaching. Immediately there ensued a wild scramble to hustle the stream of humanity over the crossing and out of the way of the train. It was no easy task for the gateman. Regardless of the descending gates, a number of teams, unable to turn aside, made a final dash to get to the other side. To drop the gates on the backs of the horses was out of the question, and as a last resort, frantic yet useless attempts were made to flag the approaching train. In the midst of the excitement the flyer dashed upon the scene with disastrous results.

The following day the accident was thoroughly and fearlessly discussed in the newspapers. There was no difference of opinion on the subject. Practically speaking, everyone representing the state, the city, the railroad, and the newspapers, agreed to concentrate their minds on the grade-crossing problem. It should be abolished. This is the universal "hobby" and a good one, no doubt, but apparently no one can see an inch farther. The questions *why* and *how* people are killed almost every day at these crossings received no attention whatever. Public opinion, not unreasonably perhaps, is satisfied with the assurance that everything humanly and reasonably possible under the circumstances was done by the railroad men concerned in it to *get the teams out of the way of the trains.* But it did not occur to any one that the whole system of keeping teams out of the way of trains is inherently and inexcusably wrong. The list of victims who are sacrifices to this popular mistake is being added to daily. If the public has any right at all on these crossings it goes without question that, while they are making use of their rights and in the act of crossing, their safety should depend, not upon their efforts to scramble out of the way of the trains, but upon the moral and legal obligation of the railroads *to keep the trains out of the way of the vehicles.*

This view, of course, is based on the supposition that the safety of the public is of more importance than the speed of the trains over these crossings. In the case we are now considering, if an empty coal car had been on the crossing it would have been amply protected from the passenger train. Not only is this true, but the tracks of another railroad cross this highway diagonally at this point, and while trains are crossing they are doubly protected by semaphore targets and derailing switches. Teams, however, and passengers on foot have to depend on emergency arrange-

ments which, as we all know, are practically useless. If railroads can afford to protect their rolling-stock in the way described, the interests and property of the public might reasonably be expected to receive equal consideration. In plain language, the pressing of a button in crossing-houses, in connection with proper signals, would give the public the protection so urgently called for. Altogether the foregoing may be taken as a very good object lesson on the safety problem on our railroads.

For the rest, the interest and significance of this article will be sadly misunderstood if the impression is in any way derived from it that the railroad employee is singled out and must stand alone as an object of adverse criticism. As a matter of fact, a volume can be written in our defense. Only too many of us can remember the time when a deserving employee could be, and frequently was, discharged on the flimsiest pretext. His breakfast disagreed with a yard-master or he happened to have domestic troubles on his mind: for less reason than this good men were sent packing. Not ten years ago the service on New England railroads swarmed with favorites and brothers-in-law. Faithful old employees were sent adrift without a moment's warning or sympathy, to make room for youngsters with a "pull." Many an honest old servitor, not so very long ago either, with justice and reason might have flung the retort of old Adam, in *As You Like It*, at his superior. "Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service." But we have changed all that. Nevertheless, these things rankle. They say history repeats itself. Justice certainly does, and as for injustice it reacts and rebounds, and perhaps, after many days, it returns and demands a settlement at compound interest. The situation to-day between labor and capital is but a chapter in the natural history of the instinct of self-defense.

Finally, in regard to the lack of loyalty to the world at large, the railroad employee is far from being the only offender. While it may be said to be strictly unintentional, this lack of loyalty covers our railroads as with a blanket. The illustrations given above have been chosen with strict impartiality, and regardless of the personality of the offenders. With the panorama of railroad life before us, as I have endeavored to sketch it, we railroad men should be able to contemplate the conditions and our conduct in relation to them, as in a looking-glass. While the writer's sincere desire from beginning to end has been to avoid giving unnecessary offense to any one, yet it should not be forgotten that to take away life, either needlessly or heedlessly, on a railroad is an offense against society that calls for the utmost rigor of treatment.

"STARS IN THEIR COURSES"

(*A Pilgrim by the Sea*)

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

Oh, how the stars glow there in the offing —
  Steadfast, serene on the highways of God!
Oh, how my heart aches here in its scoffing —
  Weary, I challenge the path I have trod.

Somewhere I missed it — the joy and the sadness —
  The fingerboard pointing the way of the heart;
Lured by the song of a bird in its gladness —
  The gleam of a wing that led me apart.

Or maybe the wild roses blinded my seeing —
  I stooped to their perfume but found not the trail;
The highway was broad, the daylight was fleeing,
  And singing youth's lyrics I passed down the vale.

But I lost it! And now there is no more returning;
  Lighthearted and joyful I went to my fate;
I followed the lure while the false lights were burning.
  Then woke from my day-dream, — but outside the gate.

Oh, how the stars in their courses are swinging —
  Steadfast, serene in the grip of the law!
And I, foolish pilgrim, grope on but keep singing —
  Yea, baffled, I live by the vision I saw.

Lo, there from the zenith a bright star is falling! —
  A pathway of glory that ends in the dark;
I see, though I 've lost — and the vision's enthralling
  One law for the planet, or star-dust, or lark!

IF THE UNITED STATES HAD BRANCH BANKS

BY H. M. P. ECKARDT

It is of course manifest that no system of banking or currency that was ever devised can afford a sure protection against financial crises and panics. Bank runs happen everywhere. If it suddenly came out, in England, France, Germany, Canada, that an important bank was in trouble, the news accompanied by a crashing of prices in the stock markets, and followed in two or three days by the unexpected stoppage of a large deposit-holding institution, believed to be sound and solid, it is pretty certain that runs on banks would develop, and that panicky conditions would prevail.

It is said of some of the ablest stock-market operators that they like at times, when conducting important campaigns, to go away a little distance from Wall Street, where they can shake themselves free from the thousand and one rumors and factors which often serve to obscure and confuse the judgment of those on the spot.

In the same way, when it comes to the matter of determining the causes and development of the panic of 1907, there is something to be said in favor of a view-point a little removed from the turmoil and strife of the battleground. Such a view-point exists in the head offices, in Montreal and Toronto, of the big Canadian banks that have agencies in Wall Street. As these banks habitually employ a large part of their available reserves in New York call loans, as they take a respectable share of the dealings in foreign exchange in New York, and invest part of their surplus funds, when they have them, in American railroad bonds, the men in charge of them make it their business at all times to inform themselves pretty thoroughly about United States conditions. They have no axes to grind in the United States; they have no direct interest in American politics or finance, except that they wish the latter to be sound and stable. The opinions and conclusions they form are therefore apt to be based strictly on the merits of the questions considered. They have a further advantage. The Canadian people are not radically different from the people of the States. General conditions in the Dominion and in the northern half of the Republic are not at all dissimilar. It is an advantage, when studying American conditions, to have knowledge of what effects are produced when a different system of banking is applied to people and to conditions resembling the American people and American conditions.

Ask any Canadian general manager what is the real trouble in the States, and he will probably say, "the banking system." From his view-point he can see clearly that the fact of the banking business being in the hands of six thousand odd institutions, each one with its president, directors, and complete organization, and many of the officers having little real knowledge of the science of banking, is the prime financial disability under which the great Republic staggers. Compared with this defect the currency question is of minor importance. If the defect of the banking system were removed, the currency problem would be easy of solution. It is seen clearly enough in Canada that this doctrine gets but short shrift with United States bankers. The six thousand bank presidents, the six thousand boards of directors and their friends can see no good in the inauguration of branch banks because it would mean that they would be superseded by the branch manager. Therefore branch banks are "politically impossible." If the American people —

the discounters and depositors, that is, not the bankers — ever got anything like a fair idea of the benefits that would be theirs if they possessed a system of strong branch banks owned and operated as such banks are in other highly civilized countries, they would never tolerate the present system. They would fare better not only in times of panic and in times of special stress, such as crop-moving, but every day in every year. It will be well worth while to sketch briefly the kind of banks from which the most benefit might be expected, and to explain the chief points in which they would be superior to the isolated banks.

This can best be done perhaps by supposing that instead of the thousands of independent banking offices there were one hundred and fifty or two hundred banks, each one having from fifty to five hundred branches. (The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that on June 18, 1906, there were in the United States 6053 national banks, and 11,852 state banks of various kinds; in all 17,905. This total is now exceeded. Lloyd's Bank, one of the great English banks, has five hundred branches.)

These large banks, instead of having names of purely local significance, such as First National Bank of Albany, or Poughkeepsie National Bank, would be called after the great cities, states, and sections, or after important industries. Among them probably would be the Bank of New York, Bank of Philadelphia, of Chicago, of Boston, Bank of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, of Virginia, Northwestern Bank, Bank of the Pacific Coast, Merchants' Bank of America, and others. Though taking their names from certain cities and states, their operations would not be confined in narrow limits. Each one of the more important institutions would have its branch office in every big centre, with scores of other branch offices in the respective districts tributary thereto.

The first thing to strike an observer about such a system would be the enormous economy of administration that would result. The branch manager would replace the president, board, and organization in over twelve thousand banking offices. It may be assumed also that he would do the work better than they now do it. He would be a trained banker, having come up from the bottom, and having served in various districts and localities. Besides, he would be controlled and guided by the best banking talent in the whole country. Another inevitable result would be the pushing of branch offices into thousands of places not now possessing banking facilities (because of the greater economy of working). A banking office would pay on a much smaller volume of business. In Canada there is hardly a hamlet, in the east or west, with three hundred people, that does not possess its branch office of a strong chartered bank, which will accept deposits of from one dollar upwards, allowing interest thereon, and lend to every worthy borrower, small and big, who can furnish proper bankable security.

Constitution of the Banks

The constitution of these big branch banks would be an important matter. They would stand the better chance of gaining and keeping the confidence of the general public if they were constituted similarly to the Canadian banks. The stock of each bank in the Dominion is widely distributed all over the country, a large part of it in odd lots of less than ten shares. The presidents and directors would be chiefly merchants and business men following callings apart from promotions, stock speculations, and the like. The banks would be devoted to commercial banking, that is to say they would employ their resources mainly in discounting commercial paper. There would be also a few banks specializing in financial business. These, however, would not extend their branches into the small places; their offices would be found only in the large cities.

The active management of the com-

mercial banks would be in the hands of highly-trained general managers acting under the close supervision of the directors.

A word first as to the staffs of clerks. In every bank there would be a large number of dignified and highly-paid positions, all of which would be open to be won by the junior clerks. The service would be attractive, too, by reason of the pleasing uncertainty as to the place and nature of the promotion next to come. This would draw a good class of men into the service. It comes about, too, that the men in the staff of a great branch bank are knit together like a clan. The establishment of mutual guarantee funds and pension funds aids materially in bringing this to pass. In Canada the bank clerks do not have to pay premiums to outside companies for fidelity insurance. Mutual funds are established. Each man pays in less than half what he would pay to a guarantee or fidelity company, and, if there are no defalcations, he gets back all his payments with compound interest. And as for pensions, he pays in so much a month. His bank pays in a bulk sum out of its profits for a series of years. Out of the fund thus created every contributor has a legal right to a pension graded according to his length of service.

Bank Frauds would be more difficult

Every once in a while, under the present system of independent banks, the public faith in banks is rudely shocked by disclosures of fraud and crookedness. One of the latest cases is furnished by a bank in Brooklyn. While it cannot be said that a system of branch banks would banish frauds of this kind, it can be said that it would make them vastly more difficult to accomplish. The great majority of bank frauds in the United States are committed by men firmly fixed in the control or management. They rarely or never occur in the greatest banks in the big centres, because the system of prevention is better there.

Under the branch system an elaborate set of rules is provided, to be observed at every office, the object of which is to prevent frauds. On top of the rules there is in vogue a method of moving and changing the men. No officer, be he junior or manager, knows whether or not he will hold his position unchanged a week later. Orders may come any day for his removal to another branch. And over all these is the system of inspection. The inspection practiced in the big branch banks is far more efficient and thorough than any system of government inspection can ever be. The men selected for the work are among the brightest and best on the staff. Their reputations and prospects depend on the way they do their work. If even a petty defalcation by a minor officer occurred at a branch shortly after it had been inspected, the inspector would have to explain why he found no trace of it.

These considerations have an important bearing on the matter of the confidence, respect, and good-will the branch banks are able to inspire in the public. If the rank and file of the staff is of good material, if it is actuated by *esprit de corps*, and if bank defalcations are of rare occurrence, popular confidence in the banks is bound to be greater.

How Bank Borrowers would benefit

One of the vexatious and troublesome features of the system of isolated small banks is the necessity under which it places large borrowers of having recourse to note-brokers in placing their paper. An American firm or company borrowing $100,000 or more may have to be beholden to a number of institutions in various parts of the country for its accommodation. This is said to have brought about the receivership of the Westinghouse concerns. Notes held by divers country banks coming due; the country banks wanting to get cash because of the panic, and insisting on payment; nobody, and no banks, lending money during the panic — hence the receivership. No doubt hundreds of other firms and

companies have been in situations hardly less comfortable, from exactly the same cause. All the dislocation of business, the distress resulting from this phenomenon, is without doubt due to the defects of the banking system. Had the branch banks, which are being described, been in existence, the Westinghouse people would have had their account divided among two or three banks. These banks would arrange to give the company a line of credit sufficient to enable it to carry on its business. They would arrange among themselves and with the company what share was to be advanced by each bank. They would insist, as a condition of granting the credit, that the company confine its borrowings to them. In return they would be under obligation to carry it and lend it money so long as it was solvent and prosperous.

With regard to smaller borrowers, those requiring less than half or a quarter of a million, each one would be expected to borrow altogether from a single bank, which would support its customers through thick and thin. Under this system the relations between banker and customer are closer, more mutually helpful, and far pleasanter than they ever can be under the present American system. Commerce and industry of all kinds reap the benefit. All through the crisis of 1893, and all through the crisis of 1907, the Canadian banks stood by their customers. The customers saw scarcely any difference in their business because of the panics. They knew of them from the newspapers and from the large quantity of American goods offered in the Dominion at reduced prices — largely because of the liquidation forced by the country banks south of the line.

Small Borrowers benefit also

But it is not merely the large companies and firms that would benefit from a change to branch banks. The little fellow who wants to borrow only fifty or a hundred dollars would also gain. The great Canadian banks, without exception, reckon the farmers among their most valuable customers. In the tiniest towns and villages, the farmer, the workingman, the cattle-dealer, the storekeeper, the hotel man, have right at hand a banking office which is ready at all times of the year to lend them money if they can procure acceptable backers or provide other security that is suitable.

In one respect, however, these loans are closely restricted. They must be based on quick or liquid assets. Nothing in the nature of mortgages on real estate or fixed property is considered. The farmer borrows in anticipation of the sale of his crop or surplus livestock, the storekeeper discounts his customer's notes, the manufacturer borrows on his raw material in process, shortly to be sold. The business in real-estate mortgages is in the hands of loan and mortgage companies. These latter get their capital from issues of bonds or debentures payable so many years ahead. Thus they can quite properly put it out on mortgages running for five years or more. But the banks get their funds from depositors; they are repayable partly on demand and partly on fifteen days' notice. Sound principles therefore require that the funds should be put out on securities having a short currency. And those principles are adhered to.

How Local Industries would fare

Probably the very chiefest of the arguments used by American bankers to influence the people against branch banks is that referring to local industries. To the business men of every locality they say, "If you had branch banks the capital of this locality would be gathered up and taken to New York or Chicago. Your local industries would suffer. Now you have a local independent bank, the directors are local men. They will see to it that the deposit fund of the locality goes to develop local industries." It only needs a knowledge of Canadian, English, or Scotch conditions, to see that this argument has no force whatever. As a

matter of fact it can be demonstrated that in a great many localities local industries would fare much better if they had branch banks. Sometimes the local independent bankers read the term " to support local industries " to mean " to support the local industries in which we ourselves are personally interested." The branch manager has no personal interest in local industries. He judges all applications strictly on their merits. If the head office found out that he was personally interested in a large borrower's business he would perhaps be moved to another branch. The experience in Canada is that at all the branch offices the banks do all the good business they possibly can — both discounting and deposit-getting. The amount of discounts carried at a branch bank will nearly always be the amount of good safe business the manager can lay his hands on. The consequence is that the amount which the branch can place at the disposal of the worthy local industries is not limited by the amount of deposits the locality can furnish. Practically all localities in Western Canada, and all manufacturing towns in the East benefit especially from this feature. And it is reasonable to assume that all localities in the Western States and all manufacturing centres in the Eastern, would benefit especially from the institution of branch banks in the Republic.

In a quiet little village of Eastern Canada, after the manager has done his utmost to find borrowers, his branch balance sheet may show deposits $120,000, discounts $20,000. On the contrary the great majority of Western branches will show discounts heavily overbalancing deposits. In the West it is not at all uncommon for a country branch to show discounts $200,000, deposits $50,000. Under the system of independent banks these Western offices could have advanced to local industries only something less than they had in deposits.

A word as to deposit facilities. With branch banks established in every little place, paying interest on small deposits, the United States would not be, so much, the paradise of the get-rich-quick swindler. The people would have depositories, in which they could trust, to put their money. There would be less cash used in daily transactions, less in bureau drawers and other hoarding-places. The check habit would become more universal. The country's fund of cash would be, more largely, in the banks, where it would be useful, instead of being in people's pockets and homes.

So from the gains in deposits there ought to be a larger fund than now available for financial purposes in the great centres, even although the commercial banks put only their temporary surpluses out on Wall Street.

There might be a great central bank or there might not. If there were one, it should be fiscal agent for the United States Treasury and hold all its funds. If not, the Treasury funds could be apportioned fairly among the branch banks. The currency problem would be simplified because strong branch banks could safely be given powers of note issue to which small isolated banks are not at all entitled. In Canada the associated banks guarantee the issues of the individual institutions. The Bankers' Association has the right of supervision over the circulation books of the banks. The notes are a first charge on the assets of the issuing banks. Also in the event of failure they bear interest at five per cent from the date of suspension till the receiver advertises his readiness to redeem them. As a result the notes pass readily at par even after the issuing bank may have failed.

How Branch Banks would have handled the Panic

It is a terrible impeachment of a banking system to say that it causes perfectly solvent firms to fail, that it unnecessarily throws thousands of workmen out of employment in every extraordinary crisis, that twice in the last fifteen years it has deeply humiliated the nation in the eyes

of the whole world through the partial suspension of banking payments — something which has not in late years occurred in any great country outside the United States. The handling of the panic would have been vastly easier if a system of branch banks had been in operation, because the experienced bankers in the cities would have had control over the country offices. There would not have been seen that senseless hoarding of cash at interior offices when it was not needed. The equally senseless pressing for payment of all discounted bills also would have been less. The branch managers would have been instructed to discount as usual, thereby helping to disarm the fears of their depositors. There would not have been the enormous sum of fifteen hundred millions of bank and trust company balances held by the national banks. (The last abstract issued by the Comptroller shows the following: —

Due to other national banks	$823,680,087
Due to state banks and bankers	395,745,494
Due to trust companies and savings banks	337,927,872
	$1,557,353,453)

Under the branch system the panic-stricken interior bankers would not have had this dangerous control over the resources in the big centres. That control had probably more to do than any other factor in bringing about the suspension of payments and in delaying resumption.

THE PRESENT DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

BY FELIX KLEIN

I DO not here propose to treat of the Law of Separation: the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* were made fully acquainted with it by Mr. Stoddard Dewey's article in the number for August, 1907; and I may say in passing that I have seen nowhere a more exact and more impartial treatment of this question, at once so delicate and so complex. The aim of the present essay is simply to study the situation as it reveals itself after a year of separation, to consider both from the *material* and from the *moral* point of view the difficulties with which the Church in France is in conflict to-day, and the means by which she is trying to surmount them. The subject surely does not lack interest; rather it possesses too great interest. Even the crisis provoked by the French Revolution was less significant, being too violent to endure. The change which is now going on is not an accident, but the beginning of a new era which will probably last for centuries.

I

The material side of the crisis can be explained in a very few words: the Church in France has lost all her possessions, and furthermore, it is now impossible for her to acquire any legal property. The government has actually taken over the houses of bishops and priests and everything belonging to diocese and parish throughout all France; it has taken over the seminaries with their endowments, including even the scholarships for poor students; in fact, the only point on which it is now hesitating, after an eloquent appeal by the Deputy Abbé Lemire, which stirred the Chamber to a sense of shame, is whether or not it will restore the funds accumulated from the

contributions of priests themselves for old-age pensions. All the buildings for worship, cathedrals and churches alike, with all their ornaments and sacred vessels, have been declared the property of the state or of the communes. Parliament believes itself very generous in allowing priests to use for religious ceremonies what was once their own, even with the understanding that they have no more title or administrative right than has the passer-by to the public park or museum.[1]

In order to give a more exact idea of this confiscation, or, to use the official word, *devolution* (transfer), it will be well to give a specific instance. The diocese of Paris alone has lost 85,000 fr. of income for the maintenance of seminaries, 60,000 fr. of income for the general expenses of the diocese, and 415,000 fr. of income belonging to the different parishes. It has also been deprived of two million francs received from the state or from various civil organizations under the Concordat. The total loss which the Church has sustained in the diocese of Paris must be estimated at more than three million francs per year; three millions must now be demanded each year from the faithful in addition to what they formerly contributed for religious purposes, for works of charity, and for education. What is true of Paris is true, proportionally, of all France, with the difference that many dioceses will have far greater difficulty in securing necessary resources.

To question whether the Catholics in France, who have alone done more than the Catholics in any other nation for foreign missions and for the propagation of the faith, will succeed in maintaining the Church in their own country by private contributions, will perhaps arouse astonishment. Nevertheless it may be questioned. We do not doubt the generosity of our people, but that which does give us concern is the impossibility of organizing any revenue which can be permanent. Let us suppose that there is needed approximately one hundred million francs per year; this sum, which is by no means too much for a church of eighty-six dioceses and thirty-eight million parishioners, might perhaps easily be collected for one year or two years, or even for three years; but it is almost inevitable for generosity to relax, especially in less prosperous times. The Church would be able to surmount the difficulty if she had endowments, revenues, or property, as in other countries. But that of course demands some regular organization, some corporation or some body recognized by the laws of the country and capable of acquiring, possessing, and exercising ordinary property rights. We cannot state too emphatically that such an organization for the Church is not possible to-day in France. On one side the only body authorized by the law to look after the material side of the religious interests is the *association cultuelle*, or local committee of public worship, as defined and regulated by the Law of Separation. On the other side, this *association cultuelle* has been declared by the Pope incompatible with the hierarchical constitution of the Church of Rome, and the bishops, the priests, and the Catholic laity, in obedience to their Supreme Head, have abstained and will continue to abstain from forming any such organization. Not only, then, have there been no Catholic *associations cultuelles* to receive from the state the portion of the former religious property (the half perhaps) which we might have kept; but there will be none in the future to receive a gift of any kind. In the eyes of the law there is no diocese, no parish, no corporation representing diocese or parish. The bishop and the pastor are only individual citizens, Messrs. So-and-So. They cannot hold property except as individuals, and what

[1] The illogical character of this situation is amusingly shown by the following story. An artist was proudly exhibiting to a friend a fine statue of the thirteenth century. The friend asked: "Where did you get it?" — "I bought it in a church." —"From the curé?" — "No." —"From the mayor?" —"No. From a workman who was making repairs in the church."

they might receive for religious purposes cannot be handed down to their successors, — it must revert only to their legal heirs. In brief, no permanent body whatever can provide for the maintenance of public worship.

This is the situation with its almost insurmountable difficulties. In all probability it will be a long time before we escape from it. The only reasonable solution which one can dimly see in a more or less remote future is that our French Code should admit the existence of private foundations, such as now exist in America, England, Germany, and almost everywhere else, differing from associations properly so called, having judicial rights by themselves, — possessing property of their own, and administered by managers and trustees. Such establishments can exist in France to-day only on the condition that they be recognized by the state as public utilities. It would be highly desirable could this recognition be dispensed with. The objection which the Catholic Church makes to the *associations cultuelles* would not apply to such establishments, and the claims of the hierarchy would be respected, since the bishops would themselves make the by-laws, which the trustees could not change. Moreover, it would be advantageous for everybody in France. But parliament, which so recently as 1901 passed the law giving the right of association, does not yet seem ready to give the right of foundation: people are afraid of the mere word *main-morte.*

On the other hand, there is a large number of prejudiced citizens who would prefer to be themselves deprived of an advantage rather than to see their adversaries enjoy the same. The liberty of establishing foundations would be an advantage to everybody, therefore they say, "Let us vote for it;" but on discovering that it would be an advantage to the Church, they say, "Let us vote against it."

It would seem, perhaps, after all this, that the Catholic religion must disappear completely in France.[1] To admit this conclusion would fail to take account of the laws of life. A great social force which has since early ages penetrated to the depths of the morals and of the soul of a nation may be checked in its manifestations by mischievous law or decree of public power, — it cannot be destroyed by such means. The spring in the earth which seeks a chance to escape may perhaps be stopped here and there; but, cut off from its outlet, it will succeed nevertheless in liberating itself. We see this illustrated to-day in the case of religious activity in France. Checked by the State from the Concordat, checked by the Pope from the *association cultuelle*, it has sought other issues; it still seeks them, and it will continue to seek until it has found some adequate to its real strength. This pursuit has by no means fully succeeded as yet; and the discomfort continues, together with the suffering which always accompanies a need not satisfied. Still, results have already been obtained, and, while awaiting its final form, the life of which we speak, the religious life, has found a temporary means of expression which is interesting to note. The periods of transition are often the most painful and obscure of history, but they are also the most dramatic and the most instructive.

We may regard as the most important and valuable material resource the fact that the churches, with their furniture, are still gratuitously open to the clergy for the celebration of divine service. The priests cannot, it is true, exercise any right of property or administration, since the churches belong to the commune or to the state, which are not even obliged to make necessary repairs (a law passed on December 21, 1907, *authorizes* them, how-

[1] We speak in this article only of the Catholic religion, because it is the church of the great majority. The Protestants number about 600,000 and the Jews do not exceed 100,000. Moreover, both have organized *associations cultuelles* according to the Separation Law, and have thereby escaped a large part of the difficulties which confront Catholicism.

ever, to make such repairs if they like). The clergy, it is true, can be excluded from the churches on many pretexts, so that all these privileges constitute a rather imperfect and precarious enjoyment. But it is also a fact that the exercise of religion has been singularly facilitated; otherwise we should have been obliged to rent or build new churches in each parish, and religious services would therefore necessarily have been interrupted or suppressed in many places. The actual closing of the churches was, however, the only thing to which our people would not have submitted. The most violent enemies of religion knew very well that in closing all the churches simultaneously they would have aroused the liveliest discontent in the mass of the electors.

But it was not enough merely to retain possession of the churches. It was necessary to continue the exercise of our religion, to provide the necessary means, and to maintain the clergy deprived of their state salary, of their church houses, of "parsonages," and of all the income which formerly had been derived from bequests and legacies accumulated by the piety of the faithful. To that end the ecclesiastical authorities established everywhere what they called the "*œuvre du denier du culte*," which for lack of any more precise translation we may call worship-pence or church sustentation. According to this plan, the priests or their representatives receive and collect from the faithful, in addition to the usual offerings, annual individual subscriptions to replace the lost state revenues. The details of this arrangement are not the same in the different dioceses. Each bishop tries the plan he thinks most efficacious. In Paris, for example, the priests themselves collect and account for whatever is thus paid in; at the end of each quarter that sum is divided into two parts, one of which is retained for the support of the clergy and the maintenance of religion in the parish, and the other goes to the archbishop to be by him applied to the general needs of the diocese and of the poorer parishes. At Lyons, the whole of this fund is devoted to the support of the clergy, and each parish is bound to contribute annually a fixed sum. In other dioceses other plans are being tried. It is expected that out of all these experiments will come ultimately, by means of concerted Episcopal action, a uniform system of legislation.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux has gone further. He has organized a "Diocesan Association" to which all his parishes belong and contribute. In 1906 it had a membership of 61,082, and the sum total of the receipts amounted to 316,550 fr. This was more than was necessary, because in 1906 the Separation Law had not gone into effect. For the future they will need in that diocese about a million francs, and it will no doubt be forthcoming. This diocesan association at Bordeaux has given occasion to considerable criticism and discussion. Ultra-Catholics have affected to see in it the *association cultuelle* prohibited by Rome, but the Holy See has not condemned it. The government, on the other hand, has not objected; it was even disposed to transfer to it a part of the confiscated funds of the diocese in order to give itself an appearance of liberality. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, however, would accept nothing, fearing to complicate matters with Rome and also to subject himself to the inspection and regulation which the secular power might assume as a consequence of the pretended donation.

It seems to me that this association might well be imitated in other dioceses. But beyond that they cannot go. Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Tarentaise in Savoie, having tried to create an association which, without being *cultuelle*, might be regarded "of public utility," and thus take over the property of the former diocese which amounts to 1,500,000 fr., encountered the disapproval of the Holy See, and the disheartened bishop, finding himself unable to maintain the Church and the clergy in that poor country, sent in his resignation.

In several dioceses, in fact, the worship-pence fund is inadequate for the absolute necessities of the church. Some bishops, in order to oblige the faithful somehow to pay the tax, proposed that a fixed minimum sum be paid by each, and that those who were unwilling to be so taxed should be charged higher fees when they had recourse to the service of the priest, as at weddings, funerals, and christenings. Furthermore, those parishioners who did not pay the sum imposed were to be deprived of the services of priests. But by order of the Holy See these vigorous measures have been suppressed as unapostolic. The contribution will thus retain its character of an entirely voluntary payment.

It would seem that a better way to encourage the faithful to support the expenses of the diocese would be to give them some control of the fund. That is not to say that it would be well to introduce into the Church a parliamentary régime, and that the delegates of the people should vote on the budget. That would not, at least at present, square with our notion of the power of the hierarchy. The clergy, and even the people as a whole, might very well be kept informed as to receipts and expenditures by accounts rendered each year; and again, a certain number of priests and eminent laymen appointed by the clergy or the councils of the parish, or even, if preferred, chosen by the bishop himself, might well be associated together in the administration of the funds of the diocese. He who pays always likes to know, and has some right to know, what is done with his money. But in point of fact it is not unheard of, — this sort of thing. Some of the bishops have already created such a council of administration and oversight, but they are not numerous. On the contrary, almost everywhere there have been established "parochial councils," or committees of laymen named by the bishop at the suggestion of the local priest, whose function it is to assist the priest by their advice and good offices in the administration of the temporal affairs of the parish. They play the part, in some respects, of trustees, or of the vestry in an English or American church, or of our former *conseillers de fabrique*, but with this radical difference, that their vote is merely advisory and they have no real administrative power, no responsibility, and no legal status. If they had, they would become an *association cultuelle*, which would create a double difficulty: on the one hand they would be condemned by the Pope, and on the other they would be subject to all the governmental regulation and control which is provided for by the Separation Law of 1905. From a legal point of view one might, with only a very little exaggeration, say that they have taken the best method of escaping all these difficulties, namely, by abstaining from existing.

Nevertheless their rôle is something more than nothing, and if it is no part of their function to inform the faithful how their money is spent, they can be very useful to the bishops in assuring the due and regular administration of the temporalities of the parishes. Pursuant to a regulation of the Bishop of Clermont, which took effect January 1, 1908, the priest must enter the receipts and expenditures of all sorts in books or registers regularly kept, and make up an account at the end of each month, and of each year, in order to estimate in advance the budget for the following year. And, what is of prime importance, these accounts and these budgets must be sent to the bishop before the end of January, countersigned by the members of the parochial council, with such comments as they choose to make. There is wanting in all this only the rule in force in the Catholic Church in the United States, that these accounts are to be read from the pulpit at least once a year.

It is to be hoped that the parochial council will not content itself with merely checking the accounts for the benefit of the bishop, but that it will exert itself to

stimulate the zeal and generosity of the faithful. However, they do not count on the parochial council so much as on another institution called the parochial *committee.* This latter scarcely exists yet, and it is therefore difficult to judge of it otherwise than from the hopes of those who have suggested it. The parochial committee was created, or at least projected and decided upon, at the diocesan congress of Paris in June, 1907. Several zealous pastors of this great city had already established, even before the separation, parochial associations conforming to the provisions of the general law of associations of 1901, for the purpose of increasing the interest of the greatest possible number of laymen in the religious and civil work of the parish. These very large associations have been disapproved by the authorities at Rome, who wished to replace them by committees less numerous and without any legal existence, but which might pursue the same propaganda. The future alone can tell what these committees may be worth, and whether they will exercise a profound and durable influence while remaining outside of the law. It is not likely that they will. It seems to many rational minds that the fear of *associations cultuelles* is involving the Catholic Church at this moment in an exaggerated dread of every sort of legal association.

It has, however, submitted to them when it has been impossible to do otherwise, as was the case in the reorganization of the suppressed theological seminaries and in the creation of the new parishes.

I have already said that the buildings and endowments of the seminaries were confiscated. The Separation Law considered these establishments as institutions of religious worship, and for that reason *associations cultuelles* alone were authorized to continue them. No *associations cultuelles*, no seminaries; in fact all these establishments were closed at the end of 1906 and their pupils sent back to their families or thrown into the street. But as it was necessary to continue the education of priests, the bishops gathered the students together in other houses, which they have called sometimes "Superior Schools of Catholic Theology," sometimes "Institutions for Secondary Instruction," according as the instruction is classical or theological. The bishops thus escape the Separation Law of 1905, but they come under the law of 1875 on the liberty of superior instruction, and that of 1850 on the liberty of secondary instruction.[1] Equally obliged to be subject to some legal formality with respect to property, they had recourse to what are called "civil societies," the French equivalent of an American business corporation, and they have thus entrusted the possession of the seminaries to a little group of citizens who are regarded in law as exploiting the property for commercial ends.

It was necessary also to have recourse to these civil societies in organizing new parishes. The crisis resulting from the separation has not entirely checked the growth of the Church in France, it has in some ways given it greater expansive force, especially in view of the suppression of the control of the state. The bishops have found it best, especially in the great cities, to increase the number of parishes and to divide those that were too populous. Some parishes counted more than one hundred thousand of the faithful, and it is enough to say that it was impossible for the pastors to look after the spiritual needs of such a multitude. One of the first cares of the Archbishop of Paris, once free from the régime of the Concordat which required a parliamentary act to create a parish and a decree of the Council of State to open a chapel,

[1] The unfortunate feature of this is that this last law, called also the Law Falloux, is just being amended by parliament, some restrictions being proposed which may go so far as to forbid any clergyman to be at the head of any sort of educational institution, so that our young priests (if the law is passed) have to be educated by laymen.

was to establish in his diocese, especially in the poorer quarters, several new parishes. But how was he to buy or erect new churches, and by what title was the property to be held? In the name of the diocese of Paris? There is nothing and nobody in the eye of the present law that stands for the diocese of Paris. In the name of the Cardinal or his coadjutor? That would be to expose the property to the possible claims of their heirs or personal representatives at some future time. It was necessary once more to create "civil societies," seemingly commercial organizations, having for their object profit on the capital invested. These societies have bought some of the confiscated chapels and have built new ones which they have leased to so-and-so or so-and-so, to M. Richard or Gardey, archbishop or pastor.[1] It will perhaps be objected that if the *associations cultuelles* did not offer sufficient guarantees to the Catholic hierarchy, and if its members could always withdraw from the control of the bishop both themselves and their property, that danger, if there is any, would be the same as regards the members of these civil societies. It may be so, but there is no other means of safeguarding the title to the property.

II

Such are the principal material difficulties in which the Church in France is now involved, and against which she struggles; and such are the various plans she is now adopting to extricate herself. Although I call them material difficulties, I do not mean to say that they are not in a very real sense also moral difficulties. They not only increase the hardships of life for the clergy, and render more difficult the maintenance of religious worship, but they create an anomalous and dangerous situation. It is equally a dream in France, whether one hopes to exist outside of the law, for we are in a too highly centralized country for that, or to find in the law a permanent shelter and defense, for the power of parliament is unlimited by either a constitution or supreme court. But this insecurity, great in any case, is greater and almost disheartening for those who are obliged to organize under a law not adapted to their affairs, and thus to strain in a way the provisions of the statute, furnishing to their adversaries quite a ready pretext for attacking and injuring them.

It cannot be denied that the Church in France is beset by many adversaries, — as indeed the Church is in other countries of Europe, especially in Italy. That is hard for Americans to comprehend, respecting as they do the liberty of conscience, and being convinced moreover, even when themselves not personally religious, that religion is a good thing, and an essential element of public morality. Prejudices intellectual, social, and political almost totally unknown, especially the last two, in the United States, confront the Church in France.

A crowd of half-educated would-be scientists and politicians of the baser sort eagerly represent the Church as the enemy of enlightenment and progress. A few really eminent scholars and scientists, like the chemist Berthelot, deceived by a false philosophy, share these prejudices and give them credit. By means of many magazines and any quantity of newspapers, they get at the working classes and the peasants, and fill them with the notion that humanity cannot progress except upon the ruins of religion; that, to use a phrase of Monsieur Viviani, a member of the present cabinet, we shall see clearly on earth only when we put out the lights of heaven.

Catholics, as a matter of course, do not lack arguments to refute that sort of thing. They can insist upon the difference, the essential difference between the

[1] In order to help these tenants to pay their rent and to provide for the other expenses of the church, they have erected a sort of aid society for poor parishes, which will supplement the revenue of the new parish if that is found insufficient.

domain of science and that of religion, and show that a conflict between things so essentially different is impossible. And for those who cannot grasp an argument logically conceived, they can cite the names of men preëminent in science who were and are devout and loyal Christians, and who have kept the faith. To contrast two men but recently dead, the faith of Pasteur is as good an argument as the irreligion of Berthelot. They can also point with some pardonable pride to the names of many great living men of science and letters who profess and demonstrate their sincerely religious convictions. Active Catholics who are members of the French and other academies are more numerous today than ever. For example, M. de Lapparent, a professor in the Catholic Institute of Paris, has been recently elected Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, by the members of that distinguished body, the most preëminent society for scientific attainments in our country and perhaps in the world. But the anti-religious press takes very good care not to publish facts like that. It rather prefers to insist upon, to distort, and to aggravate certain facts in the ancient history of the Church, or certain facts of our more recent history, in order to make simple people believe that religion is all very well for the ignorant, that science strips things of mystery, and that to worship God one must cease to use his reason.

These prejudices are not only preached by a press distinctly anti-religious, but are taught more or less openly in a great number of our public schools where many of the teachers who have derived their irreligion from the normal schools, and bring into these matters all the audacity of their half-education, do not hesitate to ridicule before their pupils the most sacred things. In doing so they go without doubt beyond the neutrality prescribed by the law in matters of religion, but they know that it is a good way to win favor from the politicians, and from the Minister of Public Instruction, from whom they get and hold their places. During the present year, some Catholic parents have undertaken to form an association to prosecute before the courts those teachers who openly violate the neutrality prescribed by law in speaking against God and ridiculing patriotism; thereby they have obtained some decisions which very much annoy the anti-clerical press. But the best means of combating such anti-religious instruction is to create and maintain private and religious schools. The Catholics have done and are doing just that with a commendable generosity. In spite of the new burdens imposed upon them by the Separation Law, they have preserved this year almost all their schools and have even established some new ones.[1]

It is also very important for the Catholics to do whatever they can to develop the highest culture in the clergy, at least in as numerous an *élite* as possible. After all, people judge of an institution by those who represent it, and it would be difficult to make them believe that the Church sincerely favors learning if they should find themselves confronted by an ignorant clergy. We are therefore fortunate in being able to say that the bishops understand this essential need and are doing all they can to meet it. In spite of all their other heavy burdens they are making it a point of honor to support the Catholic institutes either by continuing their subscriptions or by sending to us their most intelligent young priests. Upon the opening of our Catholic Institute in Paris, last autumn, the ecclesiastical students were more numerous than ever before, and the recent gift from the Pope, of 100,000 fr., has served to stimulate the generosity of Catholics, too prone up to this time to forget us.

Some of the bishops, we may add, are taking steps to unite several of the smaller

[1] These schools are more expensive than formerly, as a new law forbids them to employ religious teachers, and laymen demand higher pay.

and less numerously attended seminaries, and to strengthen them by the consequent concentration of their funds and increase in numbers of professors and pupils. This has been accomplished only in the dioceses of Sens and Troyes.

Another and more important project of the same nature is well advanced and has been in practice for several months. A community house has been secured in Paris by a large number of bishops acting in concert, to be used to prepare professors in the great theological schools for their supremely important task, first, in scholastic instruction, by having them attend the proper courses of the Catholic Institute; and second, in the priesthood more particularly, by putting them under the direction of eminent priests who are distinguished as professors and presidents of the great theological schools. Although at present very humble, the creation of this normal school of an entirely new type is big with promise for the advancement of the French clergy.

The social prejudice against the Church is, perhaps, a little less widespread than the intellectual prejudice of which we have just spoken, and it is assuredly less widespread than the political prejudice of which we shall speak presently. It exists, nevertheless, and helps to trammel the actions of the priests. They are often accused of being partisans of the rich: the peasant accuses them of being the vassals of the châteaux, the workman of being favorable to his employers. I am not one of those who fail to recognize defects in the servants of the Church; but, verily, nothing is more unjust than this reproach. With very few exceptions, the French clergy have been recruited from the laboring classes, and they retain their democratic sympathies; the very few priests who come from the ranks of the wealthy, or from the nobility, display a conspicuously generous devotion toward the lowly. This year, moreover, in the difficult reorganization of the resources necessary for carrying on the interests of the Church, the bishops, cognizant of the danger, took every precaution that the contributions be not made exclusively by the rich, but that all the faithful, however humble, be in some small way associated with the new life of the parish. On the other hand, to consider the question from a higher point of view, it is certain that the Church, since the encyclical of Leo XIII, *Rerum novarum*, has shown a devoted interest in the working people.

What, then, must the priests in France do to appear — what they really are — the friends of the people? They must continue the movement begun some years ago, which is not yet sufficiently general; they must take a practical interest in the daily life of the working people, and of the peasants; favor the formation of social centres and of every organization which would give them more information, more security for their future, and more physical comfort; and, above all, they must avoid everything which would give ground for belief that in preaching charity they would be willing to substitute it for justice, and that in preaching the bliss of heaven, they think it useless to reduce the sufferings of the present life. It is in this path of wise democracy that the most prominent representatives of Catholic activities and Catholic thought have moved since the time of Leo XIII; and the working people of the cities, even the socialists, have begun to recognize this fact. In spite of some extravagant words coming from those who did not at all times possess a technical grasp of the situation, the young Catholic democrats, priests and laymen, members of the *Sillon*[1] especially, have rendered valuable service to the cause of religion in separating it from the party of social reaction. For some time they have been attacked with bitterness in certain papers and reviews

[1] A very numerous and important association of young men having for its object to educate the democracy and to show the absolute need it has of religion.

by those whom we call the "extreme Catholic Right." If they should be condemned by the Church, this would be exploited by its enemies with great success among the masses; a condemnation of our Catholic democrats, even if it should happen that they had merited it by their mistakes, would persuade the people for a long time that Catholicism is not compatible with the aspirations of democracy, just as they have already been persuaded that Catholicism is not compatible with a republican form of government.

And this question leads us to the cause of the most irritating, the most serious, the most far-reaching, and, we will dare to say, the most absurd of our political and religious difficulties. "The Church against the Republic!" this has been the basic prejudice of the anti-religious party in France for more than thirty years; this is the pretext which has given a motive for all the laws of exception and of spoliation, for putting the Catholics outside the law — or little short of this — and for making them, as has been said, disfranchised citizens.

Unfortunately there is truth in this prejudice, and, if it were the subject of the present article, we could tell the mistake which many leaders of Catholicism and the greatest number of our religious newspapers have too long persisted in, namely, that of attributing to the republican form of government the wrongdoings of the men in power, of attributing to the republican constitution the anti-religious laws made by the majority in Parliament.[1] Assuredly the Church herself is not responsible for this lack of intelligence. Her task is to teach us the principles of religion and moral life; she has no mission to educate us in political matters. Moreover, the only time that she has intervened in French affairs was when her official head, Pope Leo XIII, reminded the Catholics of their duty as good citizens, and in a solemn letter advised them to accept the constitution of their country. But the small number of monarchists who survive in France, and who are for the most part practical Catholics, turned a deaf ear to the wise counsel of the Sovereign Pontiff. Without being strong enough or active enough to imperil the existence of the Republic in the smallest way, they have continued to make just enough stir in their discourses and in their newspapers to give a pretext to the enemies of religion, who have made their simple-minded voters believe that if they cast their ballots for the Catholic candidates, or even for the liberal candidates, the monarchy will return with all the so-called horrors of the old régime.

The Law of Separation, the unjust and illiberal character of several of its articles, and the enormous spoliation which it carried with it, furnished new arguments to the reactionaries, and they cried out with more vehemence than ever that now Catholics were to be enlightened as to the mischievous doings of the republican régime. Forgetful of their own powerlessness, they attribute to the policy of Leo XIII and its followers all the misfortunes under which the Church suffers; they pretend to believe that the present Pope — although he confines himself scrupulously to the religious side of questions — is entirely favorable to them; they cover him with eulogies, and contrast him, in spite of himself, with his predecessor; they combat relentlessly all the newspapers, all the groups, and even all the individuals who do not share in their vision of a monarchy; they charge with heresy whosoever calls himself republican or democrat; in short, they assume the mission of saviours of the Church herself, and they write, speak, and act as if, outside the monarchical party, there were neither salvation nor orthodoxy.

[1] The author of this article developed this idea at some length in the conferences which he gave at the Lowell Institute in October, 1907, on "The Politico-Religious Crisis in France," and which are to be published by the Catholic Church Extension Society (Chicago).

Although it is only too true that these blind reactionaries have found some allies in the Church, Pope Pius X himself has always held aloof from their intrigues; and in the very encyclical in which he denounced the Law of Separation, he expressly stated that he was not inveighing against the Republic. Furthermore, the bishops of France individually, as well as in assembly, have carefully avoided everything which could in any way lend favor to so lamentable a confusion of ideas.

Finally, if one wishes to know how the young secular clergy feel, a little incident of recent occurrence, not known to the public, will throw some light on the matter. At the Catholic Institute of Paris there exists an association composed partly of lay students, partly of seminarists and young priests; last November, at the time of the marriage of the Princess Louise, sister of the Duc d'Orléans, some of the lay students proposed to the association to send an appropriate address to the Royal Pretender. The suggestion met the prompt opposition of the ecclesiastical students, who succeeded in defeating it. This incident gives the key-note of the state of mind of French Catholics on the subject of politics since the Law of Separation; some years ago no one would have dared to make such a proposition in the Catholic Institute; to-day some may dare to make it, but they would be only of the lay body, and would have the bitter opposition of the ecclesiastics.

I should not have insisted at such length on the purely political side of the question; but it explains in part, without in any way justifying it, the hostility which the Church encounters among the masses, a hostility which is carefully encouraged by her adversaries. They very well know that the existence of the Republic is in no way imperiled, yet the scarecrow of danger from the clericals has rendered far too valuable service in elections to be willingly renounced. If there were no monarchists in France, they could drag some in from outside at the time of elections!

The existence of a monarchical party, small though it may be, and its noisy chatter, are the chief reasons why French Catholics, to the great astonishment of their coreligionists in other countries, and especially in America, do not succeed in putting an end to the vexations, the injustice, and the spoliations of which they are victims. In order to defend successfully their rights they must be united in the electoral campaigns; and for this they need to be of one mind on the one essential point: they must either indorse or oppose the Republican Constitution. United they are not, nor can they be so long as an appreciable number of them pursue the chimera of a return of the monarchy. The moment a candidate favorable to religion calls himself republican, he has ranged against him both the radical party and the monarchical party, and defeat is certain. If he calls himself monarchist he receives only a ridiculous handful of votes. And he cannot be silent on this fundamental question; in public meetings and in the daily papers his adversaries will oblige him to state his convictions; if he prefers to be silent on the subject, he inspires no one with confidence. This explains the failure of all the so-called unions of conservatives, and, also, quite recently, of *l'Action libérale*, directed by M. Piou. This association, well organized and having great resources at its disposal, did not dare to mention the Republic in any of its campaign literature. It failed of its end; its failure was inevitable.

Is the way, then, blocked, and are the Catholics of France doomed to be always divided? I do not believe it. Time is often more persuasive than men. The Republic is to-day thirty-seven years old, and already the number of its adversaries is small; when it shall have reached the age of fifty, of sixty, of one hundred years, there will remain only enough of the monarchical party in France to make a bodyguard for their pretender! Then

it will be difficult for a blindly infatuated clerical to put his hope in a king, difficult for the most relentless anti-clerical to make the people believe that the existence of the Republic is in great danger. France will then rejoice, as will all civilized peoples, in religious peace.

But the question may be asked: Will there then be any religious spirit left in France? I have finished writing these lines on the day after Christmas. The great Christian fête was celebrated everywhere with unprecedented fervor. The poetic Midnight Mass, which the bishops suppressed last year in the alarm of the first days of the new régime, was celebrated anew in city and in country, before crowds greater in number and more devout than ever; not the slightest disturbance of any kind was noted either in Paris or in the provinces. The people hardly knew whether the church in which they were assembled belonged to the state, to the municipality, to an *association cultuelle*, or simply to their pastor; but they did know that it was the house of God; they knew that there they had been baptized, there they had taken their first communion; that there their marriage vows had been pledged, there the funeral rites of their dear dead celebrated. And they came to sing before the Infant Jesus the Christmas hymns which their fathers sang. It would take more than a mischievous law to destroy at a simple stroke centuries of Christian tradition. The Church of Christ in France has vitality enough to triumph to the end of time over her adversaries, and over her defenders.

THREE FISHERS

BY MARY GLASCOCK

A CLEAN dusk brooded over the mountains. Aldebaran glimmered atop the blurred blue of the McCloud notch, and the Señor leaned over the cattle-bars of the South Field to look it in the face, his fish-basket sagging heavily from gray-corduroyed shoulders.

There was something of reverence in his attitude, and I did not go to meet him as I had intended, but turned to the short trail direct from the river, up which I knew Don Danuelo would pompously puff before many stars could cluster.

Just a glance at the uplifted sharp gray eyes under shaggy white brows, the crossed, resting hands, and I sighed. It is to the Latins that we of the new world must bow for unconscious, unashamed reverence. We hug the quality in secret — if we possess it at all; they wear it upon the sleeve proudly. The wind, striking through lean needles of the sugar pines, lifted the matted, gray hair from his forehead, — of course his head was bared to the Maker of the star, — and before the shrine of Shasta rising white-altared to the sky, he stood silently erect. Something fine was in his gaunt figure; he was as much a part of the evening as the gray dove winging across the grain stubble to the other side of the river.

With a catch in my throat I hastened to the clump of silver firs where, stamping through the red dirt, Don Danuelo — *de facto*, plain Daniel — forged up the road. The softening of the name was mine; a quarter of a century's mastery of a Mexican rancho earned him that distinction. In Don Danuelo the acquired graciousness of the hidalgo, dashed with upright, American grit, made pleasant blending. Don Danuelo was well rounded, of generous girth, ruddy of face and courtly of manner, if a bit testy of temper. He

walked slowly up the steep hill, puffing between breaths and mouthing to himself soft Mexican oaths. Upon reaching the shelter of the silver firs he opened his basket. Huge trout, dripping from the river, ranged between layers of sweet fern. He smiled unctuously, displaying them.

"A good day's sport, madam, very good," he reiterated. "These" — he held the largest, the very fattest, by the gills for inspection — "are fine fish, madam, a good catch. I 'll wager there 's been no finer catch on the river to-day." His assertion was challenging. I thought of the sagging basket on the gray-corduroyed shoulders. "Have you seen the Judge?" he inquired tentatively.

"He started out with gray hackle," I answered.

Don Danuelo sniffed and slapped his big hand to his basket.

"Fish is what a fisherman wants — and if he wants fish he must catch them — and bait is what they are taking on the Sacramento this season — I 'm giving evidence." And he thumped his basket convincingly.

"I saw caddis flies swarming over the Evening pool," I mildly ventured.

Don Danuelo's knotted veins swelled. For a time we plodded silent through the fragrant fir to where the orchard stretched. Then he waxed grandiloquent over the much-threshed subject of bait versus flies. I knew he was girded for battle-royal that night across the supper-table. He was merely practicing phrases on me, and I was a willing target, for I knew the kindness of the heart that sped the shaft.

As we came to the garden gate the reverent figure at the bars had melted into the dusk. The gray Señor had a way of slipping off into lonely corners, and muffling himself in the mantle of silence. His evenings were spent on the upper porch brushed by tips of overshadowing fir, — I confess to stealing up the stairs and peeping, — with a book on his knees, — the old philosophy that he loved, — his slender, wrinkled fingers touching the binding caressingly in the dark. He knew the contents by heart — could quote from cover to cover — but he liked the substance under his hand. Those gray eyes saw more than words, searching the broad Milky Way. Lonely watches at sea when he was a lad had made him a recluse, he apologized to me when I urged him to come down to the fire. "I am not good company; my tongue stumbles over your fine English," he excused. "I am more used to the stars and trees and mountains — they understand — we are so near." And he begged pardon lest in some way he should have hurt. "You others know so much, have read many books. I know only one." He patted the book on his knees. "I am not fit company, madam. I cannot talk — I can only think; that makes dull company!"

There was something musical in the quaint precision of his un-English exactness that made pleasant hearing. I remembered the very words he had used; they were fixed in my memory with his deprecating, winning smile.

These things were running through my head as I listened to Don Danuelo. It pleased him better to do the talking, and he did not mind my not answering.

I felt a pang of disappointment at not finding the Señor at the bars, though I had hardly dared hope. Somehow a few kindly words from him were my benediction to the day.

Bidding Don Danuelo go on, I lingered in the orchard where the smell of rotting apples perfumed the air with the tinge of refined musk that no other odor holds, that no one knows the sweetness of unless breathed in the pine-locked mountains where the fruit is nourished on dew, crystal air, generous sunshine, and fragrance of balsamic things. Then, too, the man of the house, after his daily chores, was burning brush and dead leaves at the top of the hill. The pungent smoke floated invitingly to my nostrils, and I wondered if to the Señor it did not waft thoughts of heavenly incense.

A crisp of frost was in the air, a colder

glitter in the stars. The day before, I had noticed a trace of flame creeping up the maples on the ridge, and in the dogwood, azaleas, and wide-leaved saxifrage down by the river the fire of change was slowly kindling. I almost expected to see Pan stealing from a leafy covert to warm his hands at the glow of the leaves.

Don Danuelo had passed on to dry comfort while I snatched the few delicious moments to myself — soft dusk-moments when smell of earth is strong and sweet, and, if you crouch under a pine on the rim of the orchard as I did, you may hear the rustle of tiny, padding feet, and sense the presence of shy wood-creatures barely brushing the wide mullein leaves as they pass. White butterflies drifted, homing through the half-light; and down in the far field, that drops to the river, a thrush called a belated good-night. Your soul is lifted; you almost lose the weight of the human in you, and reach to the divine. On the heights you breathe spiritual air, and know what great pines stretching strong arms to the sky know. The wide earth holds — but the wider heavens call. If the exultant moment could last! But earth-born must cling fast to earth until the appointed time to rise shall come. And, somehow, with all our yearning and uplifting we never care to hasten that time.

The homely gathering-room of the rambling house turned an inviting face of light to me. Pine cones blazed on the hearth, mellowing the cool of evening; huge back-logs exuded aromatic rosin, and cheerfully sizzled an old wood-song to the fire-dogs as I crossed the porch to be with my kind.

The Judge, his long, lank frame conjuring up whimsical reminiscences of Don Quixote, was bending over a tin wash-basin set on a long bench, and much splashing of water deadened my footsteps. I joined Don Danuelo in the comfortable light and warmth, and huddled to the blaze, palms out, — these mountain evenings are cold and drive the warming blood from the finger-tips, — while the Don fussed about the desk addressing express tags. He was most generous to his friends — and in advertising his prowess. I have observed, in many years' wanderings and close observation of habits and quirks of men, that there is no pride like unto a fisherman's pride, the pride of pounds. A man would rather be considered a good sportsman than a hero. Mayhap the qualities are synonymous, only of different mixing. Don Danuelo swelled with more importance over his catch than he did, I warrant, when single-handed he quelled that desperate rising of lawless peons on his Mexican rancho. And that was a gallant deed, I have heard; he could never be cajoled into telling of it.

The Judge strode in, his curly hair flat and shining from much water. Don Danuelo, bristling with importance, thrust the basket under the judicial nose.

"Bait?" the Judge queried, lifting his eyebrows.

"Salmon roe, sir."

The Judge's interest faded to indifference, and he passed to the dining-room while the Don grumbled to himself. I tagged after the party in pretense of helping the overworked mistress of the house to serve the overlate supper; partly — I must confess cleanly — to pick up the crumbs of talk scattered about the fishermen's table.

The Señor, well brushed, was already in his place; something of the dignity of the night and the great trees was in his manner as he thanked me for the condiments I set before him. Frugally and silently he ate the supper of bacon and eggs, boylike showing me the cheek of a red apple tucked in the gray corduroy pocket, a *bonne bouche* for the night.

The Judge was belligerent; he liked to tilt. Don Danuelo was defensive between cups of strong black coffee and hearty replenishings of his plate.

"Flies are a snare," Don Danuelo declared, "not honest, a deception, a lure. You entice the fish — you have the fish — he, poor beggar, has nothing." His

positive crash of fist made the thick crockery rattle nervously.

"You —," the Judge began, the set of his mouth foretelling the trim of his sentiments.

Don Danuelo snatched the words from the Judge's mouth. "I, sir, give the poor beggar a delicious nibble, a compensation before I take him."

The Judge mumbled his reply; he always talked reflectively, but it was generally worth while straining to listen. "You give your victim his bribe, but he pays for it with his life — mighty like the grafter and his immunity promise. He gets the money, but moral death. I don't see that it 's much compensation. I catch my fish cleanly."

The Don fired up fiercely, and spluttered about feathers and tinsel until his face grew ruddier than the lamplight. Then he turned the tables.

"How many fish to-day, Judge?"

There was certainly malice in the well-directed question most suavely put.

A quick flush reddened the cavernous cheeks of the Judge's stern face.

"Three, sir, honestly caught in fair fight," he thundered.

The Judge was prone to study mountain flora, scurrying chipmunks, water ousels at their bobbing devotions under the white spray, swirl of water, drift of clouds, the many changing scenes born of earth and tree and sky; he too often forgot that when numbers and weight are in the balance, fishing is a very serious business. Bordering willows were draped thick with his snared leaders, and flies innumerable clung to the branches, and his basket oftenest came home empty; but his heart and head were always brimming with joy of river and wood. The question hit the sensitive point; a man does n't care to be tripped on his delinquencies.

"We come to fish," observed the Don, with a shrug; and drummed on the tablecloth to a hummed Spanish air — certainly a martial one.

The Señor sat mildly listening, taking no part in the joust. The Señor weighed his words before he spoke, perhaps because he did not know the twist of our tongue so well, perhaps because — if you balance your words some remain unspoken, and the measure remains unspilled. No matter, he was devoting himself to his supper, but I knew by the flash in his eyes that he was following the strife of opinions.

I fidgeted about the table, straightening the cloth, for I was not a little alarmed; the Judge's keen eyes snapped, his mouth set sharp like the coyote trap in the meadow; words waxed hot.

Then the Señor, quietly, when the Don paused for spluttering breath, told of the fish, the beautiful trout of many pounds, three or maybe four, he reckoned on his fingers in his charming foreign way, that he had hooked — and lost, alas! in the Evening pool.

"Ah!" He shook his gray head and breathed deeply. "Ah! that was a wonderful catch — that was not caught, gentlemen!"

"Mine must have weighed more," the Don, diverted, eagerly bragged. "Lordy! he felt like a whale. My line snapped, gentlemen, clean as a whistle, and he was gone."

"And mine," the Judge reminiscently softened, "I lifted to the surface — he was a monster. I saw his length as well as felt his weight. I suspected it was a dace until I caught the glisten of his sides."

Those lost fish that were hooked and never caught! What an air of serenity they brought to the company. Every fisherman's heart thrilled in common at the memory. No catch is ever as the lost catch; and how it grows as memory generously blurs as to weight and size! It 's the blessedness of life — believing more than the evidence of your eyes; the delusion is worth a sop to conscience. No matter if your pounds were only ounces, you have the satisfaction, the quality that makes joy of the little in life, the only true trail to happiness, where

fancy glosses the real, and in childlike faith you hold to it.

Those lost fish, the fisherman's hall-mark! The mysterious bond that brings together all that go down to the rivers. They never tire of telling, they never tire of listening, for all who cast, know; it is the world-wide sympathy that mellows and binds the craft, the genialest craft under the sun.

With their knees under the table they sat and listened to the time-mossed stories, interest ever new and keen in their hearts. Don Danuelo brought from his pocket a flask of rare old Scotch, and standing raised his glass.

"Gentlemen, to the lost fish! May their memory never grow old, nor their pounds less."

Before we had quite cleared the table, the Don apologetically wagged his head, and conceded there *was* skill in casting a line and dropping a fly — and, if he were younger — there was no telling —

The Judge generously hastened to admit that in some cases roe might be used and the man remain a fisherman. He courteously offered to eat his fiery words and soften his adamantine rule, bluntly laid down, with an occasional extenuating exception. The Judge was didactic, but just and great-hearted as to wounding feelings.

The Señor rose from his coffee.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it has been a God-given day. I wish you a good-night."

That sweep of his bow included us all; and he was gone, and more than the man went with him; we all felt the loss.

The Judge and the Don moved to the chimney corner, and talked over reaches and pools, disputing as to shadow and sun, the superiority of this over that side of the river, and minutely analyzed the habits of trout.

When the last dish was shelved, and the tired little woman was setting bread, I heard the tramp, tramp of the Señor's feet on the upper porch. I knew he was searching the stars and casting into deeper pools of thought than those of earth.

How cleanly, how frugally he lived, one with the stars, the trees, the birds, the restless river, an angling rod, and a book of philosophy for companions. Alone in the world, he peopled it for himself; and in closeness to nature he had crept very close to his God. It was our privilege to have been of his company.

What sordid husks our bodies are for beautiful souls! Don Danuelo to me was all tenderness and consideration. I fancy in memory of that near one, who sleeps long in the old Mexican home, his heart was softened to all women. And the Judge! His chivalry was most prized when he brought me puffs of delicate milkweed, glistening cascara-sagrada berries, and sprays of coral-beaded honeysuckle. The Señor laid at my feet remembrances of his old far-away home and honey of sweetness and wisdom from his beloved book, which shortened the days.

And I, only an ugly, withered, lone woman, who had wandered to the mountains, praying for health, of no comfort, beauty, nor sweetness to any one, received the largesse of their graciousness.

"A God-given day!" Good-night, Señor, Don Danuelo, Judge. May it be a God-given night for all three of you! May your baskets of the morrow be heaped and shining, each to his heart's desire.

And I close my eyes and sleep safe, knowing that there are yet hearts beating in the world for the old and friendless.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WHISTLER

BY SIDNEY STARR

When one speaks of Whistler now, it is with the consciousness that he is accepted as among the masters of painting. "*C'est un grand seigneur de la peinture qui s'en est allé*," says Arsène Alexandre.

To have known Whistler and the attitude of the art world and the picture-gallery-going public from 1873 to 1892, is, strange as it may sound, to wonder how this has come about; to wonder why people speak reverently of pictures so recently thought ridiculous, and to speculate as to how many would think them so now, had they but the courage. As indeed one man has, who paid what he thought a "steep price" to get "a Whistler," and confesses he can see nothing in it, wonders what artists do see; and could sell it for three or four times the sum he gave for it, yet keeps it in his possession.

I speak of Whistler as a painter only. As an etcher, I remember, London thought him "very clever," although Sir Seymour Haden had said that of his two collections he would part with his Rembrandts rather than his Whistlers. Critics nearly all spoke of his etchings with respect, until his finest period, when they pointed out how greatly he had deteriorated. For Whistler's painting, too, by the way, "clever" was the word. Sir John Millais's dictum, given in his *Life and Letters* by his son, is: "Clever a fellow as he [Whistler] is — a man who has never learnt the grammar of his art, whose drawing is as faulty as it can be, he thinks nothing of drawing a woman all out of proportion, with impossible legs and arms proceeding from no one knows where. Any affectation of superiority in style has its effect on certain minds, and attracts a certain number of followers." And Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley says: "Once he [Millais] seized me by the arm and made me go round the Grosvenor Gallery with him. He stopped longer than usual before a shadowy graceful portrait of a lady, by one of the most famous painters of our day — an arrangement in pink and gray, or rose and silver, shall I call it? At last, 'It's damned clever, it's a damned sight too clever,' and he dragged me on." This was about 1884, and the famous painter was, of course, Whistler; the portrait one of Lady Meux. But it seems Whistler somehow learned enough of the grammar of art to change the adjective; "clever" is not the word now at all.

Thinking of these things, it is interesting to go back to those years and recall what Whistler himself told me of his attitude toward the world of painting, toward the world that accepts or rejects painting, and to recall situations in which I saw him and noted what he said and did. No artist of our time, leaving us, has been the subject of so much writing, so many recollections. Never has unliterary painting caused so much literature. Not since Ruskin wrote has there been such word-painting about pictures. Before 1892 little of this appeared. In the above quotations Sir John Millais voices fairly well the whole tone of the leading journals. In France M. Duret, in England George Moore, Walter Sickert, and Joseph Pennell seem the only writers imbued with a spirit of appreciation. Whistler himself had, it is true, devoted the *Ten O'clock* and *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* to painting in words his art and his attitude. And perhaps his own writing inspired much that has followed. In this he was not only literary himself, but the cause of literature in others. And how characteristic that when Mr. Spielmann,

an art critic, spoke of his "quaintly acquired" copy of the lecture as "smart but misleading," Whistler should pause to note, "that if the lecture had not seemed misleading to him it would surely not have been worth uttering at all."

England in the seventies and eighties accepted as her picture-makers, roughly speaking, the Royal Academy for oil pictures and the "Old Society" for water-colors. The Grosvenor Gallery was more or less an annex to the Academy, with the exception of one or two men and Whistler; the former painting the serious pictures, the latter a *poseur* whose painting, as Tom Taylor wrote at the time, "belongs to the region of chaff." With Whistler the position was the same — himself and the others; but the definition was reversed: Whistler most seriously occupied with his personal vision, his sense of beauty; while the others were painting pictures with which he had little or no sympathy. To him they were "the commercial-travellers of Art, whose works are their wares and whose exchange is the Academy."

Whistler told me an incident which states the situation in two sentences. It seems that about 1874 there was talk of his portrait of Carlyle being bought for the nation. Sir George Scharf, then curator of the National Portrait Gallery, came to Mr. Graves's gallery in Pall Mall to see "the Carlyle" in this connection. Voicing precisely his public, all he said was, as he looked at it, —

"Well, and has painting come to this!"

"I told Mr. Graves," said Whistler, "that he should have said, 'No, it has n't.'"

It was some seventeen or eighteen years later that "the Carlyle" was bought for Glasgow, and it is these years that are interesting — the years of Whistler's fighting, during which I saw him continually, and when he was often in need of money. For it was not until 1892 that he sold his pictures to any great extent, or for anything like the prices achieved by "the commercial-travellers of Art."

Whistler's jaunty carriage before the world of London is well known. He was courage personified during this time of fluctuating finances, pawning his large gold medal from Paris one day, lending £500 to the Society of British Artists the next. He often found "a long face and a short account at the bank," as he said one day. Once he spoke in the manner of an injured child of the sums So-and-So, R. A., made, while he had little or nothing. I told him he could not expect to live like a prince and paint like a prince; that the R. A.'s painted to please the public and reaped their reward.

"I don't think they do," he demurred, "I think they paint as well as they can."

"People like, as they say, 'to look into a picture.' They adore Tadema's pictures because they can 'look into' the marble," I told him.

"Well," said Whistler, "they can look into mine, they're simple enough. Yes, I suppose they do love to see what they call 'earnest work,' but they ought not to see it. My only objection to Tadema's pictures is that they are unfinished."

I spoke of one R. A. as being a better painter than another, pointing out the difference.

"Well," he said indifferently, "it's a nasty difference."

I spoke of the young men then exhibiting, some of whom are now R. A.'s or A. R. A.'s.

"They are all tarred," said he, "with the same brush; they are of the schools."

Of one, who was held to be England's most brilliant young artist, "Yes," he said thoughtfully, "he 's clever, but there 's something common in everything he does, so what 's the use of it?"

All of which would show that Whistler had but little time for any but his own work, as indeed few great men have, much as we like to think to the contrary. He told me a story demonstrating this most clearly. His Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Valparaiso, was in the Hill Collec-

tion in Brighton. Mr. Hill had two galleries and a well-known collection, eventually sold at Christie's. Whistler went down to see Mr. Hill, and said he, —

"I was shown into the galleries, and of course took a chair and sat looking at my beautiful Nocturne; then, as there was nothing else to do, I went to sleep."

Mr. Hill came in later to find him — dreaming of it probably. And I remember when Walter Sickert, a pupil of Whistler, in an article on the Manchester "Art Treasures" Exhibition, spoke of Lord Leighton's Harvest Moon in terms of praise, a telegram came from Whistler, Chelsea, to Sickert, Hampstead, in these words, —

"The Harvest Moon rises over Hampstead and the cocks of Chelsea crow."

But with those of his circle with whom Whistler was *not* quarreling, never was a kinder, a more delightful friend. And it was in those days that he said, "Yes, we are always forgiving Walter."

Alas! for another pupil, soon in disgrace, never forgiven, who, when scenting the end of Whistler's presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists, and foreseeing a sinking ship, handed in his resignation some months ahead of time. Whistler said with a grim smile, "The early rat."

He was disposed of in the *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, in Whistler's best manner, without mentioning his name, and a final, "You will blow out your brains, of course."

Mr. Singer, in his monograph on Whistler, describes in some detail the continuous quarrels, and the long line of friends passing down and out. But with some few at least he never quarreled, — G. H. Boughton, R. A., Albert Moore, and others I could name. That Moore and Boughton were men loved by their friends and held in high esteem by their brother artists, would seem little to the point, if Whistler found occasion for quarrel. Boughton, an Academician, whose work "was prettier than most of 'em," and Moore, whose work he said was beautiful, were his friends to the end. Of the work of others I have heard him speak in praise on occasion, — of that of C. E. Holloway whom he helped as he did many another; of that of Charles Keene and A. B. Houghton, over whose drawings of American subjects, and illustrations to Don Quixote, he grew quite enthusiastic one evening, talking to Mrs. Whistler and myself, in the blue dining-room of his house in Chelsea.

But in Bond Street, his battle-ground, he was usually the Whistler of the "gentle answer that sometimes turneth not away wrath." Going into the Fine Art Society's Galleries with him one day, we met at the door a once popular R. A., now knighted I believe, whom I knew only by sight and so went on into the galleries, leaving the two talking. On Whistler's coming to me I said, — on mischief intent, —

"Who on earth was that to whom you spoke?"

"Really, now," he answered, "I forget, but whoever it *was*, it's some one of no importance, you know, no importance whatever."

It was in Bond Street too that Whistler went into the gallery, then full of Doré's pictures, and asked the man who solicited subscriptions for engravings of the works on view, if a certain Academician's large religious picture was not on exhibition there.

"No; that," said the man, "is much lower down."

"Impossible," said the delighted Whistler.

Yes, Whistler could be hard on his "commercial-travellers of Art." When President of the Royal Society of British Artists, he was oblivious to every interest but the quality of the work shown. When asked to hang the pictures one year in the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool, he was occupied in making the butterfly's sting felt in very truth on the walls; on one wall at least, which to the people and to one artist, was the most important, Whistler placed Sir Luke Fildes's Doc-

tor in the centre. The picture showed a doctor watching a sick child. Around this he grouped all the pictures he could find of dying people, convalescents, and the like, with a still-life of medicine bottles which he was delighted to discover. Of course the hanging of this wall caused comment. "But," as Whistler said, when with ill-concealed glee he related the story, "I told them" — and he shook his forefinger impressively — "I told them I wished to emphasize that particular school."

"And what did you put on the opposite wall?" I asked.

"Oh, Leighton's — I really forget what it was."

"But that is different, you know," said I.

"No," he said with a somewhat bewildered look at my ignorance, "it's really the same thing."

In his Tite Street studio Whistler had shown me some canvases, one of them a Venus in low tones of ivory and gray-blue, bathed in the warm evening afterglow, a note of red on the ivory drapery, and spoke of painting a larger canvas of it soon. He never did. The study hung some years later between the windows of his dining-room in Cheyne Walk. Later we rode on our way to dine at the Café Royal. Whistler leaned forward in the hansom and looked at the Green Park in the dusk, sweet and fresh after the rain; at the long line of lights reflected shimmering in the wet Piccadilly pavement, and said, —

"Starr, I have not dined, as you know, so you need not think I say this in any but a cold and careful spirit; it is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful things, than to live like Dives and paint pot-boilers. But a painter really should not have to worry about — 'various,' you know. Poverty may induce industry, but it does not produce the fine flower of painting. The test is not poverty, it's money. Give a painter money and see what he 'll do; if he does not paint, his work is well lost to the world. If I had had — say, £3000 a year, what beautiful things I could have done!"

Then he laughed and told me that Carlyle said he liked Whistler's portrait of him because Whistler had given him clean linen. Watts, Carlyle said, had painted a portrait of him and given him a green collar.

I first met Whistler one night at a party in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. He was standing near a bank of flowers, an amused quizzical look on his face; the woman to whom he was talking was laughing. The daughter of the house introduced me to him. He said he had seen a picture of mine in Liverpool — "a picture amongst the paint," he said, and told me always to paint things exactly as I saw them. He always did. "Young men think they should paint like this or that painter. Be quite simple, no fussy foolishness, you know; and don't try to be what they call 'strong.' When a picure 'smells of paint,'" he said slowly, "it 's what they call 'strong.'"

Whistler painted things exactly as he saw them. How absurd that seemed to people when I in my youthful enthusiasm told them that he did, that he had told me he did. And indeed I am puzzled now, as I said in the beginning, to think that people covet his pictures. For what should they care about an art so elusive, painting so dependent on its exquisite quality for its appeal; a painter so absorbed in the painter's poetry, so full of the "amazing invention" that puts "form and color into such perfect harmony that exquisiteness is the result."

Perhaps it is not the beauty of the work but the personality of the painter that wrought this miracle. For it is not like that of Burne-Jones, who conjured with the glamour of old stories, visions of "faerie lands forlorn" (the poor construction of his sexless figures is unseen by his admirers, allured by the obvious sense of beauty); nor that of Rossetti, who "painted poems and wrote pictures;" nor that of Millais, who in his youth was in the position of Whistler, in that it was

Millais and the others. For Millais, in his earlier years an artist, said, "People had better buy my pictures now, when I am working for fame, than a few years later, when I shall be married and working for a wife and children," — giving them stories in his marvelous canvases, and later again stories or "catchy" titles with his obvious pot-boilers, of which he had forewarned his world. Whistler cared for none of this. It was the miraculous birth of the picture, the appearance of effortless completion that he desired more and more. To this end he adopted, from the first, a method — " a scientific proceeding," he said, — probably the simplest ever used by any painter and for his purpose the most unerring. He never changed it, save to paint more thinly as time went on, as did Velasquez.

The first words Whistler said to me on my first visit to his studio were, "It don't smell of paint, does it?" He was painting a portrait of Sir Henry Cole, then director of the South Kensington Museum, — a tall dark portrait of a man in a long cloak of dark blue, turned back over the right shoulder, a man with a ruddy face and a white stubby beard. Before he spoke he put a slow decisive stroke on the right cheek-bone and then stood back. The sitting was over, and that was the last stroke he put on that canvas. The portrait was never finished, for Sir Henry Cole died soon after, and I never knew Whistler to touch a canvas without the sitter.

When a student in 1874, I had seen Whistler's first exhibition in Pall Mall, and wrote to a friend, "You can paint a dress-suit black, if you like, — and Whistler can make a canvas look like the water and sky of the Thames at night, and not like paint."

Of the portrait of Miss Alexander, George Moore wrote in 1892 as "surely the loveliest in the world." Mr. Christian Brinton, understanding it so charmingly, writes in a recent article, "The greatest galleries of the world can show nothing more lovely, more appealing, or more sensitive." But in 1883 at the Private View of the Grosvenor Gallery, what an absurd, "ugly" thing every one thought it, even the artists, with few exceptions. The critics had nothing but abuse for it, as witness: —

"A large etching in oil, a 'rhapsody in raw child and cobwebs,' by Mr. Whistler," from *The Artist;* and "Mr. Whistler's single contribution is a child's portrait . . . uncompromisingly vulgar," from *The Magazine of Art.*

But perhaps " this is the only tribute possible from the Mob to the Master," though the names of the journals, since dead, would seem misleading. Joseph Pennell points out in his preface to *The Works of Charles Keene,* that the English critics did not speak of Charles Keene as a great artist until he was dead, and then they misunderstood his work. W. E. Henley says that R. A. M. Stevenson created art criticism in England. That before his criticisms, culminating in the book on Velasquez, art criticism did not exist. Both Pennell and Henley seem severe, but a study of the subject inclines one to agree with them.

When the Miss Alexander hung in the Goupil Gallery in the Whistler exhibition of 1892, it had gained in beauty. Whether the original coat of varnish had been rubbed off, I do not know, but a coat of varnish had recently been put on it. The picture was more delicate in quality, the whites having gained translucence in the ten years or so of its life. Certainly just before the exhibition, Whistler had told me of the man in Berners Street, Oxford Street, " the finest picture-restorer in the world," whose broad thumb was then taking the original coat of varnish from one of his larger canvases, he did not say which. George Moore and I were looking at this portrait, hung at one end of the large room in the old galleries in Bond Street, but we were not long allowed to forget that our idea of the beautiful was not popular. A large pompous person, with a party of ladies in his wake, stopped before it and said with

a sweep of the arm, "If I could endorse these things. I would, but I can't."

Those were his very words. I said to Moore, "He has no need to say that, all he has to do is to stand there."

When the Miss Alexander was in the studio before it went to the Grosvenor, Whistler told me that Tom Taylor, art critic of *The Times*, came to see it. There were other visitors. Taylor said, "Ah, yes, um;" then remarked that the upright line in the paneling of the wall was wrong and the picture would be better without it, adding, "Of course it 's a matter of taste." To which Whistler replied, "I thought that perhaps for once you were going to get away without having said anything foolish; but remember, so that you may not make the mistake again, it 's not a matter of taste at all, it is a matter of knowledge. Good-by."

It was curious to note the effect of Whistler's pictures in a general exhibition, the intrusion of his art among the hitherto little-disturbed ideals of the British public. A work by Whistler made all others on that wall appear as if done by one man, of the same colors, key, and facture, whatever the subject. It was startling, and one felt the truth of his statement that "They were all tarred with the same brush." And once The Fur-Jacket hung in the Goupil Galleries and on the opposite wall a large Fortuny. One would imagine that the Fortuny would sparkle and the Whistler would look sombre. No, the beautiful tone of the whole canvas, the delicate flush on the face of the figure by Whistler made the Fortuny look "black," in spite of its emerald greens, pinks, and yellows.

Of Whistler's presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists and his endeavor to make it an "art-centre," I shall speak only of such things as are not well known, or not known at all — a difficult thing to do in this connection. He exhibited in the society some of his best work. His first contribution, I think, was the portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth. This beautiful canvas is but little known; the first reproduction I have seen of it since his death is in *The Work of James McNeill Whistler*, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. It was painted some years before its exhibition in the Royal Society. In earlier years Whistler painted many portraits showing the face in profile. Later, one may observe he nearly always chose the full face. Walter Sickert asked him why he no longer painted profiles. "Oh, the blue Alsatian Mountains," said he.

As I was a member of the society and on the hanging-committee twice during his active career, I naturally saw the effect which Whistler's personality and the enforcing of his principles had on the "British" that afterwards "remained," as well as on the "artists" who "came out." Whistler gained from Queen Victoria permission to prefix the title "Royal," much coveted by art societies in London, and invited the present King and Queen, then the Prince and Princess of Wales, to visit the exhibition. The Prince, on coming up the staircase, asked the President what the society was, saying that he had "never heard of it." The society is the oldest in London with the exception of the Royal Academy, but the appropriate answer was with Whistler, and he said, "Sir, it dates from to-day."

The Prince laughed good-naturedly, and then learned of the society's antiquity and of the charter it alone possessed. Whistler told me that the Princess particularly liked my picture, and on my showing gratification, said with a diabolical twinkle in his eye, "But she also liked that," and pointed to one by a "British" artist artfully hidden in a corner.

There came a press-day when Whistler's picture was not there, only the frame on the wall. It was the custom of the society, instituted before Whistler's time and not discontinued by him, to provide for the press a well-spread table and such comfort as a good cellar contains, to cheer them as they appraised the pictures. Telegrams were sent imploring the placing of the President's canvas. But

the only answer that came was, "The Press have ye always with you. Feed my lambs."

A smoking-concert followed during the exhibition. At this one critic said to the master, "Your picture is not up to your mark, it is not good this time."

"You should not say it is n't good, you should say you don't like it, and then, you know, you 're perfectly safe; now come and have something you do like, have some whiskey," said Whistler.

But on the adverse vote being cast which ended his leadership of and connection with the society, he said to a group of the men he was leaving, "Now I understand the feelings of all those who, since the world began, have tried to save their fellow-men."

Albert Moore's comment to Whistler on this episode was, "If I had a flying-machine, do you think I 'd hitch it to an old omnibus?"

But Whistler's example in the society was the most artistic blow ever aimed at the Royal Academy. "Royal Commissions" had glanced off, attacks from outsiders had missed their aim, but Whistler's eventually resulted in the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and landed squarely on the closed jaw. Only once, I think, did Whistler revisit his old society's rooms. It was when a picture of Lord Leighton's had been secured and hung in a centre. The members led their visitor up to it and pointed with pride to their acquisition. Putting his monocle in his eye and surveying the canvas, "Yes," said he, "it 's quite beautiful, like a diamond in the sty."

In the Tite Street studio Whistler closed the large door and used a narrow one, three steps leading up to it. Leaving this door open, he would go down the steps and stand in the passage to look at his work. Through the door, the light coming from the large window on the left, one saw the tall canvas. The portrait finished, one forgot the canvas and became conscious only of M. Duret, Sarasate, or Rosa Corder in the late afternoon light. I remember one afternoon he met me at the front door and led me by the arm to the foot of the steps, saying, "There he is, eh? Is n't that it, eh? All balanced by the bow, you know. See how he stands!" It was Sarasate. And when the portrait was exhibited Whistler said, "They talk about my painting Sarasate standing in a coal-cellar, and stupidities like that. I only know that he looked just as he does in my picture when I saw him play in St. James's Hall."

Once I found him looking thoughtfully at the portrait of a lady whose husband had just left the studio, having come to see it, now that it was finished.

"That," said he, indicating the portrait, "is a crime. I have been so long over it and the man has been so nice about it, that I feel ashamed of myself. He seemed to like that very much," pointing to a life-sized figure of a little Chelsea girl, standing legs apart, arms akimbo, with a white pinafore and rosy cheeks. "Do you know, I think I 'll pack that in the case with the portrait and send it to him as a gift." And he did.

We walked from the studio to his house in The Vale, and on the way he told me he had given up smoking. "The ease with which I did it," said he, "is delightful to me. I just let it go, that 's all;" and he waved it away with his wand in a yellow-gloved hand. Later he again made tiny cigarettes, in the intervals of work or in the evening after dinner.

There was a young American painter then in England, Aubrey Hunt, and a good painter he was. After the private view of a collection of his pictures, a party of four, one of whom was Whistler and another the art critic of a London paper, were seated around a table conversing and commenting. All at once Whistler said, —

"What are you going to say about Aubrey Hunt's pictures in your paper, Willie?"

"Oh, I shall say just what I think, you know."

"No, you won't, Willie, you 'll say they 're damned good, that 's all."

"Oh, but I could n't do that, you know."

"Why not, Willie? Albert Wolff saw a play, and his criticism in his paper consisted of two lines, the title of the play, and his opinion, thus: —

"'*Le Roi s'Amuse.*

"'*Il était seul.*'

"You just put,

"'Aubrey Hunt's Pictures.

"'They are damned good.'"

Upon further protests Whistler said, "I 'd do it if I were you, and hand in my resignation at the same time, and — what a perfect exit, you know!"

All London came to Prince's Hall to hear Whistler deliver his *Ten O'clock*. The following comments which I heard are illuminating: —

E. A. Abbey said he thought he had heard it all before.

Lady —— said, "Yes, he is a very clever man."

On the platform behind the curtain his old fellow student, now Sir Edward Poynter, P. R. A.. shook hands with the lecturer, saying, "I congratulate you, Whistler; you said a great many things that, er — ought to be said," and rapidly vanished.

M. Duret remarked to me, "He was describing himself, he and Hokusai are the two great artists."

After this, Whistler turned to me and said, "Did you see 'em [the critics]? They were all sittin' in a row close up, on my left; did you see me shake my finger at 'em?"

The *Ten O'clock* was given at Oxford in April. I went down with Whistler and his brother, "Doctor Willie," to put up at the historic Mitre. The lecture-hall was small, with primitive benches, and the audience was small in comparison with that of London. The lecture was delivered impressively, but lacking the original emphasis and sparkle. Whistler hated to do anything twice over, and this was the third time; but it was on record. When asked to make a drawing of one of his pictures for some publication or other, he had said, "You cannot lay your egg twice."

So on our return to the hotel there was no word of the lecture. Mr. Manners, the original sentry in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "Iolanthe," who was staying at the Mitre, was asked to come into our room, and he sang for us "The Contemplative Sentry," the second verse slightly altered to our ears, as thus: —

When in that house R. A.'s divide,
If they 've a brain and cerebellum too,
They 've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of Artists all in close proximity,
A-thinking for themselves is what
No man can face with equanimity.

Next day the master firmly refused to spend time in Oxford: "In the spring landscape was loveliest in London."

On Cheyne Walk, not many doors from the house in which Rossetti secluded himself, was in the latter years of his life that of Whistler, with its old-world garden, where beyond the lawn and the mulberry-tree were the flower-beds and the summer-house; on Sunday afternoons in summer here stood the tea-table, and the master and his wife were at home. Sometimes Whistler would make a lithograph of his guests sitting about the table, not talking as he worked, dressed in a blue serge suit, the "pilot-coat" buttoned, the ends of his black ribbon tie floating over the lapels, his narrow-brimmed straw hat, with black ribbon band, a-tilt over his nose. Or if he were writing a letter to the paper, he would read it to them. With the *Gentle Art of Making Enemies* fresh in the field and Albert Moore in his audience, he read one Sunday the trial scene with dramatic significance. Often it was my good fortune to stay for dinner and spend the evening *en famille*. Many interesting things happened in the blue and white dining-room; here evolved the construction of annotations to the destruction of the annotated in the *Gentle Art;* while the lovely little gold and

green frog, Mrs. Whistler's model for decorations in a book of fairy-tales, would jump, turning a back somersault from her finger, three feet to the Nankin centrepiece. Sometimes Whistler would play the devil's tattoo on the table and look the part so well that I would say, —

"Would you do all that to them?"

Then Mrs. Whistler would say, "Oh, Jimmy, you 'll be rich, I 'm sure, soon; look at his eyebrows, Mr. Starr; people with eyebrows like that always get rich."

Once I was speaking of B. R. Haydon's vivid autobiography, and Whistler looked up from the copper-plate of The Tragetto, which he was retouching with dry-point, saying, "Yes, Haydon, it seems, went into his studio, locked the door, and before beginning to work, prayed God to enable him to paint for the glory of England. Then seizing a large brush, full of bitumen, he attacked his huge canvas, and of course — God fled."

Only once, that I remember, did Whistler speak to me of the early days in Lindsey Row. One summer night after dinner and the mild game of whist, which Whistler, Mrs. Whistler, her sister, and I used to play, the master had taken me to the door to look at the river. The night lured us down the path to the gate and then on by Don Saltero's walk and Lindsey Row, and Whistler told me of The Balcony, at which we had been looking in his studio before dinner, and other things he had painted there, in the room with windows facing south, — and how beautiful the things observed, how difficult to execute in that south light! Then, indicating Battersea Reach lying bathed in the mysterious bloom of a summer night, he said, "Starr, now please point out the detail which Burne-Jones said my nocturnes lack; of course you can see it, now, please."

We walked back, and "New" Battersea Bridge was before us; his "old" bridge was gone. But that was not troubling him, he had ensured its life well enough. I asked him if the southern exposure of the room in which he was then working troubled him.

"Yes," he said, "it did; but Ruskin lives in the North, you know, and a southern exposure troubled him, rather, eh?"

The Falling Rocket was on the market in those years, and could have been bought for much less than its price in 1892. Messrs. Dowdeswell had it for some time. I spoke of its beauty, quality, and so forth, one day to Mr. Walter Dowdeswell, who said that apparently few people thought as I did, for no one seemed to wish to buy it. The Falling Rocket is now in the Metropolitan Museum, lent by its owner, Mr. Samuel Untermyer. When it came to America. Whistler wrote a postscript to one of his letters as follows: —

"Give us all details as to its safe arrival, and as to how my lovely little 'Rocket' is liked. You must tell them all about 'its place in history.' And let Mr. Untermyer know that he possesses the famous Nocturne that was the destruction of Ruskin. . . ." (With the Butterfly signmanual.)

And in another: "You know that I am greatly pleased, although the picture will now be so far away. Still I certainly do not wish my works in London. Already since the exhibition in Bond Street several pictures have gone to America, and the Ruskin lot will be furious about 'The Fallen Rocket.' Of course you must write and tell me all about the picture — how it looks and how it is liked. In short, I look forward to your next with the greatest possible interest."

One more extract from a later letter gives the atmosphere of 1892: —

"Our address is as you see, Paris, — and I must say I am delighted with the place. The dreariness and dullness of London was at last too depressing for anything — and after the exhibition there was really nothing to stay for. Indeed the exhibition itself summed up the situation most beautifully. It was, as you remember, a complete triumph — crowning all my past victories. No farther

fighting necessary — I could at last come away to this land of light and joy where honors are heaped upon me, and Peace threatens to take up her abode in the garden of our pretty pavilion. However, I do not promise that I shall not, from time to time, run over to London, in order that too great a sense of security may not come upon the people!"

And now he was in Paris, and he had his triumph. Fortune came to him, and sorrow. Still his goddess remained with him "loving and fruitful." She who had "never turned aside in moments of hope deferred — of insult — and of ribald misunderstanding."

"But his face was sadder with a shadow of gravity like the twilight of his Nocturnes, intangible, but very real. In point of fact even at the moment of success life pressed hard on Whistler. He laughed it to scorn in his lordly fashion. But Life can always take revenge if only by wearing out the man who contemns it just as effectually as the man who gives in." [1]

[1] Arsène Alexandre, in *Les Arts*, October, 1903.

Was Whistler lonely? Perhaps so. Not in the sense of companionship while his wife lived, and he always had friends who loved him; but the companionship of those he seldom or never saw, the sense of being in tune with "some few of his blood," — he felt this loss. When Swinburne wrote his ill-considered article, he felt that. He was writing the answer one evening when I went in. He read it to me. "Why, O brother?" and, "Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or, in our Father's house are there so many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognize your kin?"

And he meant it as it is written. So he did the reproof "Who are you, deserting your Muse, that you should insult my Goddess with familiarity?"

It was in his voice, as was the contempt in "Poet and Peabody." He spoke of this afterwards and said he was lonely, "but one expected it." Mallarmé, too, had told him that he wrote beautiful things, but no one understood them, and he was lonely, lonely, "*comme le cerf — le cerf de Fontainebleau.*"

TO A GREEK BOOTBLACK

BY O. W. FIRKINS

In a dusk and scant retreat,
Fronting on the noisy street,
Six lads, quick of hands and feet,
Ply a trade for song unmeet,
  In the passer's careless view:
I, from Saxon loins that rose —
Churl or swain or serf — who knows? —
High-reared, propping heels and toes,
Brood in meditant repose
  O'er the Greek who blacks my shoe.

Round black head that fronts my knees,
Cheeks whose tint might tempt the bees,

Profile scarcely formed to please
Myron or Praxiteles,
  Yet of dainty mould and coy;
Eyes whose owner ne'er may guess
What appealing tenderness,
Dream-like in their veiled recess,
Deep and dark their spheres express —
  Longings alien to the boy.

Reascends the ancient æon:
Winds that o'er the broad Ægæan
Skyward lift the joyous pæan,
Chanted as with pipes Pandæan
  O'er the Persian's broken line;
Trail of purple-hemmed himations,
Foam and fragrance of libations,
Viols, harp and flute vibrations,
  Olives, and the Chian vine.

Not for him the dream is spun;
From his lips, unheeding one,
In a hasting torrent run
Accents strange to Xenophon,
  Tones Cithæron never knew:
What to him the ages' sickle?
What the thought that time is fickle?
Brisk, he takes the proffered nickel;
  Eager, seeks the waiting shoe.

Meagre, in this narrowed sluice,
Flows the rich-hued Attic juice;
Shrunken ward of fallen Zeus,
I thy sandal should unloose —
  Sandals — they are vanished too!
Sad eclipse of antique splendor!
Poor blue shirt and crossed suspender!
Tribute gladly would I render;
Tears, or smiles than tears more tender —
  Little Greek that blacks my shoe.

EXILE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

SOUTHERN California has a wonderful climate. Day after day the sun rises, makes his diurnal course, and sets in the same cloudless serenity; day after day a royal blue covers the sky from mountain rim to the ocean's horizon; night after night the stars shine with the joy and freshness of new created things. This immobility of splendor, this monotony of glory, begins at last to chafe one's spirit. Northern inconstancy cannot endure this sameness. The law of the North is eternal flux, — sequence of seasons, sunshine and showers, June and December, clouds and transparency. We of the North are but aliens here, temporary sojourners; we cannot become liegemen to the South. To this sensation of estrangement upon our part California exhibits absolute indifference. The royal shapes of this kingdom: the proud modulation of the earth from the flat borders of the placid ocean to the steep sides of the gray-green Sierras, the rising slopes, the swelling mounds, the languorous curves and hollows of the foothills, proclaim haughtily, "California farà da se," — "California is sufficient unto herself; stay or go as you please." In her hospitality, which seemed to the newcomer so prodigal, she opened her lovely arms but not her heart. We are admitted to her gardens, to her outer courts, welcomed to her fruits and flowers, the glistening oak leaf and silvery shining olive, to the music of the palm branches and the silken fringe of the eucalyptus acorns, with all the stately Spanish courtesy of this teeming land; but the central intimacy — the inner content, the complete appreciation — is reserved for the native-born. California's privacy is her own, and the stranger cannot enter. It might be guessed, with what justice I cannot tell, that this last barrier is mere illusion, or that we ourselves erect it. Perhaps the reserve that we impute to California is after all merely our own deficiency; for, in spite of this royal reception, this queenly hospitality, the sojourner from the North becomes homesick.

California was created by nature in the full flood of a High Renaissance; Genii of the earth — a Bonifazio, a Paul Veronese — have been at work, with their gaudy beauty, their extravagance of color, their prodigal portion of gorgeousness. There is too much; the thinner northern nature shrinks into itself, it cannot rest easy before this superb abundance, and hangs back like a shy child when fetched to a banquet. The inward eye turns to other scenes, to a lower scale of color, a meaner standard of beauty, a narrower range of sensation. This very richness keeps reminding us that we are exiles.

There is something wantonly capricious in humanity. At home we are impatient with tameness and familiarity; ennui — subtlest of creeping things — crawls up on its belly: "Why not eat of the rich fruit of the South?" We eat; and exile is our punishment. The stern officer of retribution, Homesickness, holds up a picture of what we have left. Not Veronese in all his splendor can paint as Homesickness paints. The old familiar scenes, refined, etherealized, transfused with light, quiver in an "intenser day:" — the little library, its time-stained, finger-spotted books, the broad windows, the narrow sward, the great elm, the slope down to the brook, the hill beyond, where the winter sun sets as if on the edge of Paradise. We hear the wind whistling through the hemlocks, the dogs jumping and barking, Tom's

boots creaking as he bears logs into the hall, all sweet as Christmas carols. Household figures come like bringers of a gospel. Neighbors pass, — the parson, the schoolmaster, the doctor, the grocer's man, the tinsmith's boy, the schoolgirl with her red muffler, the old lady across the way, the elderly cousin twice removed, — all Shakespearean characters; what life, what humanity, what diversity, what subtlety, what range and compass of affection and interest! How could we be blind to all this? What hung a curtain before our eyes? What put poison into familiarity? Why can we not perceive the worth of all our common things without its being necessary that the genius of life should take pain or sin "to stab our spirits broad awake?" Is this numbness, this blank stupidity, the work of the heart or of the head? is it egotism, fed on idleness and vulgarity, or is it the darkness of unimagination? Sometimes we do not open our eyes to the beauty of home until death has cut into it and marred it forever; no man can be too grateful to the genius of life that she wakes him up by the gentler stab of exile. Yet exile though beneficent is stern; it makes its lessons effective. The vision of beauty left behind brings inseparably with it the conscious pain of absence. The exile cannot forget his maim.

But all exiles are not to blame. Some are banished by the tyrant, ill health; some by that other tyrant, poverty; and in old days some were banished by a tyrant king or demagogue. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and readers have got much good from that institution of exile. Some of the most touching pages of poetry are due to it. At times one grasps at the idea of banishing all our poets to see what would come of it. What is more loaded with feeling than Dante's lines: —

> Thou shalt leave everything loved most dearly;
> Thou shalt prove how salt the taste
> Of another man's bread, how hard a path it is
> To go up and down another man's stairs.

In those days exile was a serious matter. The exile lost his means of livelihood, and must earn his salt bread as best he might; and the very narrowness of his country, a few acres within encircling walls and a few square miles round about, gave love of it an intensity that such men as we, whose country is a continent, cannot understand. His fellow citizens were all individuals; he knew all the members of his guild, all the prosperous merchants, all the great families, the Uberti, the Donati, the Cavalcanti, the Guidi, the Lamberti, their fortresses, their men-at-arms, their varlets, their link-bearers, the iron-work on their gates, the machicolations on their turrets, their incomes, their spendings, their animosities, and affections. One thinks with a chill of that winter day on which Dante was banished from Florence, when he left wife and children, the familiar walls, the oft-trodden streets, the well-known fields, the olive orchards, the color-loving waters of the Arno, when he looked for the last time on the sweep of hills that half girdle Florence from San Miniato to Fiesole. From his grief and anger, better than from all the historians, we learn what Florence was, with her well-beloved baptistery, her churches, her towers, her pride in herself, and her children's pride in her.

> Ungrateful Florence, Dante sleeps afar.

He would not go back unless he should receive the poet's crown in all honor from his self-humbling fellow citizens; and the Florentines displayed no tendency toward self-humiliation.

Loneliness is the most poignant of sorrows, and the exile in California longs for sympathy and the company of other exiles as lonely as he. I betook myself to my one source of comfort, my landlord's library, and looked over the shelves to find some companion for my mood; but except for Dante and a few lines in Shakespeare I found little. There was Edward Everett Hale's story of *The Man without a Country*, but that did not square with my humor. At last I found,

tucked away on a lower shelf with sundry Latin school-books, an Ovid. The words "Allen & Greenough" were a talisman to evoke long-slumbering memories. At Harvard College, in a time midway between nearness and real remoteness, there used to be a course in Latin, known as Latin II; twice a week a lot of boys struggled with the colloquies between Davos and Geta, as those two slaves for their part struggled to unravel the snarl in which their gay young masters, Romanized Greeks swaggering in Athens, had tangled their sweethearts, their fathers, and themselves. Terence's cribbed plots and borrowed characters, the old jokes and simulations of merriment, were a very lugubrious business between lectures; but when the boys had trooped in and ranged themselves noisily on the benches, had rotated like little dogs preparing to lie down, had kicked their nearest neighbors, had gazed about to see who was *cutting* and who had his trot beneath his desk; when the preliminary five minutes for adjustment of mind and body were up, a pleasant voice from the professor's desk asked Mr. X if he would render in English such and such a scene. Mr. X mumbled a few words, fumbled for his trot, tried to catch a whisper from behind, and flunked. At this the professor, in his pleasant voice, as if it were his turn to take up a thread most satisfactorily left by Mr. X, began to read in capital vernacular the old Roman dialogue, blending slang and colloquial phrases very much as certain notable *dramatis personæ* of Harvard at that time used to do, — Connors the dog-fancier, Horace the Expressman, Billy the Postman, — and threw a glow of humor from his genial face over all the scene, until the poor old Latin mummies rose up, limbered out, and walked. It was indeed a miracle; and in this care-dispelling, kindly way Professor Greenough went through life.

The reminiscences suggested by the words "Allen & Greenough" seemed to bring Ovid nearer, and yet what had I to do with the old Roman rhymester, with his hexameters and pentameters, his *Metamorphoses* and *Ars Amatoria?* However, as I met no other exile, I picked him up, Publius Ovidius Naso. He told his own story. He was a fashionable poet in Rome "under the good Augustus." His father, a gentleman of birth, brought his two sons to Rome to be educated. Both were intended for political careers, and both studied accordingly; but Publius dawdled over verses. The paternal warning was in vain. "Studium quid inutile temptas? Why waste your time over that stuff? Even Homer did not leave a penny.' But Publius "lisped in numbers for the numbers came," and when his brother died he could afford *temptare inutile studium*. He frequented the older poets. He had the honor to read Macer's verses in manuscript. Propertius and he belonged to the same club; Ponticus, famous for his epic, and Bassus, for his iambics, were his chums. There is great autumnal pathos in this casual reference to forgotten names, like that when looking at urns discovered in a catacomb; the pleasure of affection, the pride of intimacy, the joy of youth and poetry, all obliterated two thousand years ago, and none but a few students (*studiosi comati*) to read even their names. Ovid saw the great Virgil — *Vergilium vidi tantum* — and listened to Horace recite his odes. Tibullus, to his regret, had died before his day. And as Ovid grew in distinction the younger poets frequented him in their turn.

It was a careless time. The riches of the world flowed into Rome, — taxes, tribute, slaves, merchants, officials, proselytizing priests, appellants, country gentlemen, provincial aristocrats, foreign princes, remote ambassadors; in this hothouse of peace and conquest, palaces, temples, forums, arches, sprang up like mushrooms. The flash and flare of newly acquired riches, the push of social life, the fever of Cæsarian fortune, the dashing naughtiness of the Princess Julia,

made fashion very gay. Many a time the young poets watched the rising sun gild the roof of the Capitol. Ovid was in the thick of amusement. He wrote his *Amores*, besides other amatory verse which in soberer moments he concluded to burn; he made songs in honor of Corinna (was she the Princess Julia?) that were sung throughout the town. His heart, he says, was very susceptible. To induce him to settle down, his parents got him a "worthless, useless wife." That union was brief; his second wife, though blameless, was also transitory; but the third was a true and loyal companion. At fifty he was a prosperous gentleman, a grandfather; his house was near the Capitol; his poems were famous throughout the Roman world, familiar to all the city; he himself was the centre of literary society; suddenly the god, Cæsar Augustus, hurled his thunderbolt, and Ovid was banished for life to the borders of the Black Sea.

The cause of his banishment — "folly, error, not willful wrong-doing" — was, he says, known to everybody, but discretion keeps him from mentioning it. It could not have been political, for no one profited by political stability more than Ovid; it could hardly have been making love to Princess Julia, for she was now forty-six years old, had been married successively to the three heirs to the throne, Marcellus, Agrippa, and Tiberius, had grown-up children, and had herself been banished eleven years before. Perhaps he knew too much about Princess Julia the younger, and her reckless doings. The blow was wholly unexpected. "When the memory of that most wretched night, my last in the City, comes to me, even now tears drop from my eyes. The day was close at hand on which Cæsar commanded me to leave the furthest bounds of Italy; my mind was not ready, nor had I time, to prepare what was needed. I was not able to think of choosing servants or an attendant; I had no clothes nor belongings fit for exile. I was paralyzed, like a man struck by lightning. When at last grief cleared my mind and I had fully come to my senses, I bade a last good-by to my sorrowing friends, of whom (the many a little while ago) were left but two. My wife clung to me and wept more bitterly than I; tears rained down her cheeks. My daughter was far away in Africa, and did not know my fate. All over the house was wailing and sobbing; it was like a death scene, every corner of the house was wet with tears. The sounds of men and dogs (voices of the day) died away; the moon drove her chariot on high; by her light I saw the Capitol close by my house (bootless proximity) and said, 'Ye Gods whose house is next to mine, ye Temples that I shall never see again, ye Gods of Great Rome, whom I must leave, farewell forever.' I prayed a prayer to the Gods; my wife prayed many, interrupting them with sobs. Stretched by our hearth, her hair all down, she kissed the dead embers with tremulous lips and prayed the household gods futile prayers for her lost husband. Then precipitate night cut short my dallying. . . . How often did I say when they bade me hurry, 'Why urge me, think whither I go, think what I go from.' . . . Three times I reached the door, three times turned back. . . . I, living, must leave forever my living wife, my home, my kind and loyal household, my friends whom I have loved like a brother, hearts linked to mine by a heroic faith. One more embrace while it is possible. . . . I went as if I left my body; she, weighed down by grief, fell fainting in the house."

Poor fellow; luxury, flattery, good cheer, a house in town, a villa in the country, trained servants, jolly companions, fellow poets, amatory verses, had not stored up any two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. The voyage through the Ægean Sea and the Hellespont, and along the coast of the Black Sea, was terrifying in itself; and Tomi, a little town on the edge of the world, was peopled by Barbarian fishermen, Greek traders, Thracian peasants, Sarmatian

boors. The Danube froze in winter, and Ovid constantly expected hostile tribes to make forays across the ice. In fact, Tomi was somewhat like Detroit in Pontiac's time. "Here, although my neighbors' weapons ring in my ears, I lighten my hard lot as much as I can by poetry. For though there is no one to hear it, yet even so I cheat and pass the time. That I am alive and can bear these hardships I must thank you, Goddess of Poetry; you comfort me; you are my ease from care; you are medicine to my blood; you are my guide and friend; you snatch me from the Danube and give me a place in the middle of Helicon."

One can imagine the luckless Roman, shivering in rough, bearskin coat, only his face out, his breath frozen on his beard, as he shuffled through the mud and snow, with images of Rome engraven on his heart, — the gold-topped Capitol on its high eminence, the Forum Romanum, the Temple of Julius, the triumphal arch of Augustus, the Shrine of Vesta, the Sacra Via still echoing to Horace's feet, the stately palace of the Emperor on the Palatine. Every day and night he thought of his faithful wife; and he composed an epitaph for her to put on his tomb, if his ashes should have the fortune to be taken home: —

> Here lies the poet of Love and Coquetry,
> Ovid, who died from fault of his own wit.
> Forbear not, Passer-by, if thou hast loved,
> To say, 'Soft rest his bones.'

Ovid was no hero. Cato or Marcus Brutus would not have found the Black Sea border so barren. "The mind is its own place;" their Lares and Penates would have gone with them. But his exile is a mere allegory to teach us patience.

Exile is the course of life, — so wills the Omnipotent, — only for most of us it is a gradual process. Life is one long series of bans. First we are banished from babyhood, that wonderful time in which every minute brings its miracle, in which a ministering angel, with those slender, delicate, flowerlike implements of love, that men call hands, is our constant slave; in the morning she begins, undoes the robes in which it has been our pleasure to while away the night, and plunges us into a glorious pond, placidly transparent on its milk-white bed, in which is the most marvelous playfellow, soft, clear, and friendly; this playfellow waits till we give the signal for the game, then splashes, dashes, giggles, rollicks, and, when we pound it and slap it, throws back into our faces little glittering, rainbow-hued diamonds, soft and fresh as kisses. To all this we bid farewell forever. Next we are banished from our youth, from the nimbleness, the merriment, the infinity, the nobleness of boyhood. That was the great *Patria*, a very Rome, filled with heroic figures. Who does not remember when he first went to school, standing on the edge of the football field and watching the godlike heroes play? There Hector, head down, all splashed with mud, his cheeks scarlet, his nose scratched, his jersey torn, dashed towards the Grecian goal; there mighty Achilles tackled and threw him; there Diomede, Ajax, and Menelaus charged the Trojan squad, while crafty Ulysses punted from behind, and Agamemnon yelled his angry orders. Never again will the world be so full of demigods. From these heroic scenes the luckless boy was banished. His next exile was from the glorious kingdom of romance; there on the edge of the sacred grove, his breath held in, his heart beating hard, he saw — miracle of miracles — creatures, seemingly human and yet not boys, surely divine, Diana and her nymphs. He built an altar on the spot and offered up his soul. Then came the stern decree; and so life makes its stages. We bid farewell to the sunkissed top of Jupiter Capitolinus, shining triumphantly over a world of gayety and joy, shining indifferent to our departure; we kiss the dying embers of our sacred hearths; we eat the salt bread and climb the steep, steep stairs of exile. Is there no help? Has Cæsar Augustus power over all

things? Can he banish us from "everything most dearly loved"?

At the very time that poor Ovid was eating out his heart on the shore of the Black Sea, there was a little boy teaching in the Temple at Jerusalem; and the fruit of his teaching was the abolition of exile, for he conceived the idea that the Kingdom of God is within us. It is an idea born of love; and for the children of the spirit of God, it is truth. But we, children of the dust of the earth, have no such kingdom within us. Within is emptiness; and so, without, we are slaves to inconstancy. We proceed from change to change seeking peace; but place brings no comfort, time brings no consolation. We have lost and flung away our beliefs, but we cannot pluck from our hearts the seeds that consciousness of mortality has planted there; we are haunted by a voice, — *Omnia Vanitas præter amare Deum et illi solo servire.* (Is Christ or Death the God whom we ignorantly worship?) For those who hear that voice there is no ease in restlessness, no calm in change. Wherever they go, they feel that they are strangers and pilgrims.

The pagans enjoyed a cheerful, careless, animal content; they did not kneel, they stood on their feet erect, they were playmates of the gods and shared the Olympian disregard of morbid perplexities, sympathies, and aspirations. Ovid had no sickly perturbations, no uncertain hopes; his one desire was as clear and definite as Cæsar's head on a freshly-minted coin. Rome was his heaven.

California is pagan, too. When the sun sets and the dying day shakes its departing glories from sea to beach, from beach to field, from field to mountain, the Franciscan monks (poor exiles from the past) creep out of their Missions and sing *Ave Maria;* but California laughs. The Sierras, the foothills, the flowering slopes, the blossoming orchards, the budding gardens laugh to the blue waters, and the sparkling waves laugh back. The oranges laugh in their orchards, the lemons in their dark green leaves, the olives in their silvery gray, the guava and the plum tree, the passion-flower, the honeysuckle, the white rose, the violet, and the lily. They have no compassion, no longings for the impossible, no fears of the unknown; they live in the full glow of the radiant present, and laugh. They do not worship the Virgin; they claim no kinship with Christ. Their mother is the foam-born goddess of passion: —

> Not as thine, not as thine was our mother — a blossom of flowering seas,
> . . . . . .
> For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
> Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
> White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame,
> Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
> For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
> Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea.
> And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
> And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.

But the thin-blooded exile from the North, as he hears this exultant cry of passionate life, shrinks within himself, bows his head, and murmurs with his lips, *Ave Maria!* Blessed art thou among women, for thy Son had compassion on the exile and gave him the promise, the hope — the illusion? — of a home.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS LAW OF NEW YORK

BY THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

I

THE events which led to the passage of the Public Service Commissions Law in the state of New York are of such recent occurrence that it might not be unnatural to assume that they are still fresh in the minds of every one interested in public affairs; but in our country political memories are so very short that it is never safe to assume a clear recollection of the most elementary facts in the situation of even two years ago. Four years is a political generation — the life of a national administration — and our whole political thought and action is thereby chopped into very short units.

In New York State with its governor's term of two years, our political memories tend to be even shorter than in national affairs; and certainly it seems as if recent events had moved with almost enough rapidity to justify our vagueness. It is but little more than three years since the struggle for control of a great life-insurance company brought about a sort of family quarrel among its directors; that quarrel uncovered a grave condition of affairs in which of necessity the public was seriously interested; that interest led to a legislative investigation; that investigation brought to the front an experienced, able, and fearless lawyer who had hitherto lived but little in the public eye; and that able lawyer probed the life-insurance scandals with such marked ability, high professional standards, and remorseless vigor that, when the Republican party of the state, crippled by savage quarrels among its leaders and much discredited by its recent record, looked about for a candidate who could win the election of 1906 it recognized that he was the one man who could defeat the political combination which had been formed against it.

It certainly is no secret that among the states of the Union, New York has endured its full share of that reckless disregard of the rules of sound finance which has characterized the rapid development of our public utilities in the last fifty years. In fact, we have had rather more than our share of the violation of monetary sanity and economic morals (to say nothing of economic decency) that has accompanied that development. The scandals attendant upon the earlier operations of the New York Central Railroad, the performances of Jim Fiske and his printing-press in the manipulations of the Erie, the story of Jacob Sharpe and his Broadway franchise, and last but not least the Interborough-Metropolitan merger, are only the more striking chapters in a long story of intrigue, corruption, and disgrace. The annals of almost every city in the state can show their own version of the combination of scheming promoters, selfish investors, uninterested citizens, and greedy politicians; their own record of valuable rights given away without foresight and often with the most revolting concomitants of bribery and corruption.

It would, of course, be grossly unfair to blame the condition of things which resulted entirely upon the corporations which were formed to develop the public utilities and to which the public grants or franchises were given. At the best they were developing services of vast importance to the communities; at the worst we can only say that it seems to be human nature with too many people in the business world to grasp at what seems to be

for their greatest pecuniary advantage, without troubling themselves very much about general ethical considerations. On the other hand the "plain people" — the very ones who ought to be most interested in good government, — have seemed to be the very ones most unconcerned.

For a number of years, however, there has been developing a distinct change in the temper of the public mind toward such matters. There has arisen a renewed sense of the hatefulness of public dishonesty, a renewal of belief in the public trust involved in public office. If some of the manifestations of awakened conscience seem rather too overstrained and sensational to be quite sound or lasting, yet such states of mind often aid in producing important political results — as was the case in the autumn of 1906.

At that time there seemed to come about a political crisis as sudden as it was unexpected, although to the more far-sighted it had been in truth preparing for several years. A not unnatural sense of injury and grievance had grown up as the public had followed the testimony in different investigations which seemed to open up ever new vistas of corruption; as it had followed the proceedings in the Standard Oil cases; had perused the highly colored revelations of "high finance" — by "one of themselves;" and had watched the proceedings of various reckless promoters and financiers, seeing those favored individuals amassing vast fortunes the origin of which lay in the public franchises which had been procured upon such easy terms.

It is at periods like this, when the people has lost confidence in its servants, in its old leaders, in the very framework of the social structure, — apparently almost losing faith in democratic self-government itself, — and is calling for some political Moses to lead it out of bondage, that there comes the moment eagerly awaited by the demagogue. Trading upon the righteous anger of the just, upon the prejudices of the unreasoning, upon the cupidity of the mercenary, upon the timidity of the politician, the demagogue becomes suddenly a menace to society; a menace, not because he may not be entirely right in his analysis of the situation, but because from the nature of the case he is a destructive and not a constructive force; and because he is always seeking, not how to apply genuine remedies, not how to safeguard the interests of the mass, but only how to turn the situation to his own personal advantage; a menace, because, even if he is honest in his aims, he has faith in progress by revolution rather than progress by evolution, believing in miracles rather than in science.

It is distinctly to the credit of the people of New York State that in the midst of a genuine crisis of political feeling there should have been shown such careful weighing of all considerations before political action; that amid forceful appeals to passion and prejudice, based upon undoubted public grievances, there should have been upon both sides so much honest endeavor to think clearly and act justly. Probably at no election ever held in New York State was there so complete a breakdown of the ordinary political barriers. Republicans by thousands voted the Democratic ticket in whole or in part; Democrats by thousands voted the Republican ticket in whole or in part. While outwardly old party forms were maintained, in reality party ties in a large measure ceased to exist.

As the campaign developed it became a genuine choice between one who preached the gospel of disorder,[1] under cover of a righteous outbreak against existing conditions on the one side, and on the other an exponent of calm, sane, and orderly progress. And it is a humorous illustration of the irony of history that the Republican party, which of the

[1] "As between Rottenness and Riot," said Mr. Bourke Cochran, when defending his candidate at the Buffalo Convention, "I prefer Riot." A unique way, certainly, of recommending a nominee for governor.

two political parties may fairly be held far the more responsible for the evils of the situation, should have been the one to place in nomination the genuine reformer; while the Democratic party should have thrown away the chance of a generation by allowing its opponents to play once more the old game so aptly described by Disraeli at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, when he averred that Peel had caught the Whigs in bathing and had run off with their clothes.

The result of the election was to seat in the governor's chair an able and successful lawyer, a Republican who aims always to place state interests before partisan advantage, a man of the sincerest and most confirmed honesty, of a high ideal of public service, of determined convictions yet open mind; moreover, a man who realized fully that his election was simply an expression of public confidence in him personally in the midst of his party's defeat. Governor Hughes realized to the full the political difficulties of the situation, and the dangerous temper of the public mind, along with the genuine grievances which lay behind and were the cause of it; so he at once set himself to grapple with the problem in the calm temper of a true statesman. The Public Service Commissions Bill was the outcome.

II

The law as it was passed contains five articles, the main points of which may be briefly touched upon.

1. By Article One the state is divided into two districts, with a separate and independent commission for each. The first district includes what is known as Greater New York, — the four counties of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond (or New York City, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Staten Island), — and the second includes all other counties in the state. This division, suggested by the great difference in character of the problems in the two districts, has been already justified by experience.

The ten Commissioners, five for each district, are appointed by the Governor subject to the approval of the Senate, but removable by the Governor alone. They must have no official relation to any corporation subject to the provisions of the act, nor own stocks or bonds therein. Neither shall they ask the appointment of any person to office by such corporations or receive from them any pass or reduction in fare.

Each Commission appoints its own counsel, secretary, and minor employees, and each single commissioner has full power to hold investigations and hearings, although an order must be approved by the Commission before it becomes operative. The Commission is not bound by the technical rules of evidence, but is free to get at the facts in the quickest and simplest way possible. All witnesses are duly protected, and the Commission can force attendance and secure testimony, refusal constituting a misdemeanor.

2. Article Two prescribes the duties of common carriers, which term includes, according to the wording of the act, "all railroad corporations, street-railroad corporations, express companies, car companies, sleeping-car companies, freight companies, freight-line companies, and all persons and associations of persons, whether incorporated or not, operating such agencies for public use in the conveyance of persons or property."

Common carriers shall furnish to the public "such service and facilities as shall be safe and adequate and in all respects just and reasonable;" and "all charges made or demanded . . . shall be just and reasonable and not more than allowed by law or by order of the Commission." They shall provide proper switch and side-track connections; and shall file and keep open for "public inspection schedules showing the rates of fare and charges for the transportation of passengers and property."

There shall be no special rate, rebate, or unjust discrimination of any kind; no "free ticket, free pass or free transporta-

tion of passengers or property," exception being made of officers of the railway and certain other specified individuals. But this provision is not to prevent the issuing of mileage or commutation tickets.

There must be sufficient and suitable cars for freight in carload lots; sufficient cars and motive power on railroads and street railroads to meet all requirements for the transportation of passengers and property; the Commission being expressly given power to make suitable regulations for the furnishing of freight cars and for demurrage charges.

3. Article Three continues the provisions relating to common carriers, dealing especially with the powers of the Commission for carrying the provisions of Article Two into effect.

Power is given to the Commission:—

(*a*) To examine into the general condition, capitalization, franchises, and management of all common carriers;

(*b*) To examine all books, contracts, records, documents, and papers, and to compel their production;

(*c*) To conduct hearings and take testimony on any proposed change of law when requested to do so by the Legislature, by the Senate or Assembly Committee on Railroads, or by the Governor;

(*d*) To prescribe the form of annual reports;

(*e*) To investigate accidents;

(*f*) To investigate as to any act done, or omitted to be done, in violation of law or of any order of the Commission;

(*g*) To fix rates and service;

(*h*) To order repairs, improvements, or changes in tracks, switches, terminals, motive power, or any other property or device, in order to secure adequate service;

(*i*) To order changes in time schedules by increasing the number of trains, cars, or motive power, or by changes in the time of starting its trains or cars;

(*j*) To establish a uniform system of accounts and prescribe the manner in which they shall be kept.

The approval of the Commission is necessary for various things. Without it

(*a*) No construction of a railroad or street railroad, or extension of existing lines, shall be begun;

(*b*) No franchise shall be assigned or transferred;

(*c*) No railroad or street railroad or other stock corporation shall purchase or hold any capital stock of any other road;

(*d*) No stocks, bonds, notes, or other evidences of indebtedness (except notes payable within twelve months) shall be issued;

(*e*) No merger or consolidation of existing companies shall be made; and in case such merger is approved, it is provided that the capital stock of the merger shall not exceed the sum at par of the capital stock of the corporations so consolidated, or any additional sum paid in cash.

The penalties for failure to comply with an order of the Commission are drastic. Each day's violation constitutes a separate offense, and for each offense the penalty is $5000 if by a common carrier, $1000 if by other than a common carrier. Every individual who aids or abets any violation of an order of the Commission, or who fails to obey, or aids or abets any corporation in its failure to obey, is guilty of a misdemeanor. In case the Commission believes that a common carrier is violating the law or an order of the Commission, it may commence an action to secure relief by way of mandamus or injunction, and the court shall require an answer within twenty days.

4. Article Four applies practically similar provisions to the gas and electric companies. It also provides for inspection of all gas and electric meters. The Commission has the right to fix rates upon proper complaints as to quality or price, not only of that supplied by private persons and corporations, but of that supplied by municipal lighting plants as well; it has power to examine the books and affairs of the producers, to approve of all incorporation and franchises, and of all stocks, bonds, and other in-

debtedness; in short, this article is similar in aim to the preceding, although, having been drafted with less success, it is in places somewhat obscure. It is to be hoped that amendments to the law will soon remedy these defects.

5. In Article Five the act comes to an end with the abolition of the former Railroad, Gas and Electricity, and New York City Rapid Transit Commissions, and the state inspectors of gas meters; followed by the necessary provisions for the transfer of records, the continuance of pending actions and proceedings, and the necessary appropriations.

But there has not been mentioned the most vital and far-reaching clause of the bill. In Section 55 occurs the following: "*The Commission shall have no power to authorize the capitalization of any franchise or the right to own, operate or enjoy any franchise whatever in excess of the amount (exclusive of any tax or annual charge) actually paid to the State or to a political subdivision thereof as the consideration for the grant of such franchise or right.*" In other words, the law decrees that hereafter the grant given by state or municipality shall not be treated as a private asset of the corporation and its value represented in stock, but that the value of the franchise and the increment thereof shall remain forever the property of the state.

To call this law a piece of radical legislation is to speak mildly; it seems to mark an epoch in the history of New York State; for the corporations affected by the stringent provisions of the law are among those upon which the whole structure of our present business system rests. Without the railroads modern commerce would be impossible; without the street railroads our cities could not spread their vast populations out into their ever-growing suburbs, and social conditions would be completely altered; gas and electricity are not merely essential to our comfort, they are necessary to the existing order — all of these public utilities are vital elements in the lives of every one of us, and a law which compels such a complete readjustment of their relations to the state on the one side and the public on the other is not merely radical, it is revolutionary.

III

To many people the bare suggestion that state or municipality shall undertake to regulate any business hitherto in private hands is at once denounced as "socialism." I must confess to having only the vaguest notion of what "socialism" is, but judging from the current use of the term it means anything you want the state to do that I do not want it to do. It has been urged against the Public Service Commissions Law that it is "socialism." Perhaps it is; but people are not going to be frightened by a mere word. Before we begin to tremble suppose we look the facts squarely in the face and see what this law is intended to accomplish; and recall why it seemed necessary for such a law to be passed. And it might be well for us to disabuse our minds of preconceived notions and prejudices for things as they are, and think rather of things as they ought to be.

The English race, including ourselves as at least a political branch thereof, has certainly never shown any great liking for monopolies. When such were fostered by government and bestowed by royal prerogative they were the objects of popular hatred and the causes of rebellion; and the feeling against them to-day is less strong only because we have felt ourselves to so large an extent free of them. Some of us, to be sure, have seen in the iniquities of our tariff some of the worst features of monopolies; but we have never as yet succeeded in impressing these views very deeply upon the mass of our fellow citizens. The general public, feeling that it owned and could control the government, has been singularly careless and thoughtless in the matter until of late; for it felt that in any event the remedy

was close at hand. The old cure for monopolies was a simple one — abolish government protection and let competition have its way. And in most cases where a monopoly seeks to control the output of some ordinary article of trade or manufacture, this remedy has been successful; and the belief that "competition is the life of trade" has been until lately one of the articles of commercial orthodoxy.

When our great modern public utilities first came into being, they were not recognized as infant monopolies. When a man wished to build a railroad he was regarded only as a daring adventurer who was about to start a new and superior line of coaches on a strange private highway, — merely a new element of competition. It was the same with a gas company, gas being at first only a newfangled light trying to prove its doubtful superiority over lamps and candles. Electricity was in its turn only a competitor of gas; a street-car line a competitor of the more expensive cab company; an interurban trolley a competitor of the railway. All these were merely new and comparative conveniences which science was putting within our reach, which we could trust private ownership to develop and which competition would regulate. The ordinary American merchant or manufacturer, intent upon his own business and satisfied if he was making it pay, was also satisfied if he was getting from railroad, express company, telegraph, or telephone the service that his own particular business required; and he was little inclined to question the right of investors, who were bringing to him the business advantage of a very useful public service, to do what he himself was doing — make as much money as possible on the investment. And while merchants and manufacturers were thus absorbed and the general public indifferent, what was originally a mere competitive public convenience was fast becoming a public utility; and then, before we realized it, it had become an absolute public necessity. We suddenly woke to find the business world struggling to readjust itself to new and strange conditions — to the pressure of brutal bigness: enormous railway systems, gigantic mergers, world-wide trusts, accumulators of fabulous millions; the vast scale of the operations seemed in itself terrifying.

The old theory was that railroad or gas company, trolley or power company, under a minimum of public supervision, should be managed like private business corporations, — primarily, if not exclusively, for the financial benefit of the investors. To be sure, under the fostering care of the older generation of railroad manipulators, that theory received some rather severe shocks, and we realized that the investors frequently failed to get their share of the profits; nevertheless, whatever the practice, the theory was still held to be sound. But under the new order, our ideas have changed, as we have seen these great railroad systems utilized by commercial monopolies to fasten their hold upon the public and crush out competition with remorseless vigor; as we have seen valuable franchises secured for favored individuals, all too frequently by methods utterly abhorrent both in law and morals; as we have come to realize the power which lies in the hands of an irresponsible board of directors to stimulate artificially one community while it may destroy another; as the knowledge has been slowly burned into our consciousness that public-service corporations were after all managed by men very human in their weaknesses, greedy for power and wealth, and no more successful in resisting temptation than the rest of mankind. Studying these corporations more closely, we have seen the newer companies — railroads, interurban electric roads, and lighting companies — being managed primarily if not exclusively for the benefit, not of the investors, but of those who could induce investors to invest. A new form of human pest has thus made its appearance — the pro-

moter; and a new science of commerce and banking has made its appearance, which I think has not been named yet. "New" did I say? To some of us these new friends look most uncommonly like our old acquaintances Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard in a fresh disguise; and the new commerce and banking have a most unseemly resemblance to an old amusement known as highway robbery. Wordsworth's Rob Roy was not the first to invent that

> Good old rule . . . the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can.

Nor has he been the last.

In this latest variation of the old game the interests of the investor and the interests of the public alike have been overlooked; but it is all a very logical outcome of the original mistake — the theory that a public utility is a mere matter of private business. We should not therefore expend our rhetoric against the corporations, — they were often more sinned against than sinning, for had it not been for our own blindness they would never have been left to pursue their objects too frequently in what now seems to us a highly predatory manner.

If it has taken us a long time to realize that public-service corporations are in their nature monopolistic, it is also taking us a long time to get over the idea that the safeguard of the public is competition. Therefore, legislatures have chartered rival railroads, and common councils have granted franchises to rival trolley, gas, and electric companies; only to find that almost inevitably, after a brief period of cut-throat competition, with threatened failure to both companies, there was a consolidation, overcapitalization, and relatively, if not actually, higher charges; and thus for the poor consumer the last state was worse than the first.

In New York we seem at last to have waked up to the fact that in these public utilities there not only never has been any genuine competition, but from the nature of the case there never could be; we are also learning that if justice is to be done to the public as well as to the corporation, — to the buyer as well as to the seller, — something else must be substituted in place of competition, and that something we are now to try in the shape of state regulation.

The policy of state interference in any business is not one that we naturally take kindly to in this country; and we have certainly not been hasty in trying it in New York State. So long ago as 1879, the Hepburn Committee investigation pointed out some of the evils of rebates and other railway practices as clearly as has ever been done; yet it was 1906 before the legislature took any effective action in regard to the matter; and our municipalities as well as the state have been very slow to exert their powers. Of course, opinions will continue to differ as to the advisability of state interference; but in the judgment of those who read best the trend of the public mind, the time has gone by when there can be much dispute over the main contention; the only question is how far the state shall go. For the exact point where private action may best end, and the community itself should take hold, has certainly not been discovered yet; nor is it likely ever to be settled, for social conditions shift quite as rapidly as social experiments are made; and where can we draw the dividing line?

Some lawyers will tell us that there is no dividing line in this particular matter, that there is no essential difference between a public-service corporation and any other, and that it is simply a question of public policy as to what business the state shall undertake to regulate, and what it shall leave without interference. Others will say that however hard it is to draw a dividing line, yet there is certain territory which is quite obviously on one side of the line, wherever the line may be, and certain territory quite as obviously on the other.

Also it seems to be true that a certain business may stand on one side of the line in one generation and occupy the other side in the next. For many centuries it was public policy to subject the innkeeper to stringent regulation in the public interest; but with the growth of modern conditions it has ceased to be necessary, and a modern hotel company can hardly be classed as a public-service corporation. On the other hand, when a virtual monopoly in the supply of some necessity of life has come into existence, that business certainly is drifting over the line into territory where some sort of public regulation seems inevitable.

All the businesses which are placed under the jurisdiction and supervision of the New York Public Service Commissions are, more or less, monopolies depending upon some form of public grant or franchise. Not only are our railways great state highways, but the companies that own them own also the means of traversing them and of transporting goods along them. Our street railways occupy the public thoroughfares under exclusive grants from municipalities. The gas companies must get permission from the city to dig up the public streets, and electric-light companies to erect their poles. Express, freight-line, and sleeping-car companies only supplement the work of the railway. Not one would be able to exist except for the public grant which is its foundation; it is therefore to the state that we must now turn for relief against the power of the monopolies which have been allowed to rise upon that foundation.

When we come to a consideration of these franchises the first thing we find is, that, although in most cases the corporation had paid nothing to the state or municipality for the franchise, yet no sooner has the franchise been secured than it has been capitalized, often at an enormously inflated valuation, and the resulting securities have been marketed in the same way as those for which good solid cash has been paid.

Now, as a matter of fact, the value of a franchise is very fluctuating — a thing impossible to fix. The franchise of a non-existent railroad is of no inherent value; on the other hand the value of the same franchise, after fifty years' development of the road and growth of the communities about it, may almost exceed imagination; but since the state has claimed the right to regulate rates, thus demolishing the theory that the railroad conducts a private business, the value of every railroad franchise in the state as a basis for an issue of securities is very materially diminished if not obliterated.

If the franchise is something of value, the state should certainly not give it away; if it is of no value, then the corporation should not capitalize it; but to secure it for nothing and then capitalize it, is "special privilege" with a vengeance. The worst of the matter however is this, that when the corporation proceeded to capitalize the franchise, upon the theory that it represented an asset upon which returns in the shape of dividends should be paid, — the same as if it were money invested in the enterprise, — the corporation was on the one hand receiving from the state a gift of more or less value, and on the other forcing the state to pay perpetual tribute upon the very thing it had given away — to the tune of many times its actual value when the promoters were clever enough to "discount the future" in their issues of stock. When you come to dissect the matter and look it over coolly it does seem as if this were on the whole the most skillful confidence game which has ever been worked on the public; for the experienced financier, after capitalizing his franchise, could unload the watered securities on the "widow and orphan," and place the resulting cash in "gilt-edged" investments far removed from inquisitive legislators and public-service commissions.

This is not saying — and let this point be made quite clear — that there have not been many noble and high-minded men connected with our public-service

corporations; that the development of public utilities has not been of immense value to the community; nor that they have not often been conducted with the highest motives of philanthropic enterprise. But it is an assertion that the theory underlying the treatment of the franchise was wrong and the system built upon it was bad; and that the time has now come to open our eyes and look facts squarely in the face. When we do so, we find that the right of the legislature of state or city to give away a franchise in perpetuity cannot be successfully defended.

The legislature is the agent of the existing population, and its members, as our accredited representatives, may barter away present rights — yours or mine of to-day; but they may not dispose of rights which belong to our children and our children's children as much as to us, for the future is not ours to give. They may allow private development and management of public utilities for the sake of immediate public advantage, and any such investment should be protected from unjust and unreasonable competition, and should be held sacred for the investors; but the franchise itself is something which may not be given away because it is not within the province of the legislature to give away that which does not belong to the *existing* community. A franchise granted by the legislature of fifty years ago, for instance, belonged then to us of to-day quite as much if not more than to our grandfathers who handed it over to some railroad in perpetuity; it belongs to us now as it will belong to our grandchildren in their turn. The action of the legislature of two generations ago in giving away our birthright is not morally a binding contract upon us to-day, when it comes in conflict with present or future public interest; and the vested rights of the private inheritors of that franchise will not finally stand when they come in conflict with the vested rights of the state.

Some people will tell you that the state is nothing more than the sum of its inhabitants; and that when you speak of the state as more than that, you are using the term of a sentimental abstraction which does not exist. Yet any man who can feel the thrill of patriotism knows that this is not so. *The state is the future;* it is the sum of its inhabitants not only of to-day, but of to-morrow, the day after, and so on to the end of time. And it is exactly the rights of the state of the future that have been forgotten in our dealing with the public-service corporations.

There are therefore three parties in interest; the Public, the community of to-day, demanding fair treatment for every individual, large manufacturer or small, rich and poor alike; the Public-Service Corporation, demanding just and liberal treatment for those who are willing to invest their capital in developing a public utility; and the State, standing for the whole community in its continuing capacity from generation to generation, — from now into the far distant future, — and demanding that these great questions shall not be considered as of to-day, but that the decision in all matters of public policy shall take the road which leads often away from immediate results toward the best results for the time to come. And of these interests the last is by no means the least important. "Conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms. It is conscience and the issue of things which go together."[1] It is because of its endeavor to restore a proper balance to these three interests that the Public Service Commissions Law marks so great a step in advance.

IV

A few words in closing as to the practical operation of the law in New York. The Commissions have been in existence only nine months — and that is a short time for a revolution to be consum-

[1] Davison: quoted by Matthew Arnold in *Literature and Dogma.*

mated; but already experience has shown the immense value of the law. Merchants and manufacturers have a powerful tribunal before which they can plead for justice and efficiency; any individual with a well-grounded complaint against a corporation can have it brought to its attention by the Commission far more forcibly than he himself can bring it; the issues of stocks and bonds by these corporations are for the first time subjected to rigid scrutiny, and it is safe to say that very little water will leak into such securities in the future; — in every way the rights and interests of the public are being safeguarded as never before, and the public is becoming aware of the fact. For the first time in their history these great corporations realize fully that there is a higher power above them — a power to which the public can now appeal; they have been shorn of their ability to dispense life or death to businesses, to tyrannize over individuals, or to ignore the interests of the public — for above them is the state, demanding justice and fair treatment for every one of its citizens and enabled to enforce its demands.

It is only fair to add that on their part the corporations have shown both good sense and good temper in accepting the law graciously, and doing all in their power thus far in carrying out its provisions and the orders and requests of the Commission. Many a complaint never reaches the Commission; the complaint is remedied by the corporation as soon as it is made known. In truth, the wiser among the corporation managers see plainly that the law will be their best defense against dangerous legislation; that the Commission will stand as a barrier against injustice to the corporations on the one hand, while it affords relief to the public against injustice on the other.

It will lead to a safer and better condition of things all around — the public will see that its rights are safeguarded, and demagogic appeals will lose their force and effectiveness; the corporations will be protected against destructive competition and blackmail, and assured of a fair return on honest investment; hence should result a return of public confidence in the securities of the corporations — which ought in turn to be as good and conservative investments as any municipal bonds. There will be two classes of people, but I think only two, who will suffer from the law, — those among the capitalists and promoters who are too greedy to be content with their fair share, who wish to reap where they have not sown; and the demagogues and agitators who will feel themselves cheated out of their best weapons of attack. But if both these classes could be put permanently out of business the world would be duly grateful.

That all these desirable things will come at once no one will expect; that they are coming, and that the Public Service Commissions Law will justify the expectations of its promoter, many of us fervently hope and believe. That act is upon the statute book not merely because a governor of New York wished to alter the law, but because public opinion justly demanded a change in existing conditions. The old footing of the public-service corporations was intolerable; something new had to be substituted for the false and outworn theory of competition, in order to protect the public and the state. Governor Hughes recognized the voice of the people demanding reform, and the result was an effective piece of legislation which fairly entitles its author to be considered as that rather rare personality in American politics — a constructive statesman.

For my own part and speaking as a Democrat, I welcome a law which seems to me not only essentially Democratic in principle, but in line with frequent declarations of the party policy — an effort to root out one of the most insidious forms of special privilege and to regulate in the name of the people these great monopolies which have been for many years disturbing factors in our social and political development.

HIMALAYAN SKETCHES

BY LOUISE PARKE ATHERTON

I

THE SINGING OF THE EPIC

We were at the Dak bungalow, half way up a steep mountain-side, two days out from Mussoorie. A thousand feet below us curled the Jumna, foaming through its narrow, deep ravine on its way to the broad plains. About us rose the great hills, shutting out from our sight the snow-covered peaks that we knew were against the northern horizon. We could trace our day's march; the path wound like a thread over the hills, wound down to the river and up again to the bungalow.

A mile beyond lay the little village of Lakhwar. We had walked through it at sunset, following the villagers as they made their way home from the rice-fields in the ravines. The houses were clustered together, built on high, unsteady foundations, with their thatched roofs pulled down over their eyes. In the centre of the village were the temple and the rest-house for pilgrims who might pause here in their search for the source of the holy river, or the pure, eternal heaven of the snows. The rest-house roof was built in several stories, like a pagoda; its gargoyles were rudely carved elephant and tiger heads. The temple was in the domed style of the plains, and did not show the Buddhistic-Tibetan lines of the rest-house; its doors were covered with heavy gold plates carved and inwrought with the mountain animals and trees. The village men were chatting over their hookahs in jovial, friendly groups around the court in front of the temple; while the women were drawing water from the well in one corner. One of them, in a short green skirt, and a soft chaddar that framed her face like a madonna's, lifted her hand to her forehead and gave us a graceful salaam. There was a tinkling of jewelry as she passed, and we caught the flash of gold necklaces beneath her chaddar. Her clear-cut, fair face was lifted proudly to balance the earthen "ghara" on her head. We watched her slender, bare feet go lightly but surely from stone to stone, as she turned up a "pag-dandi" that led to a hut high above the village. We watched her winding up and up until the spirit of the hills was upon us and we had to follow the turning road and go on and up and deeper into the heart of the highlands.

All the sky overhead was the rich yellow gold of Hindustan; the clouds and the mountain-tops were warm and shining with it, but the crevice-like glen was covered with a cool green shadow. The rice-fields studded the hillsides with their emerald colors. Sometimes a bare-footed pahari, driving a flock of broad-tailed sheep, would pass us with a wondering salaam. Why, indeed, should hatless sahibs, evidently not soldiers, be wandering near their village at sunset? There was no sound but the beating flight of startled pheasants and the rush of mountain brooks. The streams were so cold and sweet that we drank at every one, sometimes bending over the quieter pools, sometimes catching the water in our hands as it fell over the rocks, and drinking it Hindustani fashion.

The twilight was long in the glen, but suddenly the clouds faded to a cold, blue white, and a chill came into the air. We hurried back through the village, dark and mysterious then, with glimpses here and there into the houses where the handful of fire was mirrored in the brass and

red-copper vessels of the evening meal.

That night, when black darkness seemed to cover the face of the earth, we drew our chairs to the edge of the terrace in front of the bungalow. We were watching the stars march across the sky, as they will when there are mountain peaks as landmarks to limit the heavens. All about us loomed their vast, gloomy shapes. There was no moon, so we could not see the camp of our coolies, which we knew was in a hollow below us. Suddenly a fire blazed up and showed them seated in a great circle around it. As the blaze grew higher and stronger they began to sing a strange, minor melody with a monotonous rhythm. As they sang, two lines of four men, with their arms entwined, and keeping step to the music, came out of the darkness into the yellow firelight. The chorus grew stronger, the dancers circled around and around the fire, keeping opposite each other, and taking their graceful dancing steps in unison. The light flickered on their bare brown legs, and their lithe arms and bending backs. The louder and the more accented grew the singing, the more abandon and rhythm were put into the nautch; then gradually the fire began to wane, the singers and the dancers grew tired, and just as the fire died and the music ceased, the dancers faded again into the darkness.

I caught my breath to ask the coolies to build up the fire and go on, when the Professor said sternly, "They might not do anything if they knew we were watching. Keep still and listen."

We listened breathlessly — the only sounds were the rushing of the Jumna, a thousand feet below us, and a dulled beating of a dholak in the village, a mile away.

Suddenly, out of the dark hollow where the nautch had been came a mellow voice, a rich baritone, singing. It was a searching melody, appealing in strange minor intervals, and thrilled with feeling in the tender lower notes. The verse ended with a break in the voice, half a yodel, half a sob. There was a pause of black silence — then from a bank high above the hollow came a clear, pure tenor in a dramatic recitative. The key corresponded with the baritone's verse, but the melody was different, more major, and more martial in its swing. The verse ended with the same break in the voice — and after another moment's pause, the baritone answered again. Verse after verse the voices replied to each other, now eager and swift with passion, now low and wailing in despair.

"It is their great epic — the Mahabharata," said the Professor. "They have sung the struggle between the Lunar and Solar dynasties and some of the philosophic dialogues about God and the soul."

Just at that moment came a glorious burst of passionate poetry from the baritone, that seemed to express the mysterious inspiration of the stars, the mountains, the deep khads and the far streams that had been haunting us. The Professor quoted solemnly from the Bhagavad Gita [1] — Arjuna's adoration — as the voice sang: —

I see thee, mighty Lord of all, revealed
In forms of infinite diversity.
I see thee like a mass of purest light,
Flashing thy lustre everywhere around.
I see thee crowned with splendor, like the sun,
Pervading earth and sky immeasurable,
Boundless, without beginning, middle, end,
Preserver of imperishable law,
The everlasting man: the triple world
Is awe-struck at this vision of thy form,
Stupendous, indescribable in glory.

The voice broke, and there was no answer from the tenor. A low murmur from the coolies as they lay down to sleep was the only sound.

"How and where did they learn such poetry?" I asked of the Professor the next morning, as we watched our luggage being rolled up and strapped to the coolies' backs.

"Ask Durga," he answered; "he sang the baritone."

"Can you read, Durga?" I inquired

[1] Sir Monier Williams's translation.

of the tall coolie who was shouldering my "boj."

"No, Miss Sahib," he replied without embarrassment.

"Then how did you learn the long verses of the Mahabharata that you sang last night?" I went on.

"It is plain, Miss Sahib," he said. "When one is a boy, until one is a man, the pandit-people sing it in the villages. We all know it — not all can sing — but we all know the sacred words. If one could read, one would read many things and forget them — but when one remembers merely, the sacred words are written on his heart."

II

DURGA, THE HILL-MAN

As I came out to the veranda the coolies who were sitting on their heels around my rickshaw jumped to their places. One of the front pair was tall and awkward, and too large for his blue-jean uniform. His scarlet turban was on one side of his head, and his sash was trailing at one end instead of being neatly wound into a "kamar-band."

"Who is the new coolie?" I asked of my bearer, as he arranged the cushions of the rickshaw. "A hill-man, Miss Sahib," he replied. "Gunga has gone off as a bearer to some foolish people, and this Durga has come from his hill-village but yesterday. I engaged him for his strong legs. Does it seem good to the Miss Sahib?"

It seemed very good to the Miss Sahib, and even better when the man turned and looked at her. His eyes were clear and honest, besides being handsome and well set. His nose and chin reminded me of a Greek portrait head; a slight mustache brought out the curve of his thin lips, and his skin was a smooth bronze.

"Nam kya hai?" I asked him.

"Durga," he answered, very simply, and without the usual protestations that I was his mother and father — the protector of the poor, and that it was by my kindness his name was Durga. The other men showed a slight scorn of his manners. He saw it and made me a slow salaam. He was slightly awkward about handling the rickshaw, but his "strong legs" did more than their share of the pulling, and we flew back from the bazaar more swiftly than ever before. Durga could hardly be restrained to a safe pace. He cantered and pranced and laughed aloud until he showed his even, white teeth when the rickshaw reached an open down grade. "We are not running a race, we are out to eat the air!" shouted the bearer from behind. But the joy of living, and of "eating" the crisp, pine-laden air, seemed to have awakened all his animal spirits, and the game of pulling the rubber-tired easy-running "gari" over the smooth roads seemed what his strength was meant to do, and he could not do it solemnly as though it were a labor.

Fortunately the game did not seem to lose its novelty, for he always was eager for it, and he would always prance like a child playing horse when he took hold of the tongue. His hill manners, however, improved continually. He soon took from the bearer the duty of bringing and arranging the cushions, he waited at the shop doors to carry my purchases to the "gari," and when I tarried long at the tea-house, and the other coolies disappeared for a friendly smoke of their hookah, he would always sit on his heels where he could watch the "gari" and the door where I would appear.

I valued him, indeed, as a friend, after he had gone with me back into his native hills, where I discovered his rich baritone voice, and the poetry "written on his heart."

I was boasting of him one day when the colonel's wife and her small boy were taking tea with me. I had just refilled her cup when the bearer said to me that Durga was without, in great trouble. I found him crouching on the veranda in the rough, village clothes he had worn

when he came; great trouble was in his eyes, but he did not whine as Hindustani men do when they try to rouse pity.

"It is the sickness, Miss Sahib — that and the small-pox goddess have come to my village — I heard in the bazaar from men who had brought in fruit. My father has gone with the goddess, and there is none to help my house [they speak so of their wives] if the goddess small-pox comes for my little sons. I must go — Miss Sahib."

"Certainly you must," I said. "But wait until I give you medicines and cures for them."

The colonel's wife hurried home for her plague specific, while I arranged a basket of medicines and told Durga how to use them. He took the basket from us with a salaam and a look of great gratitude. Then he strode off toward his village — a two days' march into the mountains.

A month passed, and although I inquired daily I heard no news of Durga. The week that the rains broke, however, he appeared again on the veranda. I hardly knew him. His face was drawn, his fine eyes were sunken, his bare arms and legs were pitifully thin, and he was shivering with the chill of the soaking rain. "Go to the house, Durga," I said. "Get warm, and take something to eat, and then come to tell me your story."

"No, Miss Sahib," he answered, "I will tell you now, for the story is short. Great trouble has come to me. My father and my brother had died when I reached the village, and my wife was crazy with grief, for the goddess was on the two boys. The eldest died — the youngest grew better, but, Miss Sahib, he is blind." The man's voice broke and he hid his face for a moment. Then he looked up and went on calmly. "I took him to the Padri-doctor [the missionary] where the lepers live, and he told me that in a hospital in a big city the doctors might cut his eyes and make him see again. But it would take many months and many rupees and I am a poor man. It cannot be — this is his fate."

I promised Durga that I would try to get him work in the big city when the summer was over, and that he must begin to save his wages. I knew it would be a long and sad struggle to save the child's eyes, and I doubted whether the feeble little life could wait for the operation.

Durga donned again his livery of blue and scarlet and went back to his work "on" the rickshaw. He pulled his share and more, but the joy of it had gone out of him. He no longer laughed as he ran, or whispered merry things to the other men to make them shout. The prancing colt was gone from my "gari." At night I heard the usual music from the servants' quarters, but Durga's rhythmic mountain songs had ceased. He seemed happy only when he was doing extra work and earning a few more pennies.

One day I had sent him to the hotel in Mussoorie, to take a note to the colonel's wife. I was impatient for the answer, but attributed his delay to a beating shower that had broken over the mountain tops. The rain stopped, and when he did not come after an hour of full sunshine, I sent the bearer to the bazaar to find the delinquent Durga and reprimand him sharply. I was standing on the veranda after giving the bearer his message, when a throng of coolies appeared at the top of the hill and wound down the narrow path towards the house. They were carrying Durga on a stretcher, and a young mission-doctor was walking beside it. He began to speak, but at a whispered request from a coolie, said to me, "Your coolie is hurt, and this man saw the accident, so he will explain it."

So the coolie began in the vernacular — "The Miss Sahib knows the steep hill in the bazaar, just beyond the drug-store, and the steep precipice at the edge of the curve — protected only by a slender fence?" I knew the dangerous place. He went on in confusing haste. It seemed that the colonel's mem-sahib was in a shop and had left her small son in her

rickshaw at the top of the hill. The child had been restless, and had urged a little Hindustani boy near by to pick up the tongue of his " gari " and give him a ride. As the boy lifted the tongue, the rickshaw started irresistibly down the hill. Both the children screamed for help, but the few people on the mall seemed dazed with terror. The Hindustani boy tried to keep it in the road, but he was powerless, and with gathered speed and force, the rickshaw dashed toward the precipice. Suddenly Durga, who had just appeared from a foot-path leading into the mall at that point, hurled himself against the flying thing, swerved it away from the death and destruction of the precipice, and sent it reeling forward on the road.

The colonel's child and the Hindustani boy fell in a heap together, and were picked up and sobbed over by the multitude. For a moment nobody thought of Durga. It was the colonel himself who stooped over the prostrate figure and sent for the doctor. When Durga opened his eyes and looked the colonel full in the face, the colonel could not find the words to speak. " I know the worth of a child's life," said the coolie simply. Then the colonel found words and told Durga that he too knew the value of a son's life and of his sight, and that Durga's son should have all the help and care that money could give him at once — a home in the city, an operation, and later an education; and after that a place in the service of the Sirkar, — that mysterious but honorable master, the government. Then I knew why the old light had come back into Durga's drawn face.

The doctor directed the coolies to move the stretcher to Durga's house, and said to me in English that he feared the man would not live. Durga must have caught the meaning in his voice, for he looked up and said weakly, " My salaams to the Miss Sahib. Tell her that if I live to be her servant, it is well, and if I die in my boy's stead, it is well also, for my son is saved."

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA

BY W. B. BLAKE

HOWEVER valuable to the student of social and economic history, the literature of American travel has an uncommon tartness. The early English travelers, like Dickens in the fifties and Kipling more recently still, were sometimes lacking in a sense of delicacy as guests, a sense of proportion as critics, a sense of humor as men and women.

A more courteous traveler and a writer of greater picturesqueness than, let us say, Mrs. Trollope, was François Auguste René de Chateaubriand. Travels always seem to find their publisher, whether as dull as the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* or as vacuous as the latest volume illustrated by the three-color process; but the wanderings of this famous Frenchman through the Eastern States, down the Mississippi and through Louisiana and the Floridas, have been neglected by American readers and writers. With Chateaubriand, indeed, travels assumed a place in general literature; and the first, as well as the most significant, of the great traveler's journeys was that to the United States. The American forest may be said to dominate this writer's works, and to have determined his temperament. And it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of Chateaubriand in travel-literature, however good one's intentions.

The Chateaubriand who sailed from Saint-Malo in the spring of 1791 was a

youth of twenty-three, and had not yet written *Le Génie de Christianisme*, or served as the French ambassador to England. He was an obscure younger son, his family having but lately reëstablished itself in the ancestral château and dignities. Chateaubriand's literary ambitions remained vague, and had as yet been encouraged by no one unless by Lucile, his favorite and his least fortunate sister. His service in the army had been brought to an early close, and the Revolution had clouded France for the young aristocrat as it must have clouded it for the idealogue that he was. Here were reasons enough for sailing out into a new world; and if a useful end was needed — for already Chateaubriand had disappointed his brother and his parents by his lack of energy and of practicalness — it was found in his project for discovering a northwest passage, — a small undertaking for an irregularly trained young man, who had hardly emerged from the mediæval twilight of the Château de Combourg! But M. de Malesherbes, his brother-in-law, had joined him in reading the journals of the great geographers and explorers, and the Marquis de la Rouërie provided him with a letter introducing him to George Washington. Thus was a pretext furnished; for, as Chateaubriand confesses, "this project was not independent of my poetic nature." To paraphrase Sainte-Beuve, the voyage of discovery was an imaginary end, a chimera easily forgotten. What led Chateaubriand to take ship for Baltimore was his instinct for migration — partly an inheritance from Malouin ancestors, the corsairs of the city-republic that gave birth to Duguay-Trouin and Jacques Cartier; partly a phase of the romantic temperament. Above all he longed to enjoy to the full the sensations, images, and dreams that had ravished his imagination as he patrolled the rough shores of Brittany, or wandered aimlessly through its forests. Brittany has ever been the land of mystery, and Chateaubriand underwent all of its enchantments. He looked to America as to a promised land, a country rich in sylphine images, in solitudes, in the unknown.

Much of what makes Chateaubriand a typically romantic figure declared itself in his interview with the American President. In the first place, self-contradictoriness — for in his *Voyages* he tells us that he had to wait in Philadelphia a fortnight before seeing Washington, while in the *Mémoires* the delay is only seven days. However that may be, — and hostile critics have expressed their suspicion that the whole incident is a fiction, — he describes the executive mansion as a little house, resembling its neighbors; and this last trait is characteristic of the older Philadelphian residences. Fresh from Versailles and from a hunting-party with Louis XVI, the young traveler comments on the absence of guards — even of menservants. A serving-maid answered his knock and he awaited the President without emotion.[1] "Greatness of soul or of fortune does not impress me; I admire the one without embarrassment; the other inspires me with more pity than respect. . . . The General entered; of a great height, of an air calm and cold rather than noble, he is like all the engravings. I gave him my letter . . . that he read aloud with the exclamation 'Colonel Armand!' It was thus that he called him, and that the Marquis de la Rouërie had signed himself.

"We seated ourselves. I explained to him well enough the motive of my travels. He . . . listened with a sort of astonishment: I perceived it and said with some vivacity, 'But it is less difficult to discover the northwest passage than to cre-

[1] *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, vol. i, pp. 378–385; édition Legrand, Troussel et Pomey; *Voyages en Amérique, etc.*, Paris, 1829, pp. 20–24. In both accounts of his American experiences, Chateaubriand introduces an exhaustive comparison of Washington and Bonaparte. With his love of antithesis and his hatred of the Emperor, he paints a portrait of Washington that must be granted an impressive monument to the President's memory.

ate a people, as you have done.' — 'Well, well, young man!' cried he, holding out his hand to me. He invited me to dinner for the day following, and we parted."

The interview was short, and it accomplished nothing for Chateaubriand, but it showed his effrontery at least, and his distinguishing egoism in measuring the intended discoveries of a young man of no reputation against the successes of the founder of a republic; this, too, to the founder's face. The words of this conversation may be imaginary; one prefers, none the less, to accept Chateaubriand's narrative as essentially correct, if only for its suggestiveness in showing forth the character of René.[1]

It goes without saying that Chateaubriand failed to discover the northwest passage; he soon gave up his great project and confined himself to traveling from Philadelphia to New York; thence, according to his own story, to Boston and the battlefield of Lexington; to Albany; to Niagara; through the lakes of Canada; down Lake Erie, and on to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg; down the Ohio and the Mississippi, past Natchez, to the settlements of the Creek Indians; through Louisiana and the Floridas.[2] Returning, he probably retraced much the same course, except that from Pittsburg he made his way eastward to Philadelphia, thence to France. Spending the night in a cabin somewhere in the Blue Mountains of western Pennsylvania, an English newspaper of remote date had fallen into his hands; there he found the "Flight of the King" heralded in eighteenth-century scare-heads. He read of Louis XVI's arrest at Varennes and his return to Paris. His duty to his family, his order, and his king asserted itself, and he made haste to join the *émigrés* serving in the army of the allies in their war upon the Revolutionary government.

Hostile critics have attempted to throw doubt upon Chateaubriand's traversing, in eight short months, the great distances which he has described for us. One is entitled to some skepticism as to the extent of his investigation of, for example, the lakes of Canada, the subject of a chapter in his *Mémoires*. It has been asserted, too, that, as a reader of Bartram,[3] he simply drew upon the record of the

[1] See the essay on "Chateaubriand's America," contributed by Miss E. K. Armstrong to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, June, 1907. Her paper is noteworthy in removing all doubts as to the reality of the visit to President Washington — doubts expressed with particular vigor by Professor Joseph Bédier in his *Etudes Critiques* [Paris, 1903, pp. 127–274]. An examination of Washington's papers preserved in the Library of Congress has revealed the letter of introduction, endorsed in Washington's hand: "From General Armand, Marquis de la Rouërie." The letter is dated 22d March, 1791, and begins, "Mr. le Chevalier de Combourg, a nobleman of the State of Brittany and a neighbourg [sic] of mine, is going over to North America. The purpose of that journey, I presume, is to inrich his mind by the active contemplation of such a moving and happy country." (Department of MSS., Letters to Washington, vol. 76, 1790, p. 210). It is significant that this letter, although of considerable length, has nothing to say of Chateaubriand's project of discovering a northwest passage.

[2] That such a journey as this was accomplished in the eight months at Chateaubriand's disposal is unbelievable. Dr. Madison Stathers, in his *Chateaubriand et Amérique* (University of Grenoble, 1905), accepts Chateaubriand's own statements except as to the Boston excursion with its pilgrimage to the "fields of Lexington," and the Canadian explorations. This part of the *Voyages* has its debt to the *History of the Fur Trade* of Sir Alexander MacKensie, London, 1801. Dr. Stathers believes in the authenticity of the journey through Louisiana and the Floridas, but questions its thoroughness.

[3] M. Bédier, in the *Etudes Critiques* already cited, names as Chateaubriand's principal sources, as author of the *Voyages*, the works of Bartram and of Charlevoix. Dr. E. Dick, in the *Revue d' Histoire Littéraire de la France*, Avril, 1906 (also in *Les Plagiats de Chateaubriand*, Coire, 1906), calls attention to the *Pilgrimage in Europe and America* of T. C. Beltrami, New Orleans, 1824. Chateaubriand's debt to Beltrami was pointed out by a contributor to the *Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany*, ii, p. 468 ff. (1828). Chateaubriand did not conceal the fact of his borrowing from Beltrami, whose friend he became.

American naturalist's studies of the Floridas, never setting foot so far south himself.

Part of the evidence used by Chateaubriand's critics is internal. Take, for example, the prologue of *Atala*, in the first edition, where the Mississippi, called — perhaps only for euphony — the Meschacébé, is described in all its grandeur. It waters, he writes, a delicious country, which the people of the United States call the new Eden. "A thousand other streams, tributaries of the Meschacébé, the Missouri, the Illinois, the Akansa, the Ohio, the Wabache, Tenasé,[1] fatten it with their slime and fertilize it with their waters. When all these rivers are swollen with the deluges of winter, when tempests have beaten down whole sections of the forests, time brings together . . . the uprooted trees: it unites them with bindweed, cements them with mud, plants young trees there, and launches its work on the waters. Carried upon foaming waves, their radiant growths descend from all parts to the Meschacébé. . . . Grace is always united to magnificence in the scenes of nature; and while the central current bears toward the sea the trunks of pines and oaks, one sees in the two lateral currents . . . floating islands of pistia and of water-roses, whose yellow blossoms raise themselves like little tents. Green serpents, blue herons, red flamingoes, young crocodiles, embark as passengers on these flower-boats, and the colony, unfurling to the wind its sails of gold, will land, asleep, in some retired cove."

Is it strange that Sainte-Beuve queries, with a show of seriousness, "Are we in North America?" A writer in the *American Quarterly Review* of December, 1827, is even more pointed in his criticism. The contrast which Chateaubriand draws between the two banks of the river is, he says, founded on little more than imagination. "The savannas are not all on one side, nor the forests on the other," he declares. But according to the French traveler the west bank of the Mississippi shows nothing but the undulations of a country clothed with savannas, and boundless meadows where one sees troops of three and four thousand wild buffalo. "Sometimes an aged bison, cleaving the billows, lies down amid the long grass of an islet in the Meschacébé; with his forehead garnished with two crescents, and his old and slimy beard, you would take him for the bellowing god of the stream, casting a satisfied eye on the grandeur of his floods and the wild abundance of his banks." It is a fit prospect that Chateaubriand provides for his deified bison; and he gives one bank of the river silence and repose, the other movement, a murmured harmony, a mingling of colors and of bird-notes. Such a setting as this is a fit one, too, for Chactas, the Indian who has an acquaintance with Racine and Bossuet, has been presented at court, and who has returned to the solitude of the forests. Incidentally, one may see where Victor Hugo derived his love for antithesis at its strongest, and for the monstrous in nature. Chateaubriand makes it clear enough in all his American writings that he is fascinated by the bison, the serpent, and above all, the crocodile. When one believes that nature has reached her greatest beauty, she smiles and embellishes her picture, he writes. And then he shows us one of these embellished pictures: gold-fish, the crocodile floating like the trunk of a tree, trout, pike, perch, bass, bream, drum-fish — "all natural enemies of one another, swam pell-mell in the lake, and seemed to have made a truce in order to enjoy in common the beauty of the evening." Most of the scene must be omitted here: most of the islands, the flowers and the fruits, and most of the magical tints of

[1] In a footnote to his *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire* (éd. Paris, 1889, i, 201, 202), Sainte-Beuve proves unsympathetic to this reformed spelling of the poetic school. Dr. Stathers, in the essay referred to, notes (p. 153, footnote) that "Chateaubriand has adapted French orthography to English pronunciation. In some of his later works . . . he has always followed the English spelling."

the sunset. "At our right were the Indian rivers, at our left our hunting camp. . . . In the east the moon, touching the horizon, seemed to rest motionless on the distant hills; in the west the vault of heaven was melted in a sea of diamonds and of sapphires, in which the setting sun seemed to be dissolving. The animals of the creation were, like us, attentive to this grand spectacle: the crocodile, turned toward the evening star, lashed with its open jaws the water of the lake into coloured sheaves; perched on a rotten bough, the pelican praised in his own fashion the Master of nature, while the crane flew over to praise Him above the clouds!" The exclamation point is Chateaubriand's own, for he is evidently unafraid of calling down upon his head those vials of presidential wrath reserved for the frenzied naturalists of a later day.[1]

Apart from the briefness of his stay in the United States and the southeast, and his errors, unconscious and wanton, one's suspicions as to the extensiveness of his travels might be aroused by the fact that his journals very frequently show a poverty of detail; yet it is true of his prose generally that it is weak in scientific detail, however solemn the pretense of erudition; and ennui overcoming him, René seems sometimes to yawn in his reader's face and to set up a conversation about himself instead of sticking to the subject of discourse. However subtle in rendering colors and shades, accuracy is not to be looked for in one so fond of antithesis and of juxtaposition. Yet Chateaubriand owed more to his wanderings in the United States than to his later visits to Palestine and to the Orient. In his life as an author America is an influence secondary only to his youth in the sombre old town of Saint-Malo, where he was born and where he now lies buried, on the Ile de Bêy.

The Chateaubriand who set sail from the Breton port for Baltimore had accomplished nothing that raised him above his fellows; the Chateaubriand who returned to France from Philadelphia bore with him, in his journals and — what proved to be of infinitely greater importance — in his memory, a body of fact, experience, and impression that was to color all his work, and was to give him his colossal prose epic, *Les Natchez*, from which he carved out *Atala* and *René* for his *Génie de Christianisme;* this in addition to his *Voyages en Amérique.* "Rousseau had discovered and painted Alpine nature, the garden of the Pays de Vaud, and the beautiful forests of our climes; Bernardin de Saint-Pierre revealed to us the sky and vegetation of the Indian islands; but Chateaubriand, first of all, unfolded the vasts of the American desert, of the transatlantic forest." And Sainte-Beuve adds that youth alone has the gift *par excellence* of peopling the solitude; it has within itself the stuff that dreams are made of.[2] Wordsworth remarked something of this: nature has its mysteries, and has nothing to communicate to the man of ambition, of pleasure, who, in an hour of boredom, or of disappointment, demands a passing distraction, and who thinks familiarly to enjoy nature because at one time he loved and knew its secrets. But Chateaubriand visited America in the days when he was young, when his accord with nature was perfect, before his disappointment had come thick upon him; before he wrote, in bitter pessimism, his *Essai sur les Révolutions.* It is to *Atala* and *René*, with all the rich perfection of their harmonies, with their youthful freshness and vigor; to these works which have the closest association with his American travels, that one turns first and turns most often. *Atala*, *René*, and the *Génie de Christianisme*, — these are

[1] The anonymous writer in the *American Quarterly Review*, December, 1827, ventures the opinion that Chateaubriand never pushed so far west as the Mississippi, or so far south as Louisiana. His peopling the borders of the Mississippi with monkeys and flamingoes especially excites the American critic — and with good reason.

[2] Cf. Sainte-Beuve, *op. cit.*, i, pp. 134–137.

the books that show Chateaubriand at his best and his most characteristic.

It is not only because his travels in America gave Chateaubriand material for whole volumes of his works and for chapters of description in his *Essai sur les Révolutions* and his *Mémoires*, that we regard those travels as significant. They helped to form the genius which we know as Chateaubriand; and the solitude of the American forest had its place in developing the type of René — the type that we place beside Childe Harold and Werther in studying nineteenth-century romanticism. Perhaps it is less obvious that to a great extent the disillusion of Chateaubriand dates from this double disappointment of his American expedition: his failure to distinguish himself as a discoverer and his discernment of the limitations of the "state of nature" to which, as a pupil of Rousseau, he must have looked with far more of enthusiasm than one would ever guess from his own pronouncements. For though an early follower of Jean-Jacques, and always his literary descendant, a revulsion of feeling came when the Revolution shattered Chateaubriand's ideals and coöperated with the American travels in completing his disillusionment.

It is Chateaubriand's greatest critic who has once and for all expressed the truth of the relationship of these two writers, and has branded the disingenuousness of the preface to *Atala*, where Chateaubriand asserts that he has never believed in the "natural man" or in the perfection of the "natural state." The critic might have added that it was not until after his American travels, after he had come to appreciate the fact that no problem is unconfused, and that no phrase yet devised can furnish a universal panacea, that Chateaubriand studiously denied Rousseau his mastership. The *Mémoires* of Benjamin Constant furnish an incident of the period when Rousseau's enthusiasm for men unspoiled by society had been taken up by the world of Paris and Versailles. A young Avegron savage, Degérando, incapable of speaking a word of French, was a guest at a dinner party where Mme. de Récamier was his table-companion. In the midst of a heated discussion about Lalonde's fondness for spiders, cries were heard, and every one went out into the garden, whither Degérando had preceded them. There he was, installed in the branches of a tree, and altogether naked. The ladies were terrified; the savage could be enticed down only by means of a basket of peaches. La Harpe quietly chuckled his wish that Jean-Jacques had been present to witness the behavior of a "natural man" in constituted society.

La Harpe did not, perhaps, require disillusionment on any point. Chateaubriand, however he may in later years have tried to disguise the fact, did require it; and he, too, saw the "natural man," as La Harpe saw him in the pear tree, and Napoleon in Egypt. Chateaubriand describes his first view of Indians, both in his *Mémoires* and in the earlier account of his American travels, published in 1827. It was soon after the passage of the Mohawk River, in New York, in a forest-clearing on the frontier of solitude itself that Chateaubriand found himself among twenty savages, "men and women, besmeared like sorcerers, bodies half naked, ears slit, crows' feathers on their heads and rings through their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and curled as of yore, in a coat of apple-green, a vest of drugget, frills and sleeves of muslin, was scraping a pocket-violin and making these Iroquois dance *Madelon Friguet*. M. Violet [the dancing master], in speaking to me of the Indians, always said: *Ces messieurs sauvages et ces dames sauvagesses*. . . . I have never seen such skipping. M. Violet holding his little violin between his chin and his breast, tuned the fatal instrument; he cried in Iroquois: *A vos places!* and the whole troupe leapt like a band of demons." [1]

If, then, the American forest meant

[1] *Voyages en Amérique, en Italie, etc.*, p. 30; *Mémoires*, i, pp. 394, 395.

more to Chateaubriand than a setting for his stories, an illustration for his defense of Christianity, it meant, above all, disillusion. And disillusion has its place in art: it is a saying of Joubert, Chateaubriand's critic and counselor, that the essence of art is to be found in the union of *l'illusion et la sagesse* — which one may freely translate as illusion and disillusion. An American essayist, commenting on this dictum, says of Milton that the noble isolation of his soul schooled him to speak understandingly the ideal language of Arcadia, the language of illusion; yet there must always, in the greater poets, "run a note of disillusionment — a note subdued for the most part so as scarcely to be heard, but rising to the surface now and again with a strange quivering of mingled sadness and joy, of sadness for the fair enchantment it dispels, of joy for the glimpse it affords into something divine and very high. You may hear this note of disillusion many times in Shakespeare, clearest of all in *The Tempest*, where with a word Prospero puts an end to his fairy drama in the woods, and all the insubstantial pageant fades away." [1]

To America Chateaubriand carried with him a heart old in its store of Breton traditions, but young in its sylphine images, its dream of great performances, its faith in the repose of the forest, its conviction that "a thousand delights and rewards are reserved for the primitive man." Chateaubriand was matured by his view of a world as it was: a northwest passage that refused to be discovered unless, perhaps, after years of study and of preparation; a savage race that danced to the music of an exscullion of Rochambeau; a forest that was too often an incongruous mixture of wilderness and civilization. He was aged, too, by the Revolution; he lost his brother-in-law, the noble-spirited de Malesherbes, on the scaffold; the survivors of his family were impoverished; he was wounded, ragged, almost dying; he all but starved in a London garret. His fate was not, like Byron's, to awake famous; he rose from his dreams a refugee and a beggar; a young man who had forgotten what it was to smile. If his disillusionment bore bitter fruit at first, later he was to blend the beauty of Christianity and the senses in works whose worth as religious documents, whether greater or less, can never blur their poetic value. To quote Joubert once more — art at its best is *l'illusion et la sagesse ;* this is preëminently true of the stormy René.

If the performance of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre is more perfect than Chateaubriand's, it is evident enough that Chateaubriand is always a sophisticated artist. As a transcendentalist, throwing his white veil over the passions, and as a classicist, unsatisfied with their unaided position and so grouping his natural objects, he proves himself anything but a mere observer, and a recorder of impressions. He was told that the two Indian women of Florida from whom he was rather rudely separated were *filles peintes*, but they serve him as models, the one of Mila, the other of Atala — the latter the symbol of an almost unearthly quality of virtue.

And in his travels Chateaubriand was always seeing, not what was, but what best satisfied his cravings; he ended by writing beautiful if overladen descriptions, and stories that are vital appeals to human sympathy, however remote Chactas and Atala may be from Indian life. In catching the wild beauty of the American forest, in opening up a new territory to literature, he succeeded better as artist than as explorer. One need not regret the fact — and why should one be severe on Chateaubriand either for his lapses from fact or for his unashamed borrowings from the works of less vividly inspired voyagers? In the days when he gazed at Niagara — and was seized by a desire to take the wild plunge — the thought that doctors' theses would be written on his American travels did not enter his head, egoist though he was.

[1] Mr. Paul Elmer More: *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, pp. 122–124. New York, 1904.

RELIGION IN AN IDEAL COMMONWEALTH

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT

THE foremost Jewish seer, the great Greek philosopher, and that Englishman whose "genius was excellent above all his nation," tell us, each in his own way, that the ideal commonwealth will have a positive religion. In the vision of Isaiah, the coming state has its everlasting light and beauty in Jehovah. In the *Republic* of Plato, that which is left to the ordering of Apollo is called the "greatest and noblest and principal thing of all." And in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, "the chieffe and almost ye only incitation to vertu" is regard for the Supreme Being.

The vision of More, one aspect of which is here to be considered, was the child of an age of swift and momentous change in the religious thought of Europe, and in a period of such change we also are living. Our change, moreover, is largely due, as was that of the sixteenth century, to a truer insight into the Bible. Again, the intellect of More's time had been profoundly quickened by the discovery of a new world, as the intellect of our time has been stirred by the theory of evolution and the discoveries of science. The vision of More was an evidence of fervent discontent with the social, political, and religious conditions of his day, and a discontent due to similar causes is a conspicuous feature of these opening years of the twentieth century. Our industrial and political life is on a higher level than was that of More's time; but there is a feeling, sometimes bitter, that it is on a level far lower than it ought to be. Our religious and theological life is somewhat more free from gross error and bigotry than was that of the sixteenth century, yet many clear-seeing people are troubled regarding this life, and perceive in it little reason for self-complacency. All these points of relationship between our time and that of Sir Thomas More lend special interest to his view of religion in the ideal commonwealth.

More could not make historical Christianity the religion of his ideal state in the West, for it was assumed that the state had been isolated from Europe during all the centuries since its foundation; and yet, being a Christian himself, he could not do otherwise than put what he conceived to be the real spirit of the Gospel into the religious faith and rites of the commonwealth of which he dreamed. More is not to be judged disloyal to his Christian belief in thus imagining that a religion fitted for the ideal state might have been developed outside the Jewish and Christian scriptures. It is not likely that he wished to be understood as suggesting the possibility of such a development. The inconsistency of his thought is simply a result of the literary form which he chose for its expression. In the religious life of More's commonwealth we are to see his conception of the spirit of Christianity.

This meets us in a striking form at the beginning of his account of the Utopian religion. There are indeed several sorts of religious belief in every town, some people worshiping one of the heavenly bodies, others worshiping some eminent man of former times, and yet others, the "greater and wiser sort of people," worshiping one eternal and invisible Deity whom they call "Mithras" and think of as their father; but all these varieties of believers meet in the same temple and worship under the lead of one and the same priest. Each sect performs its own peculiar religious rites at home.

What we style denominationalism is thus kept out of sight. It is not allowed to divide men in their worship of God. It

does not advertise itself by building six churches where only one is needed, or by maintaining theological schools where an equipment adequate for the training of five hundred students is squandered on fifty.

The Utopians have a maxim that "a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases," and that every one may choose what religion he prefers. No one may speak reproachfully of another's faith, and to attempt to turn a man away from his faith except by "amicable and modest ways" is an offense to be punished by slavery or banishment. But it is recognized that the sphere of common religious needs and essential truths is far higher and more important than personal differences of belief. Hence, in the ideal state, men merge their individual peculiarities of doctrine in fraternal worship. The prayers and hymns are "so composed that whatsoever is pronounced by the whole assembly may be likewise applied by every man in particular to his own condition." Now, the significant point in this sketch is one which there is still reason to emphasize. We recognize indeed that each man may choose what religion he pleases, and in so far we have realized More's vision; but we have not yet retired our denominational peculiarities to private life. We have not escaped from their shadow into the higher realm of vital truth.

The priests in the ideal commonwealth are men of "exceeding holiness and therefore very few." We are not to take this statement as a sarcastic reflection on the priests of More's day, but rather as suggesting that, in his thought, only few priests are necessary, provided they are of "exceeding holiness;" in other words, he laid stress on character. His priests have no authority save that arising from the respect paid them as men. Since the Utopians commit the education of children to the priests, — their literary and moral, but not their industrial education, — and since, like Plato, they put greater emphasis on the forming of good citizens than on the making of scholars, it is natural that they look carefully to the character of their priests.

Priests are chosen by secret ballot, as are political magistrates. From the six hours of daily labor required of all citizens, candidates for the priesthood are exempted, to the end that they may give themselves to study; but it is wisely provided that if they do not justify the hope set on them, they are obliged to learn a trade and practice it. It is remarkable that such a democratic conception of the ministry should have come from a courtier of Henry the Eighth, and it will not be denied that there is good sense mixed with the dream. In our time also, as in the sixteenth century, a minister who is to secure the confidence of the community must be, first of all, a good man who "wears the white flower of a blameless life," a man such as he of whom Chaucer sang: —

> To drawen folk to hevene by fairnesse,
> By good ensample, this was his bisynesse.

It is remarkable that More, who was a Catholic and who went to the block rather than renounce his allegiance to the pope, gave to the priest in his ideal commonwealth no other authority than that which was grounded on character and usefulness. In this point he was in advance not only of his own age but also of the Church of the present time.

But in the matter of the minister's relation to public education, we are not moving toward the Utopian ideal, nor are we likely to do so under our constitution. In the separation of Church and State we have something better than men seem to have dreamed of four hundred years ago; but at the same time there is reason to doubt whether our system of public education, in at least one important point, reaches More's ideal, or Plato's either; whether it is not too largely an education of the intellect and too little of the will and heart.

There is another very significant point in the religious life of More's commonwealth. It has already been noticed that

every sect in Utopia performs its peculiar rites at home. We are also told that "before they go to the temple both wives and children fall on their knees before their husbands or parents, and confess everything in which they have either erred or failed in their duty, and beg pardon for it." These statements imply the thought of a church in the home. We are not concerned with the forms in which this thought is expressed, but simply with the principle. More was not a theorist in this matter. He prayed with his family in the morning, and at evening held a brief religious service which was attended by all the household. More did not neglect public worship, even though the clergy of his day were frequently both ignorant and corrupt; but it is plain that home worship was much the more prominent element in his religious life.

It may be that if another Thomas More were to dream to-day of an ideal state, he would see the family invested with even larger significance for worship than it had in the old Utopia. He might indeed see the opposite of what we now behold, when the home is being emptied of its religious character and the church is largely regarded as the sole channel of worship. It might appear to him in his dream that the holiest place in the community was not that where the Gospel was officially proclaimed, but rather that where parents and children welcomed each new day with a glad hymn of praise, and in the evening twilight blended their voices in thanksgiving to God.

THE EARTH-HOUR

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THE earth was made in twilight, and the hour
Of blending dusk and dew is still her own,
Soft as it comes with promise and with power
Of folded heavens, lately sunset-blown.

Then we who know the bitter breath of earth,
Who hold her every rapture for a pain,
Yet leave the travail of celestial birth
To wipe our tears upon the dusk again.

But vain; the spirit takes, in sovereign mood,
A sure revenge, as in some tree apart
A whippoorwill sets trembling all the wood, —
The silence mends more quickly than the heart.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MADAME POULARD

MADAME POULARD, who has retired from the savory kitchen of the Poulard Ainé at Mont Saint-Michel, was in her way as truly an artist as her friends whose sketches covered the walls of the *salle-à-manger* in the famous inn. To see her preparing an omelette or a stew, or keeping an eye on the chickens revolving over the fire, was to see a woman practicing an art rather than following a trade. In handling and using her utensils she had the grand air which distinguishes the artist from the artisan, the cook whose heart is in her work from the cook bent on earning a living. A charming woman said of the table of a club in an American summer resort, that there was no love in it; the actual needs were generally met, but there was no margin, no suggestion of human interest. You were treated as a boarder to be fed, and not as a human being with taste as well as appetite. Madame Poulard paid her visitors the compliment of treating them as persons to whom cooking as a fine art was a delicate tribute.

Sitting one day in the little open-air café across the street from the Poulard Ainé, Madame Poulard coming to the door from time to time and smiling in her gracious way, an Englishman looked up from his after-dinner coffee and remarked that she was a European personage. She had welcomed a host of Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans to the old town, and they will always think of her as one of its most characteristic features. The little café was one of the most interesting places in Europe; and the few who sat under its roof were as much on the pavement as if they had been at the open-air tables of the Grand Café on the Boulevard des Italiens. Everybody who came into Mont Saint-Michel passed through the two narrow arched gates that pierce the wall between the hotel and the café. The street is a small alley, and the town is built along a series of stairways. In the old days the traveler came across the causeway from Pontorson by coach or carriage, was met at the outer gate by emissaries from the Poulard Ainé and the Poulard Jeune, and his luggage carried by hand to his destination.

In those days there was fierce rivalry between the two inns,—a strife as bitter as that between the Montagues and Capulets; for a family quarrel lay in the background and had grown to epic proportions. To reach the rival hotel it was necessary to conduct the guests past the hospitable doors of the inn "renowned for its omelettes," and very pretty comedy was played every day before the eyes of the sitters in the café. At the precise psychologic moment, Madame Poulard stepped smiling out of her kitchen, with a grace of manner so full of cordiality that the new arrivals followed her queenly gestures instinctively as she waved them into her house, and left the emissaries of the other establishment vainly gnashing their teeth in the empty street. She was a born hostess, and no visitor wished to go farther when she barred the way.

Dark of hair and eye, with a dignified and handsome figure and a manner full of charm, Madame Poulard was born to make strangers feel at home. She spoke French, not only with musical intonation, but so slowly and distinctly that dull ears caught her nice distinctions of sound, and understood. She was not only hostess of the inn, which she made famous throughout Europe, but of the town as well; she was the custodian of its traditions and the guide to its treasures of interest.

And what a town it is! From the yellow sands, which shine league on league when the tide is out, to the great door of the Castle and the spire of the beautiful Abbey Church, it is a matching of splendid architecture with a magnificent site in a setting of inimitable beauty. Battlement and church rise on a huge rock out of a sea full of magic. When the tide runs out, as far as the eye can reach stretches that wonderful shimmering surface alive with the vitality of the sea: beneath is the buried forest of Broceliande; beyond are the shores of Normandy, the spires rising from unseen villages; from that shore in the old days many a pilgrim took his conch and picked his way to the shrine of Saint-Michel.

They still come on festal days, but alas! the shell and staff are no longer borne; they come by trolley! Climb the long stairs in the shadow of the great pile; enter the portal of the fortress, pass through the noble Hall of Knights, where a little group of gallant men once stood out alone on the coast against Henry V; walk through the beautiful Abbey Church, descend the winding path along the battlements, and one seems to be moving through the Middle Ages, visible in massive wall and tower, and disclosed afresh to the mind by the history and traditions of a place unsurpassed in its picturesque beauty.

But it is of the living, not the dead, that one takes account when Madame Poulard stands in the narrow street. If you lodged in the Maison Vert or the Maison Blanc you had your morning coffee and roll on a little terrace, overhung with vines, looking out on the sands or the sea; but for luncheon and dinner you descended to the house by the inner gate, and there was Madame moving quietly about, concerned with stews, soups, or oysters, as well as with omelettes. She was never hurried or preoccupied. She bore herself with the ease and freedom of a presiding genius, and her deftness was only an external and visible sign of an inward gift and calling. When the time came to go, no bill was presented; you kept your own score, and neither Madame nor Monsieur was concerned about small matters like afternoon tea. They said Saint-Michel watched over the inn and protected it from dishonest guests.

A fortune awaits the men and women who have the taste and skill to open and conduct attractive, artistic, thoroughly comfortable small hotels or inns in this country. Such hostelries are so few and far between that one can almost count them on his fingers. There are "palatial hotels" everywhere, with palatial prices; but where are the small, quiet, refined houses in which one can draw an easy-chair up to a low table, with a good reading light, and feel at home? The traveler sits, as a rule, in a great room with composite marble pillars, in a vast leather chair, too heavy to be moved, with a light ten feet above his head. Where are the small hotels, with lovely gardens about them, such as one finds in all parts of England? Where are the hotels with the air of hospitality for the individual rather than for the public *en masse;* with the personal touch which transforms cooking from the mere production of food to the kindly ministrations of a neglected art? There is an unpretentious hotel in a small western town, kept by a woman who has the instincts of a hostess. It is a very simple house, and the furniture and decorations are commonplace; but it is full of flowers and pervaded by a sense of comfort and an atmosphere of home. A woman not only "runs" it, but pervades it,—a very different matter; and men go a hundred miles out of the way to spend Sunday in its cheerful atmosphere. There is room for inns as well as for hotels in this country; there are hosts of people who long for quiet comfort; for low lights and bright fires in winter; for gardens in summer; for a homelikeness which opulence of furnishing and decoration have almost banished from American hotels.

FOOLS

"THE longer I live," said my friend the Professor thoughtfully, "the more I hate a fool."

Now in most things the Professor and I are pleasantly in accord; but, as he spoke that damning sentence, I knew that the subject, further pursued, would breed alienation between us, and I turned the discourse into other channels. I smiled to myself as I felt the resemblance of my instinctive state of mind to the attitude of a mother hen, hustling all her chickens behind her out of the way of the prowling cat, anxious, perturbed, defensive. For it is my excellent fortune to rank not a few of the class obnoxious to the Professor among my cherished friends. They are the salt of the earth to me. I could not relinquish one of them, nor has one of them reformed.

It may be a somewhat delicate matter to determine in just what high folly consists. There are fools and fools, and from the latter I avert my eyes as sadly and speedily as the Professor. But the standards shift so enormously that it is perhaps not going too far to say that every man is a fool to someone and a wise man to someone else. Which lets us all in to the happy band, if we view the matter broadly.

However, for the sake of convenience, that a definition may be approximated, it is always possible to appeal to a shadowy sort of public tribunal which fluctuates like the waves of the sea, but which, again like the sea, remains pretty well limited. With this tribunal I should probably agree in stating that the chief mark of a fool is indifference to results. That is so disconcerting and childish in him! It is a severely logical world — cause and result, cause and result; we should reason our actions well. But the fool cares only about the cause. Glorious, beautiful, soul-filling thing! he rushes at it with arms held wide, seizes it, launches it — whither away? Perhaps it is fortunate for our peace that, for the most part, a fool throws far, having a mighty impulse in him; so that his cause goes clean over the edge of the decorous world and apparently comes to nothing. But who shall say what alarming results take place among the stars?

I once knew a joyous, refreshing creature — like the sun was the sudden entrance of him — who spent himself in translating books which no one wanted to read, in devising schemes to assist a race which declined to be assisted, in pouring his life in the sand.

"Never mind," he would assure me brightly, when I weakly fell so far from the grace of our true understanding as to remonstrate with him. "I can't do anything else, you know, for these things seem important to me. If people don't care for them now, they will; I can always wait."

Another impetuous soul was fain of extravagant hero-worship. I watched his career with an interest which was partly impersonal, but which owed something also to my own ends. For I found that he furnished me a sure test of the measure of greatness. Some of his heroes — the most, alas! — fled from his praises precipitately. They did not understand him; they thought him about to swallow them up; they beat him off with both hands. Now a hero who cannot apprehend love and accept it simply and frankly lacks the true magnanimity; so it appears. In the end, as a matter of fact, the laugh was always on the heroes; for their impulsive admirer had no intention of swallowing up; he would have choked with shame at the thought. It was simply natural for him to love, and, loving, to mention the fact. His love was thrown back in his face twenty times to my certain knowledge, to my burning indignation too; but his heart remained sweet and warm through it all, and he went on loving. Who was the hero here? Who the fool? One may well pause and consider.

Another certain trait of a fool is his zest in living. This is so marked that

the wonder is, considering how keen we all are in the quest for happiness, that we do not at once adopt the motley as a universal garb. I suppose our dignity stands in the way. It would doubtless be going too far to say that all optimists are fools; but there is certainly hardly a fool who is not an optimist. They see the world *couleur de rose*, these children. If evil exists, it is only a chance to prove the hearts and the hands of men; they have at it courageously. Given a problem before which wise men have pondered and waited long, to determine the safest line of approach: up comes the fool along any line which he happens to occupy at the moment, suddenly running, his head well down, and — pouf! whack! presto! finish! the problem has disappeared. The amazed discomfiture of the wise men at the unwarranted consummation is not the least engaging part of the whole pleasant spectacle.

One of the fool's most lovable qualities is his entire willingness to appear ridiculous. That takes greatness of nature. To do absurd things in the calm understanding that they are absurd (though probably glimpsing divinity, too, on their cloudy side, which is larger), and then to abide the consequences of laughter and derision — excellent fool! he puts to shame the solemn pride of wisdom. The most beloved fool I know turns on himself and laughs at himself with such an *abandon* of cheerful mirth that one might think his quixotic achievements were undertaken quite for the joke — if one had not first seen deeper.

They are all eternally young and glad; of that we may be certain. There was never an "old fool" in the world, though the phrase is common enough. I met a typical member once of the delightful order. His folly I recognized at once, and rejoiced in it and warmed myself at it through the whole of a happy evening. But when I was questioned about his age, I was suddenly at a loss. I had talked with him as with one of my years; perhaps now, however, thinking about it, he had seemed a little older. "Forty?" I hazarded doubtfully. My hostess clapped her hands and laughed in a merry triumph. "Sixty-nine!" she informed me. It is a wonderful thing to hold the secret of freshness thus. Strange! strange! that we are not all fools, when the profit is so great.

TO "THE MAN IN THE MIRROR"

And yet, my dear Contributor, you don't much more than half know yourself if, as seems to be the case, you have confined your observations to the front view. I suppose we are all of us apt to be of the opinion of the little girl in *Punch*, who said, "But *I* am in front." The person whose eyes I meet in the mirror, that is I. His are the qualities which I recognize, his the defects which I try to correct. If I do not wish others to see me exactly as I am, I control my face and think myself sufficiently disguised; and all the time my back may be betraying me.

Certainly, if you depend to any extent on the man in the mirror for self-knowledge, it behooves you to get an all-round view. Otherwise you may be most lamentably mistaken in yourself. Take, for instance, the case of my friend X. He is a delightful fellow, with hosts of friends. With his alert expression, his young eyes, his charming smile, you find it hard to realize that he is well along in the forties, and you feel that he must have drunk of the fountain of youth. You believe him, as he frankly believes himself, to be a generous, sympathetic sort of man, with a sense of humor and with energy enough to seize the opportunity of the moment. But as you get to know him well, you come across some curious contradictions in his character. At times he seems oddly cold-blooded and hard-hearted. You are surprised to find him more obstinate than you had supposed, and most of all surprised at a certain procrastination in

doing the thing which he has declared to be the altogether desirable thing to do. You set down these peculiarities as strange but momentary vagaries, having nothing to do with his real character. Then some day, perhaps, you may happen to walk down a corridor behind him, with nothing to distract your attention. Heavens! you say to yourself, I did n't know X looked like that. What you see is the back of a very settled, very opiniated middle-aged man. Suddenly you feel that you understand X as you have never understood him before. Those supposed chance vagaries fall into place as an integral part of his character. Hitherto it has always seemed odd that he should be so genuinely unconscious of his own inconsistencies. Now you see that it may well be because he only judges himself by the man in the mirror. He looks in the glass and thinks himself a dashing blade who must be held in with a tight rein, when all the time it would be quite safe to let himself go, since there are enough counteracting influences in his own nature. And so he grows, year by year, a little less worthy of the love which, after all, he is always going to get, as long as he looks at you out of those clear young eyes and greets you with that charming smile.

Women study their backs more than men and they also disguise them more. I remember a very fascinating woman once saying to me, "I would rather my back should look right than my face, for when I am face to face with a person I can take care of myself, but my back is defenseless." Once in a while a man takes a hand-glass to study a disconcerting bald spot, and he may look to see whether his new coat fits, but I doubt whether, as a rule, he can be said to know himself from that point of view. Yet sometimes the result of such a study would be very encouraging, for we all know many persons whose backs are much more prepossessing than their faces — younger, more alert, more suggestive of beauty. Try it, dear Contributor, with the help of, say, three cheval-glasses placed at the proper angles, and you may find that modest self-confidence which you have hitherto acquired by such slow degrees, increasing by leaps and bounds.

THE NEWSPAPER "FAN"

I AM a newspaper "fan." No one knows it except my fellow passengers on the evening suburban train. I do not tell my family, because the paper I buy and read for its moving-picture descriptions of the daily baseball game is blackguarded beyond words, when, in our house, the talk runs on newspapers. Indeed, it is my proudest hypocrisy to join in the manifestations against it — after I have played through the latest royal contest between rival twirlers whose existence is, unfortunately, not a part of my respectable and authentic life. And then, with accuracy due to long custom, the flimsy sheet is slipped under the car seat, and I walk from the departing train outwardly stainless.

The world is so made that those of us who live eight hours in offices spend their Saturday afternoons and holidays in more direct physical sport than watching even real baseball. Thus it is that none of my heroes of the bat are more to me than excited names; picturesque, it is true, and gatherers of further glories through the gaudy sobriquets given them by the baptizers of the Press. Kerrison the Small, Dygert, Lajoie, Stovall, and Flick are my friends. Boulton is among them no longer, for did he not join the Blank City Nationals like a true traitor?

Baseball is the best cement democracy knows. An Italian in a blue shirt with a flowered silk front, who rides on a pass on my train, reads the same paper that I do. One day, at the sixth inning, he stopped, thick forefinger against the page. It marked a place where, for the second time Tox had struck out to a notably slow "box-man." We exchanged speaking glances, shook our heads, and read

on. Thereafter we fought sympathetic battles.

There is nothing in the world like it. "Donahue dumped a Texas leaguer in the right. Dineen pushed a safe grounder in the same direction, and Schreck tried for third, but Ferris relayed Congalton's throw to Hemphill, and Donahue was out. Dougherty rapped a hot one which Hemphill was lucky to stop. Roke flied to Sullivan. Bill Sullivan drove through Bach's legs, and Dineen scored, Pat going to third. Sully stole second. Eberfield fanned. ONE RUN."

Imagine the hot sunny field. A drift of fat cigar smoke and with it the thick smell of peanuts. No wind; perfect baseball weather. Nine men against one with a stick and a fast-chewing jaw. "Unglaub drove a long fly to the left bleachers for two bags." Ten men on the field now — no, eleven — a new one with the stick. Look! The tenth man is run — no! by Jove he — *Go it!* He can, and did. "Sullivan laid down a fine sacrifice, Smith to Donahue, Unglaub sliding to third." The bleachers are standing now. A new man up — he bats left-handed. He can swing! Read: "Isbell played in close and Congalton bounced a single over his head, scoring Unglaub!" As the headline put it, it was a "timely one-sacker." The game goes to the Americans.

Friend, you who read the market page with its jargon of fractions and sudden whims, you who furrow the literary twaddle of book journals, or you, gentle lady, to whose nimble tongue wool batiste, challis, and pongee bishops and berthas are emotions and volitions, think of me and my likes playing the game an hour late and twenty miles away, watching as if before us the twists and turns and sudden emprises, the raps and wallops, miscues, pickups, and swift fans of Nine against Nine on the levels of Parnassus! For, "Issy banged one on the ground which Mullins picked up and snapped to Wagner who covered the middle cushion" and —

"A greata game," says the Italian as his station is called and he gets up, carrying his paper with him, unabashed.

NO TIME FOR A WIFE

Mr. Spectator, — I feel like beginning in eighteenth-century fashion, for the Contributors' Club is a kind of monthly Spectator where one can air his grievances as well as his whimseys, — what are we college people to do about matrimony? I am not, as one might possibly infer, complaining of the difficulties of low finance; they have been aired to dryness, and even a married instructor can afford the less nutritive meats. It is scholarship, German scholarship, that raises the particular bogey I am afraid of, and upon due consideration I believe that either German scholarship or the wedded life must go. Time was when a servant of the muses, and even a teacher of literature, might sit in his library, pen in hand, books before him, some high criticism in his thoughts, and with his wife cosily sewing in the rocker beside the desk, contrive to accomplish that "outside work" to which his desire and the hope of promotion urged him. But all such pleasant wanderings in the meadows of literature have become no better than so many primrose paths to the bonfire of reputation. Behold your modern scholar where he sits, with the *Dictionary of National Biography*, a dozen German theses, two rows of source books, a typewriter, and three drawers of notes. No room for a wife, no time if room.

But this is but a mild and somewhat facetious presentation of the real danger. In our club (which is so academic that you may pass an evening without hearing Amalgamated mentioned more than once) there are a good dozen of the fine young men whom Stevenson describes as ready in the cause of toil to be driven off in a hearse with white plumes on it. They are bachelors, living in affluence and complaint upon the same salaries

which our university provides for the support of families, and snugly housed in million-dollar dormitories, where they accept three rooms and a bath from the corporation, and stuff all but the bath with Oriental rugs, books, and good pipe-tobacco. If one should stir up their quarters as Burns's coulter ripped up the mouse's cell, one wonders whether they would run to cover in domestic life. But it is German scholarship which is the real difficulty. We sit (or sat when I was a bachelor) at the round table, sipping coffee and smoking. Talk goes cheerfully. You would think us all free men. Is the day's work done? If it had been mere teaching, mere thinking, yes, all but the fine flower of it. But scholarship — Smith there is studying the modal clause in Old Norse. He has his twenty pages to analyze before bedtime, and off he slinks with that careworn expression which means work first, then fame, and then happiness. Peterkin is reading through all Old French in the search for anything unnoted to be found there, traces of Celtic or plant names by choice. So off he trots with a memorandum of where he stopped on his hat check. Jamison is in the middle of a story when the hall boy whispers, "Telephone." We hear him in the booth, his jolly after-dinner voice hardening into that "can't you understand that *I* must work" tone we know so well, as he refuses an invitation to meet somebody's sister. And the worst of it is that it can't be helped. Here is the terrible *cul-de-sac*, here is the immovable body stopping short what used to be considered an irresistible force. How can these men be famous and married? Will 100,000 lines of Old Norse, with a scant year's start of some German at the same job, permit of any other mistress? Or fifty analogues to the seventh tale of the *Nugis Curialium*, which cry to be made a hundred by a search through all narrative, give leisure for courting, palliate the upset nervous system which is sure to follow a marriage ceremony, or pardon a horrid blank for the two weeks which is the least one can give to a wedding trip? And there is more — for suppose *she* should like dining out, or going to bed early, or talking on sacred weekday evenings. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, that there were children, who cried, were ill, romped over one's card catalogue. Obviously it can't be done. For mark you, it is work that counts, hours as much as thoughts, routine more than ideas.

As I come home from late recitations I stem a vast current of grimy men and women hurrying through the early darkness toward a lodging for the night; and when some late-left preparation for an early lecture calls me up before the first dawn, I hear their footsteps, hurrying, hurrying back again to their work. They are the handlers of machines, the superintendent once told me. The cogs work just so fast, the good workman can feed their maw just so many strips of steel or brass each hour. A shorter day, a smaller output. Brains beyond the requisite amount make no odds, it is the time which counts. Well, so it is with modern scholarship, and so with all these fine young bachelor friends of mine. Sometimes I have wondered hopefully whether after all it is not a game of blind-man's-buff played with your own eyes and handkerchief; whether Hymen does not have a case against those rooms "full benely stuffit," that good club of ours with its comfortable servants, its meals that come without ordering, its deep-bottomed chairs where a man may digest without wondering whether the furnace is going out, the maid rioting with the gas-stove, or the snow deepening on the pavement.

But the reflection is needless. Scholarship is a Turk who bides no brother near the throne, though sadly unlike one in the matter of wives. If we are to labor in the German cause, where unsufficient to the day must always be the hours thereof, if we are to complete all essential and unessential knowledge,

we must give up matrimony. To be sure I am married myself. But then I never cared for club life — and I do not believe in the preëminent excellence of German scholarship.

THERE IS NO PLACE EXACTLY LIKE HOME

I AM one of those unfortunate persons who have no eye for color. Indeed, I have never been able to understand in any way the particular merits or demerits of what is known among experts as a "color scheme." Neither have I the remotest conception of form. The shape of an object is all one to me, so long as it does not render me physically uncomfortable.

This, I am fully aware, — in view of the present renaissance of home decoration, — is a confession of appalling weakness. And yet I am even prepared to go still further and assert that the quality of woods, the disposition of furniture, the arrangement of bric-a-brac, and the historical spirit of the collector, are entirely outside of my ken. I have often amused myself, in glancing over the "Home" magazines, where the "good mantelpiece" and the "bad mantelpiece" are printed side by side, by covering up the type and endeavoring to select the one I liked the better, and I have invariably hit upon the bad one.

Indeed, as long as I am confessing, I may as well make a clean sweep of the whole matter, and own up that I am for usefulness — and that awful, reprehensible thing: solid comfort.

In a spirit of reckless bravado and abandon, I once confided this to a married friend, at a moment when his wife was away and we were quite safe; and greatly to my surprise (after he had locked the door, and peeped through the blinds to see that no one was listening) he declared that he was in the same state with me. He proposed to me that we form a sort of secret organization, in which all the members should feel free to confess their ignorance; and no doubt the thing would have been done and have led to something, had not his wife suddenly come back, and put a stop to the whole proceeding. Afterwards, when we met, neither of us had the heart to broach the matter.

I cannot but believe, however, that there is something in the idea. I plume myself on the thought that there must be others as dull and ignorant as myself, poor, tired, overworked creatures, who have no other thought of home than an easy chair, a kindly light over one's shoulder, a pipe that draws well, and a book within easy reach.

To these few I dare assert my views, in a sort of typographical whisper, telling them to take heart of hope, and that if at present our forces are scattered, at any moment a change may come and we may be able to present a determined front.

When it comes to a good and a bad mantelpiece, one is (in my humble opinion) about as bad as the other. So of color schemes and other arrangements. The truth is that any decoration is bad, and as hopeless as the word implies. The average house, indeed, is made to play the part of the fool. Built originally with but one object, — as a shelter, — it is now tricked out with all sorts of horrible devices. Its walls are decked with brass ornaments and blotches of color called oil paintings. Its windows are covered with filmy curtains that keep out the light and air. Glaring china closets vulgarly displaying rows of cut glass, antique sideboards ("made in Michigan"), and stiff-back chairs, all help to add to its secret sense of shame.

For there are few homes, if they could but look at themselves in the mirror of Nature, but would blush to their roofs with mortification. Indeed —

But I cannot add more, as I have just received a message that it is housecleaning time, and I must hurry home, rehang pictures, beat the carpets, move all the furniture from one room into another, and oil up the Chippendales.

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HAS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY A FUTURE?

BY THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

I

To him who takes his politics seriously, and has perhaps attained his own political belief through many an hour of anxious reflection, and many a prayer for inward light which would guide to righteous judgment, the cheerful inability of other men to know why they belong to one party rather than another is very perplexing; to him it seems incredible that any reasoning human being should be content to go through the world with his political faith resting on such shaky foundations.

Most men seem to receive their politics meekly, through inheritance or environment. (That is also, we are told, the way children become criminals.) Most of the Republicans whom we know belong to that party primarily because their fathers were Republicans before them,—either fighting in the Civil War, or perhaps from a safe distance cheering on those who did; secondarily, because as youths they have "tagged on" after the quadrennial torchlight procession, cheering for Blaine, Harrison, McKinley, or Roosevelt; or thirdly, because they have absorbed the arguments advanced by their own party orators and newspapers, carefully avoiding all others. Then there is a considerable number of those who are simply turned by the tide; like some acquaintances of mine who were formerly Democrats, but who, moving into a community where the other party was fashionable and dominant, and finding that most political favors and preferment were to be gained in that camp, saw the errors of their former ways and were converted.

I do not intend to cast reflections upon the good faith or the patriotism of these members of the other party; for the ranks of the Democrats are recruited for the most part in just the same way. Inheritance, environment, heeding the arguments of only one side, will account for most of them also. If the Democratic party is somewhat short of time-servers it is only because its success of recent years has not been so marked as to attract them. In their view, society in the Democratic party is getting to be rather like the Presbyterian elder's idea of Heaven, very select but by no means amusing; and they would naturally prefer the more numerous society of the other place.

But if the people who dislike to discuss politics or religion are irritating, what can be said of those who profess to see no real choice between parties? "Oh! I can't see any difference," laughs a genial gentleman, "they both want to get in when they're out, you know; and to keep the other fellows out when they're in." And with a chuckle the speaker dismisses the subject as though he had solved the eternal mystery of politics with an original idea; the truth being that he has got no farther in political thought than a vague remembrance of an annotated edition of *Gulliver's Travels.*

Considering, then, the prevalence of these two classes, it may be well, before attempting to ask a question as to the future of the Democratic party, to find out whether there is in reality any such thing as a Democratic party existing in the present. If men assume a party badge by reason of inheritance or environment,

and if there is really no difference between the two great parties, then it becomes a wholly useless thing to bother our heads about the future of either.

II

It seems a trifle fantastic perhaps, when faced by such a seemingly simple question, to suggest going back to the very dawn of history; yet the nature and place of political parties in this Republic, as well as the nature and place of this Republic in the world's affairs, are so frequently misunderstood that the suggestion is not by any means amiss. To understand the Democratic party one must understand Democracy; and to understand Democracy one must understand what produced it and developed the need of such a "great experiment" as ours, — what it was brought into the world to replace.

There are many ways of looking at history; among them is that view which sees always the struggle of the inextinguishable spirit of liberty against intrenched privilege, — the ever-renewed conflict of individual freedom with organized selfishness.

This was the vision of past ages which inspired Lowell: —

> Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne —
> Yet that scaffold sways the future; and behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

In the beginning the effort to secure some concrete system of human society — a necessity for man — assumes the character of a mere trial of brute strength; the stronger man wins and the weaker is enslaved. Thus the oldest political relation of mankind — of master and slave — was developed; and based upon this relation arose the first great organized system of human government, — *imperialism*. Under various names, with much crudeness of experiment and many complications, this system was many centuries in reaching its most brilliant and complete development in the dominion of Rome; but even as Rome attained the zenith of her power, the system, so long and painfully built up, began to fall to pieces. Rome had conquered all the material forces of the known world; but the freedom of the intellect proclaimed in Greece, the freedom of conscience proclaimed in Judæa, were forces against which the imperial legions were powerless. The Greek philosopher could be silenced, but Plato and Aristotle were immortal in their writings; the Hebrew prophet could be slain, but the Golden Rule could never again be driven from the hearts, nor silenced from the tongues of men. Imperialism — the rule of the strong over the weak, of the master over the slave — could not stand the test; the intellect rebelled, the soul revolted; the human relations involved in slavery were contrary to the laws of nature, which are the laws of God. And with a mighty crash which shook the whole world loose from its moorings, the first great political experiment — the first great organized system of human society — collapsed, and confusion reigned again.

Then, after more long centuries of travail, was slowly developed a second great experiment, — *feudalism*. Loath to give up the essence of slavery, the domination of man by man, but forced to recognize the responsibility of man to man, feudalism rested upon a new relation — that of lord and vassal. Imperialism had left God out of account; the new system should satisfy both God and man. What was regarded as man's dual nature was to be guided by two co-existent powers, the Church and the State; and each of these was an elaborate social pyramid: in one reaching from the lower ranks of the priesthood up through the higher clergy to the Pope, and in the other from the serf up through knight and baron to King and Emperor. Each highest sovereign, Pope and Emperor, should be lord paramount over half of each atom of humanity.

It was a most ingenious system, the most beautifully logical and complete scheme of society that humanity could devise. Its conclusions were irresistible, granting the premises; but unfortunately the premises were vitally, hopelessly wrong. You cannot vivisect society into two separate half-entities, one political and one spiritual; neither is man fit to be trusted as lord over a vassal, any more than as master over a slave. Yet feudalism assumed that Pope and Emperor could rule jointly over mankind (which, as both popes and emperors were human, they never could); and that the higher the title the more fit to rule, — an equally pathetic fallacy, for unrestrained power does not produce righteous conduct, but almost inevitably the reverse.

So again organized society found itself driven against the sharp facts of human nature and met disaster. While Pope and Emperor quarreled for power, while the robber baron from his rocky fastness was grimly collecting tribute from the passing traveler, and the serf tilled the soil for his lord's maintenance, the dwellers in the great free cities were laying the foundations of a new civilization of peace and commerce. Nor was that all: over in their little island kingdom the English were developing a race of sturdy yeomen whose feudal bonds were of the lightest, and whose weapons were the home-made bow and arrow. The mail-clad nobles who fell before them at Crécy and Agincourt were not merely so many thousands perishing in a bad quarrel; they were the first victims of the collapse of feudalism, — the signs and symbols of the failure of the second great organized system of human government.

The unscrupulous ingenuity, ambition, and greed of the kings were quick to develop the third experiment. As monarch and people faced each other after the destruction of the feudal baronage, the former was quick to seize his opportunity; the latter, confused, uncertain, ignorant, were slow to see theirs.

Far less complex and interesting than feudalism, the system of *paternalism*, based upon the relation of a parent claiming divine right and his children seeking guidance, came to political development. But once again the clear and obvious facts of human nature were overlooked. Mankind will not long remain under the domination of an individual, whether he claim divine inspiration or just plain human dictatorship; nor did it need great clearness of sight to see the wretched fallacy of a system which held up a Henry Tudor as God's vice-regent upon earth, or a Philip of Spain as the benevolent father of a grateful people. The only wonder is that the glamour lasted so long; for even a full century after the unfortunate Charles Stuart had laid his head upon the block, France in her logical way still persisted in carrying the paternal system to a supremely logical conclusion, an absolute *reductio ad absurdum;* for could anything be more ridiculous as a system of government than that of Versailles and the fifteenth Louis!

It is not so easy to trace closely the outlines of the fourth experiment; but amid the confusion, if we look clearly we can see the new system — *aristocracy;* not the nobility of feudal tenure, but the domination of a ruling caste, a nobility of material success; sometimes of birth — descent from ancient freebooter or sycophant; sometimes of wealth — landholders of longer or shorter tenure; sometimes of intellect — success in statecraft, commerce, letters, or beer; sometimes a mixture of all these. As we see imperialism typified in Rome, as feudalism reached its most characteristic development in France, and paternalism perhaps in Russia, so we find the clearest development of aristocracy in England.

But aristocracy has satisfied the ideals of mankind but little better than the systems that went before. The rule of a privileged few, whether their claim be founded on birth, wealth, scholarship, or what not, is in practice a selfish and arrogant domination. It is the same old

story. "How much better the world would be governed if the ignorant many were only willing to be guided by the wise few!" cry those who consider themselves the wise and aspire to be the few. It is a plausible argument. But the many always refuse, and always will refuse, to listen, when the few commit the grievous error of exchanging their intellectual influence for political domination. Moreover, the many have always shown that politically they are wiser in the long run than the aristocrats. For the judgment of the many remains in the mass unselfish, while the privileged few upon whom the gift of power has been bestowed have proved that with the gift of power go the fatal gifts of pride, luxury, ambition, greed, — these in place of that righteousness which alone would defend the placing of man in power over his fellow-man. "No man," said Lincoln with deep insight, "is good enough to rule another man, without that other's consent."

One by one, tested by the test of truth — the Golden Rule — these four systems have been tried and found wanting. Over and over again the variations have been rung on the four themes, with ever new rearrangements of their various elements; organized selfishness always vainly hoping that at last the successful combination was achieved, and that the people would remain quiet and forever be ruled by Emperor, Baron, Priest, or King. But always, with the accompaniment of more or less violence, the fraud has been discovered; the people have refused to be satisfied with the dry crumbs, while the favored few sat gorging at the banquet.

Then at last, far away over the sea, where England, the island country which had been enabled to pursue most naturally its own development, had planted colonies where freedom was breathed in with the very air, there, in the new world, far away from the follies and failures of the past, arose the fifth great experiment in human government.

"Borne over the Atlantic," cries Carlyle, "to the closing ear of Louis, King by the Grace of God, what sounds are these; muffled — ominous, new in our centuries? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected Tea; behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather; and ere long, on Bunker Hill, *Democracy* announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world!"

Democracy was no experiment; it was simply the only course left, after every other system of government had failed to satisfy mankind: imperialism — the rule of master over slave; feudalism — the rule of lord over vassal; paternalism — the rule of a claimant of divine right over obedient subjects; aristocracy — the rule of the privileged few over the unprivileged many; what was there left save democracy, the rule of the people itself, of brother-citizens over themselves?

Here at last was a new system indeed; yet like all new things it was in its essence as old as the hills; forever, since the dawning of intelligence in the mind of man, the passion for freedom had stirred him to ever new protest against every new form of tyranny. But here at last was a new system of human government founded boldly upon the very rock against which all other systems had come to wreck. Here at last was what the world had been waiting for, the political expression of the Golden Rule. Here was a proclamation that every man should be free, bound only by his obligation to his brother-man. Little by little the truth had forced its way in; little by little the democratic idea had burgeoned into a political system.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes de-

structive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

III

Some individuals of later generations have discovered that the great Declaration is only an expression of "glittering generalities;" but they have merely succeeded in proving their own shallow cynicism.

"The authors of that notable instrument," said Lincoln, "meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all and revered by all, — constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence, and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, of all color, everywhere."

It was the hope of Washington, as of some others of the great men of the Revolution, that partisan feeling would not exist in their new Republic; that while differences of opinion of course must continue, they ought not to divide men definitely into political parties; but he did not fully realize the great change which had been wrought in fundamental political conditions.

In all other systems of government the formation of political parties, which must of necessity result in some organized opposition to existing conditions, tends to breed revolution. To question the will of the Emperor is not mere opposition, — it is treason; to oppose the demand of an overlord is to upset the very basis of feudal society; to resist the authority of a divinely appointed monarch is damnable heresy; to thwart the plans of an aristocracy is to sin against superior judgment. It follows therefore that under such governments, if the play of parties is vital, it becomes dangerous to the state. But in a democracy the healthy differences of parties form the very firmest basis upon which the state can rest; party differences, instead of unsettling the state, by forming a proper balance of conflicting opinions only make it more stable.

It seems also natural that there should be two great parties. Men will always differ fundamentally in their way of looking at the world; one will be always impatient to press forward, while another is equally inclined to hang back. Private Willis, from his sentry-box outside the House of Lords, has caught hold of a very profound truth when he sings: —

> I often think it comi*cal*
> How cunning Nature does contrive,
> That every boy and every gal
> That 's born into the world alive,
> Is either a little Liber*al*
> Or else a little Conserv*ative*.

These are the two great inevitable parties; and it is not necessary that your liberal should have any particular reason for moving forward, — it is simply the impulse of his nature to feel a special interest in the future; it is not conscious preference for things as they are that actuates the conservative, — it is a natural instinct to hold fast to that which is good. Moreover, these two great principles, the progressive and the conservative, are both necessary to the safety of the Republic; without the curb of the conservative the progressive party would rush forward too fast, and taking no time for proper consideration of the way, find itself arriving with scattered forces at wrong destinations; without the stimulus of the progressive, the conservative party would lag behind, becoming more and more stupid and reactionary, until it would ultimately find itself going backwards rather than forwards.

A division into two political parties in the new Republic was thus entirely natural and healthy, and by no means a mere copy of English parliamentary in-

stitutions; and it was also natural that the people should look to Hamilton and Jefferson, the great conservative and the great democrat, for leadership. Washington's dream of a Republic without partisan differences vanished as men ranged themselves under the banners of the rival statesmen; and in the end Washington himself was reluctantly forced to make choice of parties and become a Federalist.

It would take too long to detail the shifts and turns of American politics; yet some few broad facts should be kept in mind to understand the situation of to-day. The development of the Democratic party from the Democratic-Republican party was a natural one; it was also natural that in a new country and in a new system of government, the progressive spirit should assume some rather rough and unlovely forms. Jackson and his henchmen were true successors of Jefferson and his followers, because they too in their turn represented the same spirit of freedom and revolt against inherited conventions, and because in their confidence in the ultimate judgment of the people they expressed the democratic spirit.

Then came the slavery question to confuse the natural alignment of parties. Slavery was a survival of the first great experiment in human government — imperialism. Its existence in a country dedicated to the proposition that liberty is one of the inalienable rights of man was a hideous anachronism, a denial of the very basic principle of democracy. It is always a serious matter when parties get mixed and principles muddled; but it is most serious when a party organization is seized upon by some special interest to advance its own material welfare and intrench itself in power without consideration of party welfare, if not in flat violation of party principles. Such a lamentable condition fell upon the Democrats; Southern conservatives were forced into and Northern liberals were forced out of the party, as it was driven more and more away from its natural course. Yet it is worthy of note, as bearing upon the general character of the parties, that the so-called Free-Soil Democrats were the first to raise a direct challenge to slavery in the field of politics.

Both Whigs and Democrats tried hard to postpone the inevitable struggle; but straight in the path of progress lay the foul obstruction, and no advance was possible until slavery was removed. It was not the proper task of the Whigs, for they formed the conservative party; it was therefore inevitable that the Democratic party, failing in its duty, should find its place taken by a new party pledged to carry on the fight for true democratic principles. The Republican party was formed for that purpose; and those who recognize in Lincoln a great democratic leader in the broad sense judge truly of his career and his personality.

There is no stronger power in politics than the force of momentum; and it was only natural that the Republican party, formed for the purpose of fighting slavery, should continue to flourish many years after slavery had ceased to exist. Then, exactly as the Democratic party before the war, its organization seized upon by the slave power, had changed from a party of progress to one of reaction, so the Republican organization, captured by certain powerful commercial interests, now became in its turn a party of reaction. Large amounts of money had to be raised to carry on the war, and much of it was secured by a tariff upon imports After the war was over, certain interests which were benefiting greatly by the high tariff were politically strong enough to continue, and even increase the duties, in order to afford protection to favored industries. The scheme was economically unsound and essentially unconstitutional; it was forcing the many to pay tribute to the few; it was " special privilege " of the most obnoxious description. But disguised under the title of the

"American System," and described in fervid language as a means of saving the American workmen and the American markets from the "pauper labor" of Europe, it had a great and quite unmerited success.

Against this prostitution of the party of Lincoln, men turned again to the Democratic party as the means of progress, only to find it still disorganized after the terrible experiences of the Civil War, and still forgetful of its old principles — a poor organization with which to fight the growing power of privilege. The South was at once both its strength and its weakness; for the party was so numerically weak at the North that it could win a national election only by the electoral votes of the Southern States; yet it was morally weak at the South from the fact that, after the war, the Southern whites had to a man enrolled themselves in the party of opposition. Thus political lines were drawn geographically, always a great misfortune; and the natural party of liberal ideas found in its membership a large number of men who were not Democrats on principle.

Thus the year 1884 found both parties floundering about, neither with a policy that meant anything, and both with shattered reputations. The natural division between them had been forgotten. The election which, after twenty-four years, brought a Democratic President once more into the White House, ignored political issues and turned exclusively upon the personal character of the candidates. Yet in spite of its weakness, its faults and its follies, the force of momentum made the Democratic party still much more sensitive to popular feeling than its rival, which had now fallen irredeemably into the hands of the protected interests.

Three years later (1887) came an act which changed the whole situation, which forms one of the epoch-making events of American history. The tariff message of President Cleveland was a great act of statesmanship; it cleared the air and created once more a rational and logical division between the parties. Once again men divided along lines of political principle; and enthusiasm for a moral issue rejuvenated the Democratic party. The splendid campaign of 1888, — splendid though unsuccessful, — the first campaign in twenty years fought on a vital issue, and the still more splendid and triumphant campaign of 1892, gave to Democrats hopes of a long lease of power, and a new advance along the path of popular reform.

These hopes were not destined to be realized. Never since Jefferson drove away from Washington after the failure of embargo has a president left office with louder voices of condemnation than Grover Cleveland; yet no president ever earned a more solid and lasting respect from mature and reasonable men. Cleveland has earned something better than popularity. The leader who after thirty years of political turmoil and confusion could bring a great party back to the recognition of genuine political principles will not be overlooked by history. He will take his place among the great Democratic leaders of the nation, one of its few great presidents.

The Republicans had left behind them an empty treasury, and a law which kept draining it for the benefit of the silver-mine owners, another group of the specially privileged. The administration was strong enough to bring the Sherman law to an end; but it was too late to avert the catastrophe. There ensued the panic of 1893, the result of over-inflation and years of reckless financial legislation. Then followed the failure of the Democratic leaders to redeem their promises of tariff reform; the years of hard times; and finally the free-silver madness.

Looking back from this distance upon the election of 1896 it seems strange that men can suffer such violent hallucination as to believe in a universal panacea like "free silver." If there is one lesson of history that is well established, it is the misery of a depreciated currency; and if there is one fact more sure than another

in that connection, it is that the misery falls most acutely upon the poor people. It is for their interest above all to have their monetary standard as stable as possible; and for that very reason one of the traditional policies of the Democratic party had been "Hard Money." But these facts went for nothing in the outbreak that now occurred.

Year after year campaign orators had laid great stress on the great prosperity of the country under the Republican party; but the mass of people felt, and rightly so, that somehow that prosperity had been very unevenly distributed. A wave of commercial development had occurred after the Civil War, and evidences of great increase of wealth were visible on every hand; but everywhere arose also the cry of dissatisfaction.

In truth the full results of the protective tariff upon the country were now beginning to be appreciated; it had been the means of founding among us a new form of one of the outworn systems of government, — a commercial aristocracy, — the most greedy, domineering, unscrupulous, least admirable form of aristocracy the world has ever seen. First came the tariff beneficiaries — the manufacturers of iron and steel and other protected industries; then those who had studied the results of protection and had seen the pecuniary advantages of artificial monopoly — to the monopolizers. These had deliberately set about to make the general public pay tribute to the privileged few, exploiting with this intent our railroads and other public utilities, and even the manufacture and distribution of many of the necessaries of life. Thus had arisen that privileged class of millionaire and billionaire aristocrats who throng our summer and winter resorts and the steamers to Europe, whose luxurious palaces affront the eye and whose money and bad manners corrupt our social life at every turn.

In so far as the Democratic outbreak of 1896 was a revolt against existing conditions it was justified; in so far as it was a protest against the betrayal of the party by their leaders in the matter of tariff reform it was justified; and it was perhaps only natural that they should hold the national administration responsible for all the faults of its predecessor as well as its own. Nevertheless the remedy proposed was wrong. It would have been worse than the disease; and the violence of the movement defeated its own ends. A large number of Democrats, many of them men of the highest character and influence, were driven from the party; the victory went to the Republicans on the issue of the gold standard; then the Republicans proceeded to show the utmost bad faith by a further increase in the tariff; and later embarked the country on a serious and dangerous experiment in imperialism.

The election of 1900 should have turned on the question of the Philippines — that was the burning issue. But unfortunately the Democratic party was still split asunder, most of those who had left it in 1896 refusing to return while the party still proclaimed the dangerous financial doctrines of four years before. Moreover the absurdity of trying to awaken enthusiasm over a fight against imperialism, with a candidate who was himself partly responsible for the ratification of the Philippines treaty, was patent to every one, and gave a hollowness to the campaign which was only emphasized by the readiness of the party orators to vary the leading issue according to the locality of their speeches. The campaign ended in another Democratic defeat.

In 1904 there came a reaction in the Democratic party, and control of the organization passed into the hands of the so-called "safe and sane" who had opposed the radicals, yet remained in the party. But the candidate selected failed to receive the support of the radical element, which showed its displeasure by remaining away from the polls, or voting for the Republican candidate, whose remarkable popularity blinded them to the fact that he represented nearly everything that as Democrats they ought to detest.

IV

What now is to be the outcome? Has the Democratic party a future?

If that question is asked in a broad sense there can be but one answer. To doubt of a Democratic party of the future would be to despair of the Republic; to believe that we have come to the end of the forward movement, that Democracy has reached its limit, would be to close our ears to the lessons of the past, and our eyes to all the signs of the present. There can be no backward step in the world's progress.

Until every man receives justice at the hands of his fellow men; until our cities are purged of corruption and our states are guided by righteous intelligence; until every child is saved from want and misery, and every man and woman gains that equal chance which the great Declaration holds is their right; until these things and many others are brought about the work of the Democrat is not finished.

But progress in a democracy is slow, for the whole mass must be leavened. We have to unlearn many lessons from the old world, and some we have learned in the new. Other systems may show fairer superficial results, but the future is ours. We are the true heirs of all the ages, for we hold the secret of successful human government; and we have only to remain true to ourselves and trust in our sacred mission. As Gladstone so nobly said in relation to Ireland, "It is liberty alone that fits men for liberty;" so we may truly say that the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

Some progressive party, then, we must have in the future. Will the present Democratic organization be that party? There are many signs that point one way, and many that point the other.

There is no disguising the fact that there is still throughout the North a deep-seated distrust of the Democratic party, founded on its pro-slavery record, its perverse and blundering conduct during the Civil War and since, the failure of its leaders adequately to back up President Cleveland in his fight for reform, and its frequent readiness to run off after strange gods. This has forced many young voters into the other party, depriving the Democrats of that new blood which is so essential to party health.

The party is still further weakened by the direct loss which it sustained in 1896, and which has not yet been made good. It is true that some of those who left the party at that time were in reality conservatives and had no proper place in the Democratic ranks; it is also true that many returned in 1900, and many more in 1904. But there still remain a large number who are no longer regular members of the Democratic organization. No party can suffer such a loss without being crippled for years afterwards; and the loss in character is even more serious than the loss in numbers, for that forfeits the confidence and respect of the general public, which is the strongest asset a party can have.

As a direct consequence of the weakness of the party, the character of its leadership in some of the most important states is a heavy burden upon it. To mention the words "political principles" in connection with some of the men who control the party organization at present brings to the mind a picture that would be irresistibly comic if it were not so tragically serious. For the destinies of thousands of our fellow creatures, the future of democracy itself, hang in some measure upon the action of these corrupt, ignorant, and unscrupulous men who thrust themselves forward as the guardians and exponents of Democratic principles. As only one instance of the result upon party fortunes, the New York governorship was lost in 1906 by a most shocking combination of corrupt and improper methods in the election of delegates and conduct of the state convention, resulting in an utterly unprincipled indorsement of the candidates of another party. The chief beneficiary of the infamous deal was repudiated by Demo-

crats at the polls, but the men who were responsible for it still control the state machinery of the party, and the outlook for "harmony" while this situation lasts is not altogether bright.

One might turn also to Massachusetts, where unseemly wrangling has lost the Democratic party its place upon the official ballot, and ask what chance there is in that state for a party led as the Democratic party there has been led of recent years; or to Illinois where the party is still under the same control that was so eloquently assailed even on the floor of the National Convention four years ago — a not very hopeful augury of immediate party success.

There is also a deplorable tendency among Democrats, similar to that which has reached such serious proportions among Republicans, to make of a single leader the "boss," trusting the party fortunes exclusively to him, abiding by his sole judgment, and accepting meekly his dictation. This introduction of paternalism into party councils is undemocratic and undesirable; for a political party is strong in direct proportion to its number of wise, upright, and trusted leaders.

But, most unfortunate of all, there has arisen this unhappy condition in the Democratic party, that if the judgment of one section of the party is followed as to platform and candidate, the other section will not support the ticket; and if their judgment is not followed then they in turn will not support the ticket. Unless there can be found some common ground, therefore, it seems as if this see-saw might keep on forever; and the party be kept from flying because its two wings are not willing to flap in unison.

These are all reasons for doubting of the future of the Democratic party; but looking at it from the other side there was never a brighter outlook for a true party of progress; for dissatisfaction with existing conditions is widespread, and party ties never sat so loosely. The old and fallacious argument that the tariff produces prosperity, while tariff revision or discussion is alone responsible for panics and hard times, has been hopelessly damaged by the recent money strain and the present financial conditions. We shall not hear from Republican orators in the near future quite so much twaddle as we have in the past about "Republican prosperity," and the "full dinner-pail;" nor have quite so much credit taken for good harvests, with the implied suggestion that the Almighty is in political partnership with the "Grand Old Party."

Moreover, the people are looking with growing dislike and suspicion upon the commercial aristocracy bred by the tariff and other forms of special privilege; state regulation of public utilities is under way, and that is well; but the party of progress should force the fighting until the tariff, that stronghold of intrenched greed and selfishness, is reached and mastered.

The fight against imperialism is more difficult, for that danger is a very subtle one and its immediate iniquities are so many thousand miles away. Yet the proposition laid down by Lincoln, that this nation could not endure half slave and half free, was not more true than the proposition that a democracy cannot continue to play the rôle of a tyrant master-nation owning subject dependencies, — even although we disguise the word "slave" under the high-sounding phrase, "wards of the nation." But the way of the transgressor is hard; and the situation will react upon us more and more fatally every moment that we keep on denying to the Filipinos the rights we long since secured for ourselves, and have always claimed for other people, — the right to decide our own affairs according to our own judgment, good or bad, be the issue what it may.

We cannot undo the past. We cannot bring the dead to life, or erase from the pages of history those pages of our deep dishonor; but we can give to the people of the islands our friendship and protec-

tion and *their freedom*, not grudgingly and at a date generations hence (which would mean never), but at once and forever. Against this miserable bastard imperialism the party of progress should fight to the end.

And there is one other thing on which the party of progress should place its mark of disapproval. It is nothing against the American people that they crave leadership: true leaders are even more necessary in a democracy than in any other form of government; but we are too prone to idolize our leaders, — not merely to overlook their faults, but to be absolutely blind to them. There is something inspiring, but pathetic as well, in the American people's devotion to the ideal. But is it quite wise to fool ourselves into believing that any living man is a god? Especially when we remember how often we have thrown our broken idols aside, when we have become tired of playing with them! What is the moral of this? That such indiscriminating adulation will sooner or later have a violent recoil. We must restrain ourselves from undue devotion to our heroes lest we find ourselves deceived. There is something better than a splendid theory, — and that is the Truth. The party of progress should revere its heroes, cherish its statesmen, and respect its leaders, — and the more it has of these the better; but it should not tie up to any one man, no matter how good or how great he may be, — or how well he talks. In a multitude of counselors, there is safety.

The Democratic party has often shown wonderful powers of recuperation, and can again. Many times it has suffered disastrous defeat only to turn defeat into victory. Progress can be made with much less waste of energy and expenditure of labor under an old organization than under a new; but will the party rise to the occasion? That is the question which will soon be answered. If the leaders of the party would forget their quarrels and unite in strong and vigorous protest against resisting abuses, if they would put aside their personal ambitions and act only for the best interests of the party, does any Democrat doubt of the result?

Or if we grant that while such action would be magnificent it would not be politics, as it is played nowadays, let us come back to the people. For everything in a democracy does come back sooner or later to the people. If Democrats remain indifferent and discouraged how can they hope to succeed? But if they will arouse themselves to the struggle; realize their responsibilities; forget former defeats and divisions and think only of the future — of the chance to make their party once more what it was formed to be, has been, and can be made, the great party of progress, the party of democracy; if they will do this, not only can they again place their President in the White House, to occupy the chair of Jefferson, Jackson, and Cleveland, but they can start a new wave of genuine and orderly progress which will uplift the people of this democratic republic to a higher place than has ever yet been reached.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF STEIN

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

MANY events in history show the inherent weakness of absolutism, but none in modern times more vividly than the eclipse of Prussia and the destruction of the old German Empire by Napoleon.

Frederick the Great had taken his father's army (all save "The Tall Grenadiers"), his father's treasury, his father's principles of administration, — had developed and used all these with genius; but there was in his whole work just one fully developed man, — himself. He thought out the problems, laid the plans, pushed on work, baffled adversaries; and, despite sundry errors and absurdities, he did all this with genius.

At his command, the nobility marched to death or glory; the middle class manufactured and merchandized to fill his treasury; the peasantry laid down their lives as his soldiers or as serfs in ill-requited toil, — the individual was nothing; the state, everything.

In the upper stratum of the population stood the army officers, high civil officials, clergy, and men of letters. The army officers had inherited stern ideas of duty, honor, and discipline from the days of the Great Elector and his still greater grandson, but their system and training were outworn; during the last years of the eighteenth and first years of the nineteenth century, they had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Many of them were valuable, some of them admirable, but very few were of use in great affairs; their power to originate, to direct, to take responsibility, had been gradually superseded by unreasoning obedience. The clergy had some exceptional men, but in general had become dull, heavy, stupefied by the Protestant orthodoxy and intolerance which set in after the death of Luther. The great German thinkers of the modern epoch were already at work, and powerfully; but as yet they had not taken full hold upon the German mind and heart; Kant and Schiller had spoken, but their full strength was yet to be revealed.

In the towns remained the mediæval medley of corporations, guilds, classes more or less privileged, but with the old Teutonic spirit of independence long since taken out of them.

Beneath absolutism and various intermediate strata, there remained the lowest and largest stratum of all, — two-thirds of the whole population, and virtually the whole rural population, subject to mediæval exactions and restrictions, — and including a widespread body of serfs.

Even during the lifetime of the great Frederick there had come warnings of approaching European trouble. The French philosophers had begun their work. Voltaire had set in motion currents of thought sure to bring storms; Rousseau had spread new ideas of right very dangerous to despotism, not merely in France, but in all countries; yet Frederick steered his ship of state steadily in spite of these ideas; sometimes, indeed, by means of them.

But in 1786 he died, and the times demanded that his successor be as great as he, or greater. To adjust the old state to the new ideas, there was needed not only a great ruler, but a great reformer, a genius hardly less than miraculous; and, at this time, of all times, Frederick the Great was succeeded by Frederick William the *Fat*.

He was the most worthless of the

Hohenzollerns. Herein is seen the fatal vice of absolutism, — it demands a constant succession of men of genius on the throne, and such a succession never has been and never will be seen. A Frederick the Great has generally been soon followed by a Frederick William the Fat; a Charlemagne by a Charles the Simple; a Charles V by a Philip II; an Elizabeth by a line of Stuarts; a Henry IV by a Louis XIII; a Napoleon I by a Napoleon III; a Joseph II by a Francis I; a Peter the Great by an Alexis; a Catherine by a Paul; a Nicholas I by a Nicholas II.

The new Prussian king, in essentials, was much like Louis XV of France, — perhaps a better-hearted man, but, as a monarch, worse than worthless. Each of these two sovereigns received in early years the title of "well beloved," — the French king being called "Le Bien-Aimé," and the Prussian "Der viel Geliebte." Both were good-natured; both lazily wished their subjects well; both firmly believed that their subjects existed for them, and not they for their subjects; both were hopelessly licentious, and at the same time excessively orthodox; both were consequently brought to grief by the wiles of women and priests; each was very anxious, while pampering his body, to save his soul, and to save the souls of his people; each had an instinctive dread of the new philosophy, and both resorted to the same futile means of checking it.

Decay in Prussia, and indeed, throughout Germany, now became rapid. Most effective of all disintegrating influences were two, and both mainly from France: the influence of the old French corruption and of the new French freedom; it was like applying to granite, first fire, then water.

For the only time in its history, Prussia was now largely influenced by courtesans and favorites, after the Louis XV manner. Frederick I, seventy years before, had shown some tendency toward Bourbon methods, but his good sense, inherited from his father, the Great Elector, prevented their becoming dominant; Frederick William I had kept them out by brutality; Frederick the Great, by common sense; and if either of these committed sins, they were not flaunted before his people.

The internal administration of the new King, Frederick William II, soon became, in its essential features, like that which had impoverished France and almost all the lesser courts and governments of Germany. For favorites and mistresses he carved estates from the public domain, and lavished treasure, patents of nobility, and orders of chivalry. His example spread his own view of life, first through the court and Berlin society, then through the higher classes of the whole country. Corruption came, then extravagance, then debts and dishonesty. Wöllner, called into the cabinet, distinguished himself by edicts thoroughly in the interest of the old Protestant orthodoxy, though expressly allowing the clergy to disbelieve, if they would keep their disbelief to themselves. He strengthened the censorship of the press, instituted doctrinal test examinations, and gave special instructions to prevent any new views filtering down among the people. Kant, at Königsberg, the future glory of Prussia and of Germany, was, indeed, elaborating a new and better philosophy; his work in establishing new foundations for morality was perhaps the greatest single force in human thought during the nineteenth century; but he showed some tendency toward freedom of opinion, and this brought from Berlin stern reproofs; he was told to hold his peace, lest worse befall him.

The external policy of the new King differed no less widely from that of his predecessor. The great Frederick had concentrated his efforts upon the safety and welfare of his own country; but Frederick William the Fat scattered his forces in efforts, more or less vague, to accomplish something noteworthy in other countries. It was a policy of meddling and muddling which brought neither

strength nor glory. The Prussian army was sent into the Netherlands to aid one of the parties there, and gained some trifling victories; but the efforts of the Prussian Foreign Office to continue the work of Frederick the Great within the limits of Germany resulted mainly in a series of farces, the dupe being sometimes Prussia and sometimes Austria.[1]

While this was going on, the flood of French liberty, equality, and fraternity seemed about to break over all barriers raised by German officialism. Three years after the accession of Frederick William the Fat, the French Revolution burst forth, showing as yet little of its evil side, but warming and stirring all Europe by its enunciation of new truths. The resistance of the States-General to king and court, the establishment of the National Assembly in apparent harmony with the monarch, the renunciation of privileges by the nobility, the pamphlets of Sieyès, the speeches of Bailly and Mirabeau, leavened German thought.

What was done in Prussia to meet this tide? Worse than nothing. A few concessions as to military service were flung to the privileged classes; a few concessions of milder discipline to the army; a few shiftings of burdens from the upper classes, who made themselves heard, upon the lower classes, who were dumb; but the main mass of abuses in Prussia and in every other German state remained.

The political action of the Prussian Kingdom, both internal and external, at this period was profoundly immoral. In spite of pledges to protect the integrity of Poland, the partitioning of that wretched country went on. No doubt Poland had shown herself unfit to exist as a nation; no doubt her government had been the most preposterous in Christendom; her nobles anarchic; her laboring classes priest-ridden, and consequently ignorant and hopeless; no doubt the whole Polish people who came under the power of Austria, Prussia, and even Russia, were material gainers; but seizing and appropriating an independent nation in time of peace was setting a precedent which the partitioning powers had, and still have, reason to lament — bitterly.

Meantime, the French Revolution was passing into its more threatening phase, and Prussia made new blunders. The crowned heads of Europe took counsel together, among them, especially, the German Emperor Leopold and King Frederick William the Fat; and there was issued the Declaration of Pillnitz, which simply drew upon Germany the French fury of 1792. In one of his admirable essays, Von Sybel declares the idea that the allied monarchs made war against France a popular fallacy. This assertion seems unworthy of so great a historian. Technically speaking, the war was made by France; really, it was made by the powers allied against her; the French, indeed, declared war, but the declaration by the allied monarchs had made war inevitable; the Republicans at Paris had the wit to see this; the Royalists at Berlin and Vienna had not.

The armies of Prussia and Austria were now pushed against France, and at first the French troops gave way; in some cases panic seized them: they threw down their arms and fled for their lives, strikingly like the Union troops invading the South at the beginning of our own Civil War. Essentially, their great panic near Saint-Menehould was amazingly like our great panic at Bull Run. But soon all was changed. Prussians and Austrians wore out their strength in intrigues regarding their shares in the plunder of Poland, and in wretched squabbles for precedence; worst of all, they issued the famous Brunswick Manifesto, which, by its threats, infused into every Frenchman the courage of desperation. The Germans now began to be pushed back; better commanders arose among the

[1] For a brief statement of some other differences between Frederick the Great and Frederick William the Fat, see Gneist: *Denkschriften des Freiherrn von Stein*, page 3.

French, who beat the allies, first at Valmy and Jemappes, and later all along the Rhine, until at last, in 1795, Prussia escaped from the whole complication by making the Peace of Basle, — thereby deserting her ally, Austria, allowing France to take all the left bank of the Rhine, including Belgium and Holland, and receiving, as a bribe, permission to deal with the lesser North German States as she chose, to annex and oppress them to her heart's content.

While Prussia was thus rapidly losing the strength and prestige given her by Frederick the Great, Frederick William, "the well beloved," went on with his pleasures. Our Gouverneur Morris, who was presented to him at court in 1797, wrote home that, robust as the King seemed to be, it was evident that his time was to be short. This prophecy of the shrewd American was realized even more rapidly than he expected, for Frederick William II died that same year, and there came to the throne his son, Frederick William III.

The new King seemed more unpromising than his father in every respect save in morals. He was diffident, awkward, undecided, slow. He had been wretchedly educated, partly under bigots, partly under debauchees; his spirit had been crushed by the favorites of his father; he was at first, to all appearance, the most forlorn and hopeless Hohenzollern who ever existed; and yet, deep in his heart and mind was a spark of that genius which has given to the Hohenzollerns the German Empire. At his accession this showed itself in some spasmodic attempts at reform; the Countess of Lichtenau, who, through his father, had ruled the court, he banished, and Wöllner he drove from the service; but soon, though he kept clean, and clear from his father's evil surroundings, he subsided into the hands of the old politicians of his father's time: tricksters like Haugwitz, Lucchesini, and the like.

Meantime, history went on in France, also, and a very different history. The French Revolution had raised vast armies and developed great generals, and among these, Bonaparte. France had thrown off her old shackles, distributed her church lands and the estates of refractory nobles, transformed her serfs into free citizens, and developed the courage of desperation.

Germany and Prussia clung to the old system; even the people refused to accept reforms; Joseph II of Austria, for his efforts to better his country, had gained from the people, apparently, nothing but curses, and died of a broken heart. The game of the French, especially after Bonaparte had arrived as "the man on horseback," — the natural result of liberty gone mad, — was easy; they played the continental governments against one another, bribing some, crushing others; and to prevent the larger states from becoming too powerful, they grouped the smaller states and tied them, by their ambitions, to France, — thus, in due time, creating the kingdoms of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Westphalia, the Confederation of the Rhine, and various petty satrapies, in which hopes of gain from France were substituted for loyalty to Germany. In 1803 large parts of Germany, outside of these greater divisions, were divided up to make bribes, — for such use among German rulers as the conqueror might think best; fifty thousand square miles, with three millions of inhabitants, were thus appropriated, and in this process over two hundred small German states were deprived of their sovereignty and extinguished. As in the time of Bismarck, sixty years later, princes who had steadily refused to make any concessions to patriotism or right reason were crushed and ground out of existence by men of "blood and iron."

Austria, not being supported by Prussia, was stripped by successive conquests, humiliated at Ulm by one of the most ignominious capitulations in history, and finally, in 1805, crushed at the battle

of Austerlitz, and forced to submit to the terrible Peace of Pressburg, which deprived her of her most important outlying territories on all sides.

Now began a new series of humiliations for Prussia. Had she joined heartily with Austria and Russia against Napoleon, the result might have been widely different; but she dallied and delayed until the treaty of Pressburg had ruined her natural allies, apparently forever. As usual in the early days of Frederick William III, before he had been schooled by disaster, he delayed until too late. Before the battle of Austerlitz he had sent Haugwitz to meet Napoleon, with an ultimatum threatening war; but the interview was put off until the battle had been fought, and that changed everything; Napoleon having utterly crushed Austria and driven off Russia, Haugwitz was obliged to put the ultimatum in his pocket and pretend that he had been sent to propose mediation for the benefit of Europe and to congratulate the conqueror on his victory. Napoleon knew that Haugwitz was lying, and Haugwitz knew that Napoleon knew that he was lying; but they now made the Treaty of Schönbrunn, a private letter from the Prussian King allowing Haugwitz to take the responsibility — a treaty apparently most favorable to Prussia, but really the greatest humiliation in her history.[1] For Napoleon, knowing the Prussian need of peace, promised that if Prussia would separate herself wholly from the allies, he would give her Hanover. This was a master stroke of rascality. If any new territory was coveted by Prussia, it was Hanover; but Hanover belonged to the ruling house of Great Britain; for Prussia to take it was to make Great Britain her bitter enemy, and to make all right-thinking Europeans despise her.

The Prussian government was very reluctant to make itself an accomplice in Napoleon's system of robbery; but as he grew stronger every day, and showed decided signs of offering less favorable terms, the treaty was at last ratified. Napoleon seemed to delight in making it as humiliating as possible, utterly refusing to grant what the King of Prussia tried to claim as essential, and, while giving Hanover, insisting on taking, in return, so much other territory that the advantage given Prussia by this dishonor was, after all, next to nothing.

But this was merely a beginning. Napoleon's genius in scoundrelism was as wonderful as his genius in war; having made the Prussian King his accomplice, he treated him like a lackey, forced him to send away his capable and patriotic foreign minister, Hardenberg, to take back Haugwitz, and to allow Prussian territory to be treated as virtually French.

Worse still, Prussia was openly made a dupe. While carving out of the states on the western side of Germany the Confederation of the Rhine and allying it, with its sixteen millions of Germans, to France, Napoleon soothed Prussia by graciously giving her permission to create a federation of North German States, and to put herself at its head; but when Prussia attempted this she soon found delays, objections, resistance on all sides, and ere long discovered that Napoleon, while allowing her to establish a federation, had virtually forbidden the German states to enter it. But a dupery even more vile followed. Prussia had accepted Hanover, thus breaking with her natural ally, England, and uniting with her

[1] For a scathing summary of Haugwitz's evil deeds and qualities, see Pertz: *Leben Stein's*, vol. i, pp. 137, 138; but the bitter diatribes of German and English historians against the man who played such an important part in Prussia's early struggle against Napoleon should be read in the light of the statement made by Thiers's *Le Consulat et l'Empire*, Livre 23, that the proposal to take Hanover was first made by Napoleon and not by Haugwitz. For the good and evil in Haugwitz see Von Sybel's Life of him in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. For a brief statement of the real responsibility of Frederick William in the light of documents recently discovered, see Henderson: *Short History of Germany*, vol. ii, pp. 255, 256.

natural enemy, Napoleon. She had done so with shame. Judge of the abyss of disgust into which every thinking Prussian was plunged, when, after the treaty was fully made, — after England had punished Prussia severely for it on the high seas; after Napoleon, on account of it, had demanded from Prussia great concessions of territory and enormous sacrifices of national respect, — it was discovered that Napoleon was secretly treating with England, and offering, on sundry conditions, to restore Hanover to her. Clearly there was no longer honor among thieves.

To cap the climax of degradation, Napoleon, in time of peace, contemptuously marched his troops through Prussian territory, utterly disregarding the simplest principles of international law, and allowed his generals to talk of an approaching war with Prussia.

There was also talk, loud and loose, on the Prussian side. It was reported that a high official at Berlin had openly declared that the King had several generals each as good as "M. de Buonaparte." Prussia now entered secretly into arrangements with Russia against France, and finally, in the autumn of 1806, the Prussian army was set in motion; in a few weeks Napoleon had met it, had beaten it utterly and easily at Jena, at Auerstadt, at Saalfeld, and the edifice erected by ages of care and sacrifice — from the old Electors of Brandenburg to the death of Frederick the Great — was beneath the conqueror's feet.

Napoleon now rises from glory to glory; enters Berlin amid the applause of its citizens, and from the old palace of the Prussian King dictates the hardest of conditions; then presses on toward Russia, holds his own at the fearful struggle of Eylau, wins the great victory of Friedland, and, having thus triumphed completely over Russia and Prussia, meets the Russian Emperor in the summer of 1807 on the Niemen raft and makes the renowned Treaty of Tilsit. By this the two emperors became accomplices in a scheme, more or less definite, for subjugating Great Britain and the European continent, thus depriving Prussia of her former devoted ally, the Russian Emperor, and leaving Napoleon free to deal with her as he would, — to reduce her one-half in territory and population, to take away her most necessary fortresses, to quarter a vast army upon her, and to use her army, her territory, her finances, as his own. Frederick William III now became a sort of discredited hermit prince in the remote northeast corner of his kingdom, — a kingdom reduced from five thousand German square miles to a little over two thousand, and from about ten millions of inhabitants to about six millions, and with prospects of even more serious reductions.

Worse than these reductions was the manner of them. Poland was taken from the conquered kingdom, thus making Prussia defenseless on the east; everything between the Elbe and the Rhine was taken from her, and thus she became defenseless on the west; the most important fortresses upon her other frontiers were filled with French troops, so that finally she was left defenseless on all sides. Thus the Prussian realm lay shattered, impoverished, open at any time to the armies of any neighboring states that Napoleon might choose to set upon it; indemnities to enormous amounts were levied upon the Prussian people, and enforced by every sort of extortion. There were also petty frauds especially exasperating. Typical is the fact that the French authorities at Berlin, within a year after their arrival, had struck counterfeit coin to the amount of nearly three millions of Prussian dollars.[1]

Hard upon all this spoliation followed galling insults. The great triumphal chariot, with its horses and Winged Victory of bronze, the main ornament of Berlin, was taken from the Brandenburg Gate and sent to Paris. The ingenuity of Napoleon in degrading the Prussian

[1] See Pertz: *Leben Stein's*, vol. ii, p. 110.

King and people before Europe was only equaled by his folly. He dragged the Prussian Queen Louise into his bulletins and letters; hinted at vileness in her character; set afloat monstrous calumnies regarding her; when he met her, was brutal, — her only offense being a patriotic devotion to Prussia. She seems to have had an artistic side which afterward reappeared in her eldest son, the next king, Frederick William IV; but she also had that sense of duty, steadfastness, and devotion to country which was destined to develop so beneficially in her second son, then a child at Königsberg, later the conqueror of France and ruler of restored Germany, — the Emperor William I.

Napoleon was fond, at times, of cruelty to women. Next to his colossal, ingenious, and persistent lying,[1] this was perhaps the worst trait in his character; and as regarded Queen Louise, he gave this characteristic full play; she at last died of a broken heart, and was thereby made a sort of tutelar saint by the Prussian people. Her statues and portraits have become objects of popular worship; the peasants of Prussia have given her, from that day to this, much the same place in their hearts which the same class in another part of Germany gave in the Middle Ages to St. Elizabeth; more than once remembrance of the wrong done the martyred Queen has moved myriads of German households to pour forth stalwart peasant soldiers to take vengeance upon France.

But there was a still deeper humiliation. Upon entering the Prussian capital in triumph, as on entering other towns, Napoleon was received by the assembled crowds with applause: German misgovernment had, to all appearance, rooted out patriotism.

[1] For this propensity of Napoleon to lying, and even to forgery, see examples in Lanfrey: *Histoire de Napoléon.* There is a quiet but weighty reference to his persistence in this habit of lying, even until his death, in Emerson's *Representative Men.*

Yet from the darkness of the time light began to appear. The hard rule of Frederick the Great had not lasted long enough to crush out all manly vigor; the sensualism of Frederick William the Fat had not lasted long enough to destroy all morality; men who had been known hitherto only as routine officials now began to show the characteristics of statesmen; men who had been known simply as martinets now began to show military genius; in this terrible emergency genius and talent and a deep feeling of duty began to appear in every quarter, but above all in Prussia. A galaxy of great men arose who remind an American of the "war governors," — the great soldiers, the strong counselors, who, during our Civil War, arose in our own country from what seemed to be a great foul mass of politicians hopelessly corrupted by subservience to slavery.

Foremost of all these great Germans in that fearful crisis was Frederick Henry Charles, Baron vom Stein. Born in 1757, near the old castle where his ancestors had lived as barons of the empire, — the Castle of Stein, on the river Lahn, above Ems, in Nassau, — he was the youngest but one of ten children. His family, having lived on the rock from which they took their name for seven hundred years, — until it was laid waste in the Thirty Years' War, — had then built a house in the little village below, and there their representatives live to this day. Under the old "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," they ruled over two villages near them, with various attributes of sovereignty. Most of Stein's brothers showed talent, but he was early recognized as possessing both character and genius, and so, by a family compact, he became the representative of the family name, — the family head. He was well brought up. After the old German fashion, he was taught to speak the truth, and was especially made to understand that his position not only gave rights, but imposed duties. The ability of the rest of the family seems to have

been often alloyed with something of wildness or sensuality, but *the* Stein continued a steady course, — manly, stainless, independent, self-controlled, straightforward, energetic, — a power to be reckoned with.

The study which he most enjoyed was history, — ancient and modern, and especially English history. From 1773 to 1777 he studied at the University of Göttingen, in the department of jurisprudence; but for this he made preparation, not by scraps of metaphysics or by mere dalliance with literature, but by thorough work in constitutional law and history; chiefly in the law and history of his own country and of England. He revered great men, above all Charlemagne and Luther. His classical scholarship was passable, but his knowledge of French and English he made thorough and practical. Uniting to his historical reading close study of political economy, social science, statistics, and the like, he was deeply impressed by the study of Adam Smith's new work, *The Wealth of Nations;* and as we note this and its result in the reforms which Stein instituted in Prussia, we obtain new light on the contention of Burke and Buckle that Adam Smith's book was the greatest benefaction ever given the world by any man.

After remaining in Göttingen for four years, he traveled extensively through Germany, not merely for pleasure, but to study men and realities. For a considerable time he settled down at Ratisbon, in order to learn the manner of doing legislative business in the Imperial Diet; at Wetzlar, in order to know the mode of doing judicial business in the chief imperial courts; and at Vienna, in order to understand executive methods at the centre of the empire. All this actual contact with life prevented his becoming pedantic, — a man of mere formulas; during all this period he kept his eyes open to realities which a man who hoped to be of service to his country ought to know; he also went outside his country; visited Hungary, Styria, and finally England, looking closely into mining and manufactures, — everywhere studying the sources of national strength.

It had been understood from the first that he was to take office, as men of his standing with small means and large ambitions usually did, in some one of the German states. Many places were open to him. In almost any of the petty states under the empire, each with its own civil service demanding men of ability, there seemed some chance for him. His ancestral allegiance was to the house of Austria; but he knew its past well enough and could look far enough into its future to see that there was no hope for Germany from that source, and so, deliberately breaking away from his family traditions and from South German prejudices against North German methods and manners, he chose the service of Frederick the Great and Prussia. Deepest in his thoughts was a desire for German unity; he saw that this unity could never be accomplished under Austrian guidance, but might be accomplished under that of Prussia; and it was this feeling that caused him to go to Berlin, where, in 1780, he became an under official in that branch of the administration which had to do with mining, more especially, in Westphalia. His duty was to inspect the mines, to study and report upon the best means of production, and he at once went at this duty in a manner most thorough; made new studies in chemistry; mineralogy, and metallurgy, with the best professors, but prevented such studies from becoming pedantic by close observation of actual conditions and processes. His promotion was rapid, and, in 1784, he was made director in the administration of the mines and manufactures of Westphalia, — from that day to this one of the leading mining and manufacturing districts of Europe.

He now showed great vigor. The Westphalian functionaries in general had become sleepy; but he labored, pulled, pushed, to advance the public interest,

and his skill, energy, and public spirit were at last recognized.

A year later he was suddenly called to a very different field. Frederick the Great, in closing his renewed struggle against Austria, wished to gain over to his League of German Princes sundry leading personages of the old empire, — especially the Elector of Mayence; and, breaking away from old traditions, he sent Stein to Mayence as his ambassador. The young man, unaccustomed though he was to this sort of work, cut through the tangled mass of petty lying and cheatery which had so long existed there in such matters, impressed the Archbishop-Elector by his honesty, and gained his points by his common sense. This, for a man of his years, was counted a great victory.[1]

But he had accepted this diplomatic position with the greatest reluctance, — indeed, had at first utterly refused it, and was only led to take it by his sense of loyalty and honor; and now that his duty was discharged, he determined to have no more of it. One statement of his throws a bright light into his motives, for he speaks with dislike of the "alternation of idleness and crafty, calculating activity," — a sentence in which the whole diplomacy of that period is perfectly summarized.

In 1786, Frederick the Great having died, Frederick William the Fat began his meddlesome policy, and sought to send Stein as ambassador, first to Holland, and then to Russia. These positions were most brilliant, and Stein's career at Mayence gave every promise of success: all to no purpose; his aversion to this kind of service was unalterable, and he kept on with his work in Westphalia. There are many evidences that in taking this course he was influenced by the example of Turgot, whose life had shown, not only to the province which Turgot ruled and to France, but to all Europe, how much greater is constructive work, even provincial, than the sort of service which merely or mainly enforces the whims of courts and cabinets.

Stein's duties in Westphalia were now rapidly extended, and he was soon devoting himself especially to promoting manufactures and to opening communications by land and water on a great scale. Here came an innovation as startling in his day as, in some parts of our country, in our own; for he did this work in opening roads of the best construction, not by forcing peasants to contribute unskilled labor, after the feudal fashion, but by labor scientifically directed and adequately rewarded. Thus it was that Stein, in 1786, as Turgot had done a few years before, arrived at the same conclusions and adopted the same methods which the State of New York and other great commonwealths of the American Republic have reached, more than a hundred years later.

He also improved the internal tax system, and thus, during twenty years, wrought, not merely for the Prussian treasury, but for the well-being of the people at large.

During the first war of Prussia with the French Republic, which ended with the Treaty of Basle, he had reason to feel deeply the errors of Berlin statesmen, but steadily attended to his own business; more and more clearly he saw that by developing the resources of the country he could do more for it than by dabbling in foreign affairs. He constantly laid hold on new work, extending important lines of communication, improving roads and waterways, strengthening manufactures, dismissing useless functionaries, stopping peculation; but, what was even better than this, he developed public instruction, and began planning various reforms in the country at large, especially the abolition of the caste system and of serfdom.

His success led to the imposition of

[1] For curious details regarding the difficulties which Stein had to surmount during this mission, see Pertz: *Leben Stein's*, vol. i, pp. 44 *et seq.* The courts of the ecclesiastical electors seem to have been anything but saintly.

more and more duties upon him: he was called upon to superintend the work of incorporating into Prussia the new acquisitions made under her Basle treaty with the French Republic, and especially to curb the severity of underlings seeking to carry from the capital into these new territories the stiff, stern Prussian system.

His continued success led now to the highest provincial promotion. In 1796 he was made Supreme President of the Provincial Chambers and head of the entire administration in Westphalia. His duties after this promotion can best be understood by an American if we imagine the governor of one of our greatest states called upon to discharge duties, not only executive, but legislative, judicial, and diplomatic, and adding to them various functions of important cabinet officers at Washington. The system was undoubtedly bad, but his genius made it work well. His strength rose with his tasks; it was soon felt that his was a force to be obeyed, and that behind it all was a determined zeal, not for pelf or place, but for the good of the kingdom.

In 1804 he was transferred to a far greater sphere. He was made Minister of State of Prussia, the departments of finance, manufactures, and trade being placed in his hands, — his career as minister thus beginning a few weeks before Napoleon's career as Emperor. In this new position, the feeling which inspired all his main efforts was an intense devotion to German unity under the lead of Prussia: both he and the French Emperor, whose most effective enemy in Germany he was destined to become, had the same instinct, — Napoleon seeking to prevent German unity by crushing Prussia, Stein seeking to promote this unity by strengthening her.

This feeling in Stein was wedded to an idea then new in political economy. Prussia, like the old French monarchy, was divided into provinces, each, as a rule, with its own historic frontiers and its own manifold vexations and discouragements to manufactures and trade. Against this system Turgot had fought the good fight in France and lost it; the world now sees that the system was absurd, but then it was generally regarded as natural, and, indeed, essential; the government favored it as giving increased revenue; the people favored it as giving protection to their provincial industries. Most of its absurdities Stein swept away, and all of them he undermined. The old complicated ways of collecting the revenues he made simple; and, despite most serious opposition, he developed a new system which proved not only less costly but more fruitful; and at the same time he steadily unearthed frauds, stopped abuses, and changed various modes of financiering which tended to scoundrelism.

But the war against Napoleon was now in sight, and Stein, as finance minister, was called upon to furnish money for it. In previous wars, Prussia had adopted the policy of having a standing war fund, and this system remains to this day; so that when she mobilizes her army she can immediately have ready means to tide over monetary disturbance, until adequate financial provision is made. This system, which in these days is a subordinate convenience, was then a main reliance. It prevented sudden pressure upon the people. Prussia thus, at the beginning of a war, made business more easy by making money more plentiful. But the unwisdom of Frederick William the Fat had exhausted all such treasure, and more. Various projects were considered. Frederick the Great had accomplished much for a time, though at fearful ultimate cost, by issuing debased coin; this Stein refused to do, and expressed himself to the King regarding his Majesty's great predecessor in terms more honest than complimentary. Though the decision was in favor of paper money, it was paper money carefully controlled; no "fiat money," such as not long since won such wide support in our own country, was thought of; the amount of currency was compar-

atively small, — smaller, indeed, than the King and many of his counselors thought permissible; but Stein utterly refused to go farther than he could go in perfect safety; the fool's paradise of paper money, in which various ministers in France had disported themselves, only to be tormented by it afterward, Stein refused to enter.

The labor henceforth thrown upon him was overwhelming. With the most inadequate machinery, he must provide funds for fighting France; but finance was the smallest part of his cares, for he saw swift destruction coming unless the system of government was greatly changed, even in some of its foundations.

Still influential in foreign policy was Haugwitz, a poor creature at best, and now absolutely dazzled and dazed by the Napoleonic glory; him Stein opposed bitterly. Close about the King, standing between him and the ministers of state, was a sort of "kitchen cabinet," its main members being Lombard, a mere trickster belonging to the school which had brought ruin upon France; Beyme, a good sort of man at times, but wrong-headed; Haugwitz, and others like him. On these Stein waged war without ceasing.

Studying the general administration, he finds a medley of favorites, ministers, directors, commissions, boards, bureaus, functionaries, with all sorts of titles and attributes, working largely at cross purposes. Studying the country at large, he finds the population divided into castes: nobles, burghers, serfs; each tied up by every sort of rusty restriction; all prevented from using their persons or their property according to their needs or the needs of their country. For all this he thinks out reforms.

The Battle of Jena, terrible as were its consequences, did not shake his purpose. Though various other magnates hastened to declare allegiance to Napoleon, Stein was uncompromising; others gave up national property to the conqueror and took office under him; but Stein seized and sent everything possible beyond the conqueror's reach, refused to submit himself to an enemy of his country, and followed his sovereign into his last refuge, — the most woebegone corner of the kingdom.

The King now urged Stein to take the Department of Foreign Affairs, but this he steadily declined, resisting all flattering promises; partly from a belief that his fellow statesman, Hardenberg, was more fit, and partly from an unwillingness to serve before the "kitchen cabinet" had been abolished forever. After various attempts to secure him, and at the same time to hold fast to the old system, his Majesty lost his temper, wrote Stein a bitter letter, referred to one of his remonstrances as a "bombastic essay," called him a "refractory, insolent and disobedient official, proud of his own genius and talents, inattentive to the good of the state, guided purely by caprice, acting from passion, personal hatred and rancor;" and ended by saying, "If you are not disposed to alter your disrespectful and indecorous behavior, the state will not be able to reckon much upon your future services."

At this, on the 3d of January, 1807, the sturdy patriot resigned his place in the cabinet, returned to his ancestral home in Nassau, and settled there, but not in sloth, for he at once began drawing up plans for various reforms which he saw must come before Germany could throw off the tyranny which had settled down upon her more and more fearfully since the defeat of Austria at Austerlitz, of Prussia at Jena, and of Russia at Friedland, — among these plans being one for a better council of ministers, which should forever replace "kitchen cabinets" by known and competent advisers, not only to the King but to the country.

Opportunity to carry out this and other good ideas came sooner than Stein had expected: Hardenberg, driven from office at the command of Napoleon, patriotically besought the King to make Stein his successor, and to this idea sup-

port came from another quarter, at first sight surprising, — from Napoleon himself. The great conqueror, planning to draw heavily upon Prussian finances, favored Stein as a man who could develop them. Thus it was that, less than ten months after his ignominious dismissal, Stein was requested by the King to resume his old place, and, in addition, to become Minister-President of the kingdom, with full charge of the civil administration, and with great powers in military and foreign affairs, — thus becoming a legislator for Prussia, with the duty of meeting the terrible exigencies of the present and of promoting a better system for the future.

There were then in being two great commissions, with which he had long been in touch, one on civil, the other on military matters; his ideas had taken possession of their members, and had wrought on them to good purpose. Stein now became the great man in the first of these bodies, and in the second he had by his side another great man, his friend, General Scharnhorst.

When these men now resumed their work, the half of the Prussian kingdom which had been left by Napoleon to its former government was a wreck, — its resources mortgaged to France, its defenders under the command of the conqueror, its people impoverished and benumbed. The spirit of Stein during this period is best described in his own reminiscences: —

"We started," he says, "from the fundamental idea of rousing a moral, religious, patriotic spirit in the nation; of inspiring it anew with courage, self-confidence, readiness for every sacrifice in the cause of independence and national honor; and of seizing the first favorable opportunity to begin the bloody and hazardous struggle for both."

His greatness in character, in thought, and in work, was recognized by his friends from the beginning. But as his task grew upon him and his plans unfolded more and more, his brain was recognized throughout Prussia — nay, throughout Europe — as the real centre of German activity against the Napoleonic tyranny. Towering thus above all contemporary growths of Prussian statesmanship, he did not seek to overshadow or wither them. There have been great statesmen dissatisfied until they have received all royal and popular favor; unhappy until all their colleagues have drooped beneath their shadow. Stein was not of these: determined as he always was, and irritable as he frequently was, his activity called into being other activities, and these he favored and fostered; under his influence other strong and independent men grew and strengthened; and of them were such men as Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Schön.

While taking care of the complicated and vexatious affairs pressing upon him from all sides, Stein and his compeers promoted a twofold revolution. The first was peaceable, favoring the creation of new institutions from which might grow a better spirit in the German people ; the second was warlike, and, for a considerable time, secret and insurrectionary, — a revolution against the Napoleonic tyranny, and as truly an effort for rational liberty as had been the American, and, at its beginning, the French Revolution.

The peaceful revolution naturally comes first in our thoughts, for it was the necessary preliminary of the second. Faithfully Stein and the great men who stood by him thought and wrought; not spasmodically, not by orations to applauding galleries, but quietly and steadily, in the council chamber; and on the 9th of October, 1807, appeared the first of the great edicts of emancipation. These had three main purposes: first, to abolish the serf system; secondly, to sweep away restrictions in buying and selling land; thirdly, to prevent the great proprietors from using their position and capital to buy up small farms, after the English fashion, and thus rooting out the yeomanry. Underlying, overarching, and permeating all these objects was one

great thought and purpose, — the intent to create a new people.

First, as to the serf system. It was essentially the same mass of evil which had done so much to bring on the revolution in France. De Tocqueville has shown how the wrongs which grew out of outworn feudalism had separated the French nation into distinct peoples, hating each other more and more, and at last ready to spring at each other's throats. This process had not gone so far in Germany as in France. The French mind, with its clearness and its proneness to carry ideas to their logical results, had moved faster and farther than had the thoughts of the lower classes in Germany; but the German peasantry, and, indeed, the whole German people beneath the nobility, had become more and more indifferent to the ties which guaranteed national unity. When we read Arthur Young's indignant accounts of the French peasantry as he saw them just on the eve of the Revolution, we naturally think that France, as regarded her rural population, had reached a lower point than had any of her sister nations; but there is ample evidence that rural Germany was at that time certainly as wretched as rural France, and possibly more so. Goethe, who went over the French frontier with the German army in 1792, tells us that he found in the cabins of the French peasantry white bread and wine, whereas in those of the German peasantry he had found only black bread and no wine. As to galling oppression, had Arthur Young gone into the Prussian dominions, he would doubtless have given us pictures quite as harrowing as those he brought from France. Take a few of the leading Prussian regions. In Brandenburg, — largely an agricultural region, — out of ninety thousand inhabitants, there were hardly three hundred and fifty who owned land; these held sway in courts, churches, schools, enjoyed police and hunting privileges, and down to 1799 were mainly exempt from tolls, taxes, and service as soldiers. About one-sixth of the Brandenburg peasantry had, under feudal tenure, the use of a little land, but the great body of peasants were virtually day-laborers. In Silesia the peasant was, as a rule, held under strict serfdom: compelled to remain on the land; could only marry by consent of his lord; and his children were obliged to remain on the soil as farm laborers unless graciously permitted by the lord of the land to take up some other occupation. In the principality of Minden, at the death of every peasant one-half of his little movable property went to his lord. In Polish Prussia, the serf, as a rule, could own absolutely nothing. He and all that was his belonged to his lord; the land owners had managed to evade even the simplest feudal obligation, and could throw out their tenants as they chose.

Various Prussian rulers had striven to diminish the pressure of all this wrong. Frederick the Great, cynical as he appeared, sought to mitigate the brutalizing influences of this debased feudalism, and Frederick William III had shown a wish to make some beginning of better things; but the adverse influences were too strong. Nobles and clergy were then in Protestant Prussia what they had been in the days of Turgot in Catholic France, and their orators struck their keynote in declaring this existing order of things "a system ordained by God;" that thereby alone virtue, honor, and property could be secured; that to change it was to give up their beautiful, patriarchal heritage. Hearing this utterance, one would suppose that under this system the rule was kind treatment from the upper, and love from the lower classes; but the fact was that while the feudal lord's idea of his right had become grossly magnified his idea of his duty had mainly disappeared; the system had become fearfully oppressive and was enveloped in a cloud of distrust, faultfinding, and hate.[1]

[1] For a very clear detailed statement regarding the condition of the Prussian and German peasantry generally, see Häusser: *Deutsche Geschichte*, vol. iii, pp. 123 and following.

And not only were the people who cultivated the land thus bound, but the very soil itself was in fetters — tied up by feudal restrictions as to sale and cultivation which had become absurd. Under the old system, the three castes — the nobility, the burghers, the peasants — had been carefully kept each to itself. The rule, resulting from the theory underlying the whole, was that the nobility must not engage in the occupations of the burgher class; that burghers must be kept well separated from the peasant class; and that to this end, all three classes should be hampered by a network of restrictions upon their power to hold land. Barriers of every sort had been built between these three classes. Broad tracts of land were lying waste because their noble proprietors had not the capital with which to till them, and yet were forbidden to sell them; great amounts of capital were lying idle because burghers who had accumulated it were by the laws and customs hindered in various ways from applying it to land owned by nobles; trade was stagnant and multitudes of young nobles idle because they must not engage in trade. All this, with many kindred masses of evil which had been developed in the same spirit, were now largely swept away, yet not without opposition; political philosophers and declaimers filled the air with arguments to prove these reforms wicked and perilous; nobles of the court, high officers of the army, and landed proprietors, in great numbers, caballed against the reformer; General Yorck, one of the best and strongest men of the time, declared the new measures monstrous; but Stein persevered and forced through the edict which, three years later, on St. Martin's Day, 1810, struck feudal fetters from two-thirds of the Prussian people, and extinguished serfdom under Prussian rule forever.[1]

It is only just to say that for this great edict of 1807 and for the later legislation which supplemented it, — transforming serfs into freemen throughout Prussia, — various colleagues and assistants of Stein, and especially Hardenberg, Altenstein, and Schön, deserve also to be forever held in remembrance. They too had given long and trying labor to it all; they had taken the better thought of their time and brought it into effective form; but the credit of giving life to what they thus produced, and of forcing their main ideas upon the conservatism of the nation, — beginning with the King himself, — belongs, first of all, to Stein. Others saw, as he did, the causes of the Prussian downfall; others contributed precious thought in devising this great restoration; but his was the eye which saw most clearly the goal which must be reached; his the courage which withstood all threats and broke through all obstacles; his the mental strength which, out of vague beliefs and aspirations, developed fundamental, constitutional laws; his the moral strength which, more than that of any other German statesman, uplifted three-fourths of the whole population, gave them a new interest in the kingdom, and a feeling for its welfare such as had never before been known in Prussia, and thus did most to create that national spirit which was destined to sweep everything before it in the Freedom War of 1813, in the War for German Unity in 1866, and in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

It may be objected to these claims for Stein that the fundamental thought in his reforms was derived from Adam Smith. That statement is true. It cannot be denied that Adam Smith,[2] penetrating thinker that he was, set in motion the trains of thought which largely resulted in Prussian emancipation; yet

[1] See Treitschke: *Deutsche Geschichte*, vol. i, p. 281.

[2] For a very full discussion of Adam Smith's influence, see Roscher in the *Berichte der Königlich Sächsischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*, 1867; and for a careful statement as to the influence of Smith on Stein, see pp. 5, 6. Roscher's concession is all the more convincing since he is clearly inclined to minimize Smith's influence on German thought in general.

this detracts not at all from the glory of Stein and the statesmen who wrought with him. All the more glory to them for recognizing, developing, and, finally, for enforcing the great Englishman's thought, in a way which has proved a blessing, not merely to Germany, but to humanity.

Another great work now begun by Stein was the reform of the city governments. The enfranchisement of the serfs had been due, largely, to the spirit of reform aroused in general thought by Voltaire, Rousseau, and their compeers, and in economic science by Adam Smith; but this city reform was peculiarly his own; the need of it had doubtless been felt by many; good methods of promoting it had been seen by few; the practical measure for carrying it into effect was the work of Stein alone.

This system, which has been fruitful in blessings ever since his time, though in principle somewhat like that of England, differed from it widely. It was the very opposite of the system fastened upon France by the French Revolution and by Napoleon. As Seeley very justly says, "The French Revolution began at the top, creating a central national legislature and giving all the power to that, leaving town and local organizations generally deprived of all life, making the prefects of departments and the mayors of communities mere functionaries appointed from the central government at Paris and representing the ideas of the capital." The reform of Stein began at the base, giving self-government to the towns, schooling them in managing their own affairs, in checking their own functionaries, in taking their own responsibilities. While keeping the central monarchy strong, his great exertion was to restore fitness for public life in the country at large: by his first reform he had converted the rural serfs into beings who could feel that they had an interest in the country; by this new reform he sought to exercise the city populations in public affairs.

The old city system of Europe had, many centuries before, been a main agency in developing civilization: Guizot declares it the main legacy from Rome to the Middle Ages; Maurer asserts that it saved the Reformation. The Roman Empire was made up of cities. When all else save the Church was swept away and the country districts desolated, these cities remained, and in them was a continuity of much that was best in the old civilization, and a potency of vast good in the new. During the Middle Ages their vigor increased. The cities wrested from the feudal lords right after right; the city magnates leagued with the distant emperor or king against the petty feudal oppressors immediately above them; when the feudal lords wanted money to join the Crusades the cities brought it, and bought with it rights and immunities. The commerce of the Middle Ages developed many of these towns nobly, especially throughout Italy and Germany; but Vasco da Gama's passage around the Cape of Good Hope having largely withdrawn trade with the East Indies from the Mediterranean, the commercial cities, not only in Italy, but even in Germany, lost for a time a very large share of their prosperity.

During the Reformation period, many of the German cities having recovered strength and shown hospitality to the new thought, various leading reformers in Northern and Middle Germany took refuge in them, and there found protection against Pope and Emperor. In the League of Schmalkald, sturdily defying all efforts to crush out civil and religious liberty, we find territorial princes associated in a widespread confederation with warlike cities; but in the seventeenth century the Thirty Years' War ruined many of these city centres, and diminished the power of them all; so that after the Treaty of Westphalia the sway of the princes was greatly extended, and only a few of the greater cities could withstand them.

Especially did political liberty, that is, the right of citizens to take part in public affairs, die out in Prussia. The strong race of the Hohenzollerns might at times make use of a local self-government, but as a rule they overrode it, and everything tended more and more to centralization; until finally the genius and absolute power of Frederick the Great seemed to remove from men's minds the last remaining ideas essential to city independence. The individual citizen was comparatively of no account; he became essentially a parasite, living upon a state whose real life was centred in the brain of the monarch. As a result of all this, whatever authorities there were in the German towns wrought at cross purposes: there was a medley of various sorts of municipalities, and in them, royal tax administrators, municipal figureheads, guilds, privileges, customs, usages, exemptions, ceremonies, benumbing the whole organization, save when some genius like the Great Elector or Frederick the Great broke through them. The mass of dwellers in cities came more and more to consider public affairs as no concern of theirs.[1]

So far had this obliteration of city activities gone in Prussian towns that although various guilds, corporations, and privileged persons were the nominal authorities, the paid offices were filled largely with old invalids of the army. And what, in a general national emergency, was to be expected from a nation made up of a city class like this, and of a rural class like the serfs in the fields? No wonder that Prussians seemed to look on the downfall of Prussia and Germany with stupid indifference, and applauded Napoleon at the Brandenburg Gate.

On this mass of unreason in the city organizations Stein had thought for years. Other patriotic public servants had also thought upon it, and at last, at Königsberg, afar off in the northeast corner of the Prussian state, in this its time of dire trouble, some of them prepared a tentative plan of self-government for their own city. This plan, largely under the influence of Stein, now grew into a provisional system covering sundry neighboring towns, and this, under quiet suggestions from him, was finally sent to the King. His Majesty naturally referred the whole matter back to his great minister, who now began work upon it directly and energetically, and developed out of it a system applicable not only to the cities which had asked for it, but to all the towns in the Prussian kingdom. Thus, mainly under Stein's hands, came into being the great statutes for municipal reform.

By these statutes the municipal medley of Prussia was swept away, and the cities were divided into three classes: "great towns," with ten thousand residents and upward; "middle towns," with thirty-five hundred residents and upward; "small towns," all the others. Every town now took part in the election of its own authorities, and in all towns of above eight hundred inhabitants there was a division into wards, each with its own local powers.

As a rule, all were recognized as burghers who owned real estate or other property which insured a direct, tangible interest in the city; but soldiers, Jews, Mennonites, and criminals were excluded. Magistrates and town representatives were, as a rule, selected by the assembly of citizens, the number of councilors varying from twenty-four in the smaller to a hundred in the larger towns. Every elector must appear at the polls and vote, under penalty of losing his citizenship by continued neglect of this duty. Two-thirds of the town councilors must be resident householders; they received no pay, and, as to the theory of their relations with their constituents, it is well worth noting that each represented, not his guild, not his

[1] For a lucid account of the action of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great in at times breaking through these city privileges, or, as they were called, "rights," see Tuttle: *History of Prussia.*

ward, not any subordinate interest, but the whole city. At the head of the city was a paid burgomaster, and about him a small body of councilors, paid and unpaid; only those officials being paid who were really obliged to devote themselves to their official duties as a profession.

The burgomaster was elected by the representatives of the people and confirmed by an authority representing the nation; but the chief burgomaster in sundry great towns was selected by the king out of three named by the city representatives. Various features in the development of this system are worthy of note. Take as a concrete example the recent history of Berlin. Again and again, when the chief burgomastership of that city, perhaps the best governed in the world, has become vacant, those elected and submitted to the king for approval have been men who have distinguished themselves in the administration of other cities, some of these far from the capital. It has been my good fortune to know two of the chief burgomasters of Berlin thus selected; both were eminent, and one of them, who became and remained a very influential member of the Imperial Parliament, especially so. The tenure of the chief burgomaster is virtually during good behavior, with a good salary, a suitable residence, a high position, and a retiring pension, — the man thus chosen, first by the electors and finally by the emperor, being expected to give himself entirely to the welfare of the city; this is his whole business, into which he is to put the expectations and ambitions of his life. The result of this system is seen to-day in the magnificent development of that great capital: everything carefully thought out; everything managed on business principles; and all the affairs of the city conducted, with the aid of the burgher councils, quietly and with an efficiency and economy such as in American cities is rarely, if ever, seen.

The official terms of citizen functionaries under the legislation of Stein were generally long, varying from six years to twelve, the rule being continuance in office during good behavior. Generally speaking, every citizen was liable to serve in unpaid offices for six years, though he might, for sufficient reason, secure permission to retire after a service of three years. State officials, ecclesiastics, university professors, schoolmasters, and practicing physicians were largely excused from active state duties; but any other citizens refusing to serve might be punished by loss of citizenship and by fine.

On the 19th of November, 1808, Stein's plan became a law. One feature in it which strikes us in these days as absurd, and which has in the main disappeared, is that by which Jews, Mennonites, and soldiers were classed with criminals as unfit for citizenship; but there is another feature which, while it may seem surprising, is well worth close study, especially by any one taking an interest in American politics.

To be a burgher in Prussia, one must, as a rule, have a definite and tangible interest in the community. Here was a principle running through the whole theory and practice of city government in Europe, ancient, mediæval and modern: a city was considered a corporation, — a corporation which had business to conduct and property to administer. This theory is widespread among civilized nations to-day, a distinction being made between what may be called the civil right to enjoy protection in the natural rights of man and the political right to take part in general public affairs, on one side, and, on the other, what may be called municipal right, — the right to take active part in administering city property and determining city policy. As to the latter right, it was generally felt that the people exercising it should have some evident "stake" in the corporation whose affairs they were called upon to control or administer. We in America have tried the opposite system fully. We have applied universal suffrage to the

whole administration of our city corporations, and the result, in most of our cities, has been, not merely disheartening, but debasing. Least of all can we be satisfied with its results in our large seaport towns, with their great influx of people whose whole life has unfitted them to exercise public duties, and who have had no training or even experience of a kind calculated to fit them. The distinction recognized in Stein's system, between men having a direct tangible interest in the town, and the proletariat, has deep roots in human history; and a better system than that which now exists in the majority of our American cities seems never likely to come in until some account is taken of this distinction, founded in the history of liberty-loving peoples and based on an idea of justice; the idea that while *civil* liberty, which implies protection in natural rights, must be guaranteed to every citizen, and *political* liberty, the right to take part in the general political government, shall be as widely diffused as possible, *municipal* liberty, the right to exercise some effective initiative and control in municipal affairs, which are principally practical business affairs, shall be in the hands of those who have a direct, tangible interest or valuable experience in such affairs. A perfectly just and even liberal compromise between political and civil liberties on the one hand and municipal liberties on the other, would seem to be given by a fundamental law requiring in all our cities above a certain size that a mayor and board of aldermen, each of them representing the whole city, be chosen by universal suffrage, but that a board of control, whose affirmative vote shall be necessary in all financial appropriations, all questions relating to the management of public property, and all grants of franchises, be elected by the direct taxpayers.

The system proposed by Stein was met as we should expect. The nobles and the old school of officials denounced it as radical, and even as savoring of Jacobinism. Moreover, there was considerable disappointment in its first workings. People of the towns showed at first no desire to go into it; they had become listless and indifferent, and preferred to go on in the old way; the new system, also, at first increased expenditure. But Stein carried it through, and, as time went on, it began to produce the effects which he had expected: the town populations began to take an interest in national affairs; began to think upon them; began, a generation later, to take efficient part in a Prussian parliament; and, a generation later still, in a parliament of the German Empire. The municipal system of Prussia and of Germany has, indeed, been largely developed to meet new needs since Stein's time, but its cornerstone, then as now, is the right of the people to think and act upon their own local interests.

It is worthy of note that, while this idea was thus taking shape in reformatory statutes thought out by the great German statesman, one of the greatest of American statesmen was dwelling upon it and urging it in our own country. For it had deeply impressed Thomas Jefferson. In his latter days he often dwelt upon the popular vigor of New England in dealing with questions internal and external as compared with the apparent indifference of the Southern States, and he attributed this vigor to the New England town meetings, declaring that in the struggles between Democrats and Federalists he had felt the ground shake beneath his feet when the town meetings of New England had opposed him, and that the county assemblies of Virginia gave no compensating strength.[1]

It has been urged that a part, always large and sometimes controlling, in the great reforms which began the regeneration of Prussia and, indeed, of Germany,

[1] See, especially, Jefferson's reference to this in a letter to John Adams, in his later correspondence. For a clear and thorough account of city government and administration in Prussia and in Germany generally, see Albert Shaw: *Municipal Government in Continental Europe*, chapter v; a book which every dweller in an American city should read.

was taken by Stein's sometime friend, sometime enemy, Hardenberg. This is certainly true. Hardenberg, with his longer service and his diplomatic nature, had opportunities which Stein, with his uncompromising zeal, had not. While Hardenberg had, perhaps, a stronger belief in freedom of trade and manufactures, it was Stein's energy, fearlessness, and skill, and, above all, the weight of his character, which embodied the fundamental reforms in laws and forced them upon an unwilling sovereign and an indifferent people.

While pressing forward these great reforms needed to start Prussia upon a better career, Stein dealt no less thoughtfully with a vast multitude of petty abuses. These were largely feudal survivals, of the sort which had driven the French peasantry mad twenty years before; but instead of proceeding against them with fire and sword, after the Celtic manner, he studied each carefully and dealt with it rationally. There was no wild plunge into chaos and night, but each evil survival was dealt with upon its demerits.[1]

But Stein and his compeers saw that something vastly more general and powerful was needed than reforms in detail, and hence it was that there now began a better era in Prussian, and indeed in German education. Into the whole system of national instruction a new spirit now entered; slowly, at first, but doubtless all the more powerfully. Occupied though Stein was in a different field, one feels his influence in all this movement. In the great spoliation at Tilsit, the old Prussian University of Halle, founded a hundred years before by Thomasius, which had given so many strong men to the Prussian state, was lost. But this calamity was the harbinger of a great gain. Thoughtful men began to plan a university for Berlin. Strong men began to be secured for its professorships. The rule that a university is made, not by bricks and mortar, but by teachers, was fully recognized. Stein had, indeed, the instinct, so strong in America, against sending undergraduates into large cities for their education; but he recognized the importance of a new educational centre to send fresh and vigorous life through the renewed educational system, and his activity did much to inspire this great movement, which was destined to work miracles, not only throughout Prussia, but throughout Europe.[2]

It will presently be seen that to carry out all these great reformatory efforts Stein had but little more than a year in office. Could he have had more time, he would doubtless have created a national parliament. But, as we shall see, fate was against him; the struggle with Napoleon and the reaction after the Napoleonic downfall caused the creation of representative bodies to be long deferred. Still, when at last they were created, they had a basis of political experience for which they were mainly indebted to him. It has been my fortune to be present during discussions in the principal parliaments now existing: the British, the French, the Italian, the German, as well as our own; and as regards quiet, thorough, sober discussion, free from the trickery of partisans and the oratory of demagogues, the parliaments of the Prussian kingdom and of the German empire have seemed to me among the very foremost; my belief is that they have before them a great future, and all the more so because their roots draw vigorous life from principles of self-government which were called into action by Stein.

[1] For the remedies administered to a large number of these abuses, see Pertz, as above, vol. ii., pp. 142 and following.

[2] For a very thoughtful comparison of the merits of Stein and Hardenberg, see Zorn: *Im Neuen Reich*, pp. 216 and following. For Stein's relations to the educational movement in Prussia, see Pertz, vol. ii, pp. 162 and following; also Kuno Francke: *Social Forces in German Literature*. For probably the best that has ever been written regarding the relations of university life to patriotism, see Paulsen: *Die Deutschen Universitäten*, book iv.

(*To be continued.*)

ROSE MACLEOD [1]

BY ALICE BROWN

XXIX

Rose, unquiet over her useless mission to Electra, sought out Peter where he sat in the sun, his mind swaying in its constant rhythm between his happy work and his charming dreams. He left the garden chair and came forward to her, struck by the pathos of her face, and a little irritated, too, because MacLeod's death was a sorrow past, and it seemed unfortunate, at least, that there should be so much melancholy in bright weather.

"Electra is going abroad, you know," she said.

Peter turned with her and they paced along the grass. Rose went on, —

"She was much impressed by my father."

"I know."

"She belongs to the Brotherhood now."

Peter nodded, his mind still with Osmond, but cheering a little in the consciousness of her graceful presence.

"Peter!" she stopped, and laid a finger on his sleeve. "Say something to her! She is going over there to work, to throw herself into that movement. She might as well jump into the Seine."

"Yes," said Peter musingly. "Yes, of course! I'll go see her. I'll go at once."

She assented eagerly. She seemed to hurry him away; and not knowing quite what he was to do when he got there, he found himself, obedient but unprepared, at the other house, before Electra. She was agreeably welcoming. Peter had ceased even to remind her of young love, chiefly because it was a part of her dignity to put the incomplete dream aside. When she was forced to remember, sometimes by a word of grandmother's, it gave her an irritated sense of having once been cheek to cheek with something unworthy of her. But this morning Peter meant nothing whatever. A larger bulk had blotted him out. He plunged, at once.

"I am going to Paris, too, Electra. We shall meet there."

She smiled at him with a fine remoteness.

"Perhaps," she said. Then a wave of her old distaste came over her and she asked, with the indifference that veils forbidden feeling, —

"Are you going together?"

"Together?"

"Yes. Are you going with Rose MacLeod?"

Peter frowned.

"We have not mentioned it," he said. Their coming to America together had seemed most natural, but some intonation of her tone made the implication odious. Seeing his look, she said, not giving him time to answer, —

"You will help me with the Brotherhood. I must get in touch with it by every possible means."

The color came into his face. He looked half ashamed, half wondering.

"I can't account for it," he returned, "but — Electra, I shan't have time for those things any more."

"Not have time — for that!"

It was as if she accused him of lacking time to breathe.

"I can't help it," said Peter. "It's all true, Electra, as true as it was; but I've got to paint. That's my business."

"Don't you feel that you owe anything to Markham MacLeod?"

He looked at her with interest, noting the indignation that made a handsomer woman of her; but only for that rea-

[1] Copyright, 1907, by Alice Brown.

son, not because the indignation stirred him. Peter hardly knew how he felt about Markham MacLeod. He scarcely thought of him at all, save as Rose recalled him. As to the Brotherhood, now that this great persuasive force was gone, Peter could view it dispassionately, and it did not move him. It was like waves heard a long way off, the waves of a sea he once had sailed, but from which he had escaped to this upland meadow where the light was good. Only when Rose, possessed by the remembrance of Ivan Gorof's vision, had gone home and told him about it, had he felt the flare of that old enthusiasm to be in the surge of the general life, — but chiefly then because she had chanced to use the phrase "shining armor," and he saw a knight pricking through a glade, with sunlight dappling between leaves, and knew it would be good to paint. There was nothing to say to Electra, because, as Rose had told him, she could listen to nothing but the Brotherhood, and wakened only to MacLeod. It was not that she refused other challenges; but her face grew mystical and he knew her mind was afar from him. He got up to go.

"In Paris, then, Electra," he said awkwardly.

Her brows contracted. She remembered the other tryst that was to have been, and could not answer.

"You will let me know where you are. I shall find you," Peter said, as he went down the steps, "at once."

But as he walked away, he knew it would have to be some incredible chance to bring them together. There was no room for him.

Electra sat there, her feet together, her hands in her lap, like a carven image, and held herself still in her dream of fantasy. She hardly knew where she was in these days. This was not the world as she had known it. Bound beyond bound of possibility lay over its horizon. There had been her former world, full of disappointments, lacking in opportunities for picturesque morals, and Markham MacLeod had walked into it, and turned on a light under which the whole place glittered. He had caused things to be forever different. One such illumination made all things possible. She felt like an adventurer setting sail. There in the room where he had talked to her, she sat and thought of him and even felt him near. The great stories flashed out before her, as if she turned page after page. Dante — how many times did he see Beatrice? She must look it up. But once would be enough, once for souls to recognize each other and then be forever faithful. At a step in the hall she recalled herself. It seemed as if everybody interrupted her in her passionate musings. This was Madam Fulton, and Electra remembered she had something to say to her.

Madam Fulton looked very tired and irked in some way, as if she found the daily burden hard to bear. Electra rose, and waited scrupulously for her to sit.

"Billy Stark comes back to-morrow," said Madam Fulton. She took a chair, and laid her head back wearily.

"When does he sail?"

"Next week. You go Wednesday. He goes Saturday."

Electra dared not remind her of that wild threat of marrying Billy Stark and sailing with him. Her grandmother looked a pathetically old woman, and such fantasy seemed to have withdrawn into its own place.

"Grandmother," she began delicately. She had a fear of disturbing something frail that might fall to pieces of its own weakness.

"Well."

"Shall you stay on here?"

Madam Fulton roused herself.

"No," she said. "I am going to Bessie Grant's. She'll help me pull myself together, and in the fall I shall move back to town."

Electra came awake to her pathetic look.

"You are not feeling well, grandmother," she said solicitously.

"Feeling well!" The old lady repeated it with a fractious emphasis. "I'm worn out."

"Is it anything particular, grandmother?"

"Billy Stark is going away, is n't he? Is n't that particular enough? He's the only human creature left, except Bessie Grant and that pretty girl."

"Rose MacLeod?"

"Yes, but she's too young. She tires me. You all tire me, all but Billy and Bessie Grant. No, you can close the house, or I will, after you're gone. I shan't be in it."

There was something inevitably foolish to Electra in the regret of an old woman at losing the company of an old man whom she had not married at the proper time. She found herself hoping, with some distaste, that grandmother would forget him as soon as possible, and settle down into the decencies of age. But Madam Fulton seemed to have gathered herself and summoned energy for action. She sat upright now, and composed her face into more cheerful lines. She looked at Electra, and a wicked smile flickered out.

"I believe," said Madam Fulton, "if I have the strength, the day he sails, I believe I'll marry Billy Stark and go along with him."

Electra looked her pain and then her purpose to ignore it.

"I have left everything in complete order, grandmother," she said. "It will be easy to close the house. I have made my will."

"Bless me!"

"I have given you half my property. The other half I leave to the Brotherhood."

"For heaven's sake, Electra! What do you want to act like that for?"

Electra was too enamored of that deed to keep it hidden.

"It is for a monument to Markham MacLeod," she said, from her abiding calm. "But it is to be used by the Brotherhood. He would wish that."

Madam Fulton was regarding her, not satirically now, but in an honest wonder.

"Electra," she said, "I glory in you."

"Grandmother!"

"I do. I can't help it. You've gone bad, just as I said you would. And you never were so human in your life. Brava! I'm proud of you."

But Electra lifted her head a little and did not answer. Grandmother, she knew, could hardly understand. It made her isolation the more sacred.

"You give me courage," the old lady was saying. "Why, you put some life into me! I don't know but I've got the strength to fly with Billy, after all."

Electra rose. She could not listen. But at the door, she turned, a new thought burning in her.

"Grandmother," she said irrepressibly, "if you would make your will—"

"Bless you, I have n't sixpence," said the old lady gayly, "except the tainted money from the book."

"That's what I mean." Electra came back and stood beside her. She breathed an honest fervor. "That money, grandmother—it is tainted, as you say—if you would leave that to the Brotherhood—"

Madam Fulton was on her feet, with an amazing swiftness.

"My money!" she cried. Then a gleam of humor irradiated her face, and she ended affectionately, "My own tainted money? Why, I'm devoted to it. And I tell you this, Electra: if there's one scrap of it left when you inherit, if you give it to your brotherhoods, I'll haunt you. As I'm a living woman, you shan't have a chance. I'll make my will and Billy Stark shall help me, and I'll leave it to that pretty girl, and she shall buy ribbons with it. And—my heavens! but there's Billy Stark now."

He was coming up the walk, and she flew to meet him in an ingenuous happiness, half dramatic fervor, to plague Electra, who, walking with dignity, went out the other way.

Madam Fulton was laughing, at Electra, at life itself.

"Billy," said she, "I'd rather see you than all the heavenly hosts."

Billy took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"I found I'd got things pretty well in order," he explained. "I thought you would n't mind my coming sooner."

"Mind! I'm enchanted. Come along in and have cold drinks and things. Bless me, Billy! how it does set me up to see you."

She led the way into the dining-room, and when no one answered the bell, on into the kitchen for exploration in the icebox. She tiptoed about, her pretty skirt caught under one arm, her high heels clicking. The pink came into her cheeks. She had the spirit which is of no age. Then they sat down together at the dining table in the shaded calm, and while Billy drank, she leaned her elbows on the table and, with the ice clinking in her glass, drank and made merry. She might have been sixteen and in a French café. Her spirits were seething, and she feared no morrow.

"I never can let you go in the world, Billy," she said, out of her gay candor.

He was instant with his gallant remedy.

"Come with me, then!"

"Sometimes" — she paused and watched him — "sometimes I almost think I will."

William Stark was a tired man that day. He had been telephoning and besieging men in their offices and talking business; he felt his age. It was one of the days when it seemed to him that sacred business even was less than nothing, — vanity, — and when he wondered, without interest, who would spend the money he might make. He was plainly fagged, and here was a gay creature of his own age, beguiled by the old perennial promises, whom life had not yet convinced of its own insolvency. He wondered at the youth of women, their appetite for pleasure, their inability to realize when the game is done. There was the curtain slowly descending between age and its entertainment, and Madam Fulton was clapping her unwearied hands as if things could go on forever. Grant her an encore, and she would demand another. As for him, he would fain go home to bed. But Billy was a man of his word. His loyal heart could not allow itself to recognize the waywardness of his sad mind. The one had done with life in all but its outer essences. The other, in human decency, must go on swearing the old vows to the last. His face took on a resolution that made him more the man, and sobered her. He put out his hand.

"Will you come, Florrie?" he asked.

"Yes, Billy," she answered. "I'll come."

"You honor me very much." He sat there holding the frail hand and wondering at himself, wondering at them both. If he had known he was to go back in this guise, he might not have had the courage to come. But it was well. It was a good thing, having missed many ventures, not to let this one pass. Madam Fulton was having one of her moments of a renewed grasp on life, a gay delight in it which was a matter of nerves and quite distinct from memory or hope. She was discoursing gleefully.

"We won't tell Electra."

"Not if you'd rather not."

"She shall sail, and we'll sail after her. We'll send her cards from London. My stars, Billy! do you think we're mad?"

"You may be," said Billy. "As for me, I'm a great hand at a bargain."

And while there were flutterings of wings before sailing, Osmond bent over his ground and delved and thought. His brows were knitted. He hardly saw the earth or his fellow workmen, but answered mechanically when men came for orders, and went on riving up the earth, as if it were his enemy, and then smoothing it in tenderest friendliness.

XXX

Rose and grannie had been living in an atmosphere of calm. Something was

not determined yet, and they had to wait for it. Osmond had not come to the house for his early calls on grannie, and Rose, awake in her room to hear his step, at least, listened for it with a miserable certainty of disappointment. Every morning she gave a quick look of inquiry as she and grannie met, and the old lady would say, —

"No, dear, no!"

She sickened mentally under the delay, and at last her heart began to ask her whether he would ever see her again. On the day she told grannie that she was going to Paris to settle MacLeod's estate, grannie said, —

"That's right. But you'll come back."

"I must come back. You must let me." It was a great cry out of a warring heart. "But I must see him before I go. May I send for him to come?"

"You must send for him, my dear, and have your talk," said grannie.

So it was grannie who gave the message to Peter, and afterwards told him Rose was to see Osmond alone. Peter walked up and down the room. He did not altogether understand.

"What is it now, child?" asked grannie.

"I wondered if Rose needs to see him. This is all so painful for her! Why should she be bothered?"

"She must see him," said grannie. "It would n't be possible for her to go away without."

"She demands too much of herself," said Peter, stopping in his stride.

Grannie was smiling at him in a way that indicated that she was very old and Peter was young. A wave of knowledge swept upon him.

"What is it, grannie?" he demanded. "What is between them?"

"You must let them find out."

"But what is it? I ought to know. Don't you see what I mean? I'm going to marry her, grannie, when all this is over."

Grannie looked at him in quick concern.

"Oh, no, Peter," she said. "No, you can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

"She does n't love you, Peter."

'But she will. I can make her happy. I depend on showing her I can."

"That is n't enough, Peter."

"What?"

"To make her happy. You might make her miserable, and if she loved you it would be all one to her."

"Tom Fulton made her miserable. Was that all one to her?"

"She is n't the girl Tom Fulton hurt. She's a woman now."

"Then what is it between her and Osmond?"

Grannie looked at him a few moments seriously. She seemed to be considering what he should be told. At last she spoke.

"Peter, I believe it's love between them."

"Love!"

"Yes, dear. She has a very strong feeling for Osmond."

"Osmond!"

Grannie got up out of her chair. She was trembling. Peter could almost believe it was with indignation against him, her other boy, not so dear as Osmond, but still her boy. Her calm face flushed, and when she spoke her voice also trembled.

"Peter," she said, "whatever we do, let us never doubt the kindness of God."

It was a little hard on Peter, he felt, for here was he, too, devoted to Osmond with a full heart; yet nature was nature, and life was life. He could not help seeing himself in the bridegroom's garment.

"Osmond is the greatest thing there is," he said. "But, grannie —" He stopped.

"I know, I know," said grannie. She was not accustomed to speaking with authority. The passion of her life had all resolved itself into deeds, into a few simple words like the honey in the flower and the slowly fructifying cells. Now she stood leaning on her staff and thinking back over the course she had run.

Osmond had been the child of her spirit because he was maimed. She had drawn with him every breath of his horror of life, his acquiescence, his completed calm. What withdrawals there were in him, what wrestlings of the will, what iron obediences, only she knew. There was the sweetness, too, of the little child who, when they were alone, in some sad twilight, used to come and put his arms about her neck and lay his cheek to hers, with a mute plea to her to understand. And now when Osmond had harnessed himself to the earth, God had let a beautiful flower spring up before him, to say, "Behold me." God did everything, grannie knew. He had not merely created, in a space of magnificent idleness, some centuries ago, and then, with the commendation that it was "good," turned away his head and let his work shift for itself. He was about it now, every instant, in the decay of one seed to nourish another, in the blast and in the sunshine. He was ever at hand to hear the half-formed cry of the soul, the whisper it hardly knew it gave. He was the still, small voice. And He had remembered Osmond as He had been remembering him all these years. He had led him by painful steps to the hilltop, and then had painted for him a great sunrise on the sky. The night might lower and obscure it, the rain fall, or the lightning strike. But Osmond would have seen the sunrise. And all grannie could say was, —

"It may not turn out well, dear, but it's a great thing for him to have."

Peter strode away into the garden. She followed him, in an hour or so, and asked if she should sit for him; and all that afternoon he painted on her portrait, with the dash and absorption of one who knows his task.

"Tired, grannie?" he asked, at length.

"No, Peter."

"You're going to be a sweet thing with your white cap here against the hollyhocks," said Peter. "I must hurry. When it's done, I'll leave it for exhibition, and then I'll go back to France."

That night he strode away for a walk, and grannie betook herself to her own room. So Rose was alone when Osmond came. She had dressed for him, and she looked the great lady. There was about her that air of proud conquest worn by women when they are willing to let man see how much he may lose in lacking them, or how rich he is in the winning. It says also, perhaps, "This is the wedding garment. It is worn for you."

When Osmond entered, these things were in his mind because it was a part of his bitter thought that he had no clothes to meet her in. For many years he had seen no use for the conventional dress of gentlemen, and grannie had never failed to like him in his clean blue blouse. So he came in, as Rose thought at once, like a peasant of an Old World country. All but the face. What peasant ever wore a mien like that: the clarified look of conquered grief, the wistfulness of the dark eyes, the majestic patience of one who, finding that the things of the world are not for him, has put them softly by? There were new lines in the face, Rose could well believe; in spite of those appealing softnesses of the eyes, it was a face cut in bronze. She held out her hand, and he took it briefly.

"I had to see you," she said, rushing upon the subject of her fears. "I am going away."

They were seated now, and Osmond was looking at her steadily. "But I am coming back," she smiled. "Please be glad to see me."

"I can't seem to talk to you," said Osmond abruptly, also smiling a little, in his whimsical way. "You are such a fine lady."

She glanced down at her dress, and hated it.

"I don't know why I put this on, except, perhaps, that I did n't want you to despise me for what I am going to say."

"Despise you!"

She choked a little and dared it.

"You have n't been to the playhouse lately."

"No."

"Why?"

"Have you been there yourself?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I could n't."

"Well, I could n't, either."

"Why?" cried the girl passionately. "Why has everything got to change? Why should you tell me you would be there always and then never come again? Why?"

Osmond regarded her in what seemed a sad well-wishing.

"Youth can't last," he said. "That was youth. We are grown up now."

Tears gathered in her eyes. The finality of his tone seemed to be consigning her to fruitless days without the joy of dreams.

"Well," he added, "it does n't matter. You are going away."

"You said once I should take the key of the playhouse with me."

He smiled humorously, as at a child who must, if it is possible, be allowed some pleasure in the game.

"Take it, playmate," he said.

The color ran over her face. She sparkled at him.

"Oh, now you've said it!" she entreated. "You've called me by my name. Now we can go back."

Osmond still smiled at her. He shook his head.

"You are very willful," he remarked.

"That's right. Abuse me. I like it, playmate."

But he could abuse her no more. Fancy in him was dead or dumb. He was tired of thinking, tired of his own life, with its special problems. A deep gravity came over her own face also. When she spoke, it was with a high dignity and seriousness.

"Osmond," she said, "I sent for you because I want to give you something before I go away. I can't bear to go. I can't bear to leave this place and grannie — and you. Sometimes I think I shall die of homesickness over there, even in the few weeks I stay, to think what may happen to you before I see you again. So I want to give it to you."

She was under some stress he did not understand, yet speaking with a determined quiet.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

She had no words left, only the two she had thought of for days and days until it had seemed to her he must hear her heart beating them out. She held her hands together in her lap, and spoke clearly, though it frightened her: —

"My love, Osmond, my love."

He had turned his look away from her, and feeling the aloofness of that, she fell to trembling. When he began to speak, she stopped him. It seemed to her that he was bringing rejection of her gift, and she could not bear it.

"No," she said, "don't say it."

But he did speak, in that grave, moved tone: —

"That is dear of you. I shall always keep your present, just as grannie will keep your love for her. It's very precious."

Hope and will went out of her. She put her clasped hands on the chair in front of her, and bent her head upon them, trembling.

"What is it?" she said at last, "what is it that has come between us? Is it what you told me once in the playhouse? that you were going to give your life away when you chose?"

He laughed a little, sadly, to himself.

"How long ago that seems!" he mused. "No, it was a different thing I meant then."

"What was it? Tell me, Osmond."

"I can tell you now, for I shall never do it. It smells of madness to me, now I see what living demands of us. It was only, — well, my body had n't done me much service in the ways I should have liked."

"Tell me, Osmond!"

"I meant to give it, living, to some scientist, to experiment on. To a doctor, if I could find one that would meet me as I wanted to be met, to work on, — with drugs, with germs, — the things they do to dogs, you know."

She forgot how he had held himself aloof from her, or that some grain of pride might well have met his coldness. She was kneeling beside him, her hands about his neck, her head upon his breast.

"No, Osmond, no," she sobbed. "It would kill me."

The man sat still. Then he spoke, and his voice was hard as iron.

"It will never happen, I tell you."

"To have you tortured," she was sobbing. "To have them hurt you — your hands, your dear hands —"

He lifted one of them, in a dazed way, and looked at it, all brown with work and yet a wonder in its virile power. Then a flame passed over him and burned up what kept him from her. His arms were about her and he bent his mouth to hers. For the first time since he could remember, he forgot what he had called his destiny. And after they had kissed, he said, —

"Now, sweetheart, now we can talk. It's better so, even if we say good-by to-morrow."

She drew apart from him and went back to her chair. But there, she stretched out her hands to him and Osmond took them, and so, holding them, they spoke out their true minds. Her eyes were brimming full.

"I was n't sure you would take my present," she said. "It's dear of you to take it, Osmond."

"Your love, your wonderful love!"

"I selected it with great care, dear." She was laughing. "It's very shiny, and nice, and warranted to last. It's the strongest love I could find. I never saw one like it. Shall we live in the playhouse now, dear?"

"You will live in my heart. Rose, I kissed you."

She bent to him.

"Kiss me again. Kisses are little blooms budding out of my love. You are a gardener-man. You know the faster flowers are picked, the sooner they bloom again."

He was regarding her in wonder.

"You must be crazy to think you like me!" he said honestly. Again she laughed.

"I am! stark mad. I feel as if a thousand birds were singing and all the lilies opening. You remember how they smelled that night, Osmond? You would n't go with me to smell them. They've come to us. They're here."

He held her gaze.

"Be serious," he said.

"I can't, I like you so!"

"Only till I ask you this. You said once you had always been in love with love."

"Always. Ought I to be ashamed of it? I am not. I am proud. To find the half of you that you have been lonesome for, and then be faithful to it, — oh, beautiful!"

"Are you in love with love, or are you in love with me?"

"With you, dear Osmond."

The clear eyes answered him in a joyous confidence.

"I must have taken hold of your imagination."

"Yes! You make me see visions and dream dreams. Hear how fast I talk to you! The words can't tumble out quick enough, there are so many more pushing them."

"No, I mean I have taken hold of your imagination because I am so queer."

"You are queer, Osmond. It's queer to be so darling."

"If I were sure!"

He loosed her hands and looked away from her, and his face set gravely.

"What, Osmond?"

"If I were sure it was fair to you — best for you to let you know the truth — then I'd tell you."

"Tell me what?"

He drew her hands back into his. He was looking at her with the first volun-

tary yielding of his whole self. It lighted his face into beauty, the chrism of the adoring spirit laid upon trembling lip and flashing eye. "I have withheld from you," he said in quick, short utterance, "because it had to be. But if you care, too, why deny us both one hour of happiness, if we part to-morrow?"

"Deny me nothing," she was murmuring. "Let me see your heart."

"You should see my soul, if it could be. Dearest, it was so from the first minute. I was afraid of you with the terrible fear of love. Don't you see how different it is with us? You longed for love because you are the angel of it. I was afraid of it because it would have to mean hunger and pain and thirst."

"But not now! not now! We have found each other, and it means the same thing for both of us."

"We have got to part, you know, for a couple of ages or so, or even till we die. Maybe I can get into some sort of trim by that time, if I give my mind to it; but here it's no use, dear, you see."

"No use! Osmond, I have given you my love. What do you mean to do with it?"

He caught his breath miserably.

"I am going to — God! what am I going to do! You are honest," he cried, "you mean it all, but — sweetheart, look at me, and see it is not possible. To-night ends it."

She withdrew her hands from his, and sat upright in her chair.

"Then," she said, "you are a coward."

"Am I?" He looked at her, blanched and sorrowful. "Am I, Rose?"

"You are a coward. You love me —"

"You know it! You do know that!"

"You know you do, and then you refuse to take the simple, sweet, faithful way with me."

"What way, my dear?"

She did not even flush at the words, sprung from a great sincerity.

"Shall I ask you? Shall I ask you to let me take your name and live with you, and be true to you?"

They looked at each other in the terrible recognition that brings souls almost too close.

"You are a great woman, my dear," said Osmond. He rose and stood before her. "Look at me, I hate my body. Could you love it?"

"I do love it," said the woman. "And I love your soul. And I am ashamed to think we can know the things we have known and then think of the bodies we live in. Grannie believes in immortal life. I believe in it too, since I have known you."

"There are a good many hours, my dear, when we forget immortal life. The world goes hard with us. In those times, shall you look at me and hate me?"

She was smiling at him through tears.

"I shall look at you and love you, stupid!" she said. "Oh, how little men know!"

"And then," he was continuing, in his bitter honesty, "I am a laboring man. I told Peter you were a terrible Parisian."

She shook her head.

"You don't quite know what you are, Osmond. There's a good deal of grannie in you. Perhaps that is one of the things I love. You work with your hands. Everything is possible to you, every kind of splendid thing, because you have not been spoiled by artificial life, the ambitions of it, the poor, mean hypocrisies. Strange that I should be talking about labor!"

"Why strange?"

"Because I hated the mention of it while my father lived. But now I seem to have gone back to my old feeling of a kind of pity for them all, — the ones that work blindly out of the light, — I see them as Ivan Gorof saw them, that great sea of the oppressed."

"But not every workingman is oppressed."

"No, no! Not here. But in other countries where they are surging and trying to have their ignorant way. And they are no more to be pitied than the rich. And I keep wishing for them, not money and

power and leisure, such as the rich have, but something better, something I wish the rich had, too."

"The heart that sees God, grannie would say."

"Maybe grannie would pray for it, Osmond. Maybe I could sing it, — I hope to sing now, — maybe you could put it into the land and bring it out in flowers."

"That's poetry!" said Osmond. He was smiling at her unconscious way of showing him how lovely she was and how loving. "I am going now, dear. I am going to take your present home carefully and look at it alone."

She knitted wistful brows a moment. Then she too smiled.

"You will see how valuable it is when you look at it," she said. "It will shine so."

He had risen and stood before her, looking at her.

"Rose," he said, "you're a darling."

"Am I?" She was radiant.

"I am going to think up the things lovers have said, and read Solomon's Song, maybe! But now I'm going back to the plantation, to let the Almighty God and the undergods have a chance to tell me how to give you up."

"Ask them now, Osmond," she breathed. "Ask here, while I am here to answer, too."

"No," said Osmond. He shook his head. "Not while we are together. I can't listen to Him."

In the road he met Peter. They stopped, and Peter said at once, —

"I've got three orders from New York. When they're finished, I'm going back to France."

Osmond could not at once recall himself, even for his boy. Peter seemed only a figure of the night, familiarly dear, and yet unrelated to the great dream that swept across the sky with banners. Peter spoke again bluntly.

"I shall paint again all right. You need n't worry. It's got hold of me."

Then they shook hands.

XXXI

Osmond went back to his little house, not to sleep, but to think. The old habit of his life was changed. Henceforward, whether he took a woman's love or left it, things would not be the same. Say she loved him with the enduring passion of a woman at her best, could he let her undertake the half of his strange lot? Could he cut her off from a thousand sources of happiness to be found in the world she knew, even though he forced her to go out into that world and sing, and lessened his claim on her to a swallow flight now and then back to his waiting heart? If her lot were to be a public one, she would have, in a measure, to make it herself; for here was he, with his plants and trees, almost one of them, and he could not give up his hardy life, lest he dwindle and fail utterly. Besides, this was his business, as music was hers. Whatever communion they had, it could never be a unison of pursuits, but rather an interchange of rich devotion. It looked, he concluded, very bad for her.

As he thought that, the night grew chill, and the stars waned in their shining. These were the dull old ways of a world that had swung so long in one orbit that it could never be otherwise. He was bringing the woman to break bitter bread with him, and though she ate it cheerfully in the morning of her hope, it would seem intolerable in the evening, and at night she might refuse it utterly. What right had he to let her vow herself to such things and swell the list of proven failure? But say she loved him! And after all, what was love? Was it the ever-living germ of desire to create new life, that life might live? Was it the gift shut in the hand when life left the creating source, to be squandered or hoarded, to be used for honor or dishonor, but always ignorantly, to serve the power behind creation itself? Was this beautiful creature the sport of her woman's blood, doing the

will of the earth, and so most innocently walking into the lure of his arms because they longed for her? He wondered.

And his side of it, the man's side, what did it mean for him to know he worshiped the divinity of her beauty, the sun of her good pleasure, the might of her yieldingness? When he thought of her, the body of things became mysteriously transmuted to what he had to call their soul, because it wore no other name. There was the flame of passion and the frost of awe. The mystical call of her spirit to his had become the most natural of all created impulses. Yet, say that he, too, was in the grip of that greatest force, and nature was tricking the woman out with all the colors of the dawn, to blind him into stumbling along nature's ways. Did nature want him to say, "This is Paradise," until she was ready to let him know it was the unchanged earth? If it was all a gigantic phenomenon of a teeming universe — well, it was good. It was to be worshiped as the savage worships the sun, — but not greatly. For clouds hide the sun, and, in spite of it, men die. Better not spill too much blood for a savage god that gives but savage recompense. And, thinking so, he closed his eyes and lapsed into a dull recognition of the things of earth.

How far his mind had rushed upon its track he did not know, but suddenly it came to a stop and jolted him awake. It was as if he had come to a great gulf, the darkness girdling the natural life, and across it were the colors of the dawn. They breathed and wavered in sheer beauty. And at that moment there began in him the fainting recognition of what love might be if men would have it so. First, there was the lure, the voice of the creature calling to its mate. Then there was the unveiling of the soul, the recognition, the sight of the soul as God sees it, so that the two creatures can only breathe, "How beautiful you are!" And that must not continue, because the soul is a delicate though an indestructible thing, and cannot walk naked through the assaults of time. It would consume the beholder; it would even scorch under the flame of its own being. It withdraws, only to appear again, like the god from the brake, when it is greatly summoned. But always it is there, and the two that hold high fealty remember what they have seen. When the flame sinks, they say "But it is the flame on the altar. It must not die." And they renew it. When the outer habit of life fails in one of them, to grow poor and mean, the other remembers that one glimpse of the soul, and calls upon it tenderly.

"Revive," says his patient love, "I stay you with the flagons of my hope, I comfort you with the apples of my great belief." And always it is an interchange of life, the one feeding the other with eternal succor.

And now, to come back to the old question: Say a woman loved a man like this man? Osmond seemed not to be debating now, but hastening along the thread of a perfect certainty. Something had put a clue in his hand. Wherever it might lead him, he was running fast. It came upon him, like the lighting of a great fire, that this was a call for high emprise. He loved nothing so much as courage. Here was the summons to the world-old battle where all but a few fail and none are said to succeed unless they die for passion and so life drops a curtain on the after-fight. The great lovers — chiefly they are those for whom the fight never was finished, who chose death rather than endure. He had bitten his teeth all his life on the despair of adventure, but now it came upon him that life itself is the great adventure, and love the crown of it. Say he, loving a woman, went out to fight the dragons of the way. He had no armor such as youth delights in. He was not a Prince Charming, who wooes the eye even before he speaks. He had only the one treasure — love. Say he crowned the woman with it, and then challenged God to give their hungers food, be the unseen combatant and

fight out the fight beside them? Say he vowed himself like a knight to her service, and their mutual worship scorned the body save as the instrument of life, and glorified the soul? "I am the soul," something cried out in him. "Do not deny me, or you blaspheme the God that also lives. Give me food, the large liberty to be faithful. Lay bonds upon me, patience and loyalty, and I shall rejoice in them and grow strong enough to break them, and delight in perfect liberty."

It all resolved itself, he found, into this question of the soul. Was the marvel true? Did it really exist? For if it did, it must have food and cherishing. Inevitably then he thought of grannie, and his struggling mind seemed to appeal to her clarity, question and answer, and to every question she smiled and told him the dream was true. It did live, this mystery, this imperishable one that came from the bosom of God and would return in safety there.

Osmond rose, in the dewy midnight, and stretched his arms to heaven. He felt what he never had before, in his iron acquiescence, an ecstasy of worship. This was what grannie felt, he knew; it was the daily draught that kept her spirit young. He made no doubt she was praying for him at that moment, and that their buoyant certain ties were meeting in the air of quickened life. Hitherto he had walked. Now he saw the use of wings.

He knew what Rose was doing. She would not be waking. She would be lying in her bed asleep, too secure in her glad confidence to wonder over it. Another thought swept in and awoke his quivering sentience to the marvel of his life. Some recognition of the cherishing maternal seemed to grow in him, and as grannie had saved his body for him, so now Rose seemed to have given birth to his new soul. It was like a shining child. With his bodily eyes he almost saw it through the dark, and he longed to take it in his arms to where she slept and lay it on her breast. He could fancy how the shining child would lie there and how, sleeping, her sweet soul would cherish it. And whether he began the next day with the resolve to give her up or to relinquish his own doubts, at least he had had the vision. As the dawn broke he seemed to see her coming toward him, the spirit of it, rosy-clad, bearing in her hands, outstretched, a beaker for his lips. It was the water of life, and her face besought him to know finally that they were to drink of it together. He was shaken with the wonder of it. All his past had been preparing him for ignominy and loss. He trembled when he saw what the girl in the vision meant; that the greater quest is farther yet.

XXXII

Madam Fulton and Electra were busy, each in her own track, making ready to go. Electra was truly concerned because grandmother had fallen into this frenzy of setting her belongings in order and would even fly up to town to her little apartment, on mysterious errands. But Madam Fulton was as gayly confident as she was inscrutable, and even when Billy Stark warned her that she was doing too much, she only whispered, —

"Got the tickets, Lochinvar?"

On the last day, when the house was partly closed and the servants lingered only for an hour or two, Electra, ready to her gloves, came to kiss her grandmother good-by. Madam Fulton drew back a pace and looked at her.

"Electra," said she, "you'll be horribly shocked and you'll want to laugh at me. But don't you do it. Don't you do either of those two things."

Electra's brows came together in a perplexity that yet betokened only a tepid interest. Her own affairs were too insistent. They crowded out the pale, dim hopes of age.

"When, grandmother?" she asked. "Why should I want to laugh?"

"Never mind. But you will. And when you do, you say to yourself that,

after all, youth and age are just about the same, only age has tested many things and found they're no good. So if it finds something that seems good — Well, Electra, you're off on your fool's errand. Don't you deny other folks the comfort of theirs."

"I don't understand you, grandmother."

"No, of course you don't. But you will. Once I should n't have cared whether you did or not, but I've taken a kind of a liking to you. I told you I should when you turned human and made a fool of yourself like the rest of us. And now you're going out into the wilderness, to found a city or something of that sort."

"I am going to join the Brotherhood," said Electra, with punctilious truth.

"And build a monument to that handsome scamp that had the bad taste to come over here to die."

"Grandmother, you must not use such words,"

"Must not? Don't you suppose I know a scamp when I see one? If I'd been fifty years younger I dare say I should be starting out to build him a monument, too. But I'm glad of it, child, I'm glad of it. He's your preserver. He has roused in you the capacity for being a fool. Make much of it. Prize it. It's God's most blessed gift to man. When you've lost that, you've lost everything."

"There is the carriage, grandmother. I must go."

Madam Fulton presented a kindly cheek.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I'm sorry I've harried you. I had to, though. I should again. Now we'll meet in Paris or London — or another world."

Electra, a perfect picture of the well-equipped traveler, in her beautiful suit, her erect pose, was at the door.

"The maids will go in an hour," she said. "Then you've only to turn the key and walk over to Mrs. Grant's. I wish you'd had your trunks taken out before."

"My trunks can wait," chuckled the old lady. "They'll be sent for."

As Electra's carriage turned from the driveway into the road, Madam Fulton laughed again.

Electra had five minutes at the station, and there appeared Peter, wearing the air of haste. He had been painting in the garden when the carriage went by, and he had dropped brush and palette to run. Why, Peter could not have said, only it seemed cold and miserable to have an imperial lady taking the train alone, and then setting sail with no one by.

"You would n't let me go up to town with you?" he ventured, with his eager stammer.

"No," returned Electra, "thank you."

"I'd like to awfully," said Peter. "Maybe I could be of use."

"Everything is done. My luggage is on board. We sail at three."

"It seems an infernally lonesome thing to do!"

Electra smiled. She had gained that smile of late. It was a subtle indication of the secret knowledge she had of the resources of her own future. With a perfect and simple conviction, she believed she should be guided, by Markham MacLeod or some unseen genius of his life. She should follow his star. She should know where to go.

"Rose said you did n't take the letters she offered you. Is that wise, Electra? If you want to know the Brotherhood —"

"I shall know it," said Electra, with entire simplicity. "The way will open."

She did not say that she could not bear to blur her secret by sharing it overmuch with any one. She was going on a mission for the chief. Other voices would confuse the message. The medium must be kept clarified between his soul and hers. Peter stood back, feeling, in another form, Madam Fulton's hopeless admiration of this magnificent futility.

"Well," he said, "I shall be there in the late autumn, and I shall find you."

"I may not," said Electra decisively, "want to be found."

But when he thought of the elements into which she meant to hurl herself, he was of the opinion that she would as gladly long to be found as the maiden in the arena before the beasts walked in. Then the train came, and she bade him a civil and correct good-by and was taken away.

Peter went home wondering, his eyes on the ground. Life seemed to resolve itself, not into the harmonious end of tragedy, but into more tragedy. Human things, when a solution was reached, deliberately began a new act. Peter had the childlike egoism of the very religious or the devotee of art. He never could help feeling that, in a way, the world was created for him. Its fortuitous happenings strengthened that belief. He had come home to lose Electra whom he did not love. Markham MacLeod, who, he now saw, had been too bright a sun, blinding his eyes to his own proper work, had been removed. Perhaps that, too, was done for him. And now he should paint his pictures. The Brotherhood still seemed far off and, if not vain, at least a clamorous sea of discontent, the hope of a palace beautiful beyond the touch of time. But near him were dear and intimate things: the feel of the brush in his fingers, the adorable combination of colors as delirious as the sunsets God could make. And in the future there were men and women who also would go singing along the path to perfect pictures and leafy glades. In them was infinite possibility of more pleasure, more delight. And there was his broken heart! For Peter's heart was truly broken. That he knew. He had lost Rose, for she had gravely told him so, and given the simple reason, if he needed it. There was no man for her but one. And the one was Osmond to whom he would gladly relinquish even the delight of her. So, thinking of his brother who was the best thing born, of his broken heart, of his pictures and the general adorableness of the world, crammed full of things to paint, Peter threw his stick into the air, caught it, and burst into song.

When the maids had left, after their good-by to Madam Fulton, giving the keys into her hand, she sat a while in the silent house, and took a comfortable nap. It was amazing, she thought as she sank off, what a lessening of tension it was to have Electra gone. When she awoke, it was still quiet and Billy Stark had not come. He was to run down from town, his last preparations made; the country minister was to meet them at the Grant house, and there they would be married. Then they would take the late afternoon train, and, in due course, sail for Liverpool. Even Bessie Grant did not guess they were to be married, but she, Madam Fulton knew, was ready for the last trump and welcoming evangels, and that prepared her for all lesser things.

It seemed a little chilly in the house, shut up as it was for the flitting, all except the room where Madam Fulton sat, and she took her chair out of doors, not pausing on the veranda but going on to the garden beds. It would be pleasant, she thought, to sit there in the sun with the bees humming on their way, and take her last look at the place. As well as she knew she was going to leave it, she knew she should return to it no more. It was not only that her age made it improbable, — for she had no doubt of Billy's ability to run over a dozen times yet; it was some inward certainty that told her she was going for good. It pleased her in every way. She liked new peoples and untried lands.

Yet, as she sat there, old faces crowded upon her, and they were pleasant to behold. Her husband was not there. With his death he seemed to have withdrawn into a remote place where no summons could reach him, even if she wished to call. And she had never wished it. But these were faces scarcely remembered in her day-time mood, very clear in the sunlight, and with no possibility of mistake. One was like her own, only where hers sparkled with irony and discontent, this was softer and more sweet. "Why," said Madam Fulton aloud, "mother!" It

gave her no surprise. Nothing seemed disturbing in this calm world, where things were throbbing warmly and, she knew at last, for the general good. Then she reflected that this was probably the effect of happiness because she was going to marry Billy Stark. It must be love, she thought, instead of their gay friendship. Youth and age were perhaps not so unlike after all, when one shut one's eyes and sat in the garden in the sun.

Billy Stark faded out of her musings, and the forgotten faces came the more clearly, all smiling, all bearing a mysterious benediction. She found herself recalling old memories with them, doings that had been once of great importance, but of later years had been packed into the rubbish hole of childish things. There was the summer day when she had lost the stolen prism from the parlor lamp, and mother had looked at her gravely for a moment and then smiled, seeing that tears were coming, and said it was no matter. Mother had never known that the tears were all for the loss of the red and blue lights in the prism, and somehow her kindness had not mattered then, because it could not bring the colors back. But now it seemed to the old lady in the garden that mother had been very kind indeed. "Don't mind it," the sweet face seemed to be saying. "Don't mind anything." And as she listened, she was restored to the pleasant usages of some morning land where one could be reassured in a blest authority that made it so.

It seemed a long time that she sat there in this pleasant company, so far removed from the conditions of her own life that it was actually, at moments, as if she were in another country. But forms began to fade, and, mingled with their going, was the sense that another personality was thrusting itself into their circle, and, being more solid than they, was pushing them out. Billy Stark was calling, in his kindly tone, —

"Florrie! wake up, child."

Her eyes came open.

"Yes," she said, "that's what mother was just calling me." She winked, and rubbed her eyes. "My stars, Billy," said she, "I've been dreaming."

Billy pulled up a garden chair. He looked at her with a tender consideration. Florrie was pretty tired, he thought. She had worn herself out with these forced hurryings. Now he had no doubts about his ability to take care of her, or his wish to do it. Billy was one who, having made up his mind to a thing, cast care behind him, and if it climbed up on the saddle bow, he promptly knocked it off again. That was why he proposed to be hearty for twenty years to come.

"Shall we turn the key in the door, and be poking over to Bessie Grant's?" he asked. "We'll call here for your trunks on the way to the train."

"By and by, Billy." She leaned her head on the chair back, and regarded him with her friendly smile. "I have n't waked up yet. What time is it?"

"Five minutes before three."

"No! Electra'll be sailing in five minutes."

"And in half an hour the reverend parson will be waiting for us at Bessie Grant's."

"Yes, I know. But let me sit a minute, Billy. I had the most extraordinary dream."

"Last night?"

"No, no. Sitting here in the sun. And yet I did n't think I'd slept a wink. Billy, do you remember the day mother stood me in the corner for going fishing with you, and then, when she found you'd stood yourself in the other corner, she laughed and gave us cookies?"

"Seems to me I do. I'd forgotten, though."

"So had I. I had n't thought of it for years. Then there was the time Jeanie Lake was married and they found out he'd deceived that girl over in the next township, and Jeanie died of a broken heart."

"What makes you think of it now, Florrie?"

"I remember so well how Jeanie looked through the weeks she was fading out, before she died. I remember I thought I should n't have taken it so. I'd have struck him on his lying mouth and lived to love another man. But Jeanie looks exactly like herself now."

"You've been dreaming, Florrie," said the old man anxiously.

"Did n't I tell you I'd been dreaming? I saw them in crowds. Don't you hurry me, Billy. Let's sit here a minute and talk about old times." She blinked her eyes awake again and looked at him reassuringly. "You must n't think I don't want to go, Billy. I do. I'm a little tired, but I'm all keyed up to go. I'm perfectly sure we shall have a lovely time, — the loveliest time that ever was."

"The voyage will do you good," he said, in the same affectionate concern. "The maid will meet us on the pier. And once in London, you'll be the centre of the crowd."

"Fancy! And Electra shall come over from Paris, and you'll make love to me, to shock her. Billy, is n't it queer I did n't dream of Charlie Grant this morning?"

"Why, Florrie? Why should you?"

"Because they were all there, crowds of them I have n't told you about. But not he. I suppose he was with Bessie Grant. Billy, it was when I gave him up, my life went wrong."

"Yes, dear, you told me so."

"It was n't that I could n't bear to lose him. I never broke my heart. It was because I made a bad choice, — a bad choice. I said deliberately I wanted the world and the things the world can give. Everything began when I gave him up."

"Time's going, Florrie. The parson will be there."

"Yes. Don't hurry me. Do you suppose we find things because we believe in them?"

"What things, dear?"

"Will Bessie Grant have heaven because she believes in it? Will she find him because she thinks he's there?"

"Come, dear, wake up."

"Well!" The old lady roused herself. The light came back to her eyes, the old smile to her lips.

"I'll tell you what, Billy," said she, "there's one thing I swear I never will forget. Living or dying I never will."

"What is it?"

"I never'll forget you saw me an old woman and treated me like a young one. I never'll forget you did your best to bring back my lost youth. And if there is a heaven and I set foot in it, and they bring up their archangels, I'll say, 'Away with you and your fine company. Where's Billy Stark?'"

But the light faded as she spoke and her face changed mysteriously, in a way he did not like. A clever thought came to him.

"Florrie," said he, "have you had your luncheon?"

"I guess not."

"Have you been sitting here ever since Electra went, dreaming and starving?"

"I guess so."

"Well, that's it. Now you get on your two feet and take my arm and come over to Bessie Grant's. And she'll give you food and coffee. Bless us, Florrie, we're not going to own we miss Electra's patent foods as early in the game as this!"

She smiled at him. "I believe I am hungry, Billy," she owned. "That's why I had my dream. They always have visions fasting. But it was a beautiful dream. I wish I could have it again."

"You wait a minute. I'm going to get you a nip of brandy." She was rising, and he put her back into her chair. "I know where it is." He hurried down the path, but her voice recalled him sharply.

"Billy, come back. Don't leave me."

He returned to her, where she had risen and was standing tremulously. That same dire change was on her face, as if old age had passed a sponge over it. Her eyes regarded him, in a keen questioning.

"What is it, Billy?" she whispered. "What's coming?" He put her into her

chair, and she said again, "Don't leave me."

"I must." There were tears in his kind eyes. "Let me go one minute, dear. I'll get you something."

But her frail hand detained him.

"Sit down, Billy," she was whispering. "No, kneel — there — where I can see you. Keep hold of me."

He knelt at her feet, and she bowed her head upon his shoulder. He put her back gently into her chair, again with the determination to get the brandy; but her face forbade him.

"Florrie!" he called loudly.

No one answered. With the keenness of the shocked intelligence, summoned to record the smallest things with the same faithfulness as the large, he noted how the bees were humming in the garden. He and the bees were alive, but his old friend was dead.

XXXIII

In the hushed interval after Madam Fulton had died and Billy Stark had gone away sadly, knowing he should return to America no more, Osmond went to find Rose. He had seen her briefly, in the common ways of life, but it was evident to her that they were not to meet alone. Perhaps his mind had fixed itself inexorably against her, she thought, and he meant to see her only to say good-by. But even that contented her, if it must be. The splendor of their understanding abode with her and made his will seem easy. When the tide of new love went down, it would be another thing; but now it was at the flood, and the light of heaven shone in it.

He came walking through the garden, and she saw him come. Grannie sat out there among the hollyhocks, waiting for Peter. He had left his painting to bring her a glass of water from the house, and she rested in a somnolent calm. Grannie liked the sunshine, and to-day it was opulent and flooding. To Osmond, looking at her as he came, her serenity seemed even majestic. She had forgotten the world, he saw, and a smile brooded upon her face, that face where no evil passions had ever dwelt, and where peace had lain like a visible sign for many years. As he passed her portrait, he glanced at it in proud wonder because Peter had done it. To Osmond, it looked complete as it was, and he found it another and only less beautiful grannie in the garden, with an added touch of life upon the face, something that did not lie there every day. It was a shade of sadness in the midst of the tranquillity, as if grannie also, in spite of her calm, had known great hungers. It tempered her childlike quality and made what might be called her character as enduring as time that had wrought it. She opened her eyes, when he neared her, and her smile came, the one that was for him alone and never failed him.

"What were you thinking about, grannie?" he asked her.

"A good many things," she said. "Florrie and poor Billy Stark."

"You'll miss her, grannie!"

"Not long, son. And I'm very glad she's gone. Florrie never was one to bear old age. She'd have had to meet it soon!"

Osmond smiled tenderly at the ingenuous implication, but then he bethought him it was true. Madam Fulton never had been old. Grannie put out her hand to his.

"I've been thinking of you, son, all the morning. I hoped you'd come."

"Yes, grannie. I could n't come before."

"No. You look like a new man."

"I am a new man, grannie."

He gave the kind hand a little tight grasp, and left her. Peter was coming with the glass of water, and Peter, too, had a morning light on his face, only his was the look of the maker who sees the vision of fulfillment.

"Good picture, Pete," said Osmond.

Peter nodded in entire acquiescence.

"I don't know what grannie looks

like," he said. He was gazing into the glass of water, as if it were a crystal and he could find the answer there. "I've been trying to think. Like a baby, — with a sort of innocence, — like a fate, a kind one, — like the earth-goddess. If I've put in all I see, it's a corker."

"It's the mother look," said Osmond. "But it is a corker, safe enough."

They parted with a nod, but Peter stopped.

"Hear that!" he said.

Rose was singing. The song began so triumphantly, with such dash and splendor, that it was almost like improvising. Osmond felt it like a call. He went on to the house, and Peter, after that moment of listening, also kept on the way that took him to his work. He, too, walked with quickened step, and there was light in his eyes. All the vibrations of his being quickened to the song; but he was thinking what a stunning world it was to have such things in it: paint and canvas and disturbing songs and broken hearts. The song ceased suddenly. He knew why. Osmond had gone into the room and Rose had met him. Peter sighed. Then he laughed, took grannie's empty glass from her, and sat down to work.

"It's a funny world, grannie," he remarked.

Grannie smiled at him. She understood him also, though he was not in her heart as Osmond was.

"You like your work, don't you, Peter?" she remarked. "It's just the right thing for you."

Peter plunged at it.

"It's the best thing out," he affirmed. "It's the top bubble on the biggest wave." Then he too, because the song had ceased, began one on his own account, with an inward rueful apology to his broken heart. For the song should have been a sad one, but Peter could not paint when the vibrations lagged, and so he made it gay.

Osmond followed the voice, and met Rose in the sitting-room, where she stood waiting for him. She wore a morning gown of demure dimity, with a little ruffle about her singing throat. When she saw him, she laughed, for no reason. Then she blushed. For Osmond was not the same. He came up to her and took her hands.

"You don't look like a goddess," he said.

They were smiling at each other out of an equal hope.

"I'm not a goddess. I'm just girl."

"Not a terrible Parisian?"

She looked down at her dress, that had wrought the simplicity.

"I put it on for you," she said. "You did n't like my chiffons that other night."

"How did you know I should come?"

"You knew it. Why should n't I know it? Are the wires down?"

Then, by one impulse, they began to walk back and forth through the room, hand in hand, like children.

"You go next week," he said, although he knew she did.

"Yes."

"When do you come back?"

"As soon as I can race through all the business there. In a month, I hope — perhaps less."

"Shall you come straight here?"

"I may stay a day or two in New York. I shall bring letters. I shall try to get a footing there."

"I will meet you in New York. Grannie has folks there. I'll take you to them."

It was a different man that spoke, decisive, dominating. She flushed in keen delight. They stopped at the window and looked out on the garden-beds, in that tranquil summer hush, all growth and bloom. He drew her hand to his lips and spoke intemperately.

"What a fool I was to come by day!"

"Why, Osmond?"

"I wanted it to be by day, with no glamour round us, to make you judge, accept, reject things as they are. But now I need the night to help me." She was a picture of breathing happiness.

He forgot his part. "Rose," he cried, "it's love between us!"

"It's love," she answered.

"I came to tell you the past is past. It's not to be remembered. Not a doubt! not a fear! not even a fear for you. You're not to love a coward. I won't have that. Will you take me, make what you can of me?"

The light on their faces spoke without their will.

"I'm not going to mark it down," he said. "I'm not going to say it is n't worthy of you. It's going to be, the sort the big lovers died for. I have looked the thing in the face. I adore it. I'm going where it leads me."

She calmed as he grew fervid.

"Sit down, Osmond," she said. "We must talk. There are n't many days to talk in."

But as he sat, he kept her hand.

"Shall I tell you why I've been staying away from you?" he asked.

"If you want to. But I know."

"You don't know the half. I have had to conquer all sorts of fears, chiefly for you. For me it's nothing. I'd rather have one minute of you and lose you to-morrow than not to have had you. But for you!" A wistful shade fell upon his face. "My own dear child!" he mused. "It must be well for you."

"It will be well."

"It shall. It's a great adventure, Rose. It's a big challenge — the biggest. I promise you —"

"No! no!"

"Yes. I promise you my undying faith. And I won't be a coward."

She was looking at him, smiling.

"You're a darling lover," she said. "Such pretty words!"

Then they laughed.

"This is nothing to what I can do," said Osmond. "I shall read the poets."

He leaned to her and they kissed, like children. Tears came into his eyes. He foresaw strange beauties he had never dreamed of. There would be the sweet, slumbrous valleys and the sharp lightnings of fierce love, but there would be also the homely intimacies, the foolishness of children who, hand in hand, can smile at everything.

"Do you suppose you could tell what I am thinking?" he wondered.

The air of the playhouse seemed to be about her, and she knew.

"You are playing we are on a ship," she said.

"Yes, we two alone —"

"We're just starting on the great adventure —"

(*The End.*)

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

BY JOHN ERSKINE

We traveled thro' the soundless night
  And breathed the fragrant June,
Tumultuous fragrance, flooded bright
  With an unwaning moon;
Till from the whitened field the wood
  Rose dark along the hill, —
And there with sudden joy we stood
  To hear thee, whip-poor-will!

O Bird, O Wonder! Long and high
  Thy measured question calls!
I marvel, till thy perfect cry
  Almost too perfect falls.

What art thou singing, voice divine,
  Heart of the poignant night?
What utter loveliness is thine,
  Of suffering or delight?
Delight too lovely, all but pain,
  Would thy frail spirit pour?
Would sorrow, in thy perfect strain,
  Be joy forevermore?

Thou hadst no answer but thy song —
  Clear as the soft June light,
Sweet as the fragrant earth, and long
  As that immortal night.

PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

PRIOR to last July, there were only three Prohibition states in the Union, — Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota. Since that date, four states have been added to the Prohibition group: Oklahoma, by a provision in the constitution under which she entered the Union, and Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, by legislative enactment.

Prohibitory legislation in the South — for Oklahoma is virtually a southern state — is not a bolt from the blue. It is the culmination of forces which have been for a long time at work. Careful study of existing conditions justifies the conclusion that these forces have by no means spent themselves, but that other southern states are likely to follow the example of Georgia, Alabama, Oklahoma, and Mississippi.

The people of the southern states have become accustomed to local prohibition through the working of local-option laws. In Massachusetts and elsewhere in the North the city or town is usually the element in the application of local option. But in the South the county is the unit. Naturally, when the opportunity was given for an expression of local sentiment against the saloon, the rural counties were the first to go "dry." There the crossroads "doggeries" were doing their most destructive work, and the idea of driving the liquor traffic out of the country districts into the towns was a captivating one. The movement spread rapidly to counties which were partly rural and partly urban in their population. The overwhelming majority against the saloons in the rural districts, coupled with a minority of the city voters, sufficed to make more and more of these counties "dry."

So it came to pass that, when the legislature of Georgia met in June, 1907, out of the 145 counties in the state, 125 were "dry," and most of them had been so for years. Repeatedly the attempt had been made in previous legislatures to enact a general prohibitory law. Bills to this end had passed the House only to be blocked by the Senate. The liquor interests were so strongly intrenched in the Senate that they entertained a serene and not unreasonable confidence in their ability to defeat there any extreme temperance legislation. But they forgot to take into account the peculiar system upon which representation is distributed in the Georgia legislature, — a system only a shade less complicated than the Prussian suffrage laws.

The apportionment is not primarily by population, but by counties. In the House each of the six counties having the largest population has three members; each of the twenty-five counties ranging next in population has two members; and each of the remaining counties has one. In the Senate, representation is by districts, and usually three counties, but sometimes four, constitute a district. The legislature is elected biennially. A system of rotation among the counties prevails in the selection of senators. A senator from a certain county is elected to represent his district this year; the turn of that county to be directly represented in the Senate does not come round again for four years. In the instances in which four counties are bunched together to make a district, the turn of that county will not come round again for six years. An exception is made in favor of Fulton County, in which Atlanta, the largest city of the state, is situated. That county is allowed

direct representation in the Senate at every other election.

Under such a system, there will be legislatures, of course, in which the cities will have the minimum of representation in the Senate. This is what happened in the legislature which met in June, 1907. Of the fifteen largest cities in the state, only four were directly represented in the Senate. Atlanta, Augusta, Americus, Albany, Rome, and Athens were among the cities left without senators by this rotation system. The prohibitionists were not slow to seize the opportunity. The first bill introduced was the prohibition bill. With an assurance born of the favoring circumstances, the bill was introduced, not in the House, as formerly, but in the Senate. The fight was pushed, and within thirty days the bill was passed and signed by the governor, to take effect January 1, 1908. The vote in the Senate was 34 to 7, and in the House 139 to 39.

The law thus swiftly enacted is one of the most drastic in the history of prohibitory legislation. It forbids absolutely the "manufacture, sale, barter, giving away to induce trade, or keeping or furnishing at public places, or keeping on hand at places of business, of any alcoholic, spirituous, malt or intoxicating liquors, or intoxicating bitters or other drinks which, if drunk to excess, will produce intoxication." It would seem that the framers of this law had made a thorough study of prohibitory legislation in other states, with the intention of stopping up every loophole which experience elsewhere had disclosed. The usual leniency toward druggists, and toward the use of liquors for supposed medicinal purposes, is absent. Druggists are allowed to keep plain alcohol, but that is all. A physician may not prescribe stimulants, except alcohol, and then only under stringent restrictions. He must fill out a blank stating the exact nature of the ailment and certifying that in his opinion the alcohol is absolutely necessary to relieve or cure the illness. He cannot fill his own prescription, nor can he send it to a drug-store in which he has a financial interest. The prescription must be filled not later than the day after it is dated: it must not call for more than a pint, and it cannot be refilled; and every prescription filled must be recorded at the expense of the druggist filling it, the record being at all times open to public inspection. The alcohol must be delivered directly, either to the person for whom it is prescribed or to the physician writing the prescription.

Severe as this law is, it places no impediment in the way of ordering liquors from outside the state for use in the home. Many of the larger dealers, driven from their saloons in Georgia cities, have established themselves in Chattanooga or Jacksonville or elsewhere, and expect to retain a large part of their trade. Liquors ordered of them may be sent by express and delivered at the residence of the purchaser. A possible loophole in the law, also, is the absence of any specific mention of clubs. After the law was enacted, an effort was made to supply this omission by imposing a tax of ten thousand dollars, upon clubs which maintained "lockers." This went too far, but a compromise was reached by making the tax five hundred dollars. It is not yet clear, and cannot be until test cases are decided by the courts, whether clubs which pay this tax can venture to dispense liquors to their members. If the courts should rule that a club is either "a public place" or "a place of business," it would be impossible either to sell or to give away or to keep on hand in them any intoxicating liquors without being subject to the penalties of the law. In view of this harrowing uncertainty, it is not surprising that most of the club lockers remain locked.

In Alabama, the enactment of a prohibitory law was a greater surprise than in Georgia. The first step toward the restraint of the liquor traffic in that state was the passage by the legislature, years

ago, of special acts prohibiting saloons within five miles of certain churches and schoolhouses. Then came a modified form of town local option, under which towns of 5000 or more inhabitants were allowed to choose between saloons run for private profit and dispensaries run by the community, the profits going to public uses. Up to the 1st of January, 1907, of the 67 counties in the state, 22 were "dry" under special acts; 15 had dispensaries; 21 had licensed saloons; and 9 had both dispensaries and saloons. When the legislature met in January, 1907, a county local-option bill was introduced. The opponents of this measure urged as a substitute a bill which would have permitted towns and cities to vote separately, each for itself. The liquor interests, perceiving the futility of opposing all forms of local option, favored the substitute, hoping to prevent the prohibition of the sale of liquor in the cities and larger towns. But the county local-option bill went through the House with only two opposing votes, and was passed by the Senate with only a single dissenter. Encouraged by this overwhelming victory, the temperance elements introduced at once an "anti-shipping bill." This bill, which was enacted with only three opposing votes in the Senate and two in the House, forbids any person, firm, or corporation to accept any liquors for shipment, transportation, or delivery into any prohibition district. The soliciting of orders in "dry" districts by liquor drummers is forbidden, and violation of the law carries a penalty of five hundred dollars fine and six months' imprisonment at hard labor. After this heavy blow, the liquor interests may well have thought that the worst had happened. But the same legislature was re-convened in November, in special session, to consider railway legislation; and it took the bits between its teeth, and enacted a state prohibitory law, to take effect January 1, 1909.

In Alabama, as hitherto in Georgia, a part of the revenue from the liquor traffic is turned over to the school fund; and there was presented at Montgomery, when the prohibition bill was under discussion, the unusual spectacle of a large body of women from Mobile, protesting against its enactment on the ground that the public-school system would be crippled. But the legislature did not heed the protest: and it may be that Alabama, as Georgia already is doing, may find new and more suitable sources of revenue for its schools, to take the place of that lost through prohibitory legislation.

In Oklahoma and in Mississippi, the transition to state prohibition was made easy by the continual extension of the "dry" area under local option. Of the two former territories which constitute the new State of Oklahoma, Indian Territory was wholly "dry" under federal laws aiming at the protection of the Indians, and the Territory of Oklahoma was three-fourths "dry" under the operation of local option. Constitutional prohibition in Oklahoma is as drastic as statutory prohibition in Georgia, in that it prohibits absolutely the manufacture, sale, barter, or giving away of liquors, except under rigid restrictions for medicinal use; and it imposes a jail sentence upon a physician who prescribes liquor for a person not entitled to it. In Mississippi, out of 76 counties in the state, 69 were "dry" under county option, and the sale of liquor was forbidden in about nine-tenths of the area of the state. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the legislature, which assembled in January of this year, took up the question of prohibition as the most urgent matter before it, and by the middle of February enacted a rigid prohibitory law by an overwhelming majority in both houses.

The Mississippi statute resembles that of Georgia, with some points of difference. For one thing, it reduces to a half-pint the amount of alcohol which a physician may prescribe. It makes it unlawful "to manufacture, to sell or bar-

ter, or give away to induce trade, or keep for sale or barter, or to be given away to induce trade, any vinous, alcoholic, malt, intoxicating or spirituous liquors or intoxicating bitters or other drinks which, if drunk to excess, will produce intoxication." But it exempts wine for sacramental purposes, as the Georgia statute does not, and it also permits the making of home-made wine, for domestic or household uses. The law cancels all existing licenses with the end of the present year, and forbids the issue of licenses thereafter. A companion statute, approved by the Governor on the same day, February 19, regulates the disposition of liquors shipped into the state C. O. D., or with a bill of lading attached. The provisions of this statute are unique and ingenious. After such liquors have been delivered to the person addressed, it is made unlawful for any person to remove them more than one hundred feet from the place where the delivery was made. The consumption of the liquors is made a lonely joy, for the receiver is forbidden to sell or to give away any part of them. Nor is it safe for any one to lay in a large store of liquor for his own consumption; for the law makes the mere possession of so much as half a gallon of liquor *prima facie* evidence of guilt. With its range of influence limited within a radius of one hundred feet, its amount limited to less than a half-gallon, and its consumption restricted to the solitary individual who orders it, the havoc which may be wrought by a consignment of C. O. D liquor is reduced to its lowest terms.

The liquor interests have taken alarm at the outlook, and are starting tardy movements of reform in the hope of averting further disaster. One of their organs candidly remarks that "various forms of viciousness seem to fasten to the liquor traffic with the tenacity of barnacles." Why have these various forms of viciousness escaped attention hitherto? Why has the liquor trade as a whole presented a solid front to every movement for their elimination? It is the old story:—

> When the devil was sick,
> The devil a monk would be;
> When the devil got well
> The devil a monk was he.

Just now, the devil is sick; and the remedy which suggests itself to him is the reform of some of his evil ways. The organ already quoted makes this quite clear when it goes on to say: "The reform of the saloon and the elimination of the dive and such like efforts may not head off the wave of prohibition now spreading over this republic, but these steps can certainly help some." The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of New York has adopted a resolution urging changes in the laws, "to the end that the retail business may be ultimately conducted by men of recognized character and standing in the community."

The most significant step is the formation of a "Model License League" by a recent convention of distillers and wholesale dealers at Louisville. This league adopted an address "To the People of the United States and to the Members of the Legislatures of our various States." This curious document opens with an extenuation of the offenses of the retail dealer, on the ground that the force of competition or the law of self-preservation often persuades him to "do things he condemns at heart, and which do hurt to the opinions, and perchance to the rights of others." "Why do so many saloon-keepers violate law?" the address proceeds to inquire; and it answers, "Because they find it profitable, or else because their competitors practically force them to violate law." The remedy, it appears, is to make the saloon-keepers easy in their minds by giving them a permanent grip upon their licenses. The first suggestion which this Model License League puts forth to American legislatures is that every outstanding license should be made permanent unless canceled by the vote of a majority of the citizens of a state,

county, precinct, or municipality. It is to be transferable, or left as a part of an estate, like any other property. Licenses should be "clear, unambiguous contracts between the state and the individual," and the utmost penalty for their violation should be cancellation. Finally, legislation is suggested against the sale of liquor to minors, but the penalty is not to fall upon the dealer but upon "any minor over eighteen who represents himself to be of age in order to procure intoxicants." The address goes on to argue that, with such legislation as this, the saloon-keepers will enforce the provisions, because it will pay them better to obey law than to violate it; and to preserve so valuable a license from cancellation "the saloon-keeper will be of all men most anxious to run an orderly place, to refuse to sell to minors or inebriates, and to close at the hour named by society." Elsewhere in the address is the sententious declaration, "If society imposes upon the saloon-keeper, the saloon-keeper will certainly impose upon society." Perhaps; but to a dispassionate judgment, a time when, in nearly every state in the Union, an increasing disposition is manifest to hit the saloon and to hit it hard, does not seem the best for the making of such a threat.

There is good reason for the panic of the liquor interests. A map of the United States, with prohibition states white, license states black, and states partly "dry" and partly "wet" under local option indicated by shading, discloses a belt of states — a new "black belt" — extending from Montana on the north to the Mexican border, in which temperance legislation has made no headway. In this belt are included Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. Outside of this belt, there is no state in the Union in which some form of restrictive legislation is not operative. The patches of white territory, marking areas which are "dry" under local option, are especially numerous in the South; and the prohibition area is growing so fast that a map of 1907, thus marked, is already antiquated. Kentucky is no longer a "Bourbon" state, in this matter of the sale of liquor. Of its 119 counties 94 are entirely "dry," 21 allow the sale of liquor only in cities, and only four put no restrictions on the traffic. In Tennessee there are only three cities and three towns in which the sale is licensed. In West Virginia, out of 55 counties 33 are "dry;" in Virginia, 46 out of 100, and 26 more are "dry" outside of the cities; in North Carolina, 62 out of 97; in South Carolina, 17 out of 41; in Florida, 34 out of 47; in Arkansas, 58 out of 75; in Texas, 145 out of 243, with 51 others partly "dry;" and in Louisiana, 23 "dry" parishes out of 59.

Nothing can be plainer than that most of these states are headed toward state prohibition. Their movement in that direction is accelerated by the advantage which all accessible statistics prove that "dry" counties have over "wet" as regards the prevalence of crime. Thus in Virginia, the "dry" counties furnish one prisoner in the penitentiary to every 5122 of the population, while the "wet" counties furnish one prisoner to every 2913. In West Virginia, the five wettest counties have 415 convicts; the other 50 counties have only 413. The comparison might be extended indefinitely with similar results.

This year is the "off" year in the meeting of state legislatures, but next year, when the legislatures of most of the states will be in session, a large amount of restrictive legislation may be looked for. If prohibition is even fairly well enforced in the states which have adopted it, other states will be inclined to follow their example. It is, of course, too early to judge of results; but the first reports from Oklahoma are of a marked falling off in the business of the police courts, and from Georgia of increased steadiness of negro laborers. At Atlanta, last January, there were but 64 cases of drunkenness before the court,

as compared with 341 in January, 1907. In January and February, 1907, there were 3074 arrests for all causes; in the corresponding months of the present year only 1538. The first sentence for illegal selling was to twelve months on the chain-gang. There have been several days this year when no prisoner was before the court at Atlanta charged with drunkenness; and on one memorable day, the city jail, for the first time since it was built, was wholly empty. These are facts that will bother the bureau of publicity which the National Brewers' Association has just established, to prove to the people of the South that "prohibition does not prohibit."

As was to have been expected, there are some checks to the advance of prohibition. In West Virginia, in February, a prohibition amendment to the constitution, which had passed one branch of the legislature, was defeated in the other. The South Carolina legislature has rejected a prohibitory bill, but by a vote close enough to warrant the hope of different action later. The Mississippi legislature, which adopted statutory prohibition in February, rejected constitutional prohibition, by a close vote, in March. This, however, is not a check. It merely points to a purpose to test the efficacy of the system before embedding it in the fundamental law. The legislature of North Carolina was not quite ready to enact prohibition, but it has submitted the question to a referendum, to be taken April 29.

What is the cause of this drift toward prohibition in the South? The obvious cause, and the one most often given in explanation, is the presence of the negro. It is said that the vote for prohibition in the South represents exactly the same reasoning which excludes liquor from Indian reservations, shuts it out by international agreement from the islands of the Pacific, and excludes it from great areas in Africa under the British flag; and that, wherever there is an undeveloped race, the reasons for restrictions upon the liquor traffic become convincing. The South, we are told, faces two imperative needs, better labor and less crime, and the closing of the saloon opens the way to meeting these needs. There is force in these statements. Drunkenness unquestionably demoralizes labor and incites to crime. The frightful race riots at Atlanta, which sprang from the dives and were carried to such excesses of unreasoning ferocity by men who were inflamed by drink, may well enough have been in the minds of the Georgia legislators when they enacted state prohibition.

But the presence of the negro furnishes only a partial explanation of the prohibition movement in the South. It is a noticeable fact that, during the debate in the Georgia legislature upon the pending prohibitory bill, the negro was not once mentioned as a reason for the enactment of prohibition. The fact is that the curse of the drink evil rests upon white as well as black. It retards the highest development of the individual, and the prosperity of the community. The ablest and most far-sighted leaders of Southern opinion have come to the realization of this truth. Habits of personal temperance are more widely diffused than they once were. The South needs for its development capital, and intelligent and diversified labor. It cannot attract either if industry is made irregular and life and property insecure through the multiplication of doggeries and dives. In the South, moreover, as elsewhere in the United States, the saloon interests themselves are largely responsible for the revolt against them, which leads up to these drastic laws. Rapacious, lawless, and cruel, unmindful of the public welfare and of private rights, defiant of restraint and impudently insistent upon their right to do as they please, they have worn out the patience of the public. They have elected and have controlled sheriffs, mayors, aldermen, and legislatures, until the people have awakened to the fact that the short

and simple, not to say the only way, to get rid of the saloon in politics is to get rid of the saloon. No explanation of the southern situation is complete that does not recognize this fact.

Does the spread of anti-saloon sentiment all over the country, and of state prohibition in the South, point to a considerable increase of the Prohibition party vote in national politics? Naturally the party leaders hope for this result, and predict that the prohibition sentiment will grow till by its own momentum Prohibition is established in the Constitution of the United States. But they overlook the fact that there is a great difference between the appeal made to the average man by local or even by state prohibition and that made by national prohibition. The nearer a saloon gets to a voter, the easier it is to arouse him to active efforts for its displacement. A canvass recently made of Boston residential districts in the interest of ward option disclosed men who themselves kept saloons in other parts of the city, who were prepared to vote against saloons in the ward of their residence, for the sake of their children. In towns and cities in which the question of License or No-license comes up under local-option laws, a large part of the No-license vote is cast by men who have no extreme temperance views and are not total abstainers. But they perceive that the local saloon injures neighboring property, increases crime, tempts workingmen to indulgence, makes the streets insecure, and menaces the growing boy. So they vote to be rid of it; but they would not vote for state prohibition. Still less would they vote with the Prohibition party at a national election.

Massachusetts furnishes a striking illustration of this principle. It is a state quite as easily moved as most states by moral enthusiasms. Yet, at the presidential election in 1888, the state gave only 8701 votes for the Prohibition candidate. In April, 1889, a prohibition amendment to the state constitution was submitted to the people. The amendment was defeated by a majority of 45,820. Yet the vote cast in favor of state prohibition was 85,242, or almost ten times as large as that given for the third-party ticket at the national election a few months before. In the local-option elections in Massachusetts in 1889, the total No-license vote was 114,550, and there was an actual majority for no-license of 5656, as contrasted with an anti-prohibition majority of 45,820 in April of the same year.

The same conditions, it may be assumed, prevail in the South. As county after county has gone "dry" until a large part of a state is under county prohibition, the annoyance occasioned by contiguous "wet" counties has increased until the voters are prepared for state prohibition. But the members of southern legislatures who have enacted prohibition are not therefore Prohibitionists, so far as national politics are concerned. They are still, practically all of them, Democrats. About a quarter of a million voters, more or less, North and South, will go on voting in presidential years with the National Prohibition party, whose remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic is the extreme, and, as it appears to most minds, the impracticable one, of prohibiting by an amendment of the Federal Constitution, as public crimes, "the manufacture, importation, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquors;" but they will not be very largely recruited from the men who have brought about state prohibition in the South.

There are, however, two points at which national legislation will be sought to reinforce the execution of state prohibitory laws. Congress will be asked so to legislate as to prevent the shipment of liquors from "wet" states into "dry" ones. It will be demanded that liquor, in whatever form and in whatever packages, shall become subject to the laws of a state as soon as it crosses its boundaries. Bills to this effect are now pending in Congress. The demand is not unreasonable,

and it is, incidentally, in full accord with the state-rights sentiment of the South.

In this connection it may be remarked that it was to the vigilance of Senator Clay of Georgia that prohibition states and communities owe the recent discovery of an attempt to open the mails to the shipment of liquors. On the 13th of February, as the Senate reading-clerk was droning through the bill for the revision and codification of the laws of the United States, and section 218, which forbids the transmission of certain articles through the mails, was reached, Senator Clay jumped to his feet and directed the attention of the Senate to the fact that nowhere in the amendment was there any mention of liquor or glass. He protested against the amendment on the ground that it would nullify prohibition laws by allowing liquor dealers to send liquor of all kinds through the mails, and he demanded of the Senator in charge of the bill by whom and for what reason the change had been made. No very definite explanation was given of the origin of the mysterious amendment, but the Senate, by a unanimous vote, struck it out, and the provisions of the original law were restored.

The second demand which is likely to be made upon Congress is for legislation to prevent the issue of " licenses " by the federal government for the sale of intoxicating liquors in counties or states where it is forbidden by law. But this demand, although sincere, is based on a misapprehension. The national government does not " license " any one to sell liquor. But it exacts an internal-revenue tax from all persons who do sell liquor, and it collects this tax without reference to state license or prohibition laws. The truth is that this system is far from being an unmixed evil in prohibition communities or states. It puts the liquor dealer between the devil and the deep sea. If he attempts to sell without paying the internal-revenue tax, he is liable to prosecution and heavy penalty in the federal courts. But if he pays the tax, the fact that he has done so may be disclosed, and the very possession of the tax receipt which he is required to have in order to stand off the federal authorities may be, and in some states is, made *prima facie* evidence that he is violating the state law. Level-headed prohibition and anti-saloon leaders will reflect seriously before they agitate for a change in this particular.

THE LITTLE FADED FLAG

BY EDWARD L. WHITE

"ANY objection to graveyards?" the American inquired.

"I should object to taking up my permanent abode in one unnecessarily soon," the Frenchman replied, his black eyes twinkling, his thin lips smiling between his jetty mustache and his pointed sable beard.

"Monseer Daypurtwee," said his host, "I'm not joking, you understand. I've showed you most of this neighborhood, and I rather like to drive through our cemetery, myself. I'm trying to find out how the idea strikes you."

"I should be charmed, I am sure," Des Pertuis answered in his unexceptionable English.

"Some people don't like to go to a graveyard," Wade resumed, "any oftener or any sooner than they have to. Sure you're not just being polite?"

"Quite sure." René replied, smiling again.

"Honor bright, no reservations?" Wade queried anxiously, half turning, and glancing into his guest's eyes.

"None whatever," René answered him smilingly.

"Then we'll drive through the cemetery," Wade informed him, settling back comfortably, not a muscle showing effort, except his outstretched arms, tense against the taut reins.

"I shall be charmed, I am sure," René repeated.

"You may think it queer," Wade remarked, "my taking you to the cemetery, but I'll explain afterwards, you understand, or perhaps you'll find out for yourself before we leave it, why I took you there. I want to try an experiment, want to see whether something is going to strike you the way it strikes me, you understand."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Des Pertuis. "I shall be interested to learn the result of your experiment."

"Ferris wrote me," Wade went on, "that what you wanted was real American atmosphere, and he thought I could let you into some at Middleville. I believe you've found some, have n't you?"

"Yes," the Frenchman agreed, "I have been in what I am sure is a genuinely American atmosphere."

"I've watched you absorbing it, you understand," Wade chuckled. "You've had to take in quite an amount of hot air with your American atmosphere."

Des Pertuis smiled deprecatingly.

"Oh yes," his host continued. "You 've been polite about it. I could appreciate that, you understand. You've smiled and looked interested while Uncle George talked bushels-to-the-acre and all that, while Tupper talked tons of tomatoes and the rest of it, while Bowe talked reapers and thrashers and iron fences and cutlery, while Parks talked tonnage-per-mile and tonnage-per-landing; you've taken it all in: farm-brag, trade-brag, railroad-brag, and steamboat-brag; you've appeared charmed, but you've got everlastingly tired of the brag all the same."

"I have not heard you brag, Mr. Wade," René reminded him quietly, his twinkling black eyes fixed on his host's plump, smooth-shaven visage.

"Perhaps I'm going to brag," Wade replied. "Brag is part of what you came after, part of the American atmosphere, you understand, and I brag myself, but not about the same things, nor in just the same way. I love the Eastern Shore, I like to hear it called 'God's Footstool,' or 'The Garden Spot of the World.' But I've quit using those terms myself, — to

foreigners, anyhow. I never run down my home state or my home country, you understand, but when I meet a man like you, who has seen Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg and Saxony and Provence and Lombardy, let alone other places I have n't seen, I let others do the bragging about density of population and fertility and productivity and all that. I don't call them down, I sit and smoke and look on. But I'm not saying much, you understand."

"I quite comprehend," René assured him. "Enthusiasm for one's own is not by any means unpleasant."

"Not unless you get too much of it," his host commented, "or unless the enthusiasm is for the wrong things, you understand. Enthusiasm for the wrong thing makes me mad. We Americans have plenty to brag of; things really worth boasting of. But it makes me hot to hear these half-baked countrymen blat about the area of the United States, which is an accident; or our coal and iron and copper and petroleum and what not, which are quite as accidental; or our population, which is the result of the other accidents; or the volume of immigration, which is a menace. I want them to distinguish what we really ought to be proud of from what we have no call to boast of. And I bet you feel that way, too. I've been watching you, you understand."

"Boasting about one's own country is an amiable foible," René remarked. "I do not object to such chauvinism, as we call it."

"But you are a trifle uneasy," Wade put in, "when they begin to draw comparisons, — especially if they are undeserved, you understand, — and to run down France and French things. Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely," Des Pertuis replied. "You have penetrated my meaning; and I may remind you that you yourself have done nothing of the kind, nor Madame Wade."

"It's good of you to notice it," his host said. "Naturally she would n't any more than I. We've been in France, you understand. But perhaps I'm going to do that, too, as well as brag. No offense, you understand. But I'm commercial. I take a commercial view of things. I fail to see through a great many things other people seem to comprehend, you understand, and one thing they told me in France surprised me. I thought I heard Mary asking you about it last night. But I was n't sure, what with Humphreys and all the other fellows talking at once, you understand. Anyhow, I want to ask you about it."

"What is it?" his guest queried civilly.

"What was the name of that part of France, over toward England, where there was no end of a civil war during your revolution?"

"You mean La Vendée?" René asked.

"That's it," his host replied. "I never can remember that sort of a name. I'm commercial, you understand. Well, somebody told us while we were in Paris (I think it was the Rogerses, who live there, but I'm not sure), that the descendants of the people who fought on opposite sides in that war won't sit down to table together this minute, nor be under the same roof. Is that true?"

"Not wholly," René responded; "two might be in the same theatre or in the same public building, and neither think it necessary to leave after recognizing the other. But certainly it is true of not dining together. No one would invite a Charette to meet a Hoche; neither would remain in any house a moment after learning the presence of the other. Still less would a Cathelineau or Rochejaquelein consent to spend an instant in a drawing-room with a Turreau or a Carrier; no, nor in a restaurant or hotel."

"Don't you think that is carrying personal hostility pretty far?" Wade asked.

Des Pertuis stroked his short spike of a beard.

"You do not comprehend," he said,

" how fierce, how implacable, how ferocious was the fighting in that war. You have never heard of the devastations and counter-devastations, of the massacres and retaliatory massacres, of the savageries, the tortures, the insults, the ingenious horrors inflicted on the vanquished by the victors on both sides; of the brutal ruthlessness and refined cruelties."

" Perhaps not," Wade rejoined. " But when did all that happen ? "

" From sometime in 1793," René replied, " to sometime in 1796."

" All over a hundred and ten years ago," his host commented. " No offense, you understand, but speaking as between friends, don't you think that is a long time to hold a grudge ? "

" The families concerned," Des Pertuis made answer, " do not take that view of it. They still smart under the reciprocal wrongs inflicted, they still recall the gloating fiendishness of their foes, and apart from any recollections of outrage, they rather make a point of honor of their inflexibility. Why, not only the families involved on one side or the other of the war in La Vendée, but the old legitimist nobility generally and the descendants of the revolutionists at large, stand upon the same punctilio. No son of a noble house which never bowed to Bonapartism or to the Orleanist ascendancy, or to the party of the Citizen King, no member of any such noble family would ever meet socially any descendant of a Bonapartist, still less of a regicide, were he Montagnard, Jacobin, or Girondist. No La Rochefoucauld or Château-Reynaud would unbend to any Murat or Carnot."

" Don't you think yourself, — no offense, you understand," Wade suggested, " that that is rather a peevish and childish way to behave ? "

René again stroked his beard, even more slowly.

" They do not so look upon it," he said; " they take pride in their tenacity."

" What's that national motto of yours on your coins," Wade asked argumentatively. " What does it mean in English ? "

" Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity is the translation of that motto," Des Pertuis answered, a trifle stiffly.

" Do you call that fraternity ? " Wade queried triumphantly.

" You do not comprehend," the Frenchman began ardently.

" I allow that," his host cut in. " I'm commercial, you know, and miss the fine points. No offense, Daypurtwee, go on."

" Indeed, you do not comprehend," René declared. " Our national motto is for us as the — what do you call it ? — Golden Rule for all Christians; the ideal which is aimed at rather than an injunction which all live up to. The Golden Rule has not made all Christians always treat others as they wish themselves to be treated. We strive for fraternity. But a motto cannot make human nature otherwise than it is."

" Human nature," Wade remarked, " varies with the race and country, you understand. Some kinds don't need to be made over."

" I see," said his guest shortly.

" No offense, I hope, Daypurtwee;" his host spoke anxiously. " No offense meant, you understand."

" Yes, I understand," René replied, smiling again.

" Here's the cemetery," Wade proclaimed. " We've driven miles around. I wanted to talk before we reached it."

He pointed with his whip to one gravestone after another, telling of the families, their characteristics, and their relationships to one another and to his own. The horse walked slowly. René, his hat in his hand, listened affably.

Wade halted his team under four big wide-spreading maples.

" That's my father's grave," he said, pointing.

René bowed in silence.

" And that's my uncle's," Wade went on, " my mother's brother, Colonel William Spence."

" He was a soldier in the Federal

armies during your late war," René remarked.

"What makes you think that?" Wade inquired.

"I have visited many of your cemeteries," René answered, "at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. I have learned your customs in respect to the graves of all such soldiers."

"So you think he fought for the Union?" Wade queried.

"I am sure of it," René replied confidently.

"Well," said his host, "you never were more mistaken in your life. My father's brothers both fought for the Union, but my mother's kin were all fire-eating rebels. Colonel William Spence fought under Lee."

"What!" the Frenchman cried. "the Union flag on a Confederate soldier's grave!"

"You'll find," Wade told him, "that this is not the only part of the country where they put the Stars and Stripes on the graves of ex-Confederates."

The Frenchman said nothing. They sat silent, side by side, the stout, blond, jolly-faced, red-cheeked, smooth-shaven American, his gray felt hat on the back of his head, looking sideways with quizzical blue eyes at his guest; the compact, black-haired, black-bearded Frenchman gazing steadily down at the white headstone, the narrow grass-mound, the month-old withered flowers, the draggled, mud-streaked, rain-bleached muslin flag, no bigger than a handkerchief. One of the geldings tossed his head and champed at his bit, and the reins tinkled and clanked softly.

"Who put it there?" René queried at last.

"The veterans," Wade answered lightly.

"When?" René inquired.

"The thirtieth of last May," his host replied.

"Why," Des Pertuis exclaimed, "that is your national Decoration Day. I was told that the Confederates had a different decoration day of their own; in June, I think."

"Yes," Wade responded. "They observe it all over the South, you understand. But here and in many of the border districts, in small towns, where there are not many veterans, they all walk out here, blue and gray together, and put Old Glory on every grave indifferently."

"I had been led to think," René ruminated, "that there was much rancor after your civil war; but I fancy from what you tell me that there was less animosity than I had conceived."

"There was much rancor," his host declared. "The animosity at the time of the war cannot be exaggerated, could not be conveyed to you by any description, you understand. There is rancor yet, mostly among the Southern women, particularly those born since the war, or those whose families really suffered least or whose men did not fight at all, — a sort of artificial cult of rancor. But the families who lost everything, whose estates were trampled by the armies, whose homes were burned, whose best men died in battle, who were left beggars when it was all over, — well, they and theirs talk now as they acted then, like the thoroughbreds they are. Not a complaint then, not a recrimination now. And the Northern families who gave most lives on the field are as mute on their side. As for the men who did the fighting, their animosity has all faded away. They forgive and forget."

"If the bitterness of feeling has so soon effaced itself," the Frenchman argued, "the war must have been waged without any exasperating atrocities on either side."

"If you mean by atrocities," Wade replied, "such massacres of prisoners by the regular authorities as you spoke of a while ago, or such butchery of surrendered adversaries as goes on in the South American revolutions, nothing of the kind occurred. But the bush-

whackers and jayhawkers who hung about the armies and infested the border were often worse than Apache Indians. The Confederate raiders burned some buildings, the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley caused much suffering and venom. But that is about the list of what you might call atrocities. Yet without any unnecessary ferocity, the mere inevitable horrors of fair, honorable, open warfare roused enough exasperation and bitterness and animosity and rancor, you understand. The hatred on both sides was at white heat while it lasted."

"I can scarcely credit," René said, "that what has cooled so soon could have been so fierce."

"You are comparing our forty years," Wade conjectured, "with your hundred and ten after the war in what's-its-name?"

"Just so," his guest replied. "It seems the hatred can scarcely have been so intense as you claim, nor the provocations so frightful."

"You ought to have heard the veterans last Decoration Day," Wade told him. "They had a sort of reunion of both sides here. Several of them stayed at my house and they made my porch their headquarters. You ought to have heard the stories they told."

"For instance," the Frenchman suggested.

"Oh, I can't begin to tell them," Wade disclaimed. "I'm commercial, you understand. I never can remember the names of the battles and generals and colonels, nor the number of the regiments, nor the dates either, for that matter; any more than I can remember the names of all those high-and-mighty families you were telling me about, you understand. But I took in the gist of their talk, you bet. I just sat there and smoked and listened, and when they ran dry I'd take 'em out in the pantry for a little ammunition. One evening in particular, I think it was the 29th of May, they got going.

"There were two of them staying with me, my uncle, General Tom Wade of Milwaukee, and Colonel Melrose of Boston, an uncle of my wife's. They were both born in Middleville, you understand, but one went west and one went north, and they live there yet. They were back in Middleville for a visit. Then there was Captain Tupper, cousin of the farmer you met, and Captain Bowe, uncle of the storekeeper. They both live here, came back after they made their pile, but they were out west when the war broke out. They were Union men too, you understand.

"We had five Confeds. Captain John Spence, my mother's youngest brother, Colonel Parks, father of the Parks you met, and old General Humphreys, Dick Humphreys's father. They live here, and with them were Colonel Janney, Henry Tupper's father-in-law, and Colonel Rhett, my sister-in-law's uncle.

"They were all right there on my porch, where you and I were sitting this morning. It was a beautiful night, hot for May and still. They had had a snifter or two all around and had rather limbered up to each other and warmed up to their talk. They talked war, of course, talked it good-naturedly. They had all been in it, had all lost near relatives in battle: Colonel Rhett had lost most,—never heard of such a connection as the Rhetts. But Colonel Janney had lost nearly as many. The five Confeds had all come out of the war beggars, lost every cent they ever had. Yet they all talked good-naturedly, you understand. They got to talking about a cornfield; not the cornfield at Gettysburg, but one famous in some small battle, early in the war, soon after Bull Run, I think. Anyhow they called it Rumbold's cornfield. I can't remember the name of the battle or of the locality, but they remembered it all right, you understand. They talked about the first charge and the second charge, and the second day's fighting, and the third charge across that same cornfield.

" Colonel Melrose said nothing.

" Uncle Wade asked, ' Were n't you there, Melrose ? '

" Melrose tugged at his curly gray beard.

" ' Yes, I was there,' he said. ' The most fearful moment of my life was in Rumbold's cornfield.'

" We expected him to tell a story, but he said no more.

" General Humphreys launched into an account of the difficulties the Confederates labored under, their shortness of supplies, and all that. He told how they got five field-guns in position to cover that cornfield, and he made a good story of it too. You could just feel what an exploit it was merely to plant those guns after all they had to overcome. Then, when they were in position, they found they had just three shells. Only three shells, you understand. And before they could get more the first charge across the cornfield began.

" You ought to have heard Humphreys describe just how they felt, how they could not see the men charging, but could see the movement in the corn, how they made each one of those shells tell, and at short range too. How the shells failed to stop the charge, how the rifle-fire failed to stop the charge, how they barely saved their guns, how they lost one and recaptured it next day. He made you feel the fierceness, the hurry, the sweat of it all, you understand. He had sighted one of the guns himself for the second shot.

" When he stopped every cigar was out. They all started to light up. After they settled down again, Colonel Melrose began: —

" ' So you sighted the gun that fired that second shell, Humphreys! I was a private then. It was my third fight. When we scrambled over the rail-fence Nathan Adams was next me. We were on one end of the line. I was a strong runner then and must have drawn ahead of him farther than I thought as we forced ourselves through the tall corn. The second shell burst midway of the company a little toward the rear. The force of the explosion knocked me flat on my face, though I was not hit. When I scrambled to my feet I glanced behind me, could not see Nathan, and ran back to look for him. I had heard of the horrors of war, but then I first realized them.

" ' A fragment of shell had torn him open from hip to hip. His heart could scarcely have ceased beating, his flesh ust still have been quivering. But hat I saw was already a loathsome arcass, not a man.

" ' I turned away. Gentlemen, there was nothing there for me to help. Nothing but carrion, what an instant before had been my dearest friend, the man I most admired, the most promising youth I ever knew. I bore my part in that charge, did my utmost in the fight. But I was a mere maniac with the riot of my feelings, the turmoil of my thoughts. I was surprised at the clearness of those same thoughts. The rush of the charge, the fury of the fight, the confusion of the retreat were enough to occupy the whole of any man's faculties. The mere physical horror of what I had seen was sufficient to benumb any conceivable intellect. Yet I went through everything like a wound-up automaton, not needing any faculties seemingly, for what I did, thinking independently of what I was doing, and observing my own sensations as one does in the double-consciousness of a dream. I remember what I thought, for I went over it a hundred times, a thousand times in the next year.

" ' First of all there was a sort of incredulous amazement at the intensity of the internal, physical sensation of overwhelming grief. It amazed me that it could hurt so atrociously, and I was more amazed that a spiritual smart could feel so entirely corporeal, like a scald or burn. It was as if I had swallowed hell-fire and it blazed in me without consuming me, a suffocating agony.

" ' Then there was the bewilderment at my loneliness, the inability to realize

that he would never speak to me again, that we should never again exchange confidences. I had gone to college very unformed. There was not much to form a lad on the Eastern Shore in those days. And at Harvard my mind and soul had developed rapidly. But my intellectual growth had been less the effect of Harvard than of Nathan Adams. He had been not so much my guiding star as the sun of my existence from the moment I first saw him. My other interests had been swallowed up in the fascination he exercised over me, and always for good. He was the prophet, preacher, and poet of my college days. My devotion to him was the first passion of my life, its only passion up to his death. To please him, to strive after the ideals he held before himself, to aspire with his aspirations, had been the sum of my aims. Behold, the idol had vanished from my heart's shrine. Life was empty.

"'Also I was dazed with a sense of the loss to the commonwealth. Not only I but all who knew him had regarded Nathan as a natural leader of men, as possessed of transcendent powers, capacities and abilities, as born to a high destiny, as a precious possession of his state, his nation, of the world. I quailed at the irretrievable annihilation of his potentialities for good, of all he was certain to have done had he lived.

"'Likewise I was overwhelmed with the sense of the waste of life the war entailed, of its frightful cost to humanity, and with that sense a crushing weight of my part of the duty to win for the country all his blood had been spilled for, all that was to be bought at the price of such lives as his. I had an access of partisan patriotism.

"'And yet I felt not only that flare of ardor, but the lofty intellectual exaltation of devotion to the cause which had led us to enlist, swamped utterly by a torrent of personal animosity, of revengefulness, throughout that charge. I felt that life's most precious prize would be to have the man who fired that shell helpless before me, to feel my bayonet pierce his breast. That feeling haunted me for months. After I was an officer, after I had my sword and had used my sword, after I knew that gritty, friable, yielding grind of bone under my sabre-point, no other desire so consumed me as to meet in fair fight the man who fired that shell and feel tingle all up my arm the crunching, clinging drag of my sabre-edge cleaving his skull. I was astonished at the elemental fury of my inward savagery. I was as primitive as Agamemnon praying to Jupiter to let him feel his spear-point rend Hector's corselet and pierce his breast-bone. I was as primitive as a Sioux brave at a war-dance.'

"When Melrose stopped, nobody thought of cigars. They sat so still you could hear the breath whistle in Colonel Park's asthmatic wind-pipe. And they were still for some time.

"At last Humphreys asked: —

"'And now?'

"'And now,' Melrose took him up, 'there is not even the ghost of that acrimony left. We meet and you tell of it and I hear of it and know that you are the man. But all that volcano of hatred is burned out in me. I tell of how I felt, but the telling does not revive the feeling it recalls. I have no more animus against you than if those horrors had happened in some past lifetime, or to other men altogether.'"

Wade paused.

"And then?" René queried.

"And then," Wade enlightened him, "they shook hands and we all went out and took a drink."

"Do you know," René remarked, "for a man who calls himself commercial, you tell a story very well?"

"So my wife says," Wade replied shortly.

"Also," René went on, "for a man who disclaims a memory for names you have some rather pat. Agamemnon is not a commercial word."

"Oh," Wade laughed, "I remember names I learned at school. But I get so lost among names of battles, commanders and numbers of regiments, you understand, that I give up altogether. I can repeat a conversation pretty well, though. My wife says it's a wonder that a man who can remember another man's language so exactly can find so few words to express his own ideas. But that's the way I'm built. I remember what impresses itself on me, you understand.

"After we got out on the porch again they were all a little uncomfortable. Melrose's story had been too real. Captain Tupper started in to create a diversion; you could hear that in his tone.

"'Speaking of sighting a shell,' he said, 'the best shot I ever saw was fired from a battery I commanded on the march to the sea. It was just before we reached Columbia. There was really no force in front of us, but they behaved as if they had a substantial body of men, and fooled us for some hours. We got our guns well within range and well-masked. Through my binoculars I could see the enemy's staff as pompous as if they had an army of a hundred thousand men intrenched.

"'There was an officer with a gray goatee seated at a little table, two younger officers, with black goatees, standing on his left, and five or six men on his right, one in front with a long dark beard. They were as cool as if they controlled the situation, orderlies galloping up and galloping off and all that.

"'We had a German named Krebs, a barrel of a man, but a wonderful artillerist: I called him and he sighted our best gun through the scrub pines.

"'He plunked the shell square on that table, I saw the table smash, and the shell exploded as it struck the ground. That was the best cannon-shot I ever saw or heard of.'

"The instant Tupper ceased Colonel Rhett cleared his throat. He spoke in a muffled, choked voice.

"'Strange,' he said, 'a second recognition the same evening. I was one of the half-dozen men on that general's right hand. I was the only one not killed of the nine by the table. The general was my father, and the man with the long black beard my brother-in-law. Two of the others were my cousins.'

"You may be sure we were all uncomfortable after that. And it did n't seem to me another drink was in order, just then, either.

"Colonel Tupper spoke like a man.

"'It was all in the course of duty, Rhett,' he said. 'I would n't hold a personal grudge for it against you, if our places were changed, not if the shell had killed all my family and friends.'

"That sort of relieved the tension and we all felt less nervous when Rhett answered, —

"'I hold no grudge, Tupper. We're all friends together, now. And since you mention it, it would have taken an almighty big shell to kill all my kin at one shot.'

"We laughed at that and felt better.

"Captain Bowe cut in. He thought he could change the line of thought.

"'Duty led to some pretty unpalatable acts being forced on a fellow in wartime,' he said. 'Sometimes I think some of the duties that resulted in no bloodshed at all were worse to have to do than any kind of killing. I was in the Shenandoah Valley, and I can tell you turning ladies and children out of doors and burning their homes before their eyes took all a man's resolution and devotion to duty. It took all a man's resolve not to bolt and desert rather than carry out orders. I had some horrible days then.

"The worst of all was near Red Post, at an estate named Tower Hill, belonging to some people named Archibald. Of course there were women at home, only the women. Mrs. Archibald was not over twenty-six. She had four children, a beautiful little girl of about five years, twin boys, not any too sure on their feet, and a baby not six weeks old. She had two sisters, handsome dark

girls, about seventeen and nineteen; Rannie their name was, or something like it. Her mother was an exquisite old lady, all quiet dignity. They were not hard and cold and scornful like some of the women I had had to leave houseless; they acquiesced without protests. Mrs. Archibald said she realized how distasteful my task must be to me. Indeed, I had tears in my eyes when I talked to her, I know. They huddled together just beyond the heat of the fire, and watched the barn and quarters burn and the house catch. They clung to each other, and the girls cried softly. By the Lord, gentlemen, that hurt more than any loss by death, and death took some of my dear ones during the war. That tried my soul more than danger or privations. It was bitter hard to have to do, and it is not agreeable to recall, even now.'

" Janney swore out loud.

" ' This seems to be a day of recognitions,' he said. ' Their name was not Rannie, it was Janney. They were my sisters and my mother. I was not two miles away, and I saw the house go. I vowed to kill the man that burned it, if I ever met him, and I meant it too.'

" ' Does that vow hold good ? ' Bowe asked quietly, never stirring in his chair.

" ' Time has canceled all the rash vows of those years,' Melrose put in before Janney could speak. ' All the rash vows and all the old hatreds.'

" ' Yes,' Janney agreed, ' that is my view too. I consider that vow as completely annulled as if I had never taken it. But if we had captured you, Bowe, among the prisoners we made out of the stragglers then, and if I had known you for the man who burnt Tower Hill, I'd have shot you like a dog, sir; murdered you in cold blood without a qualm, sir ! ' "

Wade sat silent. The near horse pawed at the turf-grown carriage track and turned his head toward the buggy, wickering softly.

" And what followed ? " Des Pertuis queried.

" I don't remember any more that evening," Wade replied. " But next day the nine of them walked down here, arm in arm, Humphreys with Melrose, Rhett with Tupper, Janney with Bowe, and Captain Spence and Parks and Uncle Wade, with seven or eight more veterans. Colonel Melrose stuck that flag on Colonel Spence's grave, himself."

René looked at the flag as if he had never seen it before.

" I perceive the point," he said. " Your experiment is entirely successful. I agree with you. I have seen nothing in America as wonderful as that little faded flag. I understand what it is of which you especially boast. You conceive that here in the United States exists a kind of fraternity more genuine than anything anywhere else in the world. It is this of which you brag."

" Exactly so," Wade affirmed. " That's what I brag of, that's worth bragging of, you understand. What do area and population and wealth and manufactures and trade-balances and prosperity and all that sort of thing amount to, after all ? Other nations have had them, and have them, and will have them. But what other nation ever had what that flag stands for ? I don't know much history, you understand, but my wife spends her life reading, and I listen when she talks. I'm dead sure no nation ever produced anything to compare with the spirit in which our differences have resulted. I'm sure no nation has it to-day. And if it ever overspreads the world in the future, we made it, we started it, we had it first. That's something worth being proud of."

" I comprehend indeed," René told him. " And I do not wonder at your pride in it."

" Bully for you," Wade cried. " It's some satisfaction talking to somebody who is appreciative, you understand. Now I don't mean to run down the old countries. I acknowledge their culture

and manners, their music and poetry and literature, their painting and sculpture and architecture. They've all that and we have n't; we can't compete with them in any of those things. Let them brag of their cathedrals, and art-galleries, and court-balls, and all the rest of it. They are wonderful. But that flag stands for the most wonderful thing in all the world, for the finest thing the world has ever produced yet. Not for talk about brotherhood, but for the real thing. That's my view, you understand."

"I comprehend indeed," René repeated. "And how long will that flag stay there?"

"Till the 30th of next May," his host replied.

"What will they do with it then?" Des Pertuis queried.

"Throw it away, I suppose," Wade answered easily. "It will be pretty well used up by then, you see, and they'll stick down a fresh one."

"Shall you be here then?" the Frenchman inquired.

"Sure," said the American. "Why?"

"Could you get it for me?" René queried. "If you could I should like to put it up over the fireplace at Pertuis."

"With what's-his-name's stirrup and thing-em-a-bob's glove?" Wade asked.

"Yes," René answered, "with the gauntlet left by du Guesclin with that hostess who had nursed him back to life; with the stirrup-iron from the saddle which Gaston de Foix gave his boyhood crony, my ancestor; with the other like relics, not a few."

"My wife went wild over that chimney-piece," Wade affirmed. "She said it was the finest she had seen in France and the most wonderful collection of mementos she ever saw in a private house."

"Madame Wade is very kind," René replied. "If you will be so good I should like to place among them this very flag."

THE NEW ART OF HEALING

BY MAX EASTMAN

This is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body. — Plato.

Some innovator in natural science — I think it was Galvani — said that the two classes who impeded him most were the scientists and the know-nothings. It appears also in our own day that the learned and the ignorant are the chief foes of progress. The former, having acquired their learning with some labor, are naturally loath to see it outdated, and the latter, having been perhaps at considerable pains to preserve their ignorance, are not to be startled out of it by any means. But we should not condemn two such valuable things as learning and ignorance because of the resistance they offer to a reformer who happens to be right. Reformers are as rarely right as the wind. We need both resistance and guidance against them, if we are to arrive at any port. The learned and the ignorant are helm and ballast in a somewhat precarious progress.

Wherefore, ranking this paper bravely among the deliverances of the learned, we find that its mission is to offer guidance in a matter about which a great quantity of the general public is very much at sea. In this question of "mind-over-matter," the reformers have done their work. They have stirred things up. They have bestowed upon the world about a hundred and fifty little religions and a confused idea that there must be

some truth in the matter somewhere. The ignorant have done their work. They have persecuted the believers, jeered at them, or damned them with a vacuous smile. This world will never lack ballast. It is only the scientists that have failed of their duty. They have stalked through a routine of elevated lectures, written a few incomprehensible books, and kept the science of Psychology, so far as the hungry world goes, sealed up in their own proud bosoms. In all this uproar of faith-cures, and miracles, and shouting prophets, we have heard few illuminating words from the universities. The consequence is that we are without a helm, and the reform blows now one way and now another.

The religion of mental power has nearly as many formulations as there are individual believers. Christian Science is numerically in the lead, and we may sum up its contribution in these words from Mrs. Eddy's Book: —

"Become conscious for a single moment that life and intelligence are purely spiritual — neither in nor of matter — and the body will then utter no complaints. If suffering from a belief in sickness you will find yourself suddenly well."

Next in importance stands "Mental Healing," which one of its advocates in a moment of unfortunate complacency called "The New Thought." It can best be summed up, however, in the old words of Plato: —

"For it is not by the body, methinks, that they cure the body — but they cure the body by the soul, which, while in a diseased state, or becoming so, is incapable of performing any cure whatever."

There are a thousand varieties of each doctrine, but, generally speaking, the "New Thought Movement" represents, besides much simple wisdom, the belief that one powerful mind can, by "concentration" in presence or absence, help another mind to overcome its wrong ways of thinking. When these are conquered, the cause of the bodily trouble is removed, and health ensues. The companion belief that one can secure the Presidency by going into the silence, and holding the thought with sufficient tenacity, we can afford to neglect, because it has nothing to do with therapeutics.

There are, however, a number of Oriental philosophers, Yogi Healers, dark-eyed Hindus, and Theosophists, who swim in the wake of the New Thought, and whose business is to treat the sick. They would be called "fakirs" in India, I think, without disparagement; and it is characteristic of our western view of things that we have identified that word with deceit. They are in their own eyes mysterious priests and servants of mankind, and we cannot but recognize an uncommon power in their tradition, arising out of the dark bosom of Asia and the past.

Other forms of this faith, too, are fresh in our minds. The miraculous cures of Alexander Dowie, in the person of Elijah, are reported to have been genuine and of some durability. Then there are the séances, the work of physicians returned from the "spirit-land," the laying on of hands in the dark, and cures wrought by this hope of immortality. Magicians of all kinds are to be found, if one searches, casting out demons and calling on the name of the Lord. There are sudden healings of paralysis by the ancient method of prayer and faith; there are the miraculous relics of the saints, the shrines, and fountains; there are mesmerists, evangelists, and crowing little prophets on all sides. Charlatans or genuine believers — who can tell that does not preside at their thinking? The world is full of tradition and hope.

By the side of, or in the wake of, these more or less mystical practices, a school of physicians has appeared, who combine with their medical treatments a serious attention to the mental condition of their patients. They treat nervous disorders by suggestion, they consider a great many disorders nervous which

were not formerly considered so, and use suggestion as a help in the treatment of other troubles. These physicians proceed humbly in the path which a strict science points out. They have found that one truth which underlies the various visions of the enthusiasts. We may safely aver that the whole movement will resolve itself into a momentous reform in the practice of medicine. And the purpose of this paper is to show upon what psychological law this reform is based, how these physicians operate, and how they differ from the wizards of Christian Science and the wielders of "thought-vibrations" and "magnetic fluid."

The Law of Suggestion, which is one of the great discoveries of modern science, was first formulated by Dr. Liebault at Paris, in a book published in 1866. Since his day the number of physicians who practice "suggestive therapeutics" has steadily increased, until to-day no thorough clinical hospital is without a professional suggestionist. This practice does not involve any metaphysical theories, the passage of any hidden force from one brain to another, any "planes of existence," or any religious upset, or any poetic physiology, or the swallowing of any occult doctrines whatever. It is one of the simplest and coolest of scientific theories. It is a question of the relation between the brain and the bodily organs. It seems never to have been clearly stated that healing disease by suggestion depends not in the least degree upon any theory of the relation of mind and matter.

Suppose that you knew nothing about politics, but lived in a community of a thousand persons, each of whom believed, and frequently asserted, that "the Republican party is the greatest party in the country." It would be only by an effort of will that you could resist believing that yourself. And this would be true, if not one of those thousand persons ever gave a reason for the greatness of the Republican party, and if you knew that a thousand persons in the next county believed with equal vigor in the greatness of the Democratic party. An idea tends to become fixed in your mind by vigorous repetition from another person — without appeal to your reason. Education should make us resist, and submit such ideas to the judgment of reason. Character consists largely in such resistance.

But if we purposely relax our judgment, put ourselves in a passive attitude toward these Republicans, we will find our own politics fixed in less than a month by the politics of the community in which we live. This happens all the time with persons who have not the character to demand reasons. They become possessed without reason of an "unalterable conviction." We will say that it might happen to us, if we voluntarily relaxed our customary firmness.

The attempt to fix an idea in the mind without reason is suggestion. It is accomplished usually in medical practice by asking a patient to lie down and relax his body and his mind, and then vigorously stating to him the desired idea. It may be accomplished in a number of ways. The patient may be told that the operator is a wizard and is about to transfer an idea from his own mind to that of the patient. If the patient believes him he will very likely accept the idea. It may be accomplished by gestures or incantations which the patient regards with superstitious awe, provided it is explained beforehand what these gestures are meant to produce. It may be accomplished by telling the patient he has no body, and sitting with him for a while in a spiritual silence, provided he knows what he is to expect. All these methods, if one believes in them, are good, and they prove by their success the law of suggestion. But the method that is based on a sure truth is the method of the scientist. He reasons with his patient, he stirs in him what moral and religious enthusiasm he can, and to these means

he adds tactfully the subtle suggestive power of his own presence and eloquence. This force, together with the power which is revealed in a man of correcting his own mental habits, is the greatest practical discovery of modern psychology.

It is clear that, if for a good reason I decide to relax my critical faculty toward a person whom I trust, and make myself open to his suggestion, I have not "weakened my will," or lost any moral dignity. This is a childish and unthinking superstition. My relinquishment is an act of will. Persons of strong will when they coöperate with a physician are the best patients. Not only is such a voluntary subjection of one's self to a chosen master an act of will, but it is a high and difficult discipline. It is seen in all the history of religion and morals to be a victory. And, confining ourselves to therapeutics, it is difficult to see why it is any more a suspension of judgment to let a physician you have decided to trust lodge a helpful idea in your mind, than to let him lodge an ominous-looking capsule in your body.

Suggestive therapeutics is the use of suggestion to fix in the mind ideas of health, or healthy mental habits. And we are now in a position to inquire what is the value of a fixed idea of health. My discussion here divides itself into two parts, according to the varieties of human infirmity.

A great deal of alleged physical suffering is primarily mental. A great many people have "fixed ideas" of disease, pain, debility, fatigue, dread, inefficiency, and unexpressible woes. Much oftener than we realize, these can be transplanted without surgery or medication. I do not mean that they are not real sufferings. They are as real as the grave. But they are not grounded in physical infirmity, and they are not to be cured with physic. The mind becomes possessed of a conviction that a certain part of the body is infirm, and imputes pain to that part in spite of all the medicine in the world. Hundreds of people refuse to get well after the physician has cured them. It is not his fault, and it is not their fault; but they have simply had disease suggested to them until they cannot think at all except upon that assumption. It is an "auto-suggestion," or it is a family-suggestion, and the only way to remove it is by the vigorous counter-suggestion of another person. The value of a "fixed idea" of health, as being only the removal of a fixed idea of disease where there was no organic reason for it, will hardly be disputed. Yet one cannot overestimate the multitudes that there are of these invalids, sitting in padded chairs and making ready for the hearse, whose trouble is primarily mental; and how many there are again who have a slight organic infirmity, and have increased its effects a thousandfold by what we may call "household suggestion."

One is particularly reminded of those victims of so-called nervous depletion, who are denied even the last resort of a chronic invalid — the enjoyment of cultivating a virtue. Patience is too absorbing for these sufferers, and unselfishness a desperate indiscretion. Day in and day out they are taught that they must foster vacuity, which is the one thing the human heart unconditionally rejects. Most of us have sat shuddering at one time or another under the incubus of an idea, and these most pitiable persons are often in a dire extremity of the same plight. This remark sounds, at the first blush, like a personal affront to a self-respecting and properly smothered invalid. But upon reflection we will realize that the mind is no more incriminated than the body by the fortuitous admission of toxic matter. If we respected a psychic ailment more we would cure it more, and we would avoid it oftener. To quote Mrs. Eddy's best sentence, —

"When this mental contagion is understood . . . we shall avoid loquacious tattling about disease, as we should avoid advocating crime."

What we are to avoid is a thousand house-grown maladies of the imagination — a crew of impalpable lemures and blood-sucking ghosts, such as no man can afford to have about his hearth. Many of them now occupy recognized seats in the infernal hierarchy of the Pathologist, and their number has been amply exhibited by Dr. Dubois in his recent book.[1] This has been tacitly understood by the less chemical and dogmatic of doctors for a long time. The chief value of many pills lies in the satisfaction of taking them.

Apropos of which subject I am reminded of the silver-haired Dr. Grimesbeckle, a good friend of my youth, and a physician of the old Garden School that is now nearly extinct. For him a few grassy herbs and a pair of shrewd compassionate hands were the main items in Materia Medica. Yet I have seen him load up a cantankerous patient with doses of such portentous-looking pellets — having about the size of a sea-going torpedo — as made my own inwards to quake. And that too, when the diagnosis, as announced by him in the helpful tones of a cheerful auctioneer, was nothing of nobler nature than an "old-fashioned stomach-ache." If you ventured to remonstrate with him outside the door upon the abandon with which he had served out physic to your relative, he would look you up and down with a kind of anatomical disdain, and he would grumble this out at you: "Some people, my boy, never believe anything until they get it stuck in their throat." Which mysterious formula meant, as I afterward learned, that all he had given the patient was a dose of corn-starch and a slap on the back.

Suggestion is indispensable in curing ailments which are primarily mental. But whether a fixed idea of health or a healthy fixed idea can cure or help to cure a bodily disease, seems to be a different question. There were crutches enough left at the holy shrines, but there were no wooden legs. And many people who believe in the use of suggestion do not believe that any palpable ailments were ever helped by it. They think that such a belief would involve theories of "mind-over-matter," and they do not care for these theories.

But there is no difference in kind between a so-called mental and a physical trouble, because every mental condition is paralleled by a brain condition. That brain condition must be removed if the trouble is to be cured. So if we grant that suggestion can affect a physical condition of the brain, we have only this question left — to what degree can it affect the whole nervous system and thereby the body? I remember seven theories of the relation of mind and matter, and not one of these has more than an incidental bearing upon this subject. At the expense of the reader's patience I shall try to make this important point clear before I stop.

Psychology and physiology agree that every mental change or condition is paralleled by a physical change or condition within the brain or nervous system. When I say "is paralleled by" I mean that they happen together in time, and that is all I mean. No question here of inter-relation, of cause or effect, soul or body — simply that the occurrence of every idea in the mind is accompanied by some physical occurrence in the brain. Physiology has to do with the physical occurrence, not with the idea.

An idea of a healthy stomach is accompanied by a certain brain-condition; an idea of a diseased stomach is accompanied by a different brain-condition. Those are physical conditions. And we may now cease to consider the ideas at all. Our question is: Can those physical conditions of the brain affect the physical condition of the stomach? We know that the brain-condition which accompanies the idea of raising our hand can affect the condition of the muscles of our

[1] *The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1905.

arm — and we call that a voluntary function. Now the question is whether the brain condition which accompanies the idea of enlivening our stomach can have any effect upon that involuntary function.

Experiments with suggestion have proved that in some cases it can, if it continues long enough. Persons of a very suggestible nature can, for instance, by concentrating their mind upon a certain part of the body, increase the flow of blood to that part, although the regulation of blood-flow is supposed to be entirely involuntary. The action of the heart also, the movements of the digestive organs particularly, and of the organs of elimination, are almost directly affected in suggestible persons by that change in their brains which accompanies certain ideas. Individuals differ very much in the degree of control which can be established; they differ as much as they do in their ability to move their ears. And this difference in individuals — the so-called psychic and non-psychic types — does not seem to connect itself uniformly with any other characteristics. So it is hard to tell one from the other except by the actual experiment.

Science has established, then, that suggestion can affect to some extent the so-called involuntary functions of the body; but the extent or limitation of these effects is by no means determined. It could not be determined scientifically without years of diligent experiment and tabulation. Any dogmatic statement upon one side or the other of that question is therefore premature and against the spirit of science.

Rev. Samuel McComb, Dr. Worcester's associate in the church in Boston which has recently inaugurated the use of suggestive treatment, together with religious and moral discipline, writes as follows: "With our present light it must be maintained that suggestion is available only within certain limits. There is not the slightest evidence that when an organic change has taken place in the body, such a change can be affected by mental means."

The first sentence is unquestionable; the second is highly unscientific and untrue. Those words "organic change" and "organic lesion" are used very bravely by many persons who have small apprehension of the difficulty they would have in explaining them. An "organic" trouble is one in which there is an abnormal condition of the tissues of an organ; a "functional" trouble is one in which there is a failure in the action of an organ, without any discoverable change in its tissues. "Nervous dyspepsia" is a functional disorder, ulcer of the stomach an organic disorder. All persons who have been much in the mercy of our physicians are acquainted with this general distinction.

But it is only a distinction of practical language, and must not be overworked, for here again we are unable to draw the line. The brain and nervous system is an organ. The functioning of the stomach is largely controlled by the brain and nervous system. A functional disorder in the stomach therefore often represents an organic disorder in the brain or nervous system. And few things would be more likely to "affect" an "organic change" in the nervous tissue than the permanent fixation of certain thought-habits in the brain. If the most delicate investigations were possible, we believe we should find that every trouble has its organic manifestation. Even those miseries which I called "primarily mental," are probably accompanied by abnormalities of cerebral structure somewhere, though they are too fine for us to discover. But if these slight organic changes can be affected by suggestion, we have no authority for the assertion that greater ones cannot be affected. It is a question merely of the *degree* of the effect, and not of the kind. If suggestion can affect those abnormalities of the nerves which accompany fixed ideas of fatigue, perhaps it can affect those abnormalities of the nerves which we call neurasthenia — neurasthenia be-

ing the name a doctor gives to his own ignorance. But perhaps it can also affect those greater abnormalities which are called neuritis. What I want to show is that there is no difference in kind between the disorders we can see, and those we cannot see. There is no reason to suppose that suggestion can affect changes which are invisible through the microscope, but that as soon as a change becomes visible, suggestion can no longer affect it. There is a limit to the effect of suggestion even in the most susceptible person, but we have at present no idea what that limit is. That is one reason for objecting to the statement which I quoted.

Another reason is that, given a change in an organ, it is a part of the *function* of other organs to remove it. Even so small a thing as the increase of blood-supply in the disturbed region can have its curative effect upon an " organic change." Therefore if suggestion can increase the blood-supply, it can affect an organic change. So that if we grant that suggestion can affect the functioning of parts of the system, we have granted that it can indirectly affect the structure of other parts. It is of value in the removal of, or adjustment to, organic disorders. The next sentence in Mr. McComb's article is an admission of this: " Yet even here the suggestive principle is not without value. It creates the most hopeful atmosphere within which the material remedies may work." If this is to be interpreted as science and not as fancy, it means that when an organic change has taken place in the body, such a change may be affected by mental means.

Issuing from the sweat of these technical arguments, we shall be better convinced by an example. Let me cite therefore the repeated experiments of those physicians who have produced in suggestible persons a structural alteration of the skin by suggesting in hypnosis the application of a blister. This may be explained as a high control of the circulation, but it is an organic change produced thereby, and as such is of immense significance.

We have the comfort of knowing that no truly scientific person will for many years attempt to describe the limits of application of the suggestive principle. Each will adopt a general attitude which satisfies his temperament and explains his experience. There is ample support in the brilliant experiments of certain French physicians for those who are quite radical, and there is a mountain of traditional wisdom for those who are conservative.

If I have shown that the new practice of medicine, which takes account of psychology and cerebral physiology, is not dependent upon any doctrine of mind and matter, I have accomplished my reason's purpose. If in the by-going it has been suggested to some person that his woes can be alleviated by mental means, or, at least, that he can learn from some new prophet the best of the art of being an invalid, so much reasoning will not seem vain. Every sick man can afford to make this venture.

Finally, be it urged that those who believe in suggestion, and have perhaps been helped by it, shall quit their ignominious reticence and say so. It is wrath to the hopeful to see those who have sufficient breadth to go and put themselves under suggestive treatment, not having sufficient ardor of personal honesty and altruism to say they have done so, but hugging their secret like the insane. So long as the unprejudiced are cowards we are wholly damned by prejudice.

EARTH'S ARTISTS

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

A Painter Autumn is, whose brush
Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush,
Each bush flames underfoot, each tree —
A tossing torch — flares high and free,
Each plant would all a flower be.

A Sculptor Winter is: his hand
With icy chisel carves the land;
He bares earth's pureness to the light,
His keen strokes shape with rigor right
The sudden goddess, hushed and white.

Earth listens: her Musician, Spring,
Afar, and timid, thrills his string:
The goddess melts, — a girl descends;
Those stars, her eyes, on his she bends,
And deathless hope his luting lends.

But when the girl a woman turns
Within her soul all music burns;
Her Poet, Summer, sings the word
Her spirit had but inly heard,
And life to know Life's joy is stirred.

"POOH! A MOTOR-BOAT!"

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

I HAVE been reading a magazine article on "The Joys of Small-Boat Sailing," and it has appealed to me as few magazine articles do. I, too, have owned a small boat. I, too, have been instructed in the art of fastening a "sheet-rope" so that it will stay as long as it is wanted and can be let go in a hurry. I, too, have felt the stout little hull leaping and plunging beneath me like a living thing. I, too, have known the thrill that comes in what my father used to call "a gale of wind," when, with the canvas pulling with all its strength, and the tiller tugging like a frightened horse, she heels till the white foam hisses and flashes right over the leeward gun'l'. I am not quite sure that I have ever had a balloon jibe, but I have been hit by a squall and have held on till the mast broke. Yes, and I, too, have listened to a sweet soprano voice, singing the sweet, old-fashioned songs, while the sails rounded gently in the soft night-breeze, and all about us the water shimmered like a sea of molten silver.

By moonlight and starlight we 'll bound o'er the billow.

If that enthusiastic magazine writer had been perfectly frank, and had told the whole truth as well as nothing but the truth, I think I should probably have to add that I, too, have toiled slowly homeward through a long, hot summer afternoon with the help of a white-ash breeze, while the sun blazed down from a cloudless sky and up from the mirroring water, and the perspiration trickled, and the oars grew heavier and heavier, and the canvas flapped, flapped, flapped, maddeningly, from side to side, and the wind blew steadily up and down the mast. But if I felt called upon to mention these things at all I should certainly say that they were all in the game, and that I have many memories that are more disagreeable than those of the days when the wind flatted out.

I thank you, brother, you have brought it all back to me.

And yet, in spite of my gratitude, I have somewhat against you because you have spoken slightingly of one of the best friends I have ever had, and have implied that she is hardly worthy to be mentioned on the same page with sailing craft.

"Pooh! a motor-boat! . . . A sea-going trolley-car. . . . We feel the same contempt that — " etc., etc., etc.

You hurt my feelings, brother. Really, you do. Come now, and let us reason together, and perchance I shall convince you of the error of your views.

In the first place, you admit that a motor-boat is all right if one wants to go somewhere, but you hint that no one who really loves and appreciates the water ever does want to go anywhere in particular. Well, I do. I want to go somewhere.

Seventy miles away, down the great river that flows past my town, and out on the broad North Channel of Lake Huron, a full league from any other land, there lies a horseshoe-shaped island, with rocky reefs guarding the portal of its harbor, but with fifty feet of water under your keel if you enter in by the strait gate. Once upon a time it was a fishing-station. The fishermen are gone now, but you can still lay your launch alongside their rotting wharf; and if you come in after dark, and it is too late to gather balsam for a bed, you can spread your blankets on the planks and lie there till morning. The stars will watch over you, and now and then through the long, quiet hours you will hear the lonely night-call of the

waterfowl. Perhaps a rabbit will come to look for bread-crusts, or the splash of a leaping fish will break the stillness. And by and by, sooner than you expected, you will look across the glassy harbor and see the eastern sky brightening ever so little, while against it the pointed firs and the tall pine trees stand up blacker than ever. Another day is coming round the world. Presently, out of the inky silhouette of the land, and its inkier reflection in the water, faint details begin to appear — the long, straight line of the beach; the white stems of the birches; dim, shadowy forms of big round rocks; and, last of all, the leaves. And all the time, in the sky above and the water below, that first soft, faint glow is deepening into splendor, till the whole earth is filled with the wonder and the glory of it, and at last the great sun himself comes over the treetops and bids you "Good-morning."

I've been there and seen it all, and I want to go again. I want to hear the gulls scream as they rise in angry clouds from their nests on those rocky reefs, vexed beyond measure at the coming of a stranger, and I want to lie on the old brown wharf again and watch the sunrise.

And fifty miles away in another direction there is another island, where every June a family of young loons is reared. I want to go and see how they are getting along this year. There are people who say that a loon's laugh has a wild and lonesome, and even maniacal, sound. I don't think so. Not always, at any rate. That particular loon mother has a laugh that seems to me to tell of happy domesticity. I want to make sure that no one is disturbing her housekeeping.

And in still other directions there are the North Shore, and Whitefish Bay, and the Munuskong. I have seen them all, but I want to see them again, and when I am ready to go I shall not want to wait for the wind. And I shall not have to. Instead, I shall go down to the boathouse where the Sudden Sinker is waiting for me, and I shall say, "Fill up the tank, Elmo, and give me ten gallons extra, and a gallon of cylinder oil, and a can of dope."

The dope and the oil and the gasoline will be forthcoming. The tents, and the blankets, and the axe, and the kettles, and the frying-pan, and the dishes, and the grub will be tossed aboard, or perhaps stowed in the rowboat that we sometimes take along as a tender. The crew and the passengers — if there are any passengers — will take their places. And now a twist of the switch, a three-quarter turn of the needle valve, a quick throw of the crank,

> And we go, go, go away from here;
> On the other side the world we 're overdue.

Or perhaps it is a shorter run. We, too, like our friend of the sailboat, are somewhat given to leaving town for an afternoon and evening; and although we do not carry a chafing-dish, as he does, we often take a frying-pan and porterhouse steak, and find them a pretty good substitute. Somewhere down the Old Channel we go ashore, build our fire, open the lunch-basket, eat our supper, and watch the sun go down, the stars come out, and the river turn to glass. For, almost without fail, the breeze that has ruffled the water all day dies out with the coming of the night, and leaves it still as a mirror. It is the way with the winds of the Great Lakes. And when the time comes to start for home we should be in a bad fix if we had to depend on sails. Even a white-ash breeze could not help us now, for the current of St. Mary's is swift and strong, and home is up-stream, not down. But the Sudden Sinker is ready whenever we are, and by and by we touch a match to the headlight and give the crank another throw. It is pretty dark by this time, and the Old Channel is crooked and none too wide, but we hug the Canada shore, preferring to hit a mud-bank rather than a pile of rocks, till presently a pair of red range-lights, glowing like two live coals, come out from behind a point to show us the road.

And let me say right here that we are

not only going somewhere, but we are having the right sort of a time on the way — such a time as one ought to have when out in a boat at night. Perhaps we sing, and, if we do, the engine never tries to drown us out, but only to play an accompaniment. The Sudden Sinker, by the way, is not as loud as some. Perhaps we talk — a little. Or perhaps we only sit and watch the pageant round us. The summer night is soft and warm, yet often the northern lights come out and play tag along the Canadian hill-tops. The moon rises over Sugar Island, big and round and mellow. Strange shadows steal along the shores, and the water itself is lovelier than a dream. And all the time we are borne swiftly onward up the great river. Strong and sweet and steady comes the "beat, beat, beat" of the engine. The white foam flashes out on either side, and the wake boils and swirls away behind. And by and by — sooner, it may be, than we really wish — we round a bend and see the arc-lamps of the city mirrored in the quiet water, the glow of the steel-works against the sky, the light-house flashing and fading, and the red, green, and white lights of the steamers passing up and down on their way to Duluth or Buffalo. We are home again.

But at this point I think I hear the voice of him that sitteth in the seat of the scornful, and it says, "Go to! That's all a bluff! There's nothing else in all this world that's quite as uncertain as whether or not a gasoline boat will come home when you want it to."

Gently, gently, my friend. In the seven years that the Sudden Sinker and I have cruised together we have been towed in twice. Can your sailboat show a cleaner record? Or, if she can, is it not because you have stayed at home — or have lain motionless in a dead calm, miles and miles away from home — when the Sudden Sinker and I were traveling right along?

Let us, for a moment, consider the gasoline engine, not merely as a piece of machinery, but in its relation to the development of its owner's character.

The first season that you live with that engine you never cease to wonder why in Sam Hill you were fool enough to throw away your good money on such a diabolical invention. You realize that the language you sometimes use in addressing the thing is not at all what it should be, and you cannot help but feel that the whole connection is having a distinctly bad effect on your morals. And, of course, it is the engine's fault. But later, with the growth of knowledge, experience, and understanding, you learn to paraphrase Mr. Kipling's celebrated piece of advice to the raw recruit of the rifle corps: —

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She 's human as you are — you treat her as sich,
And she 'll fight for the young British soldier.

Among all the creatures of steam and iron and brass ever devised by the mind of man, there is none more human — I had almost said none more feminine — than the gasoline engine. Surely there is none more responsive. You treat her as sich, and she'll work for the young Yankee yachtsman.

Does she run heavy and logy and slow, now and then missing an explosion altogether? Very likely you are giving her too much gasoline. If a man can't do his work properly when he over-eats or over-drinks, what can you expect of an engine? Shut down a trifle on the needle valve, and see if she does n't do better. Indigestion is bad for anybody.

Or does she run very fast for a minute or two, and then backfire with a loud report, spitting blue smoke out of the main bearings, and perhaps coming to a dead stop? That, also, is probably a very simple matter. She's getting too little gasoline now, and she's trying, in the only way she knows, to call your attention to her needs. You can't be dead sure that that's the trouble till you've tried to remedy it, for I've known a weak or defective spark to manifest itself in almost

exactly the same way; but the chances are that if you open the needle valve a little farther she'll settle down and behave herself.

Does the cylinder over-heat? Look to the cold-water pump. Perhaps it needs repacking. She must have her cooling drink, and plenty of it, or there'll be trouble. Or perhaps the oil-cup is n't feeding properly.

Are the main bearings sticking? Screw down the grease-cups, quick!

Does she stop, for absolutely no apparent reason? Perhaps there is water in the gasoline feed-pipe. Take it apart and see. It is even possible that the tank is empty, in which case the proper thing to do is to look sheepish.

There is another affliction which is most likely to come upon you when you are a long, long way from home. She stops again, and this time, as you crank her, it strikes you that the induction coil is ominously silent. Slowly and carefully you turn her over till the commutator makes its contact, and let her stand there, but the shrill answering note that you are longing for does not come. You overhaul the battery connections, but find nothing wrong with them. Hoping against hope, you take out the spark plug and examine it, but it is apparently in perfect order. Your heart sinks, for you are pretty sure, now, that you know where the trouble is.

You try to coax the buzzer, but the spark of life is fled;
For the whole dodgasted battery, in a foreign land, is dead.

But cheer up. The worst is yet to come, and perhaps we can still stave it off. If you let her rest a little while it is possible that the cells will revive sufficiently to take you into the nearest port. If they don't, then, like the crew of the Clampherdown, you must go back to first principles. Get out the oars and row. The white-ash breeze is still the stand-by when everything else fails,

As it was in the days of old,
And as it still shall be.

Somehow or other you get ashore, and making a bee-line for the blue sign-board of the Western Union Telegraph Company, you wire home for a new battery, to be sent by the first train or steamer. And the next time you go cruising you see that there is an extra set of cells stowed away in the forward locker.

These are but a few of the things that may, and probably will, happen to you. You will never see the end of them, never really get to the bottom of your engine, for she is unfathomable. Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety. No matter how long you live with her, there will always be something more for you to learn. But if you are faithful the day will come, sooner or later, when you will know most of her moods, and when the fact that you do not know quite all of them will only give her an added charm.

For by this time, if you are one of the elect, your engine is neither your tyrant nor your servant, but your friend. Perhaps you do not know just what it means to be friends with an engine. Have you ever gone into a great machine-shop, one where only the best of work is turned out and the best of workmen employed, and noticed the bearing of those men? Nothing ever hurries or worries or bothers them, and they go about their business with all the unconcern of their biggest lathe or heaviest punch. Not that they are haughty or overbearing. On the contrary, they are very pleasant and hospitable, and if the President of the United States comes to visit the shop they will treat him as if he were just as good as they. But nothing can disturb them, for there is something in the companionship of powerful machinery, with its calm, irresistible strength, that is good for a man's soul, and by the time he has learned to make one of those huge lathes or punches a part of himself, and with its terrible fingers to tear a block of steel to pieces, something of that strength has become his own. He is a bigger man than he ever was before, and the ordinary

difficulties of life are smaller and of less importance. And when you can have the company of a machine which, though a pigmy among engines, is still a giant in power, and which works for you all day and all night and carries you where you will, and at the same time can have the wind and the water and the sky to take not only the cobwebs out of your brain, but the sorrow out of your heart and the meanness and littleness out of your soul — then, what more can a man want?

Seamanship? Don't worry, brother. There are times when it takes a sailor man to run even a gasoline launch, and if you are not content with mill-ponds and inner harbors, but occasionally put out on blue water, the day will surely come when all the seamanship you can muster will be tested to the uttermost.

But I think I hear one more protest. A gasoline engine, you say, is dirty, and noisy, and it smells bad.

Dirty? Engine-grease is n't dirt, and though it may now and then get on to one's fingers, or possibly on to the sandwiches, there are some of us who think it is n't even misplaced matter.

Smells bad? Well, as Mr. Pickwick's manservant would say, that depends on the taste and fancy of the smeller. One day last April I was down on Michigan Avenue, in Chicago, and with me was a girl who has cruised in the Sudden Sinker almost as much as I have. It was cold and raw, with an east wind blowing, and the smoke of the Illinois Central's locomotives could only help to darken a sky already gray and lowering. But even there we found a reminder of brighter times and lovelier places, for of a sudden a big forty-horsepower automobile went by with a rush and a roar, leaving behind it a broad, pungent trail of blue smoke. No doubt there were many in the crowd to whom its odor was offensive, but the girl's head went up and she sniffed the air eagerly.

"M — m — m!" she said. "It smells like the good old summer-time!"

Noisy? Ah, no. There you are wholly wrong. Once upon a time there was a boy who used to spend the long summer days on his father's fishing tug, cruising about Lake Huron. When evening came, and the last net was raised, and the tug was homeward bound, he would watch the sunset and the coming of the stars, and would see the wind die away and the waves lay themselves to rest. And by and by, when the little boy was so tired that he did not know what else to do with himself, he would slip into the pilot-house and curl up on the narrow seat against the wall of the engine-room. The heat of the boiler came pleasantly and drowsily through the thin board partition, and soon the loud puffing and pounding of the engine changed to a long, low, monotonous lullaby. "Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep," it seemed to say. And the little boy's head sank lower and lower, and the voice of the engine became more and more a song, softer and sweeter and farther away, till he followed, followed, far out on a great, broad, golden sea of dreams. It was a long, long time ago, and many things have changed since then. The tug has gone to Davy Jones, and the steam engine has given place to the "explosion motor." But the sunset is the same, and the stars, and the moon, and the quiet water, and the touch of the night-breeze; and to-night, as I sit with one hand on the tiller-rope and one ready for the throttle or the reversing-lever, listening to my engine and watching the rush of the white foam along the side and the shimmer of the moonlight on the ripples, that steady "beat, beat, beat" changes once more to the long, low lullaby of other days, and the years slip away, with all that they have ever brought of care or sorrow or disenchantment, and I am that little boy again.

Lord, send a man like Bobbie Burns, to sing the song of — gasoline!

Come with me, brother, a-cruising in the Sudden Sinker, and we will do you good.

PRAGMATISM: A NEW PHILOSOPHY [1]

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER

THERE is a strange phenomenon at the present moment, which even the wayfaring man (if he reads a little) must be struck with — or be curious about. A philosophical theory is out in the world making converts — and enemies! It is like "evolution" thirty years ago — and the controversy waxes hot. One church paper speaks of the "pragmatist microbe." Another pities those "inoculated with its virus." Still another calls the pragmatist's view "subversive of morality." A theosophical organ thinks it a "delicate attempt of the spirit of license to get himself a respectable foothold." Others more sympathetic, or at least susceptible, declare that the fight over Darwinism will be, compared to the one now on, as a kindergarten game to college football; or, varying the metaphor, that while the old battles of theology and philosophy have been fought with sword and spear, the pragmatic method will be like gunpowder. A philosopher by profession, who looks on Pragmatism as a Catholic would on Protestantism, calls Professor James an anarchist in things speculative. In Italy Pragmatism forms clubs and founds a journal. The movement has got so far as to have a schism! The founder of it, Mr. Charles S. Peirce, gives his own ideas a new name, "Pragmaticism," since his child is getting away from him.

What is it all about?

One or two lines of approach may be suggested.

It is well known that scientific men sometimes regard their theories as working hypotheses rather than as absolute truth. The atomic theory, the idea of an elastic ether, even the nebular hypothesis and Darwinism itself, are instances. A professor of chemistry, it has been said, would not ask his students if the atomic theory were true any more than he would ask if it were blue — an exaggeration, no doubt, but indicative of a tendency. Theories are taken chiefly as more or less convenient instruments. They summarize the facts we know, putting them into handy, portable shape (like short-hand for words), and they lead us on to new facts. Scientific men without illusion do not so much believe them or disbelieve them as use them — it might perhaps be said that they feel themselves beyond truth and falsehood in the old-fashioned sense, as Nietzsche felt himself beyond good and evil; utility, convenience, practical help in the work of further discovery — this is what they care for. Anything that works, that helps, they hold to, until they find something that works better, helps more. What they hold to they may call true, for this from old usage is an honorific term — but they mean true to them; and what is true to-day may not be true to-morrow. Now Pragmatism might be called an extension of this attitude and spirit into the realm of philosophy generally. It is sometimes dubbed "utilitarian metaphysics."

Another method of approach may be helpful. When we call an action right, the old-time notion is that it corresponds with some abstract, ideal standard. But there are those to-day (in reality

[1] The substance of a Sunday address before the Ethical Society of Chicago — a circumstance that will perhaps excuse to the reader the personal tone and references. The special occasion of the address is *Pragmatism: a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking;* Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

there have always been such) who say that we can judge of actions only by their consequences. Some in the end have good results, others bad ones. This then, it is urged, is the real basis for moral preferences — for the distinctions between right and wrong. Mr. Bernard Shaw neatly expresses the idea when he says, "Conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness, and not by its conformity to any rule or ideal." Accordingly he perpetrates the paradox, "The Golden Rule is that there are no golden rules." Pragmatism might also be described as an extension of an attitude, a spirit like this. Professor James says that the true is the expedient in our way of thinking, just as the right is the expedient in the way of our behaving.

In fact, Pragmatism involves a radical shifting of our point of view as we consider the world. The ordinary idea is that there are a lot of facts, truths, or laws, independent of man, which man has simply to discover and copy in his mind — or, in the moral realm, a lot of ideals or commandments, which he has simply to discover and obey. The pragmatist view starts with man himself, his wants and needs, his efforts to meet these, the ideas and problems that arise in the struggle, his greater or less success in dealing with the problems; the pragmatist world is the human world, its truths all truths of experience, its laws regularities of experience — truths and laws, too, liable to become incomplete and to be superseded. And so the doctrine is sometimes called Humanism — a sort of successor to the old Greek view connected with the name of Protagoras, according to which man is the measure of all things.[1]

I may say at the outset that I regard Pragmatism as a half truth — or, to be a little nicer, a three-quarters truth; all the same, let us for the moment try to thoroughly enter into it.

As expounded by Professor James, it covers three points: first, what in general we mean by a theory, conception, or idea; second, what we mean by the truth of an idea; third, what the real nature of the world about us is.

1. An idea, so Pragmatism considers, is something on which to act and has its meaning in the consequences the action brings. The Greek word πράγμα means action — hence the English "Pragmatism," the theory or philosophy of action or based on action. One of Tanner's "Maxims for Revolutionists" in Shaw's *Man and Superman* is, "Activity is the only road to knowledge." It is a pragmatist aphorism. What you act on you know about, and what you don't act on you know little or nothing about — this is the underlying thought. It is obviously true in morals; but the pragmatist's point is that it is true in science and philosophy as well. Nowhere perhaps has it been so logically and thoroughly worked out as in Professor John Dewey's recent writings.[2] The new school of thought is sometimes called the "Chicago School" — something that should make those critics pause who think of Chicago simply in connection with the stockyards or the Lake Shore drive. Professor Dewey says that if we exclude acting on an idea, no amount of mere intellectual procedure will confirm or refute the idea or throw any light on its validity. The meaning of an idea is what comes of it, the practical details that follow acting upon it. We act now, others have acted before us, and we can conceive of men's acting before, as matter of fact, there were any human beings at all — and so in imagination we can construct the story of geologic evolution and picture to ourselves the primeval nebula itself. The same holds of metaphysical disputes. "Is the world one or many? — fated or free? — material or spiritual?" What about "substance," what about "soul," what about "God"? The first thing is to get a clear idea of what the terms

[1] Cf. F. C. S. Schiller's *Humanism*, 1903.

[2] Cf. *Studies in Logical Theory*. The University of Chicago Press.

mean, and this can only be done, according to Pragmatism, as we trace the practical consequences of each alternative or conception. How would our experience differ if this notion or that notion were true? If there would be no concrete, definite, practical difference, the notions vary only in sound, and the dispute is without sense.

2. The second point in Pragmatism relates to what we mean by saying that an idea is true. Pragmatism holds that it simply means that the idea will work — that it turns out to be one not at odds with experience, but rather borne out by it; that with it we get along and succeed in our operations, while with its opposite we get into trouble. "True" means true leading — what we call truth brings us up somewhere; what we call falsehood lands us or leaves us nowhere. If we are lost in the woods (to use an illustration of Dr. Dewey's), the true direction is what will lead us home again, or on to the highway. Truth has no meaning save in relation to some purpose or end; it is what helps to attain the end. We may have various ideas — that is the true one which does help. Truth thus happens to an idea, it becomes true. Truth is not an independent reality outside of us, but our successful experimenting, the particular kind of forecast that brings us where we want to be. If by going ahead on the basis of the atomic theory we are led to see the physical or chemical world more nearly as it actually is, and particularly if we are led to new discoveries, if the idea of an ether or of radium or what-not is serviceable and fills a "long-felt want," if an astronomical theory leads us to discover a new planet (as did once happen), then each is true. Experience, sensible fact, is the test, [1] and anything that points that way, that anticipates and chimes in with experience, instead of being defeated by it, is true. It is this relative, "instrumental," provisional view of truth that shocks the critics of Pragmatism and almost draws down maledictions on the new philosophers' devoted heads. Truth is a copy of reality! they indignantly exclaim, and not any mere makeshift, pointing or leading. But what is reality? This brings us to the pragmatist's third point.

3. Pragmatist philosophers may not be agreed in their views of reality, and it is difficult to make out a consistent doctrine in their teaching — and yet there is a tendency in a certain direction in both Dewey and James. They say and repeat that Pragmatism is a method only, and yet there is a tendency to certain results. The trouble with most of us from their point of view is that the world of reality seems to us ready-made, to which man and his thinking contribute nothing (aside from a few minor practical alterations) except to copy it. We think there is something to copy; that, to use James's metaphor, there are several editions of the universe, the original real one, the infinite folio or *édition de luxe*, eternally complete — and then the various finite editions, full of false readings, distorted and mutilated each in its own way; or, to put it quite simply, that there is a definite, real, objective world, and, in addition, our different, personal, all-too-human copies of it. The tendency of Pragmatism, on the other hand, is to turn things round, and say that these personal, human copies are the reality, and to ignore the so-called "objective world," the *édition de luxe*, altogether. "On the pragmatist side," says Professor James, "we have only one edition of the universe, unfinished, growing in all sorts of places, especially in the places where thinking beings are at work." Again, our finite experiences "lean on each other, but the whole of them, if such a whole there be, leans on nothing. All 'homes' are in finite experience; finite experience as such is homeless. Nothing outside the

[1] "All true processes must lead to the face of directly verifying sensible experiences *somewhere*." James, *Pragmatism*, p. 215. Cf. "direct, face-to-face verifications," p. 207.

flux secures the issue of it." Professor James admits in his frank and picturesque manner that to rationalists, and, I might add, to most men, this describes "a tramp and vagrant world, adrift in space, with neither elephant nor tortoise to plant the sole of its foot upon."

But the fact is (as I think most of us can convince ourselves by a little analysis and reflection) that this world made up of our varying finite human experiences is the only world that we immediately know. The world that seems so firm and fixed about us is, after all, an outcome of human observation and thinking — get new observation or deeper thinking and you get a new world. The world of the scientific man to-day is almost as different from the world of Homer, or even of Aristotle, as any supposed finite edition of the world is from an original infinite folio or *édition de luxe.*

How does what we call the world come to be? Why, we have certain sensations under our feet and we call them the ground. We have other sensations when we look up, and we call them the sky or the sun or the stars. We have still other sensations that we call water, air, and so on. What would be if we had n't sensations, we have n't an idea. The whole world is an order and continuity and variety of sensations; the history of the world and the future of the world are only what somebody has felt, or might feel, or will feel, or could conceivably feel. Every fresh feeling adds a new increment to the world; as we know it and experience it, the world *is* a changing, shifting thing, a "tramp and vagrant" thing, if you will. Indeed, this makes a part of the charm and interest of it. We don't know what will come next. We must n't be too sure we have got all, or make idols of our "truths," "laws," etc., and allow them to bar out sensations and facts different from those we are accustomed to. "Laws" and "truths" are not over facts and regulating them, but in them — and perhaps imperfect formulations at that. The pragmatist says, Act and experiment — and know: it is the only way you can know. Embark on enterprises — that is the way to learn something.

This is all a very weak and popular statement of the pragmatist doctrine — and if you really want to get it and, above all, be interested in it, you must read James; and if you want to see how subtle and closely knit the argument is, you should read Dewey.

May I add a few reflections of my own? I am perhaps more egotistical than you think, and always like to end up with my own view.

I follow Pragmatism as far as it goes (supposing I understand it — sometimes I think I don't). Aside from the patent facts of the senses, and perhaps one or two necessary implications, I know of no fixed, absolute, infallible truths — you will have to go to the Pope to get them (particularly the present Pope). Scientific truths, religious truths, even moral rules (aside from one or two great principles), are all provisional. They are working truths rather than finalities — the best to date, and yet liable to be superseded by something that will work better. Darwinism is not a finality; the popular ideas of evolution itself are not a finality; religious truths are in a notorious state of flux at the present day; morality itself, in its detailed meaning at least, is infected with the spirit of change. Have we not heard it on quite good authority that

> New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth?

Our civil war was in part the precipitation of a conflict between two moralities — one very ancient, recognized in the New Testament, the other hardly more than a century or two old. What a contrast now between the morality of the average "good citizen" and that of Bernard Shaw — perhaps neither of them quite right! It is a childish notion that while science, philosophy, and religion are all more or less uncertain, any

man can know with his eyes shut what true morality is. Those who indulge it should read what Undershaft says to that Cambridge prig of a son of his in "Major Barbara," act iii.

By no means does all this involve skepticism and the lazy notion that one opinion is as good as another. Because Darwinism is not absolute truth it does not follow that it is not better than the view it superseded. Because the golden rule is not absolute, it does not follow that it is not better than the brazen rule, the maxim of every impudent upstart in society, or the iron rule of those who make others serve them, or the wooden rule of those who pretend to govern — and are governed. Some things are better than others — that is enough for every clear-headed man and for every decent man to act on.

And the pragmatist's view of the structure of reality I also coincide with, on its positive side. The world we know — the world stretching out in space, and back and forwards in time — is a human world. It is what we experience, or have reason to believe we should experience, in other times and places. The world, down to its atoms and up to its most comprehensive laws, is but a picture of possible or at least conceivable human experience. It is not something antecedent to experience and which experience copies, but is experience. Leave out experience, and absolutely nothing definite and concrete remains. I believe that we have learned this world and have built it up primarily in our struggle to live. So far as we were free in the matter, we have had those experiences we wanted to have to help us to live. We have attended to what it was useful to attend to. Almost all our knowledge is thus (to use a big word) teleological, that is, for a purpose; experiences that did n't vitally concern or interest us we have n't developed or noticed; they were no better than no experience at all. It is thus really a quite finite, special, utilitarian world that we for the most part know. It is conceivable that other beings with different interests might have a more or less different world. I do not mean merely that we can make use of this world of ours, but that it is there, in just the form it is, because it is useful. So far do I go with Pragmatism.

But now I must turn to speak of what seems to me the insufficiency of the new philosophy — and later I shall say a word of its weakness, and even of an element of danger in it, as expounded by its most brilliant representative, Professor James.

The world, I have admitted, is our experience — more or less, our selected experience. But there is a strange thing about this experience, selected or involuntary: we don't give it to ourselves — we get it. We may attend at discretion to a sound in the street, and if we do not attend, the sound may scarcely exist for us; but why is it that when we listen with the closest attention, sometimes there is sound and sometimes not? Even if we take the sensation as a reaction rather than an impression (and this Dr. Edmund Montgomery has taught me [1]), what has occasioned the reaction, against what is it a reaction? In other words, how is it that we *have* experience? what gives rise to it? With all our power of selecting and attending, why is it that when I look in one direction I see only the sun, and when I look in another only the moon, and not by any possibility the sun; and when I look this way I see you, and when I look another way I see you — both "yous" and yet so different? What fixes these things, since we don't? What limits possibilities? What makes every experience specific? It is an entirely curious question, without the slightest practical importance; and an answer, that is, an assured and definite one, may be impossible. And yet we raise the question — at least, I raise it. And I

[1] In what I suspect to be the most important constructive book in philosophy of the past year: *Philosophical Problems in the Light of Vital Organization.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

can get no sort of intellectual satisfaction, till I make some kind of rude, stumbling, provisional answer to it — whether it be Berkeley's "God," Kant's "Ding-an-sich," Spencer's "Unknowable," Montgomery's "power-endowed existents," or some other. The point is that such a question takes us out of the realm of experience; it presupposes an order of things beyond experience — conducts us straight to the land of metaphysics. Contrary to James's positions, it means that experience *has* to lean on something; it is a definite break with the notion that the world of experience is self-contained. For my part, I am incurably metaphysical. Beyond the whole world of experience, I must hold to another world of which we have only glimpses, and in strictness scarcely that, since we can only think it and never see it, and yet which determines the possibilities of the experience we have.

The weakness of Pragmatism I have in mind is this. The doctrine is construed by Professor James as a help to religion — religion in the popular theistic sense; but as a help in a peculiar manner. James has as little consideration as Kant had for the ordinary arguments for a personal God. He can see little objective basis for the idea. The actual world is "tangled, muddy, painful and perplexed." He even suggests that if the world were to end now, it might make no special difference whether we regarded God or regarded blind matter and force as causing it. The great secular processes of it, evolution and dissolution, he speaks of as "vast driftings" of "cosmic weather." In other words, rays of a Divine meaning and a Divine glory in it he can scarcely make out. And yet he writes in the interests of religion and holds to the idea of a personal God. How? By a leap. He has no basis, or shows none; but he leaps all the same. It is an act of faith. But what has this to do, you ask, with Pragmatism? Why, — so seems the train of thought, — Pragmatism allows us to hold any theory or view which works, and this view does work; it comforts us, helps and sustains us in the battle of life. To me it is weak — deplorably weak. I hold that one of the needs of the time is some kind of constructive thinking that shall enable us to see and feel the Divine in the world once more, that shall again put us in the attitude of worship and again lift us and make us strong in a strength not our own. But there is no such constructive thinking that I can discover in James's book — otherwise so notable. He says little more than, "Believe; it is good for you to believe, profitable to believe." But I do not see how any one who has learned modern scientific habits of thought can believe in such a fashion. Give us some basis, some show of reason for believing, we ask. One cannot lift himself by his bootstraps.

And this leads to my closing word about the dangers of Pragmatism. A theory is true that works, it says. Working value is truth. Very well. But this may mean two things. One is that the theory blends with experience, leads us into it, is not defeated by it — in a word, is borne out by facts, concrete, sensible facts. Another is that the theory attracts us, pleases us, gives us comfort, makes us happy, and all that. These two meanings are liable to be confused — are more or less confused in James's book. According to one, Pragmatism is a respectable, and, as I think, within limits, a valid philosophical theory. According to the other, it is a thing to conjure with. Let me borrow from my own experience. If comfort, personal happiness, were any kind of a test of truth, I should never have given up the loved creed in which I was nurtured. Not that I don't care for comfort and happiness as much as anybody, not that I willingly made myself lonely, Christ-forsaken, and God-forsaken, and turned myself into a pilgrim to I knew not what strange land, but simply that the old beliefs did not work in the true and, as I fancy, only respectable pragmatic sense — that is, did not

blend with and lead up to the facts of science, the facts of historical criticism, all the myriad facts that make the basis of what we call a modern view of things, but were rather defeated and undone by them. And any one who in this stagnant world of habit and routine and silly personal preferences has a real intellectual life, in whatever department of inquiry, has more or less similar experiences; he is guided at every step, sometimes almost compelled. He may never know absolutely; but he knows or learns that one thing is truer, better than another on *entirely objective grounds*. Now by no means do I say that Pragmatism as expounded by Professor James tells us to believe simply for reasons of comfort — I only say the message is not clear, and therefore has elements of danger in it. Comfort is made a test of truth,[1] though not the only test; and despite the language of stupid religious journals about the "pragmatist microbe" and its "virus," I suspect that we may yet find pragmatist sanction claimed for almost any of the dear old illusions, the cradle-songs by which, as M. Jaurès says, "through the ages human misery has been rocked to sleep." Already Professor James is acquiring a great reputation in certain religious circles. Meanwhile a few of us want a straighter religion if we have one at all. We will tread the floors of hell if need be rather than hocus-pocus ourselves into believing it is heaven. We will face reality, I mean —and perhaps by long facing it and dwelling on it and above all working in it, we may, under the surface and the scum, detect traces of heaven in it; not traces that we *put* there, God forbid —but that *are* there, immanent, struggling, and destined yet to transform the whole.

[1] Cf. *Pragmatism*, etc., pp. 73, 74, 292.

THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.
—R. L. S.

JESSAMINE and I had been out sailing. We came back to find the house deserted, and after foraging in the pantry, we made ourselves at home in the long unceiled living-room, which is one of the pleasantest lounging-places in the world. A few pine-knots were smouldering in the fireplace, and as I have reached an age when it is pleasant to watch the flames, I poked a little life into the embers and sat down to contemplate them from the easiest chair the camp afforded. Jessamine wearily cast herself upon the couch nearby without taking off her coat.

Jessamine is five and does as she likes, and does it perversely, arbitrarily, and gracefully, in the way of maids of five. In the pantry she had found her way to marmalade with an ease and certainty that amazed me; and she had, with malice aforethought, made me *particeps criminis* by teaching me how to coax reluctant, tight-fitting olives from an impossible bottle with an oyster-fork.

Jessamine is difficult. I thought of it now with a pang, as her brown curls lay soft against a red cushion and she crunched a biscuit, heavily stuccoed with marmalade, with her little popcorn

teeth. I have wooed her with bonbons; I have bribed her with pennies; but indifference and disdain are still my portion. To-day was my opportunity. The rest of the household had gone to explore the village bazaars, and we were left alone. It was not that she loved me more, but the new nurse less; and, as sailing had usually been denied her, she derived from our few hours in my cat-boat the joy of a clandestine adventure. We had never been so much together before. I wondered how long the spell of our sail would last. Probably, I reflected, until the wanderers came back from town to afford a new diversion; or until her nurse came to carry her away to tea. For the moment, however, I felt secure. The fire snapped; the clock ticked insistently; my face burned from its contact with a sharp west wind, which had brought white caps to the surface of the lake and a pleasant splash to the beach at our front door. Jessamine folded her arms, rested her head upon them, and regarded me lazily. She was slim and lean of limb, and the lines she made on the couch were long. I tried to remember whether I had ever seen her still before.

"You may read, if you like," she said.

"Thank you; but I'd rather have you tell me things," I answered. I wished to be conciliatory. At any moment, I knew, she might rise and vanish. My tricks of detention had proved futile a thousand times; I was always losing her. She was a master opportunist. She had, I calculated, a mood a minute, and the mood of inaction was not often one of them.

"There are many, many things I'd like to have you tell me, Mischief," I said. "What you think of when you're all alone; what do you think of me?"

"Oh! I never think of you when I'm all alone."

"Thank you, Mischief. But I wonder whether you are quite frank. You must think of me sometimes. For example, — where were you when you thought of knotting my neckties all together, no longer ago than yesterday?"

"Oh!" (It is thus she begins many sentences. Her "Ohs" are delightfully equivocal.)

"Perhaps you'd rather not tell. Of course, I don't mind about the ties."

"It was nice of you — not to mind."

Suddenly her blue eyes ceased to be. They are little pools of blue, like mountain lakes. I was aware that the dark lashes had stolen down upon her brown cheek. She opened her eyes again instantly.

"I wish I had n't found your ties. Finding them made a lot of trouble for me. I was looking for your funny little scissors to open the door of my doll-house that was stuck, and I saw the ties. Then I remembered that I needed a rope to tie Adolphus — that's the woolly dog you bought for my birthday — to my bed at night; and neckties make very good ropes."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mischief."

"There's a prayer they say in church about mischief — " she began sleepily.

"'From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil?'" I quoted.

"That is it! and there's something in it, too, about everlasting damnation, that always sends shivers down my back."

She frowned in a puzzled way. I remembered that once, when Jessamine and I went to church together, she had, during the reading of the litany, so moved a silk hat on the next seat that its owner crushed it hideously when he rose from his knees.

The black lashes hid the blue eyes once more, and she settled her head snugly into her folded arms.

"Why," she murmured, "do you call me Mischief? I'm not mischief; I'm Jessamine."

"You are the Spirit of Mischief," I answered; and she made no reply.

The water of the lake beat the shore stormily.

"The Spirit of Mischief."

Jessamine repeated the words sleepily. I had never thought of them seriously

before, and had applied them to her thoughtlessly. Is there, I asked myself, a whimsical spirit that possesses the heart of a child, — something that is too swift for the slow pace of adult minds; and if there be such, where is its abiding-place?

"I'm the Spirit of Mischief!"

There, with her back to the fire, stood Jessamine, but with a difference. Her fists were thrust deep down into the pockets of her coat. There was a smile on her face that I did not remember to have seen before. The wind had blown her hair into a sorry tangle, and it was my fault — I should have made her wear her Tam-O-Shanter in the cat-boat! An uncle may mean well, but, after all, he is no fit substitute for a parent.

"So you admit it, do you? It is unlike you to make concessions."

"You use long words. Uncles *always* use long words. It is one of the most foolish things they do."

"I'm sorry. I wish very much not to be foolish or naughty."

"I have wished that many times," she returned gravely. "But naughtiness and mischief are not the same thing."

"I believe that is so," I answered. "But if you are really the Spirit of Mischief, — and far be it from me to doubt your word, — where is your abiding-place? Spirits must have abiding-places."

"There are many of them, and they are a long way off. One place is where the four winds meet."

"But that — that is n't telling. Nobody knows where that is."

"Everybody does n't," said the Spirit of Mischief gently, as one who would deal forbearingly with dullness.

"Tell me something easier," I begged.

"Well, I'll try again," she said. "Sometimes when I'm not where four winds meet, I'm at the end of all the rainbows. Do you know that place?"

"I never heard of it. Is it very far away?"

"It's further than anything — further even than the place where the winds meet."

"And what do you do there? You must have bags and bags of gold, O Spirit."

"Yes. Of course. I practice hiding things with them. That is why no one ever found a bag of gold at the end of a rainbow. I have put countless ones in the cave of lost treasure. There are a great many things there besides the bags of gold, — things that parents, and uncles, and aunts lose — and never find any more."

"I wish I could visit the place," I said with a sigh. "It would be pleasant to see a storehouse like that. It would have, I may say, a strong personal interest. Only yesterday I contributed a valued scarf-pin through the agency of a certain mischievous niece; and I shall be long in recovering from the loss of that miraculous putter that made me a terror on the links. My golf can never be the same again."

"But you never can see the place," she declared. "A time comes when you can't find it any more, the cave of lost treasure — or the place where four winds meet, or the end of all the rainbows."

"I suppose I have lost my chance," I said.

"Oh, long ago!" exclaimed the Spirit disdainfully. "It never lasts beyond six!"

"That has a wise sound. Pray tell me more! Tell me, I beg, how you have endured so long in this harsh world?"

This, I thought, was a poser; but she answered readily enough.

"I suppose, because I am kindred of so many, many things that live on forever. There are the colors on water when the sun strikes it through clouds. It can be green and gold and blue and silver all at once; and then there is the foam of the white caps. It is foam for a moment and then it is just water again. And there is the moonlight on rippling water, that goes away and never comes any more — not just the same. The mirth in the heart of a child is like all these things; and the heart of a child is the place I love best."

"Yes," I said. "I'm sure it is better

than the place where all the winds meet, or that other rainbow-place that you told me about."

"And then," she began again, "you know that children say things sometimes just in fun, but no one ever seems to understand that."

"To be sure," I said, feelingly, remembering how Jessamine loved to tease and plague me.

"But there is n't any harm in it — any more than — "

"Yes?" a little impatiently.

"Than in the things the pines say when the wind runs over the top of them. They are not — not important, exactly, but they are always different. That is the best thing about being a child — the being different part. You have a grown-up word that means always just the same."

"Consistent?" I asked.

"That is it. A child that is consistent is wrong some way. But I don't remember having seen any of that kind."

A smile that was not the smile of Jessamine stole into the Spirit's face. It disconcerted me. I could not, for the life of me, decide how much of the figure before me was Jessamine and how much was really the Spirit of Mischief, or whether they were both the same.

"Being ignorant, you don't know what the mirth in a child is — you" (scornfully), "who pretend to measure all people by their sense of humor. It's akin to the bubbling music of the fountain of youth, and you do the child and the world a wrong when you stifle it. A child's glee is as natural as sunshine, and carries no burden of knowledge; and that is the precious thing about it."

"I'm sure that is true," I said; but the Spirit did not heed me. She went on, in a voice that suggested Jessamine, but was not hers.

"Many people talk solemnly about the imagination of children, as though it were a thing that could be taught from books or prepared in laboratories. But children's mischief, that is so often complained of, is the finest flower of the imagination."

"The idea pleases me. I shall make a note of it."

"The very day," continued the Spirit, "that you sat at table and talked learnedly about the minds of children and how to promote in them a love of the beautiful, your Jessamine had known a moment of joy. She had lain in the meadow and watched the thistledown take flight, — a myriad of those flimsy argosies. And she had fashioned a story about them, that they rise skyward to become the stuff that white clouds are made of. And the same day she asked you to tell her what it is the robins are so sorry about when they sing in the evening after the other birds have gone. Now the same small head that thought of those things contrived also the happy idea of cooking a doll's dinner in the chafing-dish, — an experiment that resulted, as you may remember, in a visit from both the doctor and the fire-insurance adjuster."

My heart was wrung as I recalled the bandages on Jessamine's slender brown arms.

"Yes, O Spirit!" I said. "I'm learning much. Pray tell me more!"

"We like very much for science to let us alone — "

"But the hygiene, — all those life-saving things — "

"Oh yes," she said, patronizingly; "they're all very well in their way. It's better for science to kill bugs than for the bugs to kill children. But I mean other kinds of sciences that are not nearly so useful, — pedagogical and the like, that are trying to kill the microbe of play. Leave us, oh leave us that!"

"That is a new way of putting it. We oldsters soon forget how to play, alackaday!"

She went on calmly.

"Work that you really love is n't work any more, — it's play."

"That's a little deep for me — "

"It's true, though, so you'd better try

to understand. If you paint a picture and work at it, — slave over it and are not happy doing it, then your picture is only so many pennies' worth of paint. The cruelest thing people can say of a book or a picture is, 'Well, he worked hard at it!' The spirit of mischief is only the spirit of play; and the spirit of play is really the spirit of the work we love."

"It's too bad that you are not always patient with us," the Spirit continued. (I noted the plural. Clearly Jessamine and the Spirit were one!)

"I'm sorry, too," I answered, contritely.

"The laws of the foolish world do not apply to childhood at all. Children are born into a condition of ideality. They view everything with wonder and awe, and you and all the rest of the grown-up world are busy spoiling their illusions. How happy you would be if you could have gone on blowing bubbles all your days!"

"True, alas, too true!"

The face of the Spirit grew suddenly very old.

"Life," she said, "consists largely in having to accept the fact that we cannot do the things we want to do. But in the blessed days of mischief we blow bubbles in forbidden soap and water with contraband pipes — and do not know that they are bubbles!"

"That is the fine thing about it, O Spirit — the sweet ignorance of it! I hope I understand that."

"I see that you are really wiser than you have always seemed," she said, with her baffling smile. "Mischief, as you are prone to call so many things that children do, is as wholesome and sweet as a field of clover. I, the Spirit of Mischief, have a serious business in the world, which I'll tell you about, as you are old and know so little. I'm here to combat and confuse the evil spirits that seek to stifle the good cheer of childhood. These little children that always go to bed without a fuss and say good-night very sweetly in French, and never know bread and butter and jam by their real names — you really do not like them half as well as you like natural children. You remember that you laughed when Jessamine's French governess came, and left the second day because the black cat got into her trunk. There was really no harm in that!"

The Spirit of Mischief laughed. She grew very small, and I watched her curiously, wondering whether she was really a creature of this work-a-day world. Then suddenly she grew to life-size again, and laughed gleefully, standing with her hands thrust deep into her coat pockets.

"Jessamine!" I exclaimed. "I thought you were asleep."

"I was, a little bit; but you — you snored awfully," she said, "and waked me up."

She still watched me, laughing; and looking down I saw that she had been busy while I slept. A barricade of books had been built about me, — a carefully wrought bit of masonry, as high as my knees.

"You're the wicked giant," declared Jessamine, quite in her own manner, and with no hint of the half-real, elfish spirit of my dream. "And I'm the good little Princess that has caught you at last. And I'll never let you out of the tower — O they're coming! They're coming!"

She flashed to the door and out upon the veranda where steps had sounded, leaving me to deliver myself from the tower of the Spirit of Mischief with the ignorant hands of Age.

THE BRAKE

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

How unapparently would whirl
The Wheel of Time, the melting sky,
But for the big, black brakes, that hurl
The stars on high!

And so my time; how smooth and swift
My soul would spin, but for the brake!
But oh! stopped soul, the fount you lift!
The stars you make!

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF FINERY

BY LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY

" Talk to me of pins and feathers and ladies."
— BEN JONSON.

ALL my life long I have been a lover of finery. For as many years as I can remember, I have liked to read in the old books of " ribbands and silks " — silks scented with ambergris; of a bunch of feathers and a scarlet petticoat; and of the promises made by dramatic kings — kings that wore their crowns all day long, at home as well as in battle — to clothe their lovely tearful victims in " costly cloth of massy gold." I have learned all the pretty rhetoric of dress. I know that it is for the Passionate Shepherd to persuade his love with a gown of finest wool pulled from his lambs; that the chosen epithet for a silk is Median — unless perhaps it come from Samarcand; and that the metaphor appropriate to a great coquette, bedecked and gay, is " a sailing ship with streamers waving." I have lingered hours long before the painted dresses of old portraits, — the lady with a peacock feather embroidered on the yellow of her sleeve; Spanish little girls standing stiff in brocade, — and have been stirred to meditations on vainglory by the vanished crinolines and big bonnets of Victorian fashion-plates.

As an unassured girl, it is true, I knew certain unworldly doubts and questionings. Verses commending simplicity haunted me, the praises of " a sweet disorder in the dress " perplexed me, and arguments against " the adulteries of art " frightened me while still a child in school frocks. Often in those early days I reproached my own frivolity, and resolving to turn from gewgaws to severer contemplations, I felt as poignantly as though it were directed at me, the historian's scorn for the King of Germany who buttoned his coat with a fortune in diamonds, and, in especial, the satire of old essayists against fans and flounces.

Ingenuous youth, I take it, will ever be misled by Addison's railing at the extravagances of women of quality of Queen Anne's day — elegant creatures! — and

tremble in her own guilty heart lest she be that woman of "weak mind and low education" in danger of every embroidered coat that comes her way and fated to meet her ruin in the lure of a gold galloon. To the experienced lover of finery, such as I have come with the years to be, it is of course clear, page by page, that Addison knew the cut and color of every fashion as no virtuous moralist ever could, and distinguished between the hood and hat with all the emotion of a man of taste. He deplores the inundation of brocades from France! Do but open the covers of *The Spectator* and you will be swept away on a flood of petticoats and head-dresses and fans and powder-bags and puffs and little muffs. For all the color and splendor of ladies' dress Addison had appropriated to his imagination and had set ingeniously as a decoration to his pages! Off his guard he will, moreover, avow his sympathy openly, as when he describes the cluster of ladies sitting together at the opera "in the prettiest colored hoods." "I looked," he exclaims, "with as much pleasure on this little assembly as upon a bed of tulips." And he notes with charming pedantry that one hood is blue and another yellow and another philomot; that the fourth is of a pink color and the fifth pale green. "I did not know whether it might be an embassy of Indian Queens; but upon going about the pit and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be English."

Surely it is not the part of an earnest Puritan to concern himself either with English beauties or Indian queens, or to know pink so scrupulously from yellow, or blue from green, or to recognize philomot as a serious enough idea to entertain at all. Nor again can one account other than whimsical, protests against petticoats, big as canopies, on the part of the writer of the following sentences: "I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it!"

Thus, Addison for his own great ends carrying on his hypocrisy, others followed his famous example, and the beautiful art of dress fell into disrepute among us. To-day finery has become a thing for fashion-mongers to parley and trade with. Even novelists and romancers dare no longer dress a girl generously in tradition's pink and white finery; or a fop in lavender gloves and gold chains; or put such a muff as Sophia Western never knew the want of into a lady's hands on a winter's morning, or pattern intricately the sunshade she raises above her lovely head on a midsummer afternoon. How different was it in the old days, when a poet had no sooner named the dwelling-place of his heroine and said that the gods loved the brightness of her hair, than he continued: —

The outside of her garments was of lawn,
The lining purple silk with gilt stars drawn;
Her kirtle blue whereon was many a stain,
Made by the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives;
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which lighten'd by her neck like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves: for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.

But if she had no gloves, she had a fan.

So on she goes and in her idle flight
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.

And in the same way all the ladies in the old books had finery of their own, — "Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings, of winning colors;" a strawberry handkerchief in a tragedy, and in a tale "a broche of gold," lettered *Amor vincit omnia.*

So too, I remember, had fine gentlemen in the past — whether knights, courtiers, wits, or beaux — all in turn their rich attires. In the days, that was, when their armor mirrored the sun and "pagan knights stood all round bright as sky;" when they themselves set the fashion in sleeves, — the sleeve Amadis and the sleeve à la Mameluck, — and before the plume à la gentilhomme had gone to droop from a lady's toque. I can believe, indeed, that feathers may still float in their fancy, and that the finest gentleman of all stretches his imagination with the old popes and princes to peach-colored velvet and the sweet fashion of a brocade.

But unless it be thus in idea, the pride of dress is for them snuffed out. Velvet Venetians, doublets in damask, carnation silk stockings, fringed gloves, knee-buckles all a-glitter, hats furbelowed with jewels or feathers — all the old catalogue of gorgeousness belongs now for them not to the world of every day but to the stage world. No gentleman of present fashion could squander a fortune on his wedding clothes, if he would; no grave writer of tragedies could go, like Dr. Johnson, to the extravagance of bordering his coat with gold lace for a First Night; no "fortunate youth" of this late century could drive post through France to choose flowered silk for a waistcoat. The fop of fops — once "a silken fellow," a "painted image!" — has at the moment not a garment to appeal to the imaginative lover of finery — but he must "love in serge," must trick himself out, from boot to hat, according to the dictates of ugly modern oracles, the Convenient and the Correct. In behalf of the former, the Convenient, there is of course nothing to plead: briefly, the worship of ease is for the vulgar. The beautiful discomfort of armor, let us say, or of a powdered periwig, was to be endured. For the Correct, on the other hand, there is perhaps an argument to be brought. Its charm is academic, truly; but to temperaments that love a severe perfection, grave cloth and white linen unvaryingly disposed must always make their appeal — and who shall pronounce them for a monk or an idealist not suitable apparel?

To the worldling serge presents grave dangers; and this not merely in the case of fine gentlemen but in that of their fair confederates as well. Addison himself noted the gentlewomen of his day who rode as female cavaliers, tying up their hair in a bag or ribbon in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. An immodest custom! And I can imagine that as in the old world perukes had their seeming charm for "tall lovely prudes," so in the modern the greatcoat and stiff hat may allure them. Such affectations, I need hardly say, are not for the woman of feeling. Stuffs of pomp and color do rather persuade her; her head is full of beautiful intricate patterns; skirts softly flowing, capes and fichus, make her proper dress. Nor is the serious lover of finery dressed merely for the flattery of her looking-glass. She is conscious of her clothes as part of the world's great show; she dresses for her type, whether it be Great Lady, Shepherdess, or Blue Stocking. She is true to her period and will not aspire to powder and a high head-dress if she be born to the soft curls of Charles the Second's day. Fashion, it is well known, favors the fair, and by an easy metaphor may be said to turn her wheel no less than Fortune does. So with a swing she will again dress her votaries à la Diane and à la Minerve, and let chapeaux Henri IV once more become out-of-date vanities before Victorian bonnets.

For my part I commend a quick chang-

ing fashion, and, could I have chosen my period, would have fixed on the fickle years of the First Empire, when fashions shifted from week to week; and that, too, with such fine shades of difference that only the most frivolous could follow them. Then the Great Conqueror brought to Paris finery from the ends of the earth: muslins from India, garlands of roses from Bengal, stuffs shining with gold and silver from Cairo; from Turkey, of course, turbans; and from the far East shawls; shawls from Cashmere, from Persia, from the Levant; shawls particolored, blue — bright blue — and red and green and black and the clear yellow of the sun; shawls patterned with all the interlacings of Asian caprice, and fit, not only to hang from the shoulders of the fair, but to give a coquette of Eastern fancy day-long visions of the Orient. From the past, for all time as well as all the earth was then Napoleon's, came the fashion of the troubadours, — chapeaux à Creneaux, sleeves à la Mameluck, cheveux à l'enfant, — lending to a very modern period, who can say what charming Gothic airs? How do not such revolutions of fashion enlarge the feminine heart and teach it to live in all ages and all climates!

A woman of mind will go even further; she will not merely have a sense of the romance of her clothes fetched from the ends of the world, but in the choice of every garment will let her wit play a part. "I have bought myself a *robe de chambre*," wrote Mme. de Sevigné to her daughter, "of the same stuff as your last skirt. It is admirable: there is a little green in it, but violet prevails. In a word, I was tempted and I fell. They wanted me to face it with flame-colour, but that I thought would have the air of a final impenitence. The outside is sheer weakness, and such a lining would have been wickedness itself, and to my mind contrary to good taste." So charming can a woman of feeling be about a mere dressing-gown! So can she by her own greatness put her finery beyond Time's power to fade or tatter!

Mere fine ladies, fantastical coquettes, must look to others to celebrate their dresses, — to give themselves existence, I might say! For apart from their clothes there is no life, no delight in them.

> "All 's in the whistling of their snatch't up silks."

These, however, they may not only trail through to-day's pageant, but if they be born under the pretty star of an auspicious fashion and chance to catch a poet's ear, they may trust the liquefaction of their clothes to last out three centuries with Julia's.

The hope of all finery is in art, I should say, were it not yet more true that the hope of art is in "a good dressing." Painters know this and have already adorned their canvases with the greatest garments of our age — a haughty Beauty's riding-dress reflected for a moment in a mirror, a Dancer's yellow petticoats, an Old Lady's soft black and delicate laces. But all these still wait to be put into words. It is time for some poet again to rhyme, —

> Lawn as white as driven snow
> And cypress black as e'er was crow;

for the modern playwright to see to it that his ladies enter the scene as "gallant" as they did in King James's time; and above all for the student of manners to find in present-day fashion his great theme. Time measures the duration of painted dresses no less than of those of silk and purple; but a skirt, a flounce, a slipper, set in a beautiful sentence, lives more than a mortal life. I long for the finery of our time thus to outdate its period; for it to go down the centuries in similes, exordiums, and metaphors; and by its very imagery to suggest to less splendid ages all the beauty and luxury of ours.

SHALL WE HUNT AND FISH?

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SENTIMENTALIST

BY HENRY BRADFORD WASHBURN

As a point of departure, listen to a quotation from Dr. Henry van Dyke:—

"Chrr! sings the reel. The line tightens. The little rod firmly gripped in my hands bends into a bow of beauty, and a hundred feet behind us a splendid silver salmon leaps into the air. 'What is it?' cries the gypsy, 'a fish?' It is a fish, indeed, a noble ouananiche, and well hooked. Now if the gulls were here who grab little fish suddenly and never give them a chance; and if the mealy-mouthed sentimentalists were here, who like their fish slowly strangled to death in nets, they should see a fairer method of angling.

"The weight of the fish is twenty times that of the rod against which he matches himself. The tiny hook is caught painlessly in the gristle of his jaws. The line is long and light. He has the whole lake to play in, and he uses almost all of it, running, leaping, sounding the deep water, turning suddenly to get a slack line. The gypsy, tremendously excited, manages the boat with perfect skill, rowing this way and that way, advancing or backing water to meet the tactics of the fish, and doing the most important part of the work.

"After half an hour the ouananiche begins to grow tired and can be reeled in near to the boat. We can see him distinctly as he gleams in the dark water. It is time to think of landing him. Then we remember with a flash of despair that we have no landing-net! To lift him from the water by this line would break it in an instant. There is not a foot of the rocky shore smooth enough to beach him on. Our caps are far too small to use as a net for such a fish. What to do? We must row around with him gently and quietly for another ten minutes, until he is quite weary and tame. Now let me draw him softly toward the boat, slip my fingers under his gills to give a firm hold, and lift him quickly over the gunwale before he can gasp or kick. A tap on the head with the empty rod-case, — there he is, — the prettiest land-locked salmon that I ever saw, plump, round, perfectly shaped and colored, and just six and a half pounds in weight, the record fish of Jordan Pond." [1]

A good description! A fine, a stirring description! A masterly record of a masterly feat! It makes the blood tingle; it makes the lover of the rushing torrent, of the still, deep mountain lake and of the crisp, clear, northern days, impatient with the city streets, with his desk, his papers, and his problems; it whets his hunger and thirst for a holiday, and for more life in God's magnificent out-of-doors; it makes him slightly irritated with the winter, when perforce he must abandon nature to itself, and leaves him but to dream of the days when the warm sun shall have drawn the ice from the lakes and when the released waters go tumbling down to the sea.

And yet why is it that there are some whom the description cannot allure to spend their hours of recreation in a kindred manner? Why is it that while each and every element of the narrative makes us thrill with longing for the open, the story as a whole arouses in a few a feeling akin to repulsion? Why is it that

[1] Henry van Dyke: "Some Remarks on Gulls." *Scribner's Magazine*, August, 1907.

some at least would have enjoyed rather the picture of the lake in the wood, girt with yellow shore line and the green and gray of timber, the surface ruffled here and there by the gulls taking their afternoon bath, the concentric circles telling of the trout just nosing the air to snare the unsuspecting insect or to touch the mystery of a world unlike their own, the sudden rush, leap and plunge, the flash of color, "russet and silver flecked with black," of the ouananiche rising from the deep waters he loves so well and like lightning returning thither? Why is it that some would rather allow these incidents to touch the imagination and to stimulate it to follow the living activities of nature, than win their exhilaration at the expense of suffering? Why is it that day by day the numbers seem to increase of those yielding to mercy rather than to the instinct of the chase, and of those who rejoice when they are persecuted with such an epithet as mealy-mouthed sentimentalist?

I confess that such is my reaction, that I must count myself among the mealy-mouthed sentimentalists. But confession is not always either heart-cleaning or mind-cleaning. Along with it there must run a justification which at least palliates the offense in the sight of the one who acknowledges his fault. And how can the sentimentalist sanction his aversion to those forms of sport that entail the suffering of fish and bird and beast?

The sentimentalist has first to acknowledge that a radical change in his feeling toward animate nature has been worked since the days of boyhood, and naturally he hopes that the transformation of sentiment is not a sign of atavism but rather one of deepening sympathy. The days are still fresh in mind when, armed with the sling, he relieved his hunter's instinct by plunging into the woods of summer, there to listen for the birds, then to find, and then to kill; or into the woods of winter, there to build his hut and kindle his fire, and then to follow the trail of the rabbit and to set his snare. He can almost breathe the air, feel the yielding of the turf, and hear the ripple of the brook as he lay in the long grass in the meadows near Wachusett and drew the trout from the pools beneath the banks. He can recall with that delicious accompaniment of well-earned meat — the watering mouth — the spectacle of eleven five-inch beauties, fried in crumbs, the product of his own first gamy angling. And he can remember, O! so vividly, with what ardor he searched the old files of the *Youth's Companion* and scanned the new copies as they came in week by week, so that he might not lose one story of the hunter and the trapper, and with what care he laid aside one dime every seven days that he might buy *Forest and Stream*, and in imagination go afield with those more fortunate than he, to flush and to bag the plover, the quail, the woodcock, and the partridge. The sentimentalist remembers the days of his youth and all their natural delights.

But he can also recall traces, intimations, as Wordsworth would call them, of a nature hardly partaking of the same world. He can distinguish a remnant of pity in his reaction after peppering a young robin with sling-shot; he can at this moment remember the burning shame that consumed him when his first bird tumbled to the ground at his feet, and what a bitter meal it made. He can refresh the sensation, hardly perceptible in those eager and impatient days, of recoil at the apparent suffering of the fish being taken from the hook. These the sentimentalist can remember — the first stirrings of a changing sentiment, the beginnings of a different mood.

And now he has to confess that the former things have passed away, and that these intimations of aversion to recreation that entails distress have developed into a natural recoil at the sight of any suffering and into a keen delight at the thought or sight of fish or bird or beast enjoying natural freedom. The leisurely trout napping in the stone-bottomed pool

of the Catskill brook now afford the sentimentalist keener pleasure than he can get from stirring them to life, to action, and to death, by the skillful cast of the silver doctor, the brown hackle, and the Parmachenee belle. Even to sit and watch the government fish in the national aquarium, to see them tumble over one another, rush at one another with open mouth, and nip one another harmlessly like puppies at play stirs the sentimentalist's affection for nature more sensitively than the fight for liberty made by his record bass of Lake Dunmore. The covey of partridges well up near the summit of Whiteface, so like the autumn leaves over which they leisurely walked away, so free, so proud, so beautiful, never suggested the shot-gun, but gave another pleasure untinged with the element of injury. Just to find them at home, just to know where they love to live, just to retain the peaceful picture, suffices the sentimentalist. The bull moose standing in the long grass on the banks of Soper Deadwater, thirty miles from the nearest town and train, in the wilderness he loves, with no companions but the otter, the kingfisher, and the bear, unconscious of the intruder, undisturbed by the crack of the rifle, yields a rapture that might lose its charm if death were to follow and the head and antlers be taken out into civilization.

But confession must be made that the feeling transcends that of mere preference and becomes that of positive aversion to the processes and the results of sportsmanship entailing death. However skillful the method and however masterful the result, the effect is one of pain on him who either reads or watches. Not even Walton, the dean of anglers, can convert the sentimentalist to forgetfulness of agony by the art with which he impaled his bait: — "Put your hook in him a little below the middle; having done so draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note that at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out at toward the head-end, and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of the hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out; and then draw back that of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's head of the first worm."[1] Truly if art could compel to imitation, the sentimentalist would spend his leisure hours at baiting. But the effect is not what Walton wished. The sentimentalist acknowledges the art, but wishes it might have been turned to morals rather than misery. He recalls how certain inquisitors baited the rack that they might dexterously lure the thoughtful within their toils. He recognizes a resemblance; the means seem justified by the end. The sentimentalist has been brought up to believe there is something faulty in this theory, and that it applies to sport as well as to the Counter-Reformation. Neither can the virile enthusiasm of Kingsley offer the soporific to the sentimentalist's natural attitude. The splendid whirlwind of Kingsley's passion for exciting angling — the consciousness that he could kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful, that he had had magnificent sport, five salmon killed (biggest seven pounds) and another huge fellow running right away to sea, carrying Kingsley after him waist-deep in water, and lost, after running two hundred yards, by fouling a ship's hawser; nothing like it, excitement maddening, exertion very severe — such magnificent spirit rather defeats the purpose of its description, for the sentimentalist finds himself at the other end of the line watching the bewildering drama there taking place. Nor can the same devoted hunter singing to the hounds as they course the weak-

[1] See Edward Jesse's edition of *The Complete Angler*, p. 135.

ening stag — "Chime, ye dappled darlings" [1] — recall the sentimentalist to a kindred mood. He forgets the horsemen; he forgets the exhilaration of the chase; he cannot stop to admire the skill of the riders and the strength and agility of the horses, or the native art of the dogs. His heart is with the stag, hunted, wearied, despairing, sure to lose in the unfair game. Yes, it is a feeling of positive aversion to sportsmanship entailing either misery or death of which the sentimentalist is conscious.

And the supplementary witness that so he feels is his quick and sensitive reaction upon the sentiments of those who recoil from agony and whose delight in animate nature is won entirely apart from pain. The chance acquaintance who said that he could no longer believe that it was right to kill for pleasure; the friend who recently confessed that he had never enjoyed angling since he had watched the trout living as they love to live; the present Lord Coleridge allowing that he might be classed among the sentimentalists, acknowledging his inability to convey his sentiment to another, and yet telling his hunt-loving countrymen that the chase of the wild red stag on Exmoor had spoiled the bright October day for him, that the mood of the hunters had reminded him of the down-turned thumbs in ancient Rome, — these incidents, recently called to the sentimentalist's attention, convince him that he is among those whose feeling is strong if not positively missionary. To these he adds his sympathetic response to those whose love of animate nature is apparently boundless. The attempt of the hunter,[2] without his rifle, to find the band of several hundred elk on the broad, treeless hillside, to creep up to them, and to eat his lunch under their very noses, and his success in the difficult exploit, pleases and contents the sentimentalist through and through, in spite of Gallagher's dictum that you might as well kill a feller as scare him to death. The Sunday afternoon recreation of the master fisherman [3] sitting on the deck of his "horse-yacht," watching six huge salmon moving slowly from side to side, or lying motionless like gray shadows, with nothing to break the silence except the thin, clear whistle of the white-throated sparrow far back in the woods; noticing that every now and then one of the salmon in the pool would lazily roll out of the water, or spring high into the air and fall back with a heavy splash; questioning what makes the salmon leap, whether pain or pleasure, whether to escape the attack of other fish, or to shake off a parasite that clings to them, or to practice jumping so that they can ascend the falls when they reach them, or simply and solely the exuberant gladness and joy of living, — this strikes a responsive chord within the heart and mind. These — the haters of destruction and the lovers of life — confirm the sentimentalist's opinion that he is hopelessly on their side and is desperately contented with himself and with his point of view.

And yet he chafes a little bit under the epithet. Sentimentalist, some call him; mealy-mouthed sentimentalist, others; others still, "logical vegetarian of the flabbiest Hindoo type." [4] Not even ox-eyed Hera, or the arrow-shooting Artemis, or Apollo the Sender of Missiles (just to cling to epithets of the chase) was more richly blessed with descriptive titles; and surely all must have some meaning. To paraphrase, it must be that the sentimentalist is a man doomed forever to lack rugged manliness; his pursuits in the open must be those that tend toward physical and mental weakness. He must be one who personifies a lower rather than a higher stage of evolution; all he says and does

[1] Lord Coleridge: "The Chase of the Wild Red Stag on Exmoor," *Nineteenth Century and After*, October, 1907.

[2] *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.* By JOHN BURROUGHS.

[3] *Little Rivers.* By HENRY VAN DYKE.

[4] *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

must bear the marks of a being socially useless. He must be one whose mental processes are altogether distorted; his view-point of life must be rather a curio. These are but paraphrases or connotations of "sentimentalist" and its allied epithets. And of course this analysis of feeling, this dissection of the living brain, must touch the so-called sentimentalist to the quick, for in theory at least he likes to think that he may be virile and rugged; that there may be some marks of progress that announce the acquisition of qualities higher than instinct; even that he may have discovered a truth which Christianity itself must one day emphasize but which today is largely unperceived. Let the sentimentalist ask if these accusations are just; let him suggest some of the marks of so-called sentimentality, allowing them to bear their own witness to character.

To say that the chase and other open-air pursuits entailing misery and death are necessary to a wholesome-minded, healthy-bodied, and positive-actioned race, — in other words, that just those pursuits that the sentimentalist cannot enjoy are indispensable, may be a statement somewhat limited in its validity. It is equivalent to saying that only hunting and fishing can induce one to leave the sedentary life for the fields, the woods, and the mountains, and that life in the open alone can give these qualities. It is an assertion which the sentimentalist ventures to think may be paralleled, to its own soul's health, with another, the purpose of which would be to show that there are many kinds of love of the wilds, many inducements drawing one thither, and many effects of value to men from such contact with nature. There is, for example, the love of the wild flower: it is a passion that will elicit manhood, if manhood be known by the marks of indifference to physical fatigue and continued disappointment, and by perseverance through swamp and thicket. There is the love of the highlands: it is a passion that will draw a man irresistibly from his books or business: it calls for strength of heart and limb and steadiness of head; the man without the spirit of a victor would better not engage in the pastime of mountain-climbing. There is the love of the woods: it is a passion that stirs with subtle power; to yield to it and to enjoy the real woods is to welcome a test of manhood — superiority to wind and weather, a consciousness of mastery in woodcraft and watermanship, independence of all conditions that make for ease of living. Thoreau plunged into the depths of the northern wilderness because of his love of plant and shrub and tree and mountain; and to say that he might have made a hunter but for his transcendentalism and anæmic condition is simply to beg the whole question. Tyndall was the first of all men to ascend the Weisshorn; not even the chamois-hunter had preceded Tyndall, Leslie Stephen, and Whymper in their unprecedented feats of daring. The Workmans, husband and wife, have probably encamped higher than any living man or woman, — upwards of twenty-one thousand feet in the Himalayas, — and have shown a superiority to conditions almost beyond the belief of man. And yet the sentimentalist has not heard that they passed their days of training with either rifle or rod, or that they needed to buttress their wills with the sight of bloodshed. Like the melancholy Thompson, who seeks his solace in strange quarters, the sentimentalist ponders these thoughts, and they comfort him, for he finds an opening for his theory that a man may be a man and yet very tender-hearted. On even cursory examination of the facts he finds himself a member of a very respectable company — men who have really made contributions to the world's progress.

However, the sentimentalist would not lay too much stress on this aspect of his defense, for he thinks, perhaps wrongly, that there may be some other qualities needed in modern life besides those hardy virtues born of the chase

and even of the more merciful enjoyment of nature. His somewhat brief experience has led him to prize quite as highly the associations that lead to tenderness and consideration. These of course he knows can be cultivated and enriched in the hardy out-of-door life; he at once acknowledges his debt to the deep woods for what they have taught him of the nature and the need of animal life. And yet he knows many people, strong and tender, whose consideration for others has been their contribution to society, who have recoiled from the occupations of either the hunter or the fisherman, and yet have infused splendid virility into all about them. He feels that there is manhood in the abstinence from pain-giving processes; he discovers militant character in the endurance of suffering and misunderstanding and in the monotonous application to unstimulating drudgery. The sentimentalist has watched the process of man-making for some time now, and he has noticed some excellent product from this latter guild of craftsmen. He inclines to the belief that men are at present swept away by the strong current of confidence in the man of exploits as the only positive contributor to life and progress.

But the sentimentalist ventures to think that his sentiment is due to causes deeper than mere emotion, that it is a consequence of forces that have been at work throughout the ages. To borrow a line of argument from the psychologists, he inclines to the theory that his present frame of mind is due to the higher instinct of sympathy inhibiting the lower hunting instinct; or, to be more careful in the use of words, the lower forms of the hunting instinct, for it may have its high and socially necessary manifestation. The sentimentalist perceives resemblances between the modern methods of the chase and the primitive reactions on beast or man wanted either for food or revenge. Under a very different guise he recognizes "the ape and tiger." The passion to pursue; the unchecked desire to catch and to kill; the madness consequent upon the sight of blood; the more subtle and unaccountable delight in capture and torture, — these are not without their modern and human counterparts. The boy harassing the cat over fences and through alleys; the guide who grasps his shot-gun as soon as he espies the osprey; the rector watching the Spanish bullfight, at first nauseated and then fascinated; the angler playing with the tarpon throughout the day, — these seem to the sentimentalist to bear the marks of kinship with primitive traits. The art may differ, but the stimuli and the reactions are the same. And the sentimentalist cannot but think that they are survivals of a cruder period of life, much of which has been allowed to drop back into the past through the influence of sympathy.

Ability to feel the other fellow's suffering, to share his point of view, — sympathy, in a word, — has long since protected man, the domestic animals, and many of the birds; the altruistic imagination has become keen enough to shrink from the sight and the thought of any agony inflicted upon them; it is slowly closing in on the wild and interesting fauna of our own fields and woods; the sentimentalist has seen men eager for the safety of the tiger. May he not then prophesy that the day is coming when sympathy shall hold within its protecting influence the moose and the cold-blooded, insentient-jawed ouananiche? The sentimentalist likes to think that recoil from sport entailing even so slight a thing as discomfort is merely a consequence of that highly desirable social commodity, the sympathetic imagination. Such a consummation seems within the logic of progressive sympathy. The sentimentalist even becomes a little conceited; perhaps he is a bit of a prophet; he is close to the evolutionary current. Occasionally he sits on the evolutionary bank to sun himself and to watch the interesting objects floating by. And he sees things that

amuse and impress him. It is strange what things will float! There goes snuff just around the bend with the plug dancing along behind it, and is not that the cigarette struggling in the rapids, with cigar and pipe in the still water just above, unconscious of their baleful destiny? Yes, and there go and here come the ornaments: far down stream the nose-ring and the toe-bell once worn in Malay-land and Banbury; far up the stream the bracelet and ear-ring worn in Boston — all slipping down swiftly into the sea of disuse. Stranger still, here are passing quickly by the ungoverned animal instincts: there frets and fumes passion untouched with love, there tumbles helplessly along anger untinged with righteousness; and here comes the instinct of the chase, unsoftened by sympathy, speeding at a splendid rate; soon it will be abreast and by; but no, there it is sucked into an eddy, going round and round right at the feet of the sentimentalist. But its pause is only for a moment; anger was just pulled out of that eddy; give the stream a chance.

The sentimentalist perceives that he is waxing bold and dogmatic, that he is evincing those very characteristics that some say the man of rod and gun alone can cultivate and master. Consequently he would like to make this essay a little longer and say one or two more things in defense of his confession. He would like to suggest that the sentimentalist is not only an example of high moral evolution, but that he may be the highest type of sportsman and the only consistent Christian. From his point of view the sportsman is the man who not only loves the rivers, meadows, and woods, and all that is therein, but who is also a devotee of fair play. Now the sentimentalist may be dull, but he openly confesses that he can see nothing fair in the methods of the modern hunter or fisherman. The sentimentalist has been within twenty feet of a bull moose; he has also cast the line over the trout at Roach Pond inlet and under the shadow of Katahdin. He cannot understand how fair play enters into a contest between the brain of a moose and that of the hunter, when the latter, if he be at all skilled in woodcraft, knows where the beast may be found, how to approach unscented, how to get the animal at his mercy, and how to bring him down at long range. Let the hunter say what he will of the skill incident to the hunt, the fact remains that the contest is between an animal and a man, with the consequent modicum of chance for the former. Neither can the sentimentalist recognize the ear-marks of sportsmanship in the catching of trout. The rod is of five-ounce weight, to be sure, but it has a reel and a woven silk line; the hook is not a vulgar, heavy, uncovered gaff, to be sure, but it is a triumph of skill in deceit, accommodating its lures to the season of year and the appetite of the fish, Added to this, the haunts of the trout are known and the times of day when he will rise. And add to this also the fact that the mind of man is pitted against the fish's instinct of self-preservation. Let the line be never so fragile and the rod never so light; in comparison with them, let the trout be large, let him have the whole lake to play in, and the chances still seem on the side of the angler. Against the trout stands the man who knows his ways and comes prepared for just such fish as he. The sentimentalist is conceited enough to believe that he is a better sportsman than the well-accoutred hunter or fisherman, for he must show a skill equal if not superior to that shown by these, and in addition he refrains from the unequal life-and-death contest.

It is bolder still to say that the sentimentalist is the only consistent Christian, that he is the one man who has reached that point where he dislikes all things that entail suffering or the curtailing of natural freedom, the man who cannot add to the total of necessary pain the agony incident to sport. He is neither a vegetarian nor an enthusiast against

natural-history collections. He likes his meat, provided it be well larded and hidden in bread sauce, and he will kill it if he find himself impelled to do so by hunger. He enjoys his Friday dinner provided it be broiled and garnished, and he will fish for it if he must. But he cannot enjoy the processes. He cannot find his incentive to pleasure in the obvious need of food. Although he dislikes the stuffed animals of the museums, he sees their necessity, and if worst comes to worst will collect and present his specimens. But no one must expect him to delight in the details of capture. Consciousness of utility cannot generate glee. The sentimentalist has reached that condition in which he likes to see all things enjoying their freedom and in which it is a pain for him to curtail it in any way. It may not cause the fish the slightest particle of physical suffering to strike and to become fixed on the hook, nor may it experience any physical agony in its long fight for freedom. This, however, is not the vital matter for the sentimentalist. He knows that he cannot enjoy the obvious discomfort of the fish. It is not a question of blood alone or of pain alone; it is rather a matter of the sentimentalist's character, — a character so constituted that he takes pleasure in the discomfort of an animal no more than in that of a man. And this, he cannot but feel, is merely the logic of Christian sentiment.

The sentimentalist sometimes wonders why Christianity as it obtains today does not emphasize more fully the mood of mercy toward the animal world; he thinks that possibly this logical extension of the mood of mercy must be the gift of the Christianized Orient where now it is covered with superstition. At any rate he is confident that the spirit of the traditions of St. Francis is right and the foreshadowing of the days to come — that there is a mysterious bond of union between man and the weaker beings, that the gospel of love may yet protect the dwellers in stream and wood from all but necessary sacrifice, the sacrifice in which all must share. And he is glad to think that he can take his yearly journey into the wilderness, that he can slip down the rivers, encamp on the shores of the lakes, penetrate into the woods, climb the mountains, to enjoy the freedom, to live close to the mystery of nature, to see the wild beasts and birds at home. He is glad to think that he may come out of the wilderness again able to say that the sum of suffering is no greater because of his pleasure. He delights to think that the young moose still feeds by Soper Stream and that the trout still play in Katahdin Brook. And he cannot but feel that this sentiment will make none the less a man of him, and possibly that it partakes a little of the nature of Him whose character was tender and strong.

I STILL GO A-HUNTING

BY LEWIS S. WELCH

More men — and women too — go a-hunting nowadays than for many generations. More men — and women too — look upon those who do go a-hunting as people who, if they have any humane vision, have a big blind spot in it. A few friends sat around the table a while ago eating wild goose and black duck, the gains of my gun. "When we have finished," said one, "suppose we read 'Lines to a Waterfowl.'" He was a good friend and it was a fair enough fling.

Nor did it cause me much surprise. I knew my friends to be those to whom the hunter, who was otherwise a decent sort of a man, was more or less inexplicable. Ever since the larger part of our human family have been able to leave the " meat trail " and get from others, through the intermediary of the professional, that which beforetimes they must needs get for themselves, there have been more and more of them to whom the word " sport " is connected with things coarse and hard, because so many use it when they mean hunting — and fishing, for that matter. The man who uses the gun may not avoid the unpleasant consciousness of their feeling by simply avoiding a certain kind of reading, of which there is much in modern pen-work, where there is preaching against gun-using, usually under the text of some fine lines of poesy; for not a few of the poets, who have written beautifully of the hunter in moments of red blood and tender sentiment, have at other moments drawn heaven's curses on those who are hunters by election. The reproach is nearer home, and those who from time to time slip away from the haunts of man, with a fowling-piece in hand and in the company of a beloved dog, must be prepared to meet as they return to their own society the puzzled look, and to feel the touch sarcastic One may not seek to make his friend's thoughts uncomfortable within him, but it is almost against nature that a man who does not use a gun should talk long with a man who does, concerning the outdoor or the wild, without some word or act that shows at least that he cannot at all understand. It is quite the way of most women of good heart to feel wonderment and even resentment about the matter, and to speak it with a woman's frankness; for the modern woman who goes a-hunting is not yet in large company.

One who thinks about this matter seriously, and who can even in a measure take the point of view of those who consider the way of the hunter with abhorrence, must admit, if he is honest, that at not a few times he is himself on trial by himself, as to this business. I have sometimes pounded my way through a beautiful piece of woodland on what John Ridd would call, " man's chief errand, destruction," and have there disturbed, with calling to my dog or the report of my gun, some gentle soul, wandering through that same lovely corner of nature's do main — wandering because he loves it for itself, and with all kinds of affection for everything alive in it; perhaps beginning to think that he had already thrown the spell of peace and understanding between himself, the overlord, and his various subjects, who from the inheritance of ten thousand generations had learned to fear him. At such a time I have chosen to believe there was better hunting up another branch of the stream, or perhaps have with suddenness decided to break again into the open and look once more for some certain, but really most uncertain, flock of quail. For a time after such deviation my thought may not be altogether on the chase. I can easily wander, both with my legs and in my thoughts, long enough to lose my dog, and then, hunting for him and finding him at point, perhaps regain my balance. But it is too clear that the thoughts of that rudely shaken, nature-loving wanderer are towards me anything but those of friendship. If he is a real nature-lover, and therefore a person of sweet charity, he cannot be indignant, but, much the worse, will be full of pity concerning any of his fellow humans who are so lost to fine and high feeling, as must be this rough-clad carrier of arms into Nature's kingdom; and if the hunter is one who thinks well of his fellow man and well likes his goodwill, to know of such sentiments towards him must disturb his soul.

And if this hunter, coming home at the end of that day and talking it over very frankly, should tell a friend just how he felt about it all, he would show no defiant spirit; neither would his tone be that of

apology; least of all would he seek to convert. To one who did not think well of his calling, what he had to say might be taken as confession; to one who understood more, it would be a plain tale, having only such interest as may attach to anything which shows human motive, and the particular window out of which any human heart looks upon the world, its own place and work and needs in it. If there is anything in this paper, that is all there is in it; for the writer will not make a brief of it, or quote, or argue. Some day all may be said by some Isaak Walton of the gun and the dog; for I believe that a good man who had the mind might ripen into such a character. To those who are hunters and yet have hearts and consciences — and there are such — there is, in the pursuit of game, nothing inconsistent with the high serenity of the Compleat Angler, in whose quiet sea of contemplation and observation float and swim and have their natural habitat, trout, minnows, heaven, George Herbert, the Apostles, casting-flies, pike, grayling, saints, and prayer-book, each seeming as much as any other to be in a native element.

Because many cannot see that there may be associations or suggestions of things that are good and valuable for contemplation in the life of the hunter, there has not been any real change in the faith of the brotherhood of right-minded hunters. But because there are without many who neither inveigh against them nor scorn them, but rather are in some doubt; and because even among hunters there is sometimes a questioning, very plain talking on points little understood and less agreed upon may not be out of order. We shall consider chiefly the hunting of game-birds, for that is the more common and serves all purposes of discussion.

It would not be possible for one to hunt at all if he could really believe that which many good people believe, that in an invasion of the quiet wood and field he ruthlessly forces into the life of bird and animal a new element of dread, shadowing their very existence and taking from it most if not all of the joy of living. Quite plainly true is it that the gun is a signal of danger; that the gun dog is an animal to be feared by those whom he loves to hunt; that the approach of man is the approach of a possible enemy. Man and dog and gun are signs to the bird that it is well to fly and to seek some other less disturbed resting-place. This is not a pleasant thing for the bird; it is often very inconvenient; but that it means hysteria of fear and cataclysm of feeling is beyond my understanding. Watching birds when the game is on, gives me no ground for believing that the disturbance of what they may possess in the way of feeling is anything more than momentary, or more than one experience out of thousands which come into their lives every season and against which by nature they are forearmed.

A covey of quail suffers a thinning of its ranks without any evidence of shock or lessened joy on the part of those who are left. They become simply more wary of certain signs, just as they are on guard when warned of the near approach of other members of the animal kingdom who are on their trail for meat, day and night, in all seasons of the year. It would be a good thing for those who find discomfort and unrest in this thought of the spreading of terror by the hunter in the animal kingdom, if they could compare the action of this same bird before a fierce fusillade of fowling-pieces and before the approach of their natural enemies. It has been the frequent experience of one unscientific hunter of my intimate acquaintance, to discharge both barrels of his gun at a single quail, with no injurious effect apparent upon either the body or the nerves of the fleeing bird. Bob-white may have slightly accelerated his flight and covered a greater distance than he would have, had the hunter but walked near him without either gun or dog. That is all. Things were different when both this hunter and a chicken-hawk happened to be pursuing the same

flock of quail. There had been some shooting near by and the dog was very busily working in the brush close to where the quail lay; but all was yet quiet, when, suddenly, one of the birds was seized with a realization that a chicken-hawk was near and intending him for his evening meal. He was not only off and away, though yet far from dog or man and farther still from hawk, but his rise was more like a rocket than the whirring rush. The speed seemed faster than an arrow and there was a continuous succession of piercing cries such as one hears at no other time from this bird. Fear and even horror had overtaken him, and his flight, then in October, was beyond all ordinary lengths, even in the late season, when birds are in full feather and wing and may be wild.

It occurs to one here to think not only of the difference between the action of the bird before a hunter and before a chicken-hawk, but of the fact that this quiet, unharming member of the animal kingdom lives more or less in the presence and in the fear of this dread persecutor, the hawk, all his days; and that it has not only been allowed that he should thus live, but that his actions show that even in such fears and dreads he does live in a way which is altogether normal and, for all one can see, entirely happy, save only when the chase of life and death is on. If one can believe writers of a certain school, all the Bob-whites in such a state, for example, as Connecticut must long ago have evidenced hopeless nervous prostration. If these men told truths there could not be any quail, except in some transformed existence, where they had foregone the happy whistle, where they had left the open road, where they no longer approached the cornfield or came in view of the habitat of man, where they flew only when they could not run, their lives spent like rats, in stone walls and on lonely ledges.

It should be one's wish in talking of these things to keep away as far as possible from unpleasant scenes and to take advantage of no gruesome analogy. But one must wonder, as he thinks about the things that are said to be true, where was made the observation on which they rested. To many eyes which are wont to see the things within their range of vision, there seems generally little difference between the action of a flock of quail, or even of geese and of ducks, when some of their number have gone into the game-bag, and the undisturbed, matter-of-fact action of our friends of the barnyard, after an operation, never too delicate, has started a pair of their brothers towards the broiler. It may be that many impressive experiences of another sort have met the eyes of those who have more widely viewed the animal creation, and with eyes more keen and sympathetic. It would add to the writer's interest in the contemplation of this subject to know of such. This is, be it remembered, only a report of that which has been seen.

It is said of hunters that they are and must be cruel men, because it is not to be denied that in the trail of the day's chase, of bird or animal, it is not unlikely that they leave the suffering wounded. Venator may not lightly wave into silence such demurrers to his calling. He knows, as they know, that not only do the rough and brutal and the unfeeling thus mark and mar their hunting, but that it is at times beyond the power of the man with the tenderest of consciences, the most painstaking care, and the most persistent spirit of search, to make absolutely sure that he has either bagged or missed his game. But yet it is so rare that one offends in this matter, who seriously determines that he will not, that the calling of the gun and the dog need not therefore be given the deaf ear. There is nothing perfect, and the right charge in his fowling-piece and the right retriever for a dog will so greatly aid the hunter of conscience as to well-nigh take away the reproach.

And as for the case between the hunter and the hunted, the man of equity will not forbear to consider the good that

comes to the one because the other cares for him. Did not the hunter love to hunt, the hunted would be without their best friend; for the estate of birds and animals who are counted in the family of game is so vastly better, if we take the year round, than it was before men used their guns in such number as now, and deliberately undertook to preserve the hunted, that the one condition is hardly to be compared with the other. Were the eye and arm of huntsmen removed from the protection of the hunted, so many more and worse enemies would prey upon the creatures of the wild, in all seasons and without the restraint and consideration of even very ordinary hunters, that their present estate would seem in comparison a very happy one.

But as for the hunter; what happens to him? Some one whom I do not now recall has of late asked this question, and has answered it in such manner that it must be with both boldness and blushes that one of the condemned should speak. But if of the company of the lost, it will at least be permitted to us to say that with some of those called hunters we have no fellowship, since in fact they are not hunters, but only killers; and if our sometime friends think of us as all together and one, it is a pleasant duty none the less to observe that they think not rightly. If we all love chiefly the score, strive mainly to make a record, are pleased to talk of "slaughter," when the birds have been lying or flying well; then let us be counted lost and treated as governable only by statutes and wardens and justice courts. But if there are those who are otherwise-minded and who are drawn to the open, with a gun, but with thoughts and aims uppermost other than making many "kills," the hunter will, if the writer understands him, meditate on the well-being of his own soul somewhat after this fashion: —

"Hunting is not of the state of spiritual perfection. Neither has been, or is now, the course of any of the rest of us who feed on meat and wear skins, either in robes and coats or in shoes and belts. The hunter does not seem to feel quite at home when his mind contemplates the delightsome gathering in the holy mountain of which Isaiah sings — neither wolf nor leopard nor young lion nor bear, nor the partridge on the mountain, did he chance to be of the company, would give him welcome to their love feast. Neither would any of the rest of us be thought *personæ gratæ* by lamb, kid, cow, or calf. They would all leave their lord and master, 'the little child,' if the little child's master came around, wore he either canvas coat or the cloth.

"But since it seems to some a necessity to eat meat and clothe themselves in whole or in part with that which was formerly the clothing of another animal, even though very excellent health-masters say they are in error, shall I, the hunter, the less condemn myself, because by choice I 'take the meat-trail' and hunt and destroy? Is it not for me to go ahead as far as I can, and hope that the line will move towards where I am and so advance the bloodless day of peace and goodwill?

"Yes, it were better, if I could do this and still do 'next things' of every day, as well as or better than now. So I say of my hunting; so I say of my meat-eating. But for some reason or other neither of these things seems to be true. Wise men, as to things of the body and things of the spirit, have, times without number, considered the habit carnivorous and said it was altogether unspiritual, and yet immensely gainful in the doing of the day's hard works; in the making of private and public means for better living; in the building and the saving of the state. Some day, if we do now the things we clearly can, as well as we know how, and think and feel and pray ourselves along as much farther as is possible, we may yet follow the very simple life, eating only things that live in vegetable ways.

"But until these days are upon us, I shall eat meat, if it be within my means, and so get the coarse fuel for my hard

work. And also until these and still in other ways different days are on us, I shall go a-hunting, and for reasons which are the same as for meat-eating, and for other and for better reasons.

"For I must away. The 'medicine' of the red gods is making, even only a township or two away, in a very ancient commonwealth, thick-haunted of men, but often with the open near the door. And as I enter the fields of 'proved delight' there come, winging faster than birds in flight, memories and instincts and passions, under whose ministries and spurs I slip the leash of natural feeling, fling the wrinkled rolls of care and convention to free airs, and open smoky corners of hesitation and doubt to bright, clear lights. Some day, perhaps, I shall wander through these fields and woods of delight with only wild flowers for the reward of the chase, and without a beloved dog to divide companionship of beloved tree and my brothers, the field and the sky. But now it is the trail that draws me, and I go more willingly and gladly on it than on any other quest. Some day the bruising, hard fellow within me, who harks back to days of spear and bow, may put off his hardness and unsling his gun and ask for no dog. But until he does I must go with him, when I may. I shall try to be decent about it. If I cannot find the charge that may reasonably be counted on either to miss or finish, I shall leave the pursuit of that kind of game. If I think first or much of filling the pockets or the meat-room, — when necessity is not present, — then I shall know it is all leading me far afield. If I grow harder, more willing to see the dumb creation suffer, or more inured to the keener suffering of higher lives, I hope I shall have it in my heart to give it up altogether.

"But since and so long as it acts upon me in ways quite the opposite, and since the big, hard game of the every day and the world seems the easier because of this holiday game of the hunt; and so long as I can keep a few friends who understand and a few others who forget the things they don't understand, I have made up my mind to keep at it. I have gone over the question now and again these last twenty-five years and my talk about it with myself is over. I shall still go a-hunting."

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

IV

BY J. O. FAGAN

In the days of the Roman Republic, when a consul was invested with supreme power, he received a caution or command somewhat as follows: "See to it that the Republic receives no injury."

This injunction is quite as significant and important to-day, both to individuals and to public officials, as it was a thousand years ago. Then, as now, the interests of the community were the first and paramount consideration. But in discussing questions relating to these interests, such as, for instance, those which have arisen between labor and management on our railroads, public opinion, as represented by the press and the laws, should insist upon a fair field, no favor, and absolutely open play on all sides.

We need only glance at the safety problem on American railroads to appreciate it thoroughly. During 1907, on a single well-known railroad, thirty

passengers were killed and 1596 injured, 572 trespassers killed, and 526 injured; 72 people were killed at grade crossings and 518 injured; twelve contractor's men were killed and ten injured; the total killed numbered 686, and the injured 2651. These figures are not inclusive of employees. The biggest single item of the year's disaster for personal injuries fell under the head of collisions, 76 of them resulting in 456 claims, to the account of which the charge was $145,748. The total was 876 claims for personal injuries, costing $746,075, still leaving 2345 unsettled cases at the expiration of the year.

Some time ago, in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé system, was quoted as follows: "One of the most serious conditions which this country is facing to-day is the indifference and disregard which the employee has for the interests of the employer."

"The Santa Fé," continued Mr. Ripley, "hopes to establish a better *esprit de corps* among its employees and expects that a liberal pension system will have that tendency. We have on this system as much loyalty as most railroads enjoy, if not more, but it is not what it should be. The lack of loyalty among employees is a condition from which all corporations are now suffering, and it presents a most serious problem."

It matters little to what railroad one turns for information on this subject, Mr. Ripley's remarks, in a greater or less degree, apply to them all. Quite recently, in discussing this topic, the manager of another railroad uttered the same opinion from a somewhat different standpoint. He remarked, in substance, "During the past week, at three different sessions, a committee of employees came to this office for the purpose of arbitrating, or coming to some understanding about, a matter of discipline. These men fought tooth and nail for what they considered their rights in this case, and finally, at the third hearing, an agreement was arrived at, which, if you choose, you may call a compromise. So far so good. But now to-day, these same men, or rather two of them, representing different organizations, have been up here again. Some kind of a dispute has arisen between these organizations, and they called upon me, with assurances of belief in my ability and impartiality, to act as final arbitrator between them. This means, of course, that I must devote two or three hours of my time to their private interests. Be this as it may, I consented to act as arbitrator, but at the same time I could n't help wondering how these men could find it in their hearts to accept my verdict in their private affairs, about which I know comparatively little, while they persistently question my judgment, and practically my honesty of purpose, in matters of discipline and management. In a word," he concluded, "why don't the employees trust the management to administer the affairs of the railroad conscientiously and fairly, and to give to each employee a square deal?"

During the palmy days of what may be called autocratic management, when a railroad man started out in the morning, the paymaster, or the office-boy, for that matter, could have told you the exact amount the man would have been entitled to on his return. The employee was willing, and in fact had agreed, to travel or to work from a point A to a point B for a certain fixed sum. So far as his pay was concerned, it made no difference whether he covered the distance in eight hours or eighteen. If a yardmaster delayed him for two or three hours before starting, and if he lost half a day on the road by reason of wrecks, disablement of locomotive, or a washout, so much the worse for him. His duty was to go from A to B and to do what he was told to on the way, without question, even if it took him from sunrise to sunrise to cover the distance. There was no help or rescue in sight, no appeal from the discipline in those days, and if the work was not to his liking, the world was wide, and a dozen

men were ready to step into his place.

Nevertheless, the onesidedness and injustice of the whole proceeding were manifest to everybody, and from year to year it remained to be talked about, objected to, and brooded over. But with ever-increasing business and complication of conditions, a much better-educated class of men found their way into the railroad service. In moving a train from place to place, greater intelligence was required. A conductor to-day can frequently run from one end of the road to the other in a purely mechanical fashion; but in the early days of railroading, with a single track, a confusion of flags and train orders, and a multitude of unforeseen difficulties awaiting him at every station, it took little less than genius to make a successful railroad man.

The really heartbreaking story of the hardship and heroism of the trainmen of those days has never been written, but a touch of the stern reality and pathos of it all can be imagined from the single consideration, that of seventeen freight conductors who in the year 1883 ran trains through the Hoosac Tunnel, only five in the year 1888, that is, five years later, were still to be found on the pay-rolls. In nearly every instance, death in violent form had removed the others. Of course, as we all know, the most popular type of heroism is to be looked for on the battlefield, but there are hundreds of railroad veterans on the streets to-day, undecorated and unremembered, whose services to the country are all worthy of popular sympathy and national gratitude.

As a result of these extraordinary conditions and the continual killing of employees, a new and more intelligent class of men was called upon, in course of time, to undertake the dangerous duties of railroad service. With increased intelligence and broader mental equipment, the thinking process in the brain of the railroad man expanded, and very naturally his awakened attention was not exclusively centred on the business of his employers. It soon became known to officials, and to the world, that we had grievances. Before long, rumblings of discontent were heard on all sides. Between ourselves we began to discuss matters of right and wrong. The men got together in groups, in small gatherings. Here and there, all over the country, little Runnymedes were attended by conscientious, determined railroad men. With an ever-increasing demand for our services, came consciousness of importance and power. Attention was called to the injustice, the inconsistency of the situation. We petitioned and agitated for trifles. Inch by inch ground was gained. Frequently we were beaten back, sometimes routed, at other times the battle was drawn; but after every encounter, regardless of result, the ghost of the future remained on the field to disturb the slumbers of the management. So, through the years, the struggle proceeded, concession followed concession, until all kinds of injustice and favoritism, and in fact the whole system of purely autocratic management, had gone by the board, and fair play for the railroad trainman was an accomplished fact. For the future, to ask was to receive. Face to face with organizations of determined men, with the crops and manufactures of half a continent waiting to be moved to the seaboard, what was a management or a combination of managements going to do about it?

Thus, by evolution and revolution, a mighty change has come over the scene. To-day when a railroad man makes a trip from point A to point B, it is altogether different from the performance to which I called attention at the beginning of this article. At the end of his trip, the man now takes out his pencil and does some figuring. Neither the superintendent nor the paymaster has the slightest idea what the engine-man's, the conductor's, or the brakeman's bill for a day's work is going to be. If a man is delayed on the road by the negligence of a fellow employee, the company will have to pay for the extra time. If he makes a straight trip, with one or two stops, he has a certain

rate; if in the performance of his duties he is called upon to make an extra stop or to pick up a car of perishable goods, he will call for a special rate and much more money. His day's trip frequently bristles with possibilities in the way of special rates and overtime. In the matter of overtime, he may have the opportunity to be just or unjust, as it pleases him; anyway the company is at his mercy. Again, if at the end of a hundred-mile run, or thereabouts, for which an engineman would receive from four to five dollars, he is requested to take his engine out on the road again and move a car a distance of twenty feet, he will turn in his bill to the company for a greater amount than a gate-tender or a switchman would receive for his whole day's work, from six in the morning until six at night, without a minute for meals.

Again, if a man gets into trouble, he is called into the office for an investigation. If it turns out that the accident was unquestionably the fault of the employee, he, of course, is liable to be disciplined for it in some way, but if as a result of the accident, the whole road is tied up for twelve hours, and he remains on duty half a day longer than his usual time, he will receive payment for this overtime in full, regardless of the fact that he himself was wholly responsible for the delay.

Far from criticising this state of affairs, I consider the demonstration I have given of the exact status of the railroad man at the present day, a magnificent tribute to righteous and necessary organization. Up to this point the public has had no cause to complain, and discipline has not been interfered with. The treasury has borne the whole burden. While it is doubtless true that the liberal terms and concessions to which I refer have been brought about, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet, nevertheless many privileges and advantages are enjoyed by railroad men, which cannot be said to owe their origin to compulsion or pressure of any kind. The care shown by nearly all railroads for the welfare of the employee, and the millions of dollars that have been expended for his social and intellectual betterment, must also be taken as direct evidence of square and honest treatment. To combat the evils of the saloon, and in the interest of good citizenship, both on and off the railroad, the corporations have gone extensively and expensively into the construction and maintenance of reading-rooms and hospitals, as well as relief, savings, and loan associations. There is, indeed, a fine sense of business judgment hidden away in these different methods of looking after the interests of the employees and there is hardly a road in the country that does not recognize the principle that to obtain competent, trained assistants, especially in the operating department, it is essential that the men be surrounded with all sorts of inducements to remain in the service, and to be loyal to the interests of their employers. This philanthropic and betterment work is to be found on all railroads, and conspicuously so on the Baltimore & Ohio. The following particulars of relief and betterment work on the above railroad may be taken as a lesson of what corporations with souls are doing in the interests of employees.

Membership in the Relief Department of the Baltimore & Ohio is compulsory on the part of all employed in the direct operation of the road. The employees themselves have part in the direction of the affairs of the organization. The company makes all collections and payments, under its guarantee of responsibility for every penny coming into or going out through its hands. The company also pledges itself to pay four per cent interest on the monthly balances of current accounts; no charge is made for office-rent, and all the facilities of the road are at command, without cost. Operating expenditure is thus reduced to a minimum, and upon transactions during the past fiscal year, which represented a million dollars distributed in benefits, the ex pense averaged but a dollar and sixty-

eight cents per capita of membership. The aggregate of the benefits paid from the founding of the Relief to the close of the last fiscal year, was thirteen millions of dollars.

The Baltimore & Ohio plan for pension payments, in vogue for the past twenty-three years, is in conjunction with the Relief Department, but is not, as that is, maintained by the contributions of employees. The pension system is maintained entirely by the company, which contributes for the purpose about $90,000 annually. During the past year the fund paid in pensions was over $95,000, to about 400 pensioners. Since its inauguration in 1884, there has been paid out in pensions, $1,008,000.

Again, the foundation of two other features — Savings and Loan — in the Baltimore & Ohio dates back a full quarter of a century. The Savings is strictly a trust fund, around it being thrown the unequivocal protection of the United States government in the decision handed down by its courts. Of course this is understood by employee depositors; consequently there is absolute confidence. There are no runs, no anxiety as to savings, and no fear that what has been laid aside for a rainy day will be risked. Meantime, upon it the company is guaranteeing four per cent and earnings; the interest and dividend returns thus amount to never less than five and sometimes five and a half per cent. The total of the savings deposits to June 30 last reached eight and a half million dollars, and interest and dividends paid to employee depositors to that time came to a million and a half dollars.

The Baltimore & Ohio loan feature is still more remarkable. The object is to enable the employees to own their own homes. All are real-estate transactions, and it is a remarkable fact that the administration of this feature, throughout twenty-five years, has been entirely without appreciable loss on any single investment. Employee borrowers have entered into personal obligations representing the building of two thousand houses and the purchase of three thousand homesteads. The transactions of the loan section to June 30 represented six and three-quarter millions of dollars, when there was also a million and a quarter in the treasury, upon which the company's guarantee of four per cent held good.

Rest-houses are another form through which welfare work in the direct interest of the employee is carried on as part of the regular operation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The aim is to furnish a comfortable and convenient place, open at all hours, to the employee coming in from his run, whose first want is a bath, with plenty of hot water, and subsequently a restful bed. The work carried on by the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is of a similar nature. The old-time dark cabooses, dingy freight cars, and decrepit coaches, serving as night-holes into which to crawl for the sleeping hours till the time for the next run, are now nothing but an unpleasant memory. The Railroad Y. M. C. A., with its commodious lounging-rooms, bright and airy dining-rooms, clean lunch-counters, well-appointed kitchens, billiard rooms and bowling alleys, general assembly halls, libraries, attractive bedrooms and baths, is the practical exemplification to-day of the fitness of things. The disbursements of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for these purposes have in single years exceeded fifty thousand dollars, and every penny is profitably expended from the purely business standpoint. Bettering the man betters his work.

Furthermore, incident to the administration of the Relief Department, the company, through a corps of medical examiners and surgeons, closely supervises the health of its employees and the sanitary conditions of the places where their duties are performed. This corps is in charge of a chief surgeon and chief medical examiner, both prominent in their professions, and although the number of men in their charge exceeds forty

thousand, any complicated or persistent disability of an employee secures the personal supervision of the chief surgeon.

This is surely a remarkable demonstration of what one corporation is doing, and has done, for the benefit of its employees. It is very doubtful if any government or any other industrial institution in the world can show any such record, and one which extends over such a long term of years. Fair and humane treatment of employees cannot be carried any further.

Having in this way, for the present, made an end of the evidence as regards the men, let us now turn to the management. It will, I think, be admitted that the running and operation of trains on American railroads calls for some system of management and discipline that shall be absolutely untrammeled and free from outside influence or interference. In a word, the manager of the operating department of a railroad should be permitted to manage. Public opinion, of course, is always free to express itself as it thinks fit on this and on kindred subjects, but it will be found to be utterly unjust in its position if it allows itself in any way to connive at the undermining of authority, and at the same time holds this authority responsible for results. Yet it does not call for a national mind-reader to extract from the history of public sentiment the uncomfortable conclusion that the laws and the press of the country, to a great extent, still harbor their ancient grudge, and are not prepared to treat railroad managers impartially. So accustomed have managers become to adverse criticism that they are now almost tongue-tied on the subject of their duties, and simple sufferance has become the badge of the fraternity. The manager may now be likened to a horse, willing and able to trot his distance with credit to himself and his owners; but behind him, on the box-seat, sits public opinion, the labor organization at his side. The horse is willing enough, and eager to work and to do his duty, but every effort to exert himself or to get into his stride is rewarded with a violent jerk of the rein. The effect of this treatment on any kind of an animal can be imagined. That the traveling public should be at the mercy of a three-cornered management of this nature, is rather remarkable. If managers nowadays were inclined to be autocratic or overbearing in matters relating to the public safety, there might be some excuse for the situation. On the contrary, to most people it will appear that they have already parted with the best part of their birthright. The following is the agreement on the subject, in force on nearly all railroads: —

"Employees shall not be disciplined or dismissed without cause. In case discipline is thought to be unjust, the employee may refer his case, in writing, to the superintendent, after which he shall be given a hearing within seven days. The aggrieved party may be present at all investigations and may be represented by a fellow employee of the same class. In the event of this investigation proving unsatisfactory, the case may be appealed to higher officials in regular order. If the accused is found blameless, his record will remain as previous thereto, and he shall receive pay for all time lost."

Such an agreement will, I think, appear to most people to be remarkably fair and generous. Unfortunately for the interest of the public, it approaches the danger point. It is very doubtful if many, or any, private industrial establishments could be persuaded to sign any such agreement with their employees. Manifestly it makes a cipher of the superintendent. But taking our agreement just as it is, the manager should at least be allowed to manage, and appeal should be limited to the officials of the road. *The line must be drawn just where responsibility is wanted and needed.* That the management of a railroad should invite interference or assistance from grievance committees or national organizations of labor men, in matters of discipline, is absurd. The situation has been forced

upon them. It has been forced upon them during "rush hours," when business was at high tide and pressure, and when the public was clamoring for its fast trains and for the prompt delivery of freight. Such are the stormy times on railroads, when discipline is lax and when concessions are granted at the expense of the public safety. Blame the management if you will, — the results and consequences are before us for consideration and remedy. Most of us understand something about rebates on a shipment of oil or cotton goods, and about the penalties that are enforced against offenders, but we do not seem to realize the fact that to-day on our railroads there are, in actual operation, rebates on the efficiency of the service, which are being paid for by the people, not in dollars and cents, but in blood and suffering.

But putting on one side public opinion and its influence on the efficiency of railroad service, what is the nature of the treatment that the employee himself, with his eyes wide open and his wits about him, is willing to give to the management and to the public, when he has the power and the opportunity to work in a little legislation for himself? For illustration, let us take what is commonly called the "Bumping Process." Of course no management in its right mind would ever originate or put into service any such suicidal arrangement. From beginning to end it is a ludicrous, at times a pathetic, commentary on the seniority rule. It works somewhat in this way:

On account of slack business, a crew consisting of a conductor and two or three men is relieved from duty. The conductor immediately looks over his list and picks out another job to his liking, the holder of which happens to be his junior in the service. The man who is thus turned out does the same to some one else, and meanwhile the discharged brakemen have been "bumping" other brakemen. So it goes on from one end of the division to the other, until some twenty or thirty men have been "bumped" out of their accustomed and hard-earned places. Finally, three or four of the youngest employees are bumped into space, at the end of the string, and the "bumping" ceases for lack of material. The management has had absolutely nothing to do with the affair; it can protect neither its own interests nor those of the public. The whole business must be looked upon as the natural sequel of the seniority principle. It is a concession granted during "rush hours," when bumping was not anticipated. To understand this thoroughly, let us take a concrete illustration.

On a certain railroad there is a section, say from X to Y, over which a local freight train has plied daily for a number of years. Along this route there are, perhaps, as many as fifty large foundries and industrial plants, to attend to the requirements of which this local freight was put on the road. The conductor of this train has attended to this business with satisfaction to his employers, and to the patrons of the road, for three or four years. He thoroughly understands the ins and outs of his route, all about the different switches, sidetracks, dangerous places, and difficulties that are to be encountered. He is personally acquainted with the foremen of the different establishments. He knows just what they want and when they want it; he understands when and where they want cars loaded and emptied. He has the phraseology of the different sidetracks on the tip of his tongue. When he arrives at any little town, his switch list reads something like this: —

"Six for Dublin St." "Two for Jerrys." "Three for The Middle." "Seven for The Hole."

In short, our conductor is the right man in the right place. This is so not only from a business point of view, but from the social aspect as well, for he has made a home for himself, and all his social interests are centred in a little town on this route. But suddenly, without any warning, or reason, he is simply "bumped"

out of the job, and a new man, his senior, from another section of the road, takes his place. This is an actual occurrence, and it is a sad commentary on the straits to which some managements are reduced. It shows the seniority principle run into the ground. It is individualism triumphant. Even to the whole body of employees it is a distasteful proceeding. The senior man simply "grabs the job," and consequently twenty other men are displaced in rotation, the management remaining silent.

And yet there are men, even in high places, who are prepared to defend this bumping principle. In studying these railroad matters, and while calling upon managers of different railroads, I was always anxious to get the general opinions of the officials. One can usually tell from the "atmosphere" in these offices, what can be expected in the way of treatment of employees and so forth, out on the road. It was in order to get some of these impressions — some of this silent information — that I called upon the United States Commissioner of Labor in Washington. I asked him for his opinion of the bumping principle. The commissioner was outspoken in his defense of the bumping business; in fact, he wished to know what possible objection there could be to it. In so many words, and with considerable emphasis, he inquired if it was not a much more desirable state of affairs that the men should be allowed to pick out their jobs in this way, than that superintendents should be at liberty to give the preference to their cousins, their brothers-in-law, and other incompetents? In fact, managers are not to be trusted. If I wished for evidence, I could turn to the insurance scandals, — the cream of the appointments handed over to relatives and good-for-nothings. The commissioner was also of the opinion that in only too many instances railroad managers are in the habit of making rules which they know only too well it is impossible for employees to obey.

In the matter of the operating department, there is an abundance of evidence of an interesting description. What may in many ways be called abuse of the management is a national habit of long standing. In years gone by, this adverse criticism was frequently only too well merited. But the time has now come, in the interest of the public safety, for some serious second thought on the subject. That the habit still persists in the most unexpected quarters, is a matter of easiest demonstration. At the present day the Interstate Commerce Commission is the laboratory in which all these railroad questions are ground up, analyzed, classified, and finally sent out in legal packages for public consumption. With the idea of getting the "atmosphere" of this department, I quite recently called upon the secretary. He conducted me over the premises, introduced me to everybody, and was most kind and courteous in his attentions. He drew my attention to a dozen or more framed and illuminated testimonials, with which the walls of his office were pretty well covered. The tenor of these documents was all the same. Railroad men, telegraphers, organizations and brotherhoods of laboring men, from different sections of the country, unanimously testified to their gratitude to the secretary for his efforts and success in fighting their battles and winning their victories. In a word, he was their friend.

Remembering where I was, I thereupon looked about me for testimonials from railroad officials or corporations. I expected to see evidence of the secretary's interest and work in behalf of the manager's side of the problem, in relation, for instance, to the bringing of men and managements together in the interest of the public, for whose use and benefit, as I look at it, railroads are operated. But in this I was disappointed. My attention was then called to a number of pens, perhaps half a dozen, with which sundry bills, in the interests of labor,

had been signed by different presidents. But one side of the question was emphasized.

Finally, I was introduced into a room in which were seated seven or eight of the railroad inspectors employed by the commission. I had no sooner given expression to my views, than I became aware that I was getting into hot water. With one or two exceptions, these men were of the opinion that I had taken hold of the wrong end of the problem. It was pointed out to me that superintendents and managers nowadays are promoted from the wrong material. The inspectors thought that the officials were nearly always picked out of the clerical force, instead of from practical, out-on-the-road men, such as engineers and conductors. Consequently, in their opinion, the managing departments all over the country are sadly inefficient. As a result, a general decapitation of incompetent superintendents is now in order, and is the one thing needful to secure the greatest possible degree of efficiency in the railroad service.

For something like ten years altogether I have devoted my spare time to the study of this safety problem on our railroads. During this period I have never received a word of advice, or encouragement, or assistance to the extent of a copper, from any manager or from anybody connected with the management of railroads. My incentive and encouragement have proceeded in an entirely different way. Some people are content to stand on their little pedestals and watch the world go round. The energies and thoughts of quite a number are absorbed in the climbing of pay-rolls. Others, again, have sensibilities that must be attended to. These touches of nature should be cultivated. As the world runs to-day, " business from the start means, only too often, business to the finish." I do not think that the American people, the great business community, at any rate, realizes either the nature or the extent of these distressing accidents with sufficient acuteness. In the rush of affairs, sensibility runs the risk of getting smothered. There is a tendency to call upon money and machinery to accomplish everything.

Finally, let me add that, apart from my opinions on this railroad situation, or perhaps in spite of them, I am the heartiest kind of an optimist. At the present day, such splendid possibilities are latent in every sphere of thought and action, that one almost trembles at the contemplation of them. Even now, as it seems to me, every man in his little world may be something of a Prospero, for every righteous thought is a winged Ariel on highest mission.

THE VAGABONDS

BY "FREDERIC LORN"

Ye build you houses of your creeds
Or live in those ye never built;

We go the winds' way; no one heeds,
We filch our freedom, risk the guilt.

Ye spin you webs of thin belief
To lure the unthinking from without;

No easy Yes we hold in fief,
We are the vagabonds of doubt.

Ye fear all force, or show of might,
Ye think Restraint is all life's art;

We learn all weathers, day and night;
Behold! ours is the better part!

Your roofs will fall, your webs be torn
For gazing with unseeing eyes;

Our vigil is for thought unborn,
We sentinel the great Surmise.

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

DURING more than a century our government has been engaged in the alienation of an enormous domain. On a scale unequaled in history, and which probably never will be equaled, we have distributed land in generous homesteads to the land-hungry of the world, transforming a tenant peasantry into a responsible electorate. In the pursuit of this business we have enlarged a simple policy of dispersal until the public domain has become a public grab-bag; and pleading for the more rapid and profitable "development" of what we chose to call the unlimited resources of America, we have developed, instead, a national recklessness, spendthriftness, and wasteful extravagance, in which we have thrown away everything but the very richest part of our takings. The public land and the public water, in the form of fuel, power, timber, navigable streams, irrigable plains, and valuable minerals, have been so administered as to beget both a confidence in the eternal bounty of nature and a habit of treating public property as a source of private fortune.

To-day, a number of things coming simultaneously to our attention call a halt. Our timber resources, sufficient, if not radically conserved, for barely a score of years; our rivers suffering from deforestation; our decreasing water-powers falling into the hands of an increasing monopoly; our mineral fuels becoming more costly to mine, and amazingly less abundant; our farm lands losing millions of tons of their most fertile portions by soil wash, — all these things, and many more, bring us face to face with the certainty that this policy of spendthrift alienation and waste must be abandoned, and that its direct converse, the utmost conservation of our remaining natural resources, public and private, must be adopted. More: it must be adhered to rigidly, not only to preserve a livable land for our children's children, but even to assure a modicum of prosperity for our own old age.

It is to bring this fact most startlingly to the general notice that President Roosevelt has called upon the governors of all the states and territories to meet him in conference at the White House during the present month (May), to consult and confer, not only with him but with one another, and to set on foot a movement for the adoption of uniform legislation over the whole country at an early date. This is to be not only an unusual but a precedent-making conference, since it is the first time the Chief Executive has called into consultation the coördinate officials of the states; but its importance from this point of view, great though it is, appears but slight beside the significance of the new policy which it brings to public notice.

It is essential that we should get very clearly in mind at the outset precisely what this new policy is intended to effect. Its inception has been so promptly followed by the withdrawal from entry of the fuel lands remaining in the public domain, and the establishment of large forest reserves, and the opposition of the executive authority to any further development of water-power by private interests on navigable streams or on public lands, that many persons have supposed that conservation was the opposite of alienation, and have imagined that President Roosevelt's plan was to hold all

remaining public property in common and develop it on a more or less socialistic basis. Nothing could be further from the truth. The resources which are to be conserved are natural, not national. He plans to direct the organization of public sentiment, and the formulation of laws by which all such resources, whether in land or in water, whether national, state, or privately owned, shall be administered in a way to preserve intact or to increase the principal of them, and to give to each succeeding generation a larger wealth from the interest.

In the consideration of this proposition two questions immediately arise: first, what are these resources and how are they to be conserved? second, how can the states and the federal government coöperate to attain this result? Leaving the first of these for the moment and considering the second, the immediate motive of the present conference, we find an attempt to solve by a master stroke a problem for which no solution is provided in our form of government: that of bringing about parallel legislation in several states at the same time. Our government is organized from the point of view of the individual states, and it is so made up that both the people of these states as individuals, and the states themselves as governing entities, may have effective influence in shaping national legislation at Washington. There is nothing whatever of a reciprocal nature whereby the whole nation may either force, impel, or request a single state to legislate in a manner common to all. Any movement toward such interference within a state would be considered such an infringement of the rights of the states as might possibly plunge us again into the abyss of civil war. The tendency of the present administration toward centralization is well known; yet even the President would hesitate to attempt to bring about his purpose by any other means than those which he has adopted. Yet these means, "spectacular" as one governor has called them, appear before trial to offer a happy means of bringing about co-legislation without infringing upon the dignity of any member of the Union. Calling the Democratic South and the Republican North into a common conference has become necessary, too, just because of their political difference; for any measure which might be brought to the notice of their respective congressmen would obtain favor or disregard according as the congressmen were with or against the party of the President.

The immediate purpose is to bring about three sorts of legislation: that which controls national resources, that which controls state resources, and that which directs the development of resources privately controlled. In this the coöperation of the states is not only desirable, it is absolutely essential. The federal authorities may enact laws for the maintenance and development of the public domain, both in land and in water; they may enter into partnerships, and do so enter, for the improvement of navigation and power in navigable streams and for carrying on irrigation; they may acquire land and establish reservoirs where such reservoirs can be shown to be necessary for the purpose of maintaining navigation; they may shape the methods of taking fuel from the public land by inserting their requirements in the lease or deed under which the land is partially alienated. In addition, they may carry on a campaign of education aimed to persuade individuals to adopt rational methods. But a state can go much farther. It may buy land and plant forests without regard to the purpose for which the forest is established. It may drain local swamps. It may create reservoirs on small and insignificant streams, for the purpose of providing a town water-supply, of improving water-power, or for any reason whatever. It may enter into partnership with its citizens and coöperate with them in forest development, in guarding against fires, in the erection of dams, in

the management of mines, in any way it may choose. It may exercise its police power to provide that those who own private forests must police them, must cut fire-breaks, must burn their slashings, and may not cut to exceed the increment in any year. It may encourage tree-planting by direct legislation and by passing taxes on wooded lands. It may by law put land in escrow during the carrying out of large improvements; and it may even direct the economy of fuel at the furnace.

In the White House conference, therefore, President Roosevelt, who will himself preside, will present to the governors a number of expert investigators and engineers who will tell them of the need and of the proper method of obtaining the necessary reforms. Deliberation upon these things, and the bringing together of the governors upon a definite purpose, will bring about mutual understanding and intelligence. Committees will be appointed to consider the requisite legislation and the possibilities of action in the several states, and the governors, or those of them who are so disposed, will present these measures for the consideration of their legislatures. How successful this will be it would be idle to prophesy; but it is certain that in the present temper of the country the several executives, stirred by the emphasis with which the President is accustomed to debate this subject, will obtain a modicum of what is desired.

Though it might at first alarm those who fear centralization, and appear to be a curious reversal of government plans, it would be in many ways a source of benefit if this conference should prove to be the forerunner of annual gatherings of our executives, or perhaps of annual or biennial interstate meetings of legislators, in which common local legislation on such other subjects as incorporation, railway regulation, and the conduct of those affairs which affect other than individual states, might be discussed.

Returning to the first question, the manner of conservation, we find that all these resources are so closely allied that any scheme for their final development must consider all of them, and in many relations. Thus the forest cover must be used to aid in reservoiring streams for navigation, for irrigation, and for water-power; the improvement of the range and the regulation of grazing must go hand in hand with tree-planting and farm improvement to prevent soil wash; the development of water-power by the forests and by the creation of storage basins must be connected with any movement to conserve our fuel supply.

The forests now standing in the United States and Alaska aggregate probably 500,000,000 acres, of which something more than one-fifth — probably about one-fourth — is in national reserves, and a few million acres more in state reserves. Much of this, and especially of the national reserve, is extremely thin forest, being more used for or suited to grazing than tree-growing; and there are large barren areas in it. A large part of the unreserved forest is in Alaska. At the present rate of cutting and of growth, these forests are not sufficient for a score of years. That is to say, there will be forests standing longer than that, but the shortage in many kinds of timber will before then become more acute than is now the case with white pine; and only the importation of large supplies duty-free from Canada, Siberia, and Mexico can tide us over until our new methods have been given years for their effect.

When the cutting up of the public domain began, a century ago, the lands so cut, as well as large parts of the original states, contained the most abundant forests then standing in the temperate zone. To illustrate what their destruction has been, and how needless, it is only necessary to consider the pine forests about the Great Lakes. There were in that region sixty years ago upward of 350,000,000,000 board feet of white pine

lumber, standing in almost continuous forests over northern Michigan, northern Wisconsin, and a good half of Minnesota. The cutting of this timber began in a small way, a few million feet a year. Gradually this increased until it reached two, three, and even four billion, and then swept upward with a rush, to aggregate nearly 8,000,000,000 in a year. Then as the forests gave out it dropped, until to-day it is less than 3,000,000,000 feet a year, at which rate the end is fast approaching.

Although many of the trees which made up that big forest were several hundred years old, and several feet in diameter, the white pine reaches its profitable growth there in eighty years, at which time it is from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter breast-high, and produces 18,000 feet of boards to the acre. Had the woodsmen who cut over the first pine forests done so in a sensible manner, had they burned their slashings so as to save the woods from fire, and had they left a few trees to the acre for seed, we would now have great tracts of new growth well along toward maturity. But they did no such thing. In fact, the history of our country contains no such tale of devastation as that which they wrought. Sherman's army, sweeping across Georgia, did nothing to equal it.

Cutting with mad haste through the heart of the big timber, they left the broken trees, the culls and the slashings where they lay, to become the source of cyclones of fire which, driven by the wind, swept mile after mile in advance of the timbermen, destroying in a week more forest than would have been cut in a year. More than the trees themselves, the soil, slow accumulation of ages, together with the possibility of reseeding, all were burned. So terrific were these fires that navigation was interfered with by the smoke two hundred miles away; and across the northern peninsula to-day reach barren stretches of sandy waste, scarred by blackened stumps or tangled with fallen and wasted trees. As if these accidental fires were not enough, the lumbermen rushed their men and their machinery to turn out and market only the very best lumber. So cheap did they consider their product that nothing else could be sold. Whatever seemed too poor to be carried to market was dumped, with the sawdust and shavings, the slabs and the bark, into gigantic furnaces, — waste-burners, — the smoke from a score of which poured up night and day beside the tiniest of the little harbors on the Lakes. The timber that was burned in those insatiate maws, the bark and slabs that went into them, would to-day more than duplicate the fortunes of the forest pirates, had they been saved for the still and the box-factory.

As the forests were cut and the forest cover burned, the sandy regions of the pine woods began to suffer from soil wash. The rivers were filled with bars, the land gullied, and the fertile top-soil, or as much as the fire had left, was washed away into the larger waters. The damage was immense, the loss irretrievable. The forests which should have enriched the state possessing them, and have supplied the nation for all time to come, were slaughtered unmercifully by men whose only object was to get their money out at the earliest possible moment, without regard to what might follow. And as with white pine, so with other woods. The yellow pine of the south and the hardwoods are now following, and the famine in hickory is upon us.

Yet this state of affairs is easily remedied. Germany, a century ago, faced just such a situation as now confronts us. Then there began the work which we must now undertake. New forests were planted, wherever the land was unsuited for other purposes. This planting was done year after year, so that each year a new tract would come to maturity. Forest wardens watched for fires, and laws forbade careless hunters setting

fires in the woods. Timbermen were forced to gather and burn what twigs from the slashings could not be used in the still or burned for charcoal, and broad lanes were left through the forests as stops for fires. In this way there arose those magnificent German forests which now return the empire an average net annual profit of two dollars and a half for each acre, on land which is otherwise unusable; and, besides, give their services free for the storage of water and for the retention of the soil.

In our own land something of this sort has already been done. New York has nearly two million acres of land in forest reserves which are being carefully tended. Pennsylvania has half as much. Minnesota is already securing considerable profit from the management of its white pine reserves and is seeding down large areas; and the other lake states are also moving; but all this is being done slowly, and lacks much of the energy and the coöperation which should accompany it.

We cut at present about 17,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood for all purposes — ties, cooperage, lumber, firewood, pulp, shingles, mine-timber, all included. An acre of average forest land in a wild state increases about ten cubic feet of wood a year; an acre properly conserved and managed according to the best methods of modern forestry increases from forty to seventy, and in Saxony even ninety cubic feet a year. If the average under conservation be forty cubic feet, the existing half-billion acres well tended would be just sufficient for our present needs. But much of this is unavailable, much of it is of poor wood. Before another generation has passed away we shall need double that area; and it must be located in every state of the union. It must be planted under laws which will release the taxes upon planted land, assessing a timber crop but once, on its valuation at maturity; under laws which will require that for every tree cut down a new one be planted; and under laws which will make forest fires impossible.

One of the first effects of thorough tree-planting will be the reduction of soil wash. This constant theft of our fertile layer is heaviest in the Missouri valley. Humphrey and Abbott, who are not always to be believed, estimated that the Mississippi — receiving most of it from the Missouri — carried out to sea every year enough earth to make a prism a mile square and more than three hundred feet high. Most of this comes from the Bad Lands, and from the Yellowstone River. The barren Bad Lands, washed by the rain, sweep into the larger rivers to make bars and to give rise to many problems for the engineer. Irrigation of the lands along the river by the use of storage-reservoirs, pumping-stations, and canals will do much to prevent this; but the forestation of the banks of streams will do even more.

One of the greatest of American resources is the western range. Decades ago the succulent grasses supported millions of buffalo, and later millions of cattle; but as the farmers pushed westward the herds retreated to the short-grass country, where they roamed at large upon the public domain, their owners paying no charge for their feed. This happy, free-for-all state of affairs could have but one ending. The rush to get something for nothing crowded the ranges till the grass was eaten and trampled out. Cattle were followed by sheep which ate the very roots of the grass; and at last thousands of acres were deprived of the last sign of herbage and turned over into sage-brush desert. Here again was a loss which all the country felt, not alone because of the loss of cheap cattle-food, but most of all because the soil was now as free to wash away as in the deforested lands; the barren surface did not retain the rains; the rivers rose higher in flood and fell lower in dry seasons; and there began to manifest themselves the signs of desert country.

For its proper conservation great areas of the range must be re-seeded and kept from the cattle until the grasses have made a fresh start and have choked out the sage-brush. Then it must be grazed under lease, for at least a nominal rent, so that every tract may be controlled and supervised and the supervision paid for by the cattle-owners. This must be so arranged as to prevent overstocking, and the number of cattle to a given area must be prescribed. These methods are so simple that it would appear that a child would appreciate them; yet the simple statement of them is enough to arouse the old cattlemen to anger; and to obtain the passage of such laws in western states in coöperation with the government will prove difficult. This difficulty is, in a measure, lessened, however, by a recent court decision holding that the cattle-owner, and not the federal authorities, is responsible if cattle enter unfenced public domain.

Like the range, the lands suitable for irrigation add another to the problems. Their improvement is already well advanced under the direction of the Reclamation Service, and several million acres either already have been or are about to be furnished with water. Under the new laws these lands are divided into small tracts for individual farmers, and the full benefit to the nation of the responsible land-owning electorate is being obtained, at the same time that the soil is being retained in place and developed. The swamp lands offer a question more immediately for the states to solve. Most of these lands, which are spread over a very large area, and aggregate more than 75,000,000 acres, were originally given by the federal government to the states, to be sold to create a fund for their own drainage. This has never been done, except in the lower Mississippi valley, where levee systems have been erected and the lands thus drained have been found to be enormously fertile. Minnesota is now engaged on a heroic task of drainage, and has withdrawn from sale much of its undrained land because it can be sold at a much higher rate when drained, and gives a considerable profit to the state. Swamps often lie in more than one state, however, and the outfall stream often runs through a different state from that in which the swamp lies, so that coöperation or federal direction becomes necessary.

Our mineral fuel supply, the remaining "land" element in the natural resources of the country, is at present being exhausted at the rate of 400,000,000 tons a year; at which rate it will not be a generation before it will become an economical problem how to supply cheaply some parts of the country. Large and unexploited areas of bituminous coal still remain in the public domain in the western states, and these have been withdrawn from entry by the President until such time as the existing frauds could be stopped and the laws so modified as to enable him to force the conservative use of these fuels. There are also large areas of lignite, this softer coal cropping out in many places and in thick veins on nearly every tributary of the Missouri in North Dakota and on the Big Muddy itself. It is in these lignite fields that the government has taken the most active steps toward the proper conservation of fuel, in developing the mine-central power-station. As the transportation of coal is costly, and as it deteriorates badly in shipping, there is a great deal of the cheapest grade which it does not pay to ship from the mine, and which yet contains a considerable source of power. It has always been a matter of prophecy by electrical engineers that in the future power-stations would be erected at the shaft, and power, not fuel, shipped about the country. To test the value of this system and give a working basis for computation, the government has installed a mine-central station at the side of a lignite mine on the upper Missouri. There power is generated, which is distributed to moto-pumps, some of them forty or fifty miles away.

These pumps elevate the water of the river to high-level canals, eighty feet or more above the river surface, whence it successively irrigates the lower levels. The plan has been found economical, and there is no doubt that a great saving will be made eventually in this way. The mine-central of the Buford-Trenton project contains another new development, or rather a somewhat novel factor, in a gas-producer, consuming lignite coal. Experiments with producers and internal combustion engines show that the present average expenditure of two pounds of coal per horse-power hour can be decreased to a horse-power hour for each pound of coal consumed; which, if generally followed, would double the duration of our coal supply. In addition, the producer will make gas from the dust and slack in the waste heaps, so that there remains a vast source of power in these unshippable materials.

Such developments as these, together with methods of mining less wasteful than now practiced, will not only go far to conserve our fuel supply but will lighten the congesting burden of our railways. There is a third factor to be considered, however, in the water-power from our running streams. And this brings us to consider the other types of resource, those which lie in running water.

Though the administration has been extremely agitated by the threatening approach of a timber famine, there is probably no other element in this new conservation policy which has so stirred it as the fear of a monopolization of the water-powers of the country. Not a day goes by which does not bring to light the activity of some big corporation to secure rights in a public stream. Bills are now pending in Congress giving to such concerns rights in perpetuity, without any return whatsoever, in public streams, and depriving the government of the power to benefit from any of the improvement by forestation or river improvement. Sites for dams are being surveyed, and there is indication of a race to secure "vested" rights in order that capital may fatten on the results of the public work. Already large corporations have combined their holdings into larger corporations; and it is not hard to imagine a single concern, like the Steel Company, in complete possession of our natural powers and able to utilize and direct them as it will.

It is because of the extreme importance of this feature of our situation, and the general tendency to ignore it, that I have chosen to present here the stories of two typical streams, developed, one under the old give-away policy, the other under the new policy of conservation in the highest degree to which it has yet been carried. These are the upper Mississippi and the Wisconsin. The upper Mississippi heads in Minnesota in a level plateau, rock-rimmed, full of lakes and ponds and containing several million acres of swamps, generally heavily wooded. The stream for about five hundred miles after leaving Itasca flows alternately through still deep reaches and over abrupt rapids and falls, culminating at St. Anthony's and in the rapid water between that point and the mouth of the Minnesota River. Any comprehensive plan for the development of this stream should take into consideration the maintenance and well-being of the forests, first for timber supply and second for the retention of a forest cover to aid in storage of water; the drainage of the swamp area, so that better forests might grow on some of it and the rest be used for agriculture; the enlargement of the lakes and ponds, so as to provide storage of the snow and flood-waters during high months; and the release of the stored waters during the low season, so as to obtain the greatest benefit to navigation and at the same time to water-power. Any private concern undertaking this work — and it would be futile to deny that the government should in such activities approximate the economies of a corporation for profit — would first have obtained the coöperation of the owners

of water-powers, or would have bought them out altogether. Then it would have called upon states and individuals to coöperate in the control of the forests, or would have bought and managed for itself these timber tracts as far as possible. Then, as it developed its storage reservoirs, it would have placed them so that the greatest amount possible should be discharged at low water from the highest point upstream — so that all the falls should have the benefit of it. The progress of the work thereafter would have involved straightening and improving the stream and its approaches in order to bring about simplicity in the drainage problems — the whole aim being to prevent an excess of water where and when it was not wanted, and to direct an abundance where it was wanted.

The government began the care of this region at the close of the Civil War, at a time when practically every dam site was still held in federal or Indian fee, and when almost or quite all of these woods were under government ownership except the swamp tracts which had by law been transferred to the state. In the development of the river no interest whatever except navigation has been considered, and that navigation below the falls. Accordingly, the reservoirs have been placed at points where they would discharge above St. Anthony's without regard for their effect upon the several powers above; and during the progress of the reservoiring the mill sites and the forests have been steadily alienated without regard to sharing the cost of improvements. There exist now almost innumerable privileges granted without cost by Congress for dams across the upper Mississippi, many of these dams being in actual operation. The government has provided 2,000,000 acre-feet of storage, — 90,000,000,000 cubic feet, — from which the water is released at low water to maintain an increased flow of 1000 cubic second feet over the falls of St. Anthony, and an added depth of one foot at St. Paul at low water. All this has been done at government expense, and solely with attention to the reservoirs. Every dam site on the upper river owes its value to the government pondage above it, and commands value according to the proportion of pondage above and below, because it is peculiarly this pondage which gives value at the busy low-water season. Yet not one cent of the cost of the work has come on the mill-owners; these mill-owners have themselves steadily cut off the forests and reduced the value of the storage, cutting the lumber by government power; they are now continually complaining because all the water is not released above them; and the State of Minnesota, having the swamp lands to drain, is in a quandary as to how to go about the development of a river already in government hands in order to attain drainage channels to and through it. The falls of St. Anthony, always a valuable power, have been nearly doubled in value by government storage, and powers immediately above this fall, aggregating 100,000 horse-power, have been acquired by a thrifty individual who is preparing to bond the value of the federal pondage and sell electricity at Minneapolis. Not one cent has been repaid to the government for its addition to these private fortunes, — given away free originally by the government, — and neither state, nation, nor individual has yet obtained the highest good which can be obtained by proper forestation, reservoiring, and drainage of the headwaters country.

Exactly the opposite policy is now being developed upon the Wisconsin, a river which in its early days was easily navigable during most of the year, but which with the rapid destruction of the forests became so unreliable, so subject to extreme changes, that it was abandoned by the government engineers and pronounced unnavigable. Millions of dollars spent in connection with its development return not one cent of interest to the people. This river heads with the Menominee and some other streams in

a mountainous region on the northern, Michigan, border; and there, — for his purposes the strategic centre of the state systems, — the forester, Mr. Griffiths, has chosen to make his principal campaign. He has begun the establishment of a forest reserve which is expected to reach a total of 3,000,000 acres, and of which a tenth is already in possession of the state. Whatever lands suitable for agriculture the state owns, or whatever isolated forest tracts not suitable for reserve, he is selling at high market prices to buy up the remaining cheap, rocky, mountain lands of the proposed forest reserve.

It is inevitable that this reforesting will have a great effect upon the rivers which drain it. During all its upper course, as far down as Kilbourne, the Wisconsin plunges over fall after fall, creating water-power which is of especial value because there is no fuel in or near the state. These powers, which are drowned out now in freshets and almost idle at low water, are depended upon to drive the rapidly growing manufactories of the state, just as the forest-reserve timber must eventually be relied upon to supply the high-grade lumber for these manufactories. Some time ago the power owners — that is, following the old idea that whoever owns the land beside a waterfall owns the right to use the power of the running water — began to agitate and at last presented a bill which enabled them to enter upon the forest reserve, impound water, and do as they pleased with state property for the benefit of their private powers. This was opposed by the forester, supported by the enlightened sentiment which Mr. Roosevelt's new policy embodies. As a result there was eventually passed a coöperative bill which provides in large measure for all the interests involved. The forester is empowered to indicate what lakes and ponds can be used for storage, to designate the location of the controlling dam, and to establish, with his surveyors, stone monuments marking the level to which the impounded waters may be raised without injury to the forests. Authority is also given the state railway commissioners to appoint engineers who shall compute, from a careful survey, the drainage area from which every power site collects its water, the amount of flow now in every week of the year, and the horse-power developed or capable of development. The power owners are authorized to incorporate as the Wisconsin River Valley Improvement Association, and to issue bonds for the purpose of obtaining money with which to establish the dams designated by the forester, and to operate the storage system. These bonds are, if memory serves me, guaranteed by the state. At any rate the law carefully safeguards the control of the corporation, to prevent monopolization.

The dams being installed, the railway commissioners are required to examine each power each year, and to determine the total and the proportionate amount of betterment; from which the owner has a right of appeal. Upon their findings the commissioners then determine the amount to be paid by each power owner that year toward the interest and sinking fund of the bonds and toward the maintenance of the somewhat elaborate system necessary for operation.

As a result of all this activity, of course, the Wisconsin will again become a navigable river. Some years ago the government engineers examined the stream, selected reservoir sites, and made a report upon the feasibility of storing water and thus aiding navigation. But by the reversed process now in operation navigation obtains its full flow — needing only the channel work to complete it; the forest interests of the state are conserved; the greatest possible power is obtained; the private as well as the public interests are all safeguarded, and the whole cost is to be paid by a small proportion of the betterments received by individuals. This is conservation of resources in a high degree, and I have gone into it at length because it is almost the only in-

stance of this magnitude which one can quote.

It is just such a plan which is in the minds of those who are advocating the establishment of the Appalachian forest reserve — for which a bill may have passed before this appears in print. In the Appalachian forests there head some of our most important rivers: the Tennessee and the Cumberland, already navigable; the Big Sandy, the Tombigbee, the Catawba, the Neuse, Peedee, Santee, Coosa, and many, many more. The estimated horse-power of these streams is, all told, about 5,000,000, of which three-fifths is capable of easy development. With the reduction of the forests, however, this waterflow becomes even more capricious than on northern streams, and the value is made very small. Three million continuous horse-power represent the consumption by present methods of more than 26,000,000 tons of coal a year, or one-sixteenth of our total fuel consumption; and as the increase in water-power economy may be expected to keep pace with coal economy, this proportion may be considered a fairly stable one. That is, an amount of power equal to one-sixteenth of our total coal consumption — including steamships, railways, and dwellings, as well as factories — is in jeopardy through the cutting of the forests on the southern mountains.

The question has many other sides. Thus the Tennessee River, already navigable after a fashion, is interrupted by a long series of rapids and falls in northern Alabama and by swift water near Chattanooga. A power company owning the bank, and therefore claiming the running water, offered to allow the government to erect for it a dam across the river below Chattanooga and put in a lock, from which the power company would furnish power to operate the lock. Even the final settlement, by which the company builds the dam and furnishes the power for the privilege of obstructing a navigable stream, gives this company free of charge the full amount of betterment which may accrue from the improvement of conditions on the upper waters; and other companies are already endeavoring to get into similar favorable positions at Bee Tree and Muscle Shoals. On the Cumberland another concern has already been formed to secure the privilege of damming and using all the waters above the present government dams, and we as a nation have taken no steps toward using the power at the dams we own.

One of the most intricate problems involved, and one which must be cleared before we have gone far with the management of water-power, is that of the ownership of running water, — a matter to which both Congress and the Supreme Court have given considerable time with very inconclusive results. Under old conditions, when the erection of a dam was the whole apparatus of power-development, the man who owned the dam site was considered by that possession to own the power in the water during the time it was passing his land. When water-power was the only power, and larger development was necessary, this dam-owner was given the right to take for flowage the lands of his immediate neighbors, for a fair price. But now that we have passed far beyond that stage, to a time when the improvement of a river begins at the fountain from which it springs and in the forests which cover the slopes of the surrounding hills, we can no longer follow this old procedure.

The work which is done at headwaters actually creates a power, since it enlarges and steadies the flow; and that power is possible of utilization over and over again, for every foot of fall from the fountain to the sea. The Supreme Court has often held that the government has but a navigation right in streams, and that the states themselves own the water, and the land-owners the use for power. But old usage must give way to new needs, and a new body of law describing and establishing the owner-

ship and the extent of the several rights in a river is one of the urgent needs of the new movement.

In an earlier article in the *Atlantic* the present writer called attention to the need of a national Department of Public Works which should have charge, among other things, of the control of our rivers and harbors. It must in the long run be through such a department that all these methods of conservation are correlated. If it should come to be established, it would require sufficient power to enable its directors to coöperate readily and of their own volition with the authorities of the states within which they were working, and even with individuals and corporations. It must be able to follow out the suggestion made by President Roosevelt at Memphis, where he begged the assembled Southerners to see to it that this question of conservation was kept above party politics, and was carried on without regard to the change of administration or of party at Washington. It must be able to plan for years ahead and to enter into comprehensive plans for systematic work.

We are accustomed to think and to speak of America as a land of unlimited resources. Suddenly we are confronted with the appalling fact that these resources are, in fact, very limited, and that the limit is in sight. Yet this is but our own misunderstanding. The real resources of America lie in the intelligence and ability to coöperate which its people have always manifested, and with which they could make a habitable and delightful region of the Sahara itself. It is this resource, most of all, which we must conserve and which we must cultivate; and if the President shall by his present conference succeed in drawing us into a movement for that purpose above the plane of party politics, if he shall have led us into a business-like association which will enable us hereafter to live upon the interest from our fortune, and no longer to impair the principal, he will have established his largest claim upon the gratitude and the memory of our people.

THE COUNTY SEAT

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

"I AND Ollie and the children are going to —" Susannah Kuhns bent over the salad dressing which she was stirring on the stove as though it, for the moment, took all her attention. Meanwhile, she watched her guest, stout, placid Sarah Ann Mohr, from the corner of her eye. Then she brought out the rest of the sentence with a jerk, — "are going to move."

"T-to m-move!" exclaimed Sarah Ann. "When, Susannah? Where will you move? Why?"

Susannah straightened her back, so that it reached the perpendicular and passed it.

"We are going to move to Allentown. I am sick of Millerstown. Millerstown is too slow and too dumb and too Dutch."

"But you will get homesick."

"Homesick! For why should I get homesick? I have my man and my children by me. It is no one in Millerstown I care for."

"Ach, Susannah!" Sarah Ann's eyes filled with tears. She was accustomed to Susannah's tempers, but she had never seen her in such a mood as this.

Susannah poured the dressing over a bowl of crisp endive and set the empty pan in the sink with a slam.

"Oliver is sick of working at the fur-

nace. He will go back to his carpenter trade, and in Allentown he will get two dollars a day. And my children will talk English, and when they are through with the school, they can work in the factory."

"But your things will get broken when you move."

"Pooh, that is nothing. I will just get new ones."

"But who will lead the singing in the church?"

"I don't care."

"Won't you never come back?"

"Never to live."

"But *why* do you go?" Not even a plague could have driven Sarah Ann from Millerstown. "You have here your nice house, and it is where you have always lived, and —"

"I hate it," said Susannah. Then she went to the screen door. "Dinner!" she called.

Sarah Ann rose as the two children, Oliver and Louisa, came in.

"But you won't be here for the Sunday-school picnic or the Christmas entertainment."

Little Louisa answered, her fat cheeks almost cracking with scornful laughter.

"We can go every day to a Sunday-school picnic or a Christmas entertainment in Allentown."

"Don't you sass Sarah Ann," said their mother sharply. "This afternoon you are both to help me."

For the next few days, Sarah Ann went back and forth from her own house to the Kuhnses, with tears in her eyes. Susannah gayly declined her help. She scrubbed the floors, she whitewashed, she washed and ironed and packed. Her husband helped her with the heavy things, and in the intervals of work, wandered miserably about.

"Do you want to move to Allentown, Oliver?" Sarah Ann asked him.

"Yes," answered Susannah. "He does."

Susannah sang while she worked. She had led the singing in the Evangelical Church since she was a girl, but she would sing there no more. There were great churches in the county seat, churches with stained-glass windows and crowds of people, where they would want her to sing. Then cross, unwilling Oliver would be glad they had moved.

Nearly all Millerstown came to the station to say good-by. Susannah told them again and again how glad she was to leave, and they listened to her silently. She seemed already like an alien.

"I should not be surprised if it is by and by no one at all in Millerstown," she said laughingly. "Millerstown is too slow."

The eyes of the other women met. They thought Susannah Kuhns had lost her mind. Sarah Knerr joined them just before the train pulled out.

"You forgot your soap-kettle, Susannah," she said breathlessly. "I ran all the way to tell you. It hangs yet in the back-yard."

"I am not going to take it," answered Susannah.

"How then will you boil your soap?"

"I ain't going to boil soap. I buy my soap."

"And won't you make apple-butter, and won't you butcher?" gasped someone.

Susannah did not deign to answer. She looked back as the train started. It would have been a relief to jump up and down in her seat as the children were doing. Oliver told them sternly to "shut up and sit still," but they were too excited to obey.

The crowd at the station in Allentown seemed to their unaccustomed eyes great enough for a holiday or fair week. Susannah could hardly follow Oliver, with Louisa hanging from one hand, and Ollie trying to escape from the other.

"Mom!" he shrieked every few minutes. "Look once here!"

At the big skeleton of the Powers building, Oliver stopped them.

"There is where I shall work at two dollars a day," he said.

In spite of himself there was pride and excitement in his voice.

A little farther on he stopped at the opening of a narrow street.

"It is here where we shall live."

"I see where," screamed little Ollie.

Their goods were being unloaded before the door of a tiny frame house.

"I too," echoed Louisa.

Oliver unlocked the door and let them in.

"It is not a nice house," said Louisa.

"It *is* a nice house," reproved her mother sharply. "It is while it is not yet fixed up that it don't look so fine." Then she waved back her husband, who came into the room with a roll of carpet in his arms. "Don't bring it in yet. Did you think I should put down carpet when the house is not yet cleaned?"

"But I must go Mondays to work, and Sundays it is no working, and I can only help to-day and to-morrow."

Susannah looked at him.

"Do you mean I should put down the carpets before it is everything washed up?" she asked.

"No," he answered, meekly. "But you shall wash this room first, and then I can move the things right aways in."

"Begin at the bottom to wash the house!" gasped Susannah. "And go up! I guess not. I begin at the top, like always."

She went upstairs and looked about her. She could not suppress an exclamation of horror. Then she went to the head of the stairway.

"You shall just come up once and see how dirty it is here," she called. "It will be dinner till I make the garret done."

"But the things? Shall they stand all the time out?"

"You can watch them so it don't anybody carry anything off," she replied. "I—" The rest of her sentence was lost in the sound of a stiff scrubbing-brush, pushed swiftly across rough boards.

In an hour, Ollie tiptoed softly to the bottom of the garret stairs.

"Mom," he called, in a wild whisper. "Come down, come down!"

"What is the matter?" asked Susannah in fright.

"The police have got Pop."

Susannah sprang to her feet, upsetting the pail of water. Little Ollie got nimbly out of her way as she flew.

"They'll take him to jail," he cried.

"Oliver!" called Susannah, "I am coming."

When she reached the front door she saw Oliver nervously moving the boxes. A policeman had paused in the middle of the street for a last word.

"They must be off in half an hour," he said.

Husband and wife scarcely spoke until the things were safely inside.

"This awful thing shall not come to Millerstown," said Susannah. Then she thrust a broom into Oliver's hands. "Go out and sweep a little off."

Susannah clattered back into the garret. Brisk worker as she was, it was dinner-time before she finished.

"I tell you it is clean for once," she said proudly, as they sat on the boxes, eating the lunch which Sarah Ann had put up for them. The children had begged to take theirs out on the back step, but she would not let them. "And have all the neighbors know what we are eating! I guess not."

"But at home, they know always what we have for dinner," said Louisa.

"This is home," corrected their mother sternly.

After dark, they put up two beds by the faint light which came in from the arc light outside. They had no oil for their lamps and they were afraid to light the gas. The children were already asleep on a pile of carpet, and did not wake when they were put to bed.

An hour later, Susannah lay down beside her sleeping husband. There had been one rug which she had not been able to clean before she left Millerstown, and

she had taken it down into the yard and had beaten it there. She closed her eyes with a great sigh of relief. Then she sat up. What was this noise? She was conscious for the first time of the rush of trolley-cars, the roll of carriages, the tramp of feet. Somewhere in the neighborhood a band was practicing. She jumped with fright at the sound of the church clock striking eleven.

"We must get used to it," she said to herself. "It cannot be so quiet here like in Millerstown."

She was not to get used to it that night, however. She tossed and rolled, determining that she would not hear the clock strike again, then listening and waiting for it. She grasped her husband's arm in terror, when, toward morning, half a dozen men sat down on the doorstep to finish a noisy argument.

It was dawn when she fell asleep. The milk-carts and market-wagons had begun to come in from the country, and rattled noisily by, and for a while she was conscious of them in the midst of her drowsiness. Then, slowly, they faded away.

She woke to wonder uneasily where she was. The first stroke of the church clock recalled her to herself. It was five o'clock, and she must get up. No, it was six. How had she happened to sleep so long? And Oliver was asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder. As she touched him, the clock struck again. Seven! It could not be.

"Oliver!" she called.

"Yes, yes," he answered crossly.

Then, deliberately, the clock struck eight.

She lay staring, until the stroke had died away. To sleep until eight o'clock on a day like this, when on ordinary days she got up at five!

All morning she worked feverishly, only stopping to comfort Ollie, who came in crying because some boys had struck him.

"Nobody would hit me in Millerstown," he wailed. "I don't like it here. We don't get nothing good to eat."

"You just wait once till to-morrow," his mother consoled him. "Then we go in the church and the Sunday-school, and I make a good dinner."

Susannah was growing impatient. She could not find places for her furniture. The kitchen was so narrow that the old-fashioned settle which her mother and grandmother had owned could not go there at all. Where would Oliver rest when he came home tired? And where would the children play? Besides, her fire would not burn.

She grew more and more surprised as the hours passed, that no one came in to help. When people moved in Millerstown, everybody helped. She thought with a proud catch in her throat of the morrow. Then her neighbors would be glad enough to know her. Then they would go to church, and she would be invited to sing in the choir. She hummed the first line of "Ein feste Burg," then burst into song, her high, shrill soprano dwelling on the notes as long as she could hold them. By the time that she reached the second stanza, there was a rap at the door. She answered it quickly. A little girl stood on the step.

"My mother says you shall please stop singing. She wants to sleep. She takes a nap in the afternoon."

"Takes a nap!" repeated Susannah, her astonishment for the moment holding her wrath in check. "Is she sick?"

"No, but she takes a nap. And you shan't holler."

She looked up impertinently as she went off the steps.

"'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,'" began Susannah as loudly as she could, before the door closed. Then she saw across the street the blue coat of the policeman, and thought better of it. They would see. Hollering, indeed!

She looked with proud satisfaction upon her family when they were ready for church the next morning. The house, too, was in fairly good order, although there were many things yet to be done.

It did not occur to her to touch any of them to-day. She had never heard of any one working on Sunday. Her eyes widened with astonishment as she listened to the quick strokes of a hammer in the next house.

When the Millerstonians visited the county seat, they went invariably to St. Peter's Church. There the morning service was still held in German, there was a German prayer-meeting, and a German Bible class. Susannah would have preferred to go to an English church, but Oliver would not hear of it.

The usher showed them to seats well toward the front. The children stared round the great church. Once when a purple gleam from the rose-window fell on little Louisa's dress, she gasped with delight. Her mother had no eyes for anything but the organ and the choir. The organ seemed large enough to be a church itself. She saw with astonishment that there were only four singers in the choir. Surely they would be glad to have her.

She joined in the singing with a heartiness which made those near her turn their heads. She was pleasantly conscious of their attention.

Afterwards the preacher spoke to them in the vestibule. He hoped they would come regularly to church. They would be glad to have the children in the Sunday-school and their father and mother also.

"She will sing in the choir," said Oliver proudly. "She sang always in the choir at home."

The preacher hesitated for a second. Susannah's singing had reached even to him.

"It is very kind," he said. "But we have a quartette. We pay them."

"I don't ask any pay," said Susannah quickly.

"But you see these people are engaged for the year," explained the preacher. "Their voices are trained. They — "

"But she would be willing to sing along with them," persisted Oliver. "Would n't you, Susannah? "

Susannah's face had grown very red, and her black eyes snapped. She had always been quick to take offense.

"No," she said sharply. Then she seized Oliver by the arm. "Come on home." There were tears of vexation in her eyes. "He might 'a' said right aways he did n't want me," she said.

She would not go with Oliver and the children to Sunday-school in the afternoon, but she went with them afterwards for a walk. She did not enjoy it. There was no place to go. In Millerstown they went to see either her parents or Oliver's parent, and always stayed for supper.

The children were restless and uneasy all the evening. There was no place to sit outside but the doorstep, and Susannah would not let them sit there for an instant. It was too close to the woman who said that she "hollered," and to the woman who put down her carpets on Sunday. In the morning she would take them to school, then they would have more to interest them.

Oliver started away at six o'clock. The county seat had not yet grown so English that it had forgotten its habit of early rising. Then Susannah called the children and gave them their breakfast. At eight o'clock she took them to school. Little Louisa cried as she came away. She had heard the whispered "Dutchy" from the girl in the next seat, and she did not dare to pinch her as she would have pinched Sarah Knerr.

Nor did Ollie like his seat-mate any better. He hailed him, also, as "Dutchy," and when Ollie, who was braver than Louisa, kicked him, he told the teacher, and Ollie spent the rest of the morning on the platform.

His mother declined to listen to their complaints. She had spent all her patience on the stove. What would Millerstown say if it knew that she burned her pies on the bottom and that they were raw on top? She had swept the pavement three times, and still it was dusty,

Worse than all, however, had been the insult she had received from the lips of an impertinent resident of the county seat. She had discovered that with the limited storage-room in the house, they would have no place to keep one of her greatest treasures, a large feather-bed. She was trying to decide what to do with it when there came a rap at the door. The young man to whom she opened it told her that he had come to buy old clothes, old furniture, old anything.

"It is here a bed," she answered slowly. It would be hard to part with it, but it would doubtless yield the price of a new lounge for the parlor.

The young man stared at it. He had never seen a feather-bed.

"I might carry it somewhere on a vacant lot," he said. "I'll carry it away for a quarter."

For an instant Susannah could not speak. Then, —

"A vacant lot!" she repeated. "Had you never no grandmother what had such a bed? My grandmother she made it herself, out of her own feathers. What for a bed did your grandmother have, then?"

The young man put his head on one side. Whether he resented the implication cast upon his grandmother, or whether he merely desired to be sarcastic, it was hard to tell.

"How would you like to sleep on somebody else's grandmother's dirty old bed?" he asked, and was gone.

"You lie!" cried Susannah after him. It was not exactly a logical response to anything the young man had said, but Susannah did not care. It showed her wrath and defiance.

It was small wonder that she had little patience for the children's complaints.

"You will just have to get used to it," she said to little Louisa. "I cannot be always fighting."

Little Louisa burst into tears.

"I want to go back," she wailed.

"Louisa!" began her mother; then she stopped, staring at the doorway. Her husband, whose lunch-pail she had packed that morning, and whom she had not expected to see before night, stood before her. He looked pale, and sick.

"What is the matter?" she faltered. "Have you got it somewheres, Oliver?"

He sat down on the nearest chair.

"He wants I should work on such a scaffold what hangs out of the window. I fall and break my neck. I won't break my neck for nobody. He said I could go."

Susannah looked at him, helplessly.

"But if you don't work, how shall we get along?"

He shook his head but did not answer.

"What shall we do, Oliver?" she repeated.

Little Louisa looked up at her, her fat face swollen with crying.

"Mom —" she began.

"Be quiet," said her mother.

Oliver lifted his head.

"Perhaps, Susannah, if we —"

"Be quiet," said Susannah to him, also. "I am thinking."

"Listen, Mom!" Ollie began to dance up and down. "Let us go —"

"You hold your mouth, or I send you to bed," said Susannah. She stood in the middle of the little kitchen, her arms akimbo, a frown above her black eyes. No one would ever have thought that she was really in the choir-loft of the Millerstown Evangelical Church, looking down into the admiring eyes of Millerstown, which, gasping, let her take all the high notes alone.

"Louisa," she said sternly, "if you are quiet and Ollie is quiet and you Pop is quiet, we will go back."

AMONG LITERARY SHALLOWS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

Not Shakespeare's Shallow is intended, — nothing so personal, — but the brook's analogy. And neither shall we wade, for wading as a form of mental locomotion connotes the tedious; let us paddle, rather. These are the prettiest places in the brook, these level, rippling reaches that sparkle on the sun's least encouragement, and sing, in tune, whether the sun shine or no; the prettiest places and the safest, since there is reasonable surety that the loiterer cannot slip beyond his depth. Yet there are pools even among the shallows, and the waters that lap at one man's heart may well flow over another man's head. But of pools later; let us consider first the music and the sparkle, the limpid clearness and the pricking spray.

Here is Vernon Lee, who, on her own confession, began by believing she was to be a historian and a philosopher, and ended by recognizing the world's need for a holiday. If anything could convince the utilitarian critic that the world does need a holiday, it must be the frank sincerity of this migratory sketcher who is able, contentedly, to liken her own later writings to a necklace of carved cherry-stones, and to avow that the only justification for her idle wanderings is that their sunshine and romance amuse people more useful, though not more willing, than herself. There are many writers of travel-sketches to-day, but few who trouble to make excuse for their frivolity, and fewer still whose writing is so truly its own best excuse for being, as is that of Vernon Lee. No one more subtly defines the spirits and moods of places, in phrases more sympathetically cadenced; no one more delicately diffuses atmosphere, the golden and the gray; no one more surely knows when the next touch will ruin the sketch, — and pauses, brush in air. Touraine, Tuscany, ancient Swiss cities, quaint German towns, the Marble Mountains, the Lakes of Mantua, these the *genius loci* reveals, the Sentimental Traveller interprets and re-interprets, now in one mood, now in another, but always through glamour. And not in the travel-sketches only do we find this glamour, but in the fantastic tales, the ancient literary *motifs*, as of Le Fier Baiser, Alkestis, and others, upon which she has embroidered her own Prince Alberic and his Snake Lady, German Frau Agnes, and St. Eudæmon of the truly catholic mind. One among these tales, "The Wedding Chest," we could wish still shrouded in the decent obscurity of its mediæval chronicle; with this one morbid exception the little volume [1] is a very perfect bit of playful artistry.

But all the world does not travel for a holiday; the mental stay-at-home, whom outward shows bewilder, may yet quicken to the light touch in philosophy. It is this light touch that Maeterlinck supplies. Howsoever weighty the theme, whether of "Our Anxious Morality," "Our Social Duty," "The Psychology of Accident," "Rome," "Immortality," it floats as light as thistledown, let him but toss it skyward and gently fan the breeze. Not ideas, but the ghosts of ideas, haunt these pages; tenuous, unbodied outlines that set the imagination vibrating one moment, and the next are fading off into the vague commonplace. Even in "Our Social Duty," where he is his most definite self, destiny whispers her fatal word and immediately his energy is dissipated. One

[1] *Genius Loci, The Sentimental Traveller,* (1908) and *Pope Jacinth* (1907) *and Other Fantastic Tales.* By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

does not always find a serious nobility allied to the light touch; radicalism of conviction combined with vagueness of outlook is less rare, as is also earnestness yoked to timidity. All these qualities dance hand in hand through the essays of Maeterlinck,[1] a stately, slow dance, with posing and soft music. But if of late we detect a certain languor in his attitude toward philosophy, toward science he is still refreshingly alert, marshaling his pretty array of experiments and observations with the poet's enthusiasm. *The Intelligence of the Flowers* is a charming companion piece to the *Life of the Bee*, briefer, more modest, the special pleading of a reverent true lover.

And now, the pool; the little intimate deep that mirrors a bit of sky, a drooping branch, the wing of a passing bird, and one's own face. The author of *The Altar Fire*[2] does not lack certain essential qualities of depth, as intimacy of vision, intensity of interpretation, spiritual clarity, religious penetration; all these we find in an unusual degree in his English paraphrase of the experiences of Job, and they are emphasized by the surface excellences — urbanity, taste, tranquil rhythm — of an irreproachable prose. Nevertheless, as between the very real, yet decorous, despair of an English gentleman whose power to write novels is suddenly inhibited, and the soul-heavings of Job, we measure the one by fathoms and do not touch bottom, the other is plumbed in the sharpening of the eye. But to quarrel with Mr. Benson because he fails to make his hero strike the universal note is to miss his point and to underrate his art; an English Job, graduating from Cambridge, has, perhaps of necessity, a limited outlook. *The Altar Fire* is, of its kind, a singularly perfect book; even its prolixity, from the point of view of art, is a part of its perfection. Our question has to do, not with the individual book, but with the monotony of its relation to the author's earlier books; and here we strike a limitation not artistic but personal, inherent in the condition of one who, seeing life only from the college window, is driven to perpetuate his emotions in replica.

Yet, there are other points of view. *Adventures in Contentment*,[3] for example, is a theme after Mr. Benson's own heart. We know just how he would have developed it. We taste in anticipation the sensitive refinement of his burdened city man who, struck down by overwork and the complicated claims of modern business, retires with Christian resignation to the Manor House in Nature, there, by meditation and a kindly benevolence towards his neighbors, to renew his soul. But David Grayson does it differently. Ambition is extinct before he sets pen to paper. He leaps to the simple life, hoe in hand. He does not meditate, he sentimentalizes — there is a difference; but he sentimentalizes horny-handed, behind the plough, and we forgive him. He has no depths, except of enthusiasm. He is not urbane, he is genial. He fraternizes with his neighbors in a familiar fashion undreamed of by the hero of *The House of Quiet*. His opinions are entirely without distinction, but he hugs each rural experience to his breast with a gush of gratitude and a twinkle of humor. Frankly, it is the twinkle that fetches us. David Grayson's merry, commonplace adventures with the book-agent, the millionaire, the infidel, will nourish dozens of earnest readers to whom Mr. Benson's exquisite interpretation of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm must still be as husks.

But "Let the gamboling author caper while he may, or make literary snow-

[1] *The Intelligence of the Flowers* and *The Measure of the Hours*. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1907.

[2] *The Altar Fire*. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

[3] *Adventures in Contentment*. By DAVID GRAYSON. Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1907.

balls, jack-o-lanterns, or birch-whistles, as he trudges along the stony paths that lead to the Parnassian Way. For all too soon, perchance, his literary gambols, which have added so much to the gayety of nations, will sober down to the measured tread of a dignified dealer in platitudes, or worse still, into the gouty hobble of a pessimist," pleads Ellen Burns Sherman in her essay on "The Root and Foliage of Style;"[1] and herself is not above an occasional pigeon-wing. She, too, has her enthusiasms, and proclaims them with refreshing vigor; she too, again like David Grayson, has her didactic impulse, but indulges it with more discretion. Her plea for honesty in criticism is just and imperative. Unfortunately, her intellectual standard for the critic is not up to her moral standard; honesty she demands of him, courage, sympathy, capacity for enthusiasm, delicacy of feeling, — emotional and moral qualities, all these, — and, in addition, a sense of humor, and discrimination, mental and moral; discrimination being, according to Miss Sherman, a matter of intuition alone, rather than the resultant of accurate knowledge and mental discipline illumined by intuition. But we incline to believe that the flabbiness of much American book-reviewing to-day is due, not merely to the critic's fear of saying unpleasant things, but to his desire not to uncover his own ignorance. Miss Sherman, in the earlier pages of her essay "When Steel Strikes Punk," does mention this intellectual vacuity of the ordinary reviewer, but leaves us to infer that intuition can adequately fill the vacuum. Her own critical essays admirably exhibit the qualities for which she pleads, although her powers of discrimination are not infallible. If superficial, yet she is always sincere, whether she lightly trifles with psychic possibilities, as in "A Plea for the Naturalization of Ghosts," and "Serendipity," or briefly estimates the world's debt to Ruskin. She and Maeterlinck touch in their enthusiasm for international peace, if Maeterlinck's calm brooding can be described as enthusiasm. His prophetic soliloquy upon the Gods of War finds its complement in her elegy upon "The Slain that are not Numbered." But the range of her enthusiasm is wide, embracing the concrete as well as the abstract. The closing essay in her readable little volume is a defense of the American short story, and here, where taste is still legitimately a matter of intuition, her powers of discrimination show themselves most penetrating.

We find a less superficial but not less sympathetic defense of the short story in *Essays Out of Hours*,[2] by Charles Sears Baldwin, and here we have the critic whose intellect delicately steers his taste. Evidences are there also of the sly pedagogue, for manifestly not all these charming essays were written "out of hours." The first seven are brief fantasies, but beneath this froth there lies "The Literary Influence of Sterne in France," an influence which Mr. Baldwin reduces to the minimum, claiming that one book alone, Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*, witnesses to the influence on French literature of Sterne's best piece of art, *The Sentimental Journey*, although of *Tristram Shandy* there is "more imitation and far more reminiscence." "The Secret of John Bunyan," a study in the causes of the apparently undying popularity of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, follows "The Literary Influence of Sterne," and the little book closes with "Three Studies in the Short Story," "The Question of Derivation," "The Tale in America before 1835," and "Poe's Fixing of the Short-Story Form." Evidently we have come to the edge of the shallows; another step and we must know how to swim; for these longer essays of Mr. Baldwin are

[1] *Words to the Wise and Others.* By Ellen Burns Sherman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

[2] *Essays Out of Hours.* By Charles Sears Baldwin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

serious by virtue not of intention only, but of achievement as well.

Matthew Arnold tells us that the critic, rather than the poet or the novelist, foreshadows the ideal of the new day. There is a dearth of critics, just now; America, at least, is living in the present and writing short stories; but it is significant that in the midst of commercialism and materialism the sparse critics are making holiday, returning to nature and the simple life, to elusive harmonies of sensation, keeping themselves unspotted from the world. It is a hopeful sign.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JOGGING IN NEW YORK

THAT little paper on "The Jog" in the Contributors' Club for March touched my sympathies. I also am a jogger, born, trained, established. If I had but the honor of the acquaintance of the gentle lady who steals away for her one month of jogging every year, I should go to her for a heart-to-heart talk. From certain shades in her local color, I take it she lives just around the corner. But my remarks to her would not consist altogether of gratulation; I should exhort her, adjure her, as follows:—

"Madam, do you not understand the responsible nature of your position? Do you not know that the world has need of your order — our order — nowadays? Has it never occurred to you that to jog in New York might be, not only a privilege attended with much amused edification to yourself, but also a definite mission to the fevered multitude? Good madam, pause (superfluous caution!) — consider."

New York is my favorite jogging ground in all the tranquil world. I amble with a better zest down Broadway than along a country road. This is not altogether out of perversity, though every one recognizes the spur which violent opposition gives to a dear mental hobby; it is largely a normal healthy desire to help strike a balance of life. Where every one rushes, somebody must jog. It has long ago been brought home to my mind that the commonwealth demands of me that I jog in New York, and I jog conscientiously, with an admirable success. It may be questioned what good I can do, what balance I can hope to strike with my poor little feather-weight against the dragging mass of New York. That is not my business, I do not meddle with ultimate results. Providence has set me here to jog, and I jog thoroughly.

The occupation pursued on Broadway is one of indescribable charm and fresh piquancy. It is not a lazy performance at all, but requires mental alertness and watchful self-control. To refuse to run after a street-car; to decline a policeman's proffered shove under horses' noses and between the wheels of impatient automobiles; to back up against the street's hurrying stream instead of rushing blindly with it; to stand on the corner and wait a clear space in which to saunter across. An unstable equilibrium is that which the mind achieves for itself, a poise of delicate constant adjustments, very vital and good. Apathy is further removed from this kind of jogging than from any reckless speed. An occasional glance of reproach and wonder from a policeman or from a careering pedestrian, obliged to deflect the straight line of his course a foot's fraction to pass me by, does not disturb me in the least. "My friend," I make answer, with a reciprocal regard, "I do this for the good of your soul. I am a professional jogger."

Not infrequently it happens that an

acquaintance overtakes me from behind and falls into line for a chat. Then the ratio of our progress presents a curious study. Little by little, my friend gains on me, quite unconsciously forging ahead, talking rapidly all the time, until, behold! she turns to address some question to me and I am not there, but a strange and unresponsive profile whizzes cheek by jowl with her. Then she brings herself up with a start, arrests her footsteps, and waits for me, and we begin over again. Out of courteous considerations I would accelerate my pace under these special circumstances if it were possible for me to talk when my feet are at full speed. But struggling, breathless ejaculations, gasps and sighs are no conversation for a lady to offer her friend, and I am obliged to maintain my jog against her dash as best we both can manage. Sometimes her ear is a good two yards ahead of my lips, and I call out my amenities at the top of my voice.

The most constant of all the bromidic remarks one hears about the world in these days is, "Of course you are very busy." Busy? Of course? What a sequence is that! I always take pleasure in shaking my head and replying serenely, "Oh, no." There is generally a blank stupefaction on the face of my interlocutor at the apparently unheard-of answer, — sometimes a pained look of disapproval, or pity, or disgust. But I always make haste to explain my position; I do not belong in the ranks of those who enjoy shocking their neighbors. "See," I submit, "it is this way with me: I cannot do anything when I am busy, I lose my bearings at once. It is not life to me to be always *doing*, I must just *be* a good deal of the time. Moreover, my friends lead such strenuous lives, careering like meteors, hair on end, it has seemed to me kind to them to set up a little centre of rest in their midst where they may swoop down and have afternoon tea."

"How do you manage it?" once in a while the question is put to me wistfully. Manage it? Cannot the spirit control the forces which itself originates? All these many concerns, in which "there is so much to be done," owe their importance, their very existence, to the spirit's initiative. When we have created them, we can surely regulate their claim on us.

Rarely it happens to me to encounter a sister jogger along the way, and then how I rejoice! Not long ago I met such a one astray in a desperate company of frantic kindergartners. Never shall I forget the gleam pathetic in her eye when she apprehended my sluggish nature. I took her gently by the hand and led her apart and we sat and talked of Trollope's novels and of going to bed at nine o'clock; that was real conversation.

I have sometimes thought it might be pleasant if we formed a Society of Joggers and had a club where we might meet and converse. Ours is perhaps the only fraternity in the world which is not organized. But no; the meetings would present one more duty for us to perform, one more claim upon our leisure. We should but defeat our own end by and by, and the end is too noble for that. It is better for us to keep our eyes open as we amble about the world, and to hail each other and love each other and wish each other god-delay. Just as I hail now and bless and exhort the March Contributor. Go, jog down Broadway, good madam, do! Perhaps I shall meet you there.

PERCH—FISHING

Yes, I know it, they *are* bony, and they *are* muddy and they are *not* often lauded in anglers' stories; but there's something about perch-fishing that no other angling gives — it's the return of youth. Don't you remember the day you caught your first perch? Don't you remember your heavy birch pole, and your thick twine line, and your ringed perch-hook tied on with a dozen knots, and with a shingle-nail for a sinker and a pickle-stopper for a bob? The hooks were two for a cent at the grocery, and

lay in the case with the knives and the razors and the gum and the scissors and the candy and the thread and the envelopes — they were in the *middle* box of three. The little hooks on the right everybody knew were for trout, and the big ones on the left for pickerel. But you always bought out of the middle box, for you knew no trout would be along, and every boy knew no perch would bite at a worm strung on a pickerel-hook.

How proud you were when you took your sunburned capture home that day, and how happy when mother agreed to cook it! And then your joy when the little fish was brought in in lonely magnificence and laid beside father's plate. How you swelled with importance as you detailed to him the exciting capture: the tremendous bite when your stopper went *clean under* till you thought it was *never* coming up, the terrific struggle your four-inch captive made, and how he *almost* got away! That was the first one, but will you ever forget it?

And the other fishing-days, when you got up before dawn and stole downstairs to the dim kitchen. A drink of milk, a doughnut, and a triangle of pie; then you stole out quietly to the barn and got the spading-fork. Then the search, armed with fork and tomato-can, under the broad leaves of the rhubarb-bed, back of the hen-house and down by the cow-barn, until you had enough worms for the day's sport. Then, of course, you left the fork sticking in the ground — you never *would* learn to put things away — and started off. Through the garden and orchard, stopping long enough for a handful of currants and a pocketful of sopsyvines — over the pasture-bars, eating a handful of huckleberries or low-bush blackberries here and there. Into the wood road, — very dark and still in the dawn, — where you stepped along very quietly so as not to disturb the bears. You knew perfectly well there were no bears, but you rather enjoyed the creepy sensation. Then out through the deep wet meadow-grass to the river, where the sun was now beginning to burn away the wisps of mist, and the red-winged blackbirds were making a tremendous fuss over their housekeeping. You reached the river-bank at the pout-hole, or the big rock, or the old willow (of course you know the exact place), and *then* you started fishing.

The river slipped dreamily by, the meadow-grass waved about your head, the sun climbed high, and the day grew warm. Perhaps you caught some perch — perhaps you did n't. What did you care? it was good to be sitting there, watching your stopper. Perhaps you were just going to get a bite; perhaps the grandfather of all the perch was even now on his way to your bait! But you were fishing; everything else was unimportant; you knew they would be looking for you to help get in the hay; you knew you had left the fork out back of the barn; you knew your chores were n't done. Ah! well, these were all petty troubles, not to be considered when one is fishing.

How many times since, when you have sat chained to a desk, have you wished that your duties might be slighted as easily, and that you could reach for your pole back of the kitchen-porch and start for the river? I've whipped miles of trout stream, I've played many a husky bass, I've read of the angler's battles with tarpon and salmon and tuna; but when I want just real fishing, I seek out a quiet little river I know, dig a can of worms, get down on the small of my back under the willow, and watch my stopper float, and wait for the perch to bite. My troubles may go hang. I do not think of them. What I do think is what I've written here.

WOMAN AGAIN!

THE publication in the *Atlantic* of a second article on the American woman by Mrs. Anna A. Rogers recalls to my mind the fact that once, in a valorous moment, I formed a plan for discussing

a few of the points taken up in the first, "Why American Marriages Fail," in the September issue, 1907. Surely, so long as womankind exists, comments on this notable piece of work will not be out of place. Far be it from me to attack the main body of the arguments there presented; I am not of that large body of maiden ladies who are eagerly settling, in print, the ultimate problems of matrimony. Only one or two chance shots in all that splendid fire shall I try to follow. Perhaps it should have been done long ago, but I could not summon courage. Reading the stinging paragraphs makes one feel as if the leader of the Amazons had suddenly turned to rend her following; mine is only a weak voice out of the *débris*.

Let us admit at the outset that these large sayings contain much truth and much good sense. Occasionally it seems as if — in a Penthesilea moment — an already too good case were being overpressed. The inferiority of womankind being established by nature, by man, by law, is it necessary to adduce in proof such a thundering indictment as that no woman ever started a great religion? It is not my intention to suggest that great religions are not commonly the result of individual invention; my only feeling is one of apprehension. It is hardly safe to give womankind a dare; is not Mrs. Rogers afraid that some woman may try to make good the lack? For my part I know one or two who I hope have not read the article, for they are quite capable, if they hear the challenge, of starting great religions before to-morrow morning.

In some way, too, it seems a bit contradictory to blame us both for the fact that we have founded no great religions, and for the fact that *gourmet* has no feminine. One or the other form of success might perhaps fairly be expected, but not both! Even as I write, however, I realize that if *gourmet* has no feminine it should have, for no other term could so perfectly describe Blanche, my white cat. Is there any way in which I could make known to Mrs. Rogers the fact that one of our sex, at least, deserves the term?

But this is not what I started to write about. My real interest in the article lies in its arraignment of the modern girl as too brusque, too independent, too muscular, too loath to accept masculine assistance in getting off street-cars, — a creature with over-developed body and over-developed mind. I want to make a bit of a plea for the modern girl! It is not that I fail to have my moments of uneasiness about her, as, for instance, when I meet her, three abreast, striding along the board-walks of New England. On these occasions, as on many another, I retreat before her, and the action is perhaps symbolic. We older women are retreating before her! In all her varieties, social, collegiate, domestic, I can see great promise, even if I cannot share the entire enthusiasm of a beaming orator in addressing a Sunday-school, upon seeing "so many beautiful young women all growing up to manhood." Instead of finding, with Mrs. Rogers, that the modern girl sincerely loves herself alone, I find her a far more generous creature than her predecessors, and far less self-centred. It has been my lot for some time past to watch representative groups of girls of the type Mrs. Rogers calls over-educated, and the quick shifting of their centre of interest from the personal to something larger than their personal claim suggests to me great gain over the past. Their pride in one another's achievements is greater than in their own; their sense of civic need and of civic responsibility in their college world is full of abnegation of individual claim. The swift rush of a defeated candidate in an election to share in the ovation to her successful rival, the quick and hearty cheering for the victors of the body worsted in intercollegiate contests, brings an odd feeling to even my hardened throat. These young women are generous to a fault, eager to share with one another garments, money, and compliments. Does not this growing impersonality mean an enlargement of life for womankind?

I confess that our now-a-days girl is sometimes a bit brusque; I share in the often expressed feeling of dismay that we shall have no more elderly ladies of the old-fashioned sort; but I claim for the new girl, not only the generosity already spoken of, but transparent honesty, a virtue hitherto much appreciated in boys, but not expected in young women. She is honest in so many ways! About her looks, for she scorns disguises, and constantly bares her head to the sunshine; about her emotions, for she does not pretend a quivering sensibility which she does not feel; about her physical strength, for she is proud, not ashamed, of her muscle, and does not demand help in getting off the street-car when she does not need it. The blushing, protesting, fainting, Harriet Byron type of women, deeply self-conscious and profoundly concerned with her own physical and spiritual make-up, has never wholly disappeared until these later days. In the sounder body and more vigorous and open mind of the modern type I see great hope for the race, though I, too, could wish a trifle of softening in manner. I have an idea that a remedy for many of the marriage evils of which Mrs. Rogers complains lies in those very qualities in the modern girl against which the lady doth protest too much, and that the mental development accompanying the physical in the training of the present generation of young women will fit them nobly to be the mothers of noble sons. Would it not be well to apply here, too, Amiel's advice, for which the author makes a plea at the end of her paper: "To be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always?"

THE FIVE-CENT FARE

"A WISE man will not go out of his way for information. He might as well go out of nature or commit suicide." Thus Thoreau seems to authorize the assumption that has been my consolation during many years of forced intensive travel by way of the discharge of my daily duties; and this assumption is that the experience of men and manners gained in daily necessary travel, even when within the limits of a five-cent fare, is travel of the best sort. It is a solacing doctrine, and simple as it seems as an itinerary of extensive travel opportunities, it is not to be entered upon without preparation. There are conscientious pilgrims who take courses of reading, learn phrase-books, make lists of *pensions*, and scrapbooks of information gleaned from the columns devoted to the needs of the individual intending a little journey into the world. It is a practice to be commended. One ought not to enter lightly the great army of those who do not stay at home. But the preparation for productive voyaging when going nowhere but "out" and "back" is, while different in character, essential to success. It consists in one's external appearance being harmonious and one's state of mind being sympathetic.

A picture that hangs in the mental gallery of every nature lover is that of the quiet figure of Thoreau clad in premeditated grays. Scarcely to be distinguished from his surroundings, he sits quiescent, watching the feathered and finned and furred life that his presence in no way disturbs; surprising their secrets; observing their beauty; and this without the familiarity of the sentimental naturalist or the cruelty of the sportsman. It is the picture of the looker-on who has consciously harmonized himself to his surroundings, that he may be a part of the scene and not an intruder. It is this democratic acceptance of a neutral background that will distinguish the sophisticated trolley-traveler in his external appearance. We have all noticed how disconcerting to the citizens of our kaleidoscopic commonwealth any intrusion of brilliant array or conspicuous opulence is. In a moment the democracy has become a monarchy, or it may occasion an anarchistic régime quite as readily.

Whichever extreme ensues, I have known the entrance of a violet Paquin gown to annihilate an interesting voyage and substitute in its place the rancorous atmosphere of a Club-Tea afternoon.

But after the outward fashion conforms to the laws of the road there still remains the temper of the mind to be adapted to these finer perceptions. We lose all benefit of travel if our attire or carriage is exclusive; how much more is lost if our habit of mind is exclusive! Then we are cut off completely from any community in the positive interests of the hour's journeying. To indulge a coupé temper while tendering a five-cent fare is unscientific, biologically; caddish, socially; and limiting, personally; and more potent to prevent than mere name-calling is the concrete fact that it spoils all the fun.

It might have been on the afternoon of a Symphony concert or a special Ibsen matinée. It stormed, shudderingly and fitfully — a depressing storm. People who always drove had that day omitted the ceremony and were patronizing the democratic trolley-car. This particular car seemed already populous — merely seemed, no face gleamed the slightest recognition of the presence of any other — when a mother with two little children entered. The mother was obviously inefficient. I knew the babies would cry, and they did, the smaller one emitting shuddering wails that the mother seemed too helpless to hush, while the older one sobbed with quiet persistence. The mother's anxious, furtive glances sought the faces opposite her, apologetically. She met neither with sympathy nor with disapproval. If among us there was a crying baby we did not permit ourselves to recognize such a squalid situation. Deepening impassivity accompanied the increasing roars. The mother, evidently abashed by her isolation, ceased her feeble efforts to quiet her babies. Had there been any one there to witness it, the moment would have been as impressively dramatic as a crisis in the Ibsen play, — the coming of the hero who now emerged, exactly as opportune. He was a vulgar youth, ruminating jaws, hat pushed back, strong dirty hands, and a direct eye. But he was fortunately a resourceful human being. The scene changed. Crowing, kicking baby tossing in the air; delighted youngster eating a grimy chocolate; smiling, delighted mother casting proud glances up and down the car; noisy, vulgar youth offering the baby for inspection to the haughtiest dame present; general atmosphere of genial good feeling and keen interest in the "poor hard-worked mother!" "A widow for six months!" "Entirely without means!" "Pretty children if they were clean!" "Good-hearted boy!" "Fellows of that class usually are!" (Alas, that there must always be a discordant note.) Nevertheless, we rolled over the bridge in an era of good feeling as democratic as a Cook's tour, and equally as alive to the piquant opportunities of the situation. That we ended our short pilgrimage wiser than we began it is merely another way of saying that our temper had become suited to productive trolley-travel.

Having then made our preparations effectively, what kind of experience can we hope for when our tour is to be so limited and is to become so hackneyed? Thoreau, when occupied with traveling "a good deal in Concord," never hesitated to be detained a half-day by the first rabbit's track he came across; so out of my mental picture-palace of travel experience, I will not hesitate to select two happy events quite casually, and sit with each for a few minutes of tranquil reflection.

Summer evenings after five o'clock I journey in company with the inhabitants of the North End. For a half-mile our way lies through a land of plenty, a Dutch painting with its regular arrangement of row upon row of tender green with the rich black earth showing between. Windmills and patient plodding horses loom darkly against the slanting

sunlight, groups of women with yellow and red and blue kerchiefs about their throats wait heavily at every corner. They come aboard the car, jabbering, gesticulating; their ear-rings brilliant against the grime of the cheek, the brooch of heavy Etruscan gold, the dirty hands adorned with the rings of marriage, the stout shoes, the sturdy waist line, the short skirt, — all eloquent with the story and the character of the Italian laborer. I notice that the old woman is constant companion to the younger one. She it is who is likely to have her apron filled with the evening salad; a savory salad it will be, and the black bread will not lack its rub of garlic — of that I am certain.

My friend had filled my arms with roses, and I traveled cityward a miniature flower-show. A passing shower had effected the prudence of a closed car. As I took my seat in its dusky, malodorous interior, an Italian girl involuntarily stretched her arms towards my roses and her face beamed its appreciation of their bright beauty. She jabbered to her elderly companion, and to my limited Italian her words seemed a beatitude for roses. And so I divided my treasure and gave myself the pleasure of her gratitude. She jabbered more incoherently now, glancing furtively at me meanwhile and seeming to struggle with an embarrassment. I began to make those futile and uneasy movements that evince a woman's intention to leave the car within the next ten minutes. Whereupon the girl reached into an inner pocket and stumbled over to my seat, leaving in my surprised possession a bit of needlework, exquisitely done, black from the dirt of the fields, — evidence of her noon-hour industry. She had also asked " the most beautiful and noble lady to do her the honor to accept this trifle." But my courtesy failed me, and I crossed over to her and tried to refuse, kindly and firmly, her gift. She looked at me and said, " But I want to give it to you. You were kind. See the beautiful roses. I cannot give roses, but see that, that is a trifle," and she laughed gayly. " I do that while I sit under the tree."

If such is the nature and the taste of Italians, I no longer wonder at that habit of my English forefathers that caused such consternation to austere Roger Ascham. I, too, would not " eschewe the way to Circe's court but go & ryde & runne & flie thither." Awaiting my opportunity for that more complex experience, I will make my way their way during the early twilight of these growing summer afternoons.

And while I sojourn with my Italian companions, I know that merely by changing my route another nickel will enable me to travel a good deal in Germany, in Scandinavia, or in the Jewry of Russia. It's all as you will have it, mankind going forth and you there to see the going forth. What travel experience offers more significant opportunities than this!

There is another route that I sometimes take, did take regularly every Saturday evening during a long cold winter, and it told me quite another story. My companions with whom I traveled much were all from the Plains and all intent upon the succulent promise of a Sunday dinner, and the week's supplies to be bought in the Saturday evening markets. They knew one another, and boldly and confidently (also, to my great interest, loudly) proclaimed their tastes and their provident epicurean intentions. One old man of a stature too slight and strength enfeebled, bore his big empty basket jauntily, and always proclaimed, " For my eatin' a good fat turkey fixed right ain't to be beat. I 'm expectin' to get one to-night for twelve cents."

All winter I suffered vicarious pangs of disappointment to see that basket go home, now weighing heavily on the old man's arm. No turkey's legs ever consoled me with their protruding promise. Wet, solid packages explained the resignation that had in it no sign of expected pleasure on the morrow. At last I spoke

with the old man. "Prices are high this winter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "they be. They bean't never so high right along on a stretch sence I can remember. Now I'm powerful fond of turkey. It's good eatin'. But I ain't had one all winter. I've kinder expected every Saturday night that I could get one, but I ain't yet. Perhaps they'll be lower next week." And with this optimistic hope he bore his corned beef less heavily toward the door.

My Saturday evening dinner I called this experience, and I learned of a sauce, one that makes of uneaten dinners a poignant memory. Something also of the renewed gayety that attends the going forth of mankind, whether it be to buy or to eat a dinner, to discover or to conquer a world, was borne in upon me as week after week I joined this Saturday evening expedition. Every week I saw the same confident expectation, the same gayety of anticipation. If any dread of a repetition of last week's disillusionment lurked in their hearts, their faces did not reveal it. Bare-handed women, wearing the plain gold ring of promised protection, looked brightly into one another's faces and talked of "He" and "Him" and "Him and Me," glancing proudly at the aloof figures that embodied the nameless and really nonexistent counterpart of their pronouns. They seemed to forget that last week the limp bag came back just as limp, and that "he" did not come, or that "he" did come, singing noisily and striking his reveling companions with the Sunday chicken until the poor bird was naked and ashamed. And, thankfully, it often was different; at least if events were unchanged, the *dramatis personæ* shifted from week to week. She who was dinnerless to-day might hope for a feast a week later. I often noticed that when the poor fowl lost all its potential epicurean promise and became a mere weapon of offense, next Saturday was pretty sure to expose a very tidy, well-filled basket adorned with the yellowest of legs. While history does indeed repeat itself, there is a kind of tidal action of disappointment and recompense even in so small a matter as Saturday "beers" and Sunday dinners.

I traveled a good deal that winter with my dinner companions, and one evening as spring was manifesting her coming by means of a soft southerly wind, I heard my travel experience summarized by a woman sitting beside me. She was old and worn, but a bright spark dwelt in her eye as she talked to her younger companion about life and its compensations. "They's allers more shine than wet, and I as says it has seen many springs both wet and dry and I've lived a hard life as things go, but they's allers more shine than wet."

"How circumscribed are our walks after all! With the utmost industry we cannot expect to know well an area more than six miles square, and yet we pretend to be travelers, to be acquainted with Siberia and Africa." And so I expend my five cents hopefully each day for that hour's fruitful journeying cityward, and am content to exclude Siberia and Africa from the plane of my travel tours. To know Africans and Siberians shall be my sole aspiration. Content with that benefit from travel, I can confidently await the moment when I shall, in obedience to command, "move up forward in the car," to find myself face to face with my opportunity.

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CITY PLANNING IN AMERICA

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

CITY planning is attaining a wide acceptance and popularity in America, that augurs great things for our cities, if only it is followed up by consecutive and comprehensive execution. Writing in 1902, John De Witt Warner said, "American cities are rapidly awakening to the many needs of convenience, as well as dignity and beauty, subserved by appropriate civic centres, and in three cases (four, if we include Washington) more or less definite plans have been discussed."

Those four plans have become forty-four in the five years that have passed. Discussion has made way for concrete results so rapidly that the mention of Washington and Cleveland sounds almost like ancient history. Two of the plans have been almost forgotten in the more comprehensive ones that have since been undertaken, although we must not fail to give due credit to the pioneer work of Cahill's plan for a civic centre in San Francisco, and Wight's plan for the improvement of Chicago's lake-front.

Chicago, the most recent to undertake a far-reaching and all-embracing scheme, is likely to excel its predecessors, not only because of its ambition, but because it will have the great benefit of their experience. Daniel H. Burnham, whose White City in 1893 set the American people to thinking about the possibilities of civic architecture and effective grouping, will have entire charge of the development of the plan. To his long line of civic services, beginning with the World's Fair and including Washington, Manila, San Francisco, and Cleveland, he will add his civic pride as a Chicagoan. The result should be, and already, although only partly disclosed, bids fair to be, a worthy *magnum opus*. This latest "Burnham plan" is already emerging from the "land of dreams and pictures," giving evidence that it has long been maturing in the master's mind. Chicago, which is nothing if not aggressive and energetic, has already started in upon its consummation. The desire "to give back the blue line of Lake Michigan to the people of Chicago" is making headway (despite some business reactionaries), the Illinois legislature at its last session having passed the needed enabling acts.

In one aspect this part may be said to constitute the keynote of the plan. It involves restoring the lake-front through building up by piling and filling a strip of land parallel with the shore, which is to be built out in the same way, so that an open lagoon will be formed. This is to be bridged, at intervals of a mile, from the shore line to the outer strip or parkway, and further diversified by artificial islands and effective tree-shored planting and shrubbery, recalling the famous Court of Honor of 1893.

The possibilities of this improvement are most striking and endless in their variety. When successfully carried out it should, and I believe it will, create a great dissatisfaction with the present forbidding appearance of the average water-fronts of our American cities, and lead eventually to a repairing of long neglect and abuse of great opportunities.

Some idea of the further improvements contemplated in the water-front, and in

the treatment of the Chicago River, may be gathered from the suggestions made by Isham Randolph, the chief engineer of the sanitary district. While these have not been incorporated in the plan, and no recommendations have been made on the subject, they show the drift of thought of those who are giving attention to the question. Mr. Randolph suggests among other things concrete docks, faced with marble, for the river-front, with monumental bridges over important streets; the electrification of the Illinois Central and the Northwestern Suburban lines; the purifying of the Chicago River by means of drainage conduits; and, lastly, small parks for the ends of the unbridged streets.

As in all such plans, a certain coöperation of abutting property owners is contemplated, and it is expected that owners of property along the river will reconstruct their buildings in such a way as to further the accomplishment of the great designs in view; but the experience of other cities shows that something more than individual voluntary coöperation will have to be resorted to, and the chances are that, unless Chicagoans are very different from other people, the strong arm of the law will have to be utilized to bring the recalcitrants into line.

River-front improvement occupies a conspicuous place in the St. Louis city plan also, which by-the-bye is one of the best and most effective thus far published. It owes its origin to the Civic League of that city, which was responsible also for its elaboration and will unquestionably take a conspicuous part in its execution. The committee of the League represented the various interests of the city actively concerned in its welfare and progress, and included merchants, lawyers, public officials and architects, and landscape architects.

The proper treatment of the river-front of St. Louis would not only make it, as the report outlines, once more of importance in the business life of the community, but would give to St. Louis a natural entranceway unique among American municipalities. At present the river-front is sadly marred by unsightly elevated tracks and disgraceful and dilapidated buildings. In their place it is proposed to establish a broad open plaza from Eads Bridge to the proposed bridge at Poplar Street, on a level with Third Street. The railway tracks and passenger stations, which are recognized as essential to the city's future prosperity, are to be placed under the plaza. There will be an easy approach from the level, and the warehouses (which must be reconstructed) will front along Second Street, with the Merchants' Exchange as a central point.

In reinforcing these recommendations the committee declares that "To show that some such treatment . . . is not only desirable but feasible, we need cite only a few of the number of cities which have successfully handled this problem to the great benefit of the city. Algiers has not only provided in the best possible manner for her commercial interests, but by a line of masonry has given the city a majestic and imposing gateway. Budapest on the Danube has preserved much of its river-front for palatial public buildings, frequent park-spaces, and tree-lined promenades, and at the same time utilized the space beneath the streets and back of the quay for storage purposes. The water-fronts of Hamburg, Antwerp, Stockholm, Rouen, and Berlin have been treated in a somewhat similar manner. In fact, the tendency in all European cities is to take advantage of the river-front opportunities for beautifying purposes."

Americans are reaching the point where they see and realize that utility and beauty are not antagonists, but handmaids who, when working harmoniously together, produce far greater results than the sum of their separate efforts. Europeans long ago appreciated this great factor in civic progress, but Americans will, judging from present prospects, outstrip them in the practical realization of the highest ideals.

The New York Improvement Commission, of which Francis K. Pendleton is chairman, and which was an official body appointed by Mayor McClellan, while it by no means overlooked water-front improvement, naturally gave the more emphasis to intra-mural communication. This was natural, in view of the great area of the city and the character and location of its several component parts. It heartily indorsed, as was to be expected, the plans of the Dock Department ultimately to complete a marginal street around the entire commercial water-front of Manhattan. Those portions of the water-front not yet utilized for such purposes in the several boroughs should be, it is recommended, reserved for parks.

The Report of the Committee of the Boston Society of Architects dealing with Municipal Improvement, quite recently published, and as yet without the Society's official endorsement, gives very considerable attention to the improvement of the port of Boston and to the reconstruction of the Charles River basin. The recommendations as to the former are largely utilitarian and include a combination of warehouses, long piers, and new and enlarged docks at South Boston.

The development of the Charles River basin has long been a favorite theme for consideration in Boston, and the present report constitutes an interesting addition to the discussion. The key to the proposal is to be found in the statement that at present the Charles River separates Cambridge from Boston, instead of combining it with the great metropolitan scheme. As the present basin is "empty, vague and uninteresting," it is suggested that an island be built up within it, which would serve as a unification of the entire metropolitan district and provide an effective site for the executive and legislative departments of the metropolitan government. The westerly end of the island would form "an ideal location" for the proposed Cathedral of the Episcopal Church. Here also could be built hotels, apartment-houses, churches, charitable and educational institutions, an opera house and theatre, while stores and shops might be provided for along the line of Massachusetts Avenue. If such an elaborate scheme were to be carried out it would unquestionably result in an improvement of the Boston side of the river, now unfortunately and mistakenly given over to the back-yards of the Beacon Street houses.

To revert to the Chicago plan, which will be formulated by Mr. Burnham under the ægis of the public-spirited Commercial Club (with which the Merchants' Club was merged last year), the river-front plan will not only restore the "blue line," but will serve as a part of the great park system which is to be rounded out by a stately outer parkway to engirdle the entire city. This boulevard will extend from Jackson Park to Grant Park, far east of the railroad tracks, and then on to the Lake Shore Drive, swinging west into the proposed outer park-belt, and completing its circuit through the valleys of the Shokie, Des Plaines, and Calumet.

Here are some of the other points that will be considered in this effort "to show how Chicago can be made a better place to live in, not only from the standpoint of civic beauty, but also from the more practical standpoints of commercial advantage, health, comfort and convenience:"—

To make the Chicago River front a thing of beauty through embankments, driveways, and granite docks. This plan will include small parks along the north and south branches, away from the heart of the city, and will be accomplished with the aid of the drainage board.

To carry out an easily practicable plan for a civic centre by erecting a city hall to match the adjoining county building; and to give dignity to both structures by condemning the half block of property on their east and west façades and making a small park.

To free the downtown district by putting the street cars into the subways

proposed in the new traction offer. To include the elevated roads in this scheme and make their trains enter the new subways at Eighteenth Street, Ashland and Chicago Avenues, thereby removing the ugly "L" loop.

To concentrate the railroads in the two great terminal centres, making dignified entrances to the city, To make the new Madison Street stations of the Northwestern and the Pennsylvania the centre for the north and west roads, and to establish a similar centre for the south and east lines somewhere on the South Side.

To employ the money which the city, as a "partner" in the traction companies, will receive from the new agreement, in repairing, cleaning, and improving the downtown streets, alleys, and sidewalks.

To carry out the present scheme of building the Field Museum and the Crerar Library in Grant Park, and to allow for the eventual erection there of a new and enlarged Art Institute.

On his return from Europe in July Mr. Burnham declared that "the making of a new and beautiful Chicago will not be the work of a year or two. Chicago's problems are especially difficult, because the city is all built up, values of land are high, and the city is settled and solid in its present form. But I am confident of success, though it may take a generation or more to make the city what we hope."

We are prone to speak of city planning as if it were something new, and in a way something peculiarly American. It is true it has reached a wider vogue in a shorter time in this country than in any other, but as far back as 1666 Sir Christopher Wren prepared a plan for the city of London after the great fire. It was never carried out, although some of his recommendations are now being executed under the progressive policy of the modern County Council. In our own country, L'Enfant, over a century ago, prepared a plan not only for our capital city, but also for Buffalo, both of which have been adhered to in the main points. Detroit followed L'Enfant's ideas, although he did not prepare the plans.

These cities represent deliberate, comprehensive planning from the beginning. Like Dalny in far-away Siberia, they were developed along previously determined lines; but such instances are possible only in new countries, and are exceptional even there. The Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and San Francisco plans represent an entirely different phase of deliberate and comprehensive planning. They are more like the king-made cities of St. Petersburg and Madrid, or the more recent emperor-made Paris. They grew up along lines of least resistance and in obedience to immediate needs, with practically little thought of the future, and none of the æsthetic side. Then came a period of awakening to civic consciousness and pride, leading to a dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and then an earnest desire for improvement. The Cleveland Group Plan had the merit, not only of being one of the earliest of recent American attempts at effective city-building, but of disclosing the great possibilities of effective combination and coöperation. It illustrates in the realm of civic endeavor that two plus two when properly put together may mean something very much greater than four. This is a discovery of great value and has had a great influence on other American communities, fostering to a large extent the growth of public interest in group plans.

The Chicago plan will, of course, be much more comprehensive in its scope than the Cleveland plan, but it must not be forgotten that the latter is very nearly *un fait accompli*, because all the buildings planned, except the railroad terminal, are provided for, and some are already in course of construction.

The third type of city planning for comprehensive development may be called "the gradual," because it represents an effective progress step by step. Philadelphia and Springfield, Massachusetts, are the two most striking instances of this type.

Philadelphia has not in the past been generally associated with far-reaching plans of civic improvement; but it has been making very steady headway, and, as I pointed out a year ago in an article in *The Craftsman*, it is entitled to be considered among the leaders. Its Fairmount Park has long been famous, but the city has not for years been content to rest on those laurels. It has been extending the park area in various sections, and now it is busily, although quietly, coördinating them and providing for a great outer parkway. Three years ago (in June, 1905), Andrew Wright Crawford, Secretary of the City Parks Association, was able to say, "The park movement in Philadelphia has achieved some signal successes during the past year. In the direction of reserving outlying open spaces for the health and enjoyment of this and coming generations, the most important action by the city was the passage by Councils and approval by the Mayor, March 20, 1905, of an ordinance that will preserve from building encroachments six and one-half miles, covering one thousand acres of the Pennypack Creek."

In July of last year, the plans for encircling the city with a chain of parks and connecting boulevards and parkways were forwarded by the passage of ordinances providing for the condemnation of five hundred and fifty acres of woodland, valley, and meadows bordering on Pennypack and Cobb's Creeks. There are four hundred and forty-seven acres embraced in the Pennypack Creek project, on both banks of that stream, extending from Welsh Road to Bustleton Avenue. For beauty of woodland and sylvan scenery, this part of the Pennypack may be said to be a miniature Wissahickon, while the waters of the creek are quite as plentiful as those of its better known rival in Fairmount Park.

These additions are in harmony with the suggestions made by the Allied Organizations of Philadelphia, which, in 1902, published the report on "American Park Systems," prepared by Frank Miles Day, the President of the American Institute of Architects, and by Mr. Crawford. This is a most comprehensive report, and has had a very considerable share in stimulating public interest, in Philadelphia and throughout the country.

In addition to this park development the city is now opening up a great parkway from City Hall to Fairmount Park, right through a densely built-up and, for part of the way, a slum district. This is a great project, the value of which has been greatly enhanced by the fact that the Pennsylvania Legislature at its recent session passed an Art-Jury Bill, giving the city control over monuments, statues, and public structures generally, and another bill giving the city power to acquire two hundred feet on either side of any boulevard, and to resell it subject to such restrictions as the city may see fit to impose. This gives it absolute control over important diagonal highways and the structures upon them, a most important consideration. It is a step Chicago will have to take if it wishes to carry out its ideas in all their fullness.

The Philadelphia Parkway already under construction will in time be a great permanent Court of Honor. It takes in on its way Logan Square, one of the original four laid out by William Penn, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of SS. Peter and John, and the Academy of Natural Sciences. To these there are to be added the Free Library of Philadelphia, the great two-million-dollar Museum which is to house the Johnson, Widener, and Elkins collections of pictures, and in all likelihood the new building of the Franklin Institute. In time, other important public and semi-public buildings will be added, and another striking addition will have been made to the list of the world's great avenues.

Philadelphia has other boulevards in course of construction which will serve to modify its time-honored gridiron system of streets, to serve as connecting lines of parks and far-distant sections of the city, and above all to force a far-reaching civic

readjustment similar to that which followed the rebuilding of Paris.

Springfield was mentioned as another instance of gradual but effective development. According to Guy Kirkham, a local architect, it is a fortunate thing that the local fire-insurance company, which acquired property adjoining the Church of the Unity, designed by Richardson, on State Street, is constructing a building of moderate height and marked dignity of design, worthy of a place in the group including the Church, the Art Museum, and St. Gaudens's statue of the Puritan. Business is here associating itself appropriately with religion, art, and education. This constitutes a great advance, and measures Springfield's progress over the times when the Unitarian meeting-house and the high school were adjoined by the county jail, a succession familiarly denominated Salvation, Education, and Damnation.

Springfield, according to the same authority, is developing another civic group, one which should in time become the true centre. Years ago certain public-spirited citizens gave Court Square to the city as a public common, which has since been extended to the river. On this square will face several important buildings, the city hall, the police building, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grand Army of the Republic Memorial, the principal theatre, a grammar school, and the old First Church. A new bridge over the Connecticut and the elimination of the present railroad tracks have likewise been proposed, so as to make beautiful the entire bank of the river as it flows through the city.

It must not be assumed that city planning concerns itself only with the big features of the city, such as we have been writing about. While these are important and are most likely to attract public attention, men like Olmsted, Burnham, Carrere, are too great as artists to overlook the fine points, to omit the details of a piece of work. They realize that "a city beautiful involves not only a well-designed plan, a civic centre, a park, and a show boulevard, but also an artistic treatment of its bridges, street-signs, lamp-posts, fire-hydrants, and mail-boxes, as well as of its fountains, monuments, statuary, and other confessedly ornamental features." They realize that when one fills a city with striking statuary and fountains, he has but filled it with beautiful objects. What they and others who have been so busily occupied during the passing decade aim at is to make the city itself beautiful. Consequently we find, for instance, the New York Report considering appropriate house-numbers, gas and electric fixtures, the manner of indicating streets, bridle-paths, the location of statues and monuments, railroad crossings, the pavement of streets, tree-planting, cab service. The St. Louis Plan does likewise.

In the matter of tree-planting, the latter emphasizes its vital relations to a system of street improvements. No city street is complete without a row of well-developed and properly cared-for trees on both sides of the roadway. The city has a city forester, whose duties are to superintend, regulate, and encourage the planting, culture, and preservation of shade and ornamental trees. The ordinance provides that the property owners on any three or more contiguous blocks, by a majority vote, shall determine the variety of trees to be planted on that street. This gives uniformity without rigidity, adds much to the beauty and comfort of the streets and homes, and greatly enhances the value of abutting property.

Mr. Burnham's points for consideration in connection with the San Francisco plans cover four printed pages, and will certainly repay the thoughtful attention of those who are thinking of giving consideration to complicated questions involved in the phrase, "A City Plan."

Nor are the big metropolitan centres of population, like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the only ones that have taken up the subject. In the list of forty-four cities which I have tabulated

as being concerned about city plans, either in the way of actually formulating them or as preparing to devise them, are Columbia and Greenville, South Carolina; Atlantic City, — where the proposals involve the expenditure of ten million dollars, to make that place the greatest of pleasure resorts; Oakland, California; Hartford, Essex County, New Jersey; Milwaukee, Walla Walla, Seattle, Montreal, Honolulu, Pittsburg, Detroit, St. Paul, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manila, Providence, Buffalo, Baltimore, Harrisburg, — and this is but a partial list. Kansas City has made giant strides within the decade. Its park and boulevard systems are worthy of study by city-makers everywhere, and its public spirit is worthy of general emulation. The Paseo is one of the civic achievements of the country.

Some idea of the pace of improvement at which our cities move may be gathered from the following interview with Mayor Speer, of Denver: —

"There are n't enough teams and men to do all the work. For the next year we have more than we can accomplish in the way of public improvements that have been already undertaken. Until recently every proposed scheme for the beautifying or betterment of any portion of the city met with its certain proportion of protest. But now there are not only no protests, but in every part of the city the householders seem to be greedy for more.

"What I intend to do is to see that each separate improvement in turn is rushed with the largest force possible, so that each one can be finished and then progress made with the next. We shall soon have the South Side improvement district completed, and shall turn our attention to the East Side.

"It is the first time that such a state of affairs has occurred in the history of Denver. It is a gratifying sign that every section of the inhabitants is equally and strongly imbued with the spirit of progress. But just at present we can't cope with it, if we would."

Such is the state of affairs in Colorado's capital, and substantially in every important community. If properly controlled and guided, this spirit, accompanied by a realization that we cannot have a city beautiful until we have eliminated civic ugliness in all its forms, will give to American cities an eminence among the municipalities of the world, which it will be difficult to excel and impossible to overtake.

BIOLOGY AND HUMAN PROGRESS

BY T. D. A. COCKERELL

THE humble and hard-working scientific investigator, when occasionally he looks up from his microscope or dissecting-table, is apt to perceive — sometimes in reality, at other times in imagination — a supercilious individual, not invariably a college president, asking, "What's the use?" At the moment he may find this simple query somewhat disturbing to his nervous system, and he is to be congratulated if he can think of a suitable retort before it is too late. Franklin's apt reply, "What's the use of a new-born baby?" — so brilliantly justified by the later developments of electricity — was a spark off the wheel of genius, and no such fire is at the command of the ordinary plodder along scientific paths.

I have acknowledged a certain irritation upon hearing the query, "What's the use?" and yet, upon reflection, I must confess that it is a very proper question — one which must be answered if science is in any sense to be justified. Value, in the long run, is the test of everything, from our human standpoint, and we can conceive of no other. What, then, is the use, the value, of scientific research? The question is a metaphysical one, and science, as such, gives no answer. Science may show that such and such a research has produced, or has assisted to produce, in the course of years, turnips, or sugar-beets, or oranges; or has saved the lives of so many people; or has prevented railroad collisions; or has, if you please, lodged rascals in jail and set the innocent free. All these things and many others science may do, but then — what's the use? Regarded from the standpoint of pure science, what atom is better than another, or what combination of atoms? Do we feed you, clothe you, house you, from day to day? What then? why are you, as an individual walking the earth, better than the clay of former individuals on which you walk? All is equally orderly, equally wonderful, equally obedient to what we call the laws of nature, — is, in short, what it is, — and is that by reason of everything else. The cosmos is a unit, equally indispensable in all its parts, — for and by itself. What is the *use* of God? No answer is thinkable, to the monist or monotheist.

Nevertheless, the man who recognized no use, or value, would be insane. There is a practical dualism which lies at the very foundation of our nature, makes our lives worth while, and enables us to respect those of others. We are ends in ourselves: a moment of pleasure, of intellectual or spiritual insight, of love, — even of anger or hate, — is its own justification, is the culmination of the so-called blind forces of nature in sight. Thus it may be said that those things are of value which, entering the field of human consciousness, serve to enrich it.

Science, however, enables us to distinguish what may be termed direct and indirect, or contributory, values. The idea of causation, or the necessary sequence of events, leads us to perceive that certain things which at the time were quite unknown to us, or if known did not impress us as valuable, were antecedent to some of our most precious experiences, and that the latter directly resulted from the former. These indirect values began to come into prominence in the intellectual field as soon as science was systematically studied, and to-day they are perceived to be as numerous, in relation to any particular direct value, as our ancestors in relation to ourselves. To

the scientific mind they appeal so strongly that it becomes difficult to believe that *any* fact will not have "useful" posterity; but the lay mind is apt to be as skeptical as we might be if requested to let a notorious burglar out of jail, on the ground that he might prove, in the sixteenth generation, to be a necessary ancestor of some great man.

This, however, is true only when the lay imagination is required to be unduly stretched. Money has no direct value whatever; all the value it has is of a contributory nature. Yet we do not accuse the public of inability to appreciate money, for all that it is not even the father of any direct value (unless cupidity be one), but at most its grandfather. The unscientific will go back even farther than this, and see value in the crop which may be sold for money, — even in the land and seed, which brought together will produce the crops. Somewhere, however, we come to the beginning of things as understood, to the "This is the house that Jack built;" and back of that the story does not tell.

Perhaps, then, I should say that the first, and in some ways most important, use of scientific research, and a knowledge of its results, is to enlarge the imagination. The eye of the mind must be taught to see and understand. How many follies, how many crimes, are committed from lack of imagination! Alas, in this poor state of ours to-day, how much is going on which would not be tolerated for an instant, did we but have the insight, the imagination, to see what it all means and is likely to mean for coming generations! The story is told that, on a recent Antarctic expedition, "the voyagers started with a train of dogs to drag their sledges, to penetrate as far as they could the frozen hills. They were reduced to very small rations of food, and the dogs, though willing and friendly enough, began to collapse and fail with fatigue and want of nourishment. They were obliged to kill them one by one. Each of the party in turn had to lead the dog that seemed most exhausted away from the camp, put him to death, and return with his body, which was presently eaten by the other dogs. The poor creatures at last grew to understand that when, in the evening, one of the sledge-party left the tents accompanied by a dog, it meant a speedy prospect of food. And so the ceremony was always heralded by an outburst of cheerful and excited barking from the rest of the troop. The victim himself always shared in the excitement and accompanied his executioner wagging his tail and uttering joyful barks, under the impression that he was specially favored by being led to the source of the desired food." [1]

It is well for the dog, thus about to perish, to have no anticipatory terror; but for ourselves, we have been provided, for good or for evil, with the power to anticipate and prevent many misfortunes, and damned are we if we don't use it. The "knowledge of good and evil" is indeed a two-edged sword, and to be unskillful in its use is to endure the severest penalties ever meted out to living beings.

Yet, how like we are to the dogs in the story — before the event; how unlike, in our remorse and misery after it. How cheerfully, to avoid a little trouble or expense, do we submit to poisoned food, foul water, the contamination of our blood or morals; how bitterly do we complain of disease and death, of hereditary incapacity, of crookedness, — when they affect us directly. Without disparaging the other sciences, it must be claimed for biology that, since we are living creatures, it is of the first importance for the understanding of our vital problems, for the cultivation of that foresight which we are bound by our contract with the Almighty to practice.

As a means of culture, I hold it invaluable for the development of that type of mind which is ready to connect series of facts, and so perceive the danger before it is at the door, the advantage before it

[1] *The Gate of Death*, 1906, p. 220.

has passed by. From this point of view there is a positive gain to the individual in any scientific research pursued in a sufficiently broad and open-eyed way. It is not necessary to prove that the study of a particular group of beetles or centipedes will eventually "mean money;" it is fruitful at the very moment in cultivating an alert attitude of mind; provided, as I first said, that it is not too narrowly construed. That it also has a direct value, only to be properly appreciated by those who have received it, is a different but no less important consideration.

The scientific imagination is not merely of value for the purpose of connecting facts, but also for that of disconnecting fiction. To believe an impossible thing does not usually require much imagination, but the reverse. Thus, to the simple-minded people of old it seemed quite possible that the sun "stood still in the heavens" on an occasion narrated in history. To the scientific man it is apparent that for this to happen either the earth would have to cease revolving on its axis, or else the sun would be obliged to proceed with fearful speed out of its usual path, to keep opposite the same terrestrial point. Either of these things seem to him less likely than the hypothesis that the story is a poetic fiction. It is because he can imagine the implications of the statement, that he does not believe it.

All our educational problems may be said to centre around questions of "nature and nurture;" in other words, heredity and environment. They are, therefore, problems for the biologist; or, if not exclusively for him, at any rate largely of his concern. To what extent can we, by our educational methods, affect the character of the individual? To what extent is it legitimate or desirable to do so? Education, in a broad or biological sense, does not begin in school; it does not even begin at birth, but long before. It may be defined as being the provision of the best means for developing the several characteristics or abilities of the individual to the best personal and social uses. In this sense it includes adequate nourishment on the one hand, adequate stimuli on the other. Do we yet know enough about these things, or apply what we know? Most assuredly not.

A number of years ago Dr. H. M. Vernon made some experiments with the eggs of sea-urchins to determine the effect of various kinds of treatment upon subsequent development. He found that exposure of the ova for an hour to a temperature of about 8° C. at the time of impregnation, instead of the normal temperature of about 19° C., produced an average diminution of 4.1 per cent in the size of the larvæ. Temperatures a few degrees above the normal acted even more unfavorably, one of 25.5° producing an average diminution of 5.9 per cent. It was thus evident that the ova were extraordinarily sensitive to changes in temperature at this early period, and, as it was also found that they were very sensitive to changes in the salinity of the water, Dr. Vernon inferred that practically all changes in the environment would affect them. Among the higher animals, Professor Ewart made experiments with rabbits. He constructed an artificial slum in the basement of a house with little light or air, and there permitted a doe rabbit to live and give birth to litters of young. The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Many were born dead others were so weakly as to be scarcely able to live. Afterwards the same mother was removed to healthy surroundings, and her offspring were all that could be desired. Biology teaches, then, that living organisms are very easily affected in the earliest stages of their existence; and if we find such gross and palpable effects as have just been described, it may reasonably be assumed that there are others of a more subtle nature, perhaps not less serious in the long run. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether it is not a lesser evil to destroy

the potential individual at the beginning, than to cause him to go through life handicapped by some frailty resulting from early injury.

Those who oppose the demolition of the slums sometimes accuse their opponents of sentimentalism. How can you cure, say they, something which has its root in the vicious habits of the people, — and, incidentally, subserves great commercial interests? Well, we have this to say, that it is absolutely certain that, given any human stock this world ever produced, it would deteriorate in the slums; the individuals of each succeeding generation would be stunted and their lives cut short; they would fare like Dr. Vernon's sea-urchins or Professor Ewart's rabbits. Who and what are the causes of the conditions permitted to exist in all great cities? Where should we assign the blame? The past cannot be undone, but we are responsible for the future, because we are able to bring about a change. That the slums could not be destroyed in a few years, if the people of this country really wished it, is impossible to believe. The trouble is, that we either hold property (if it belongs to us or our associates) to be more valuable than life or health (if they belong to others), or else we do not recognize the true causes of the existing evil. In the latter case science and education should help us, in the former we justify revolution.

Nor is it merely a matter of altruism. The conditions which obtain in all crowded centres of population weigh heavily upon every one of us. The great cities are undoubtedly prosperous in a narrow commercial sense, but the corruption and rascality which they foster and shelter have become a menace to the state. Boulder, where I write, may be taken as a type of the town of the future, at least in its better features. With natural surroundings of extraordinary beauty, as good a climate as might be desired, and a population no worse than the average, there seems a possibility of maintaining indefinitely such conditions as are suitable for human beings. Yet there are many good men and women who would sacrifice the best of all this; who would fill our streams with filth and our air with smoke and gases, would crowd our streets with the poor and miserable, would have us even as Denver or Chicago is to-day, — all for the sake of that form of prosperity represented by commercial profit!

But stop, you say, — the world's work must be carried on. We must have cities and factories, and mills. Where would *you* be if all these things suddenly ceased to exist? Do you not daily and hourly use their products? Does not our very civilization depend upon them?

To all this, so plausible but so short-sighted, the biologist can have but one answer. Nothing is right which interferes with the normal healthy life of human beings; nothing so interfering is justifiable if preventable. You have already accepted this doctrine in relation to your chickens, your cattle, yes, even your pigs; but when you come to your own species, there you stop. It is true, indeed, that the world's work must be carried on. The social organism must be maintained; we desire neither anarchy nor savagery. But at present it is suffering from chronic indigestion in an aggravated form, and without some change of habits, the doctor cannot help.

The biologist has observed that, when a country is nearly uniform from one end to the other, the animals and plants will show a similar uniformity; but that when it is broken up into mountains, or consists of islands, several races of many genera will be developed, each adapted to its peculiar locality. The historian and the sociologist have made similar observations. The British Islands, the mountains of Switzerland, the peninsulas of Greece, Italy, and Scandinavia, have been the homes of the finest races the world has known. In a certain sense, the United States and the Federation of the World are magnificent conceptions, ever

to be upheld; but please observe, these are *States* which are united, and the world is to be a *Federation*, not a monarchy. The best peoples have been the offspring of mixed blood, living under stable and characteristic conditions for long periods of time. It may be that the intermixture of new blood is necessary for racial vitality, but it is absolutely certain that the lack of a reasonable degree of stability is fatal to high culture, which always means racial and personal individuality. By stability I do not refer to political or intellectual conditions, which should always exhibit progressive change, but to racial constancy sufficient to call forth abilities suited to the peculiar genius of the people.

I confess that I am alarmed lest the indiscriminate mingling of peoples now going on should give us a sort of dull uniformity of mediocrity, stamping out "provincialism" altogether. We are Americans, to be sure; but we should also be living examples of the peculiar and unique virtue which emanates from our own half-acre. I should welcome the adoption of some particular sign — some feather in our cap — that would mark us as coming from a special state or town, if it were indicative of real characteristics such as we ought to possess. Provincialism, of the right sort, is a virtue, not a vice; we who live in this place, not quite like any other in the world, should live the lives and think the thoughts adapted to it, — not indeed in ignorance of the beyond, but as men who are able to use that which Providence has bestowed upon them.

If the migratory habits of Americans in general constitute a certain danger to our culture, what is to be said of the injection of apparently unlimited quantities of foreign blood? Putting aside for the moment the question whether Japanese, Slavs, and others are more or less desirable as citizens than those who already occupy the country, what is to be said of the indiscriminate mixture? Supposing that some one were to introduce miscellaneous blood into the choice herds of cattle in Colorado, without so much as consulting the owners, what would be said and done? But nobody asks, apparently, what the Coloradoan of the future is likely to be, as the consequence of the intermixture of half a dozen alien races. I do not pretend to know how it will all work out, but the matter is open for investigation and no little evidence is already available. In the mean time, the horse will doubtless be over the horizon before we think of closing the stable-door.

It is well known to the biologist that all living organisms vary, the several individuals not being exactly alike. It is also recognized that this variation follows certain general laws; so that, for instance, examples of extreme difference from the average are rarer than those of slight difference. It is known further that the race inherits certain types of variability, so that if individuals of a certain kind appear now, they may be looked for in the future. Arguing from such general considerations, which are of course supported by innumerable specific cases, we may infer that the white population of Colorado ought to produce a certain percentage of ability of various kinds. Just what the maximum poetic ability — for instance — of any race or stock may be, we cannot say, since it is probable that no circumstances have ever arisen which would utilize and develop all the potential poets of a nation. Possibly the conditions existing in ancient Athens at her best were the most favorable that have ever prevailed for securing the maximum possible output of certain kinds of ability; and it may well be that these will never be repeated, — for the one reason, among others, that modern human society necessarily scatters its intellectual energies much more, having a far wider field. The proper intellectual output of a country, just like its proper output in physical achievement, can be estimated only in a general way and in the bulk; nor would it be desirable

that all those capable of work in certain intellectual fields should be directed thereto, any more than would be the case with manual occupations. Nevertheless, we have the right to expect a certain average performance — a certain minimum of distinction — in every race, and if it is not forthcoming, the biologist, at least, knows that something is wrong.

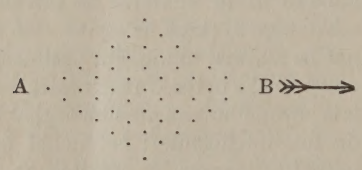
Professor J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia University has lately been gathering some very interesting statistics regarding the distribution of American men of science. He gives figures showing the origin and present whereabouts of a thousand of the most successful or best known. It is curious to note that, whereas some states have to-day about as many as were born within their borders (for example Pennsylvania, sixty-six born, sixty-five present), and thus may be said to have retained the talent they produced, others show notable gains or losses. Ohio, for example, gave birth to seventy-five of the leading thousand now living, but has to-day only thirty-four. California gave birth to eleven, but has fifty-three, as might be anticipated from the youth of the state and the rapid increase of population. Colorado, for similar reasons, while giving birth to only three, is now credited with eight. The three, however, was over 87 per million of the population in 1860, while the eight was only 14.8 per million in 1900. The latter figure shows a higher percentage than most states without universities of the largest size, and is about ten times as favorable as the figures for the South Central states.

While the selection of Professor Cattell's thousand shows a great many individual anomalies and oversights, yet it does very well to bring out such general facts as have just been mentioned. It is to be wished that the same might be done for the other fields of activity, so that we might see how far each state was taking advantage of its own native ability.

Biology has something to say about the purpose and scope of republican institutions. Originally, the idea of a king was one of the most brilliant and fruitful conceptions of the world. Long before mankind knew anything about Galtonian curves or polygons of frequency, it was discovered that there existed in every society certain exceptional individuals, capable of being put to exceptional uses. This discovery is not peculiar to man, of course, but he has been able to give it new meanings and uses. "The Divine Right of Kings" is not an empty phrase, but may be taken to mean that it is wise and therefore right for those capable of leading to assume this office. The pro test of the republican was against the abuse rather than the use of this high function; and it is a singular and significant fact that under the guise of republicanism we have given our temporary monarch more power than the King of England. Just now, some of us are inclined to complain that this individual is using too freely his peculiar opportunities; a protest singularly ill-timed, since he is the first of a considerable series to show any real ability to fill the office. What, then, should be the powers and functions of a President of the United States, or of any other president? The biological formula is a simple one: he should be allowed to do whatever he can do with advantage to those he serves. He should not be allowed to appoint postmasters in every village in the United States, because it is beyond human possibility that he can do this intelligently; he should be permitted to express his opinions on public questions, especially when, from his position, he has special knowledge of them. If he has been wisely selected, he represents, not merely the material interests, but the best ideals, the honor, of his country. He may and should stand for the integrity of these against all comers, even as David stood against Goliath. Yet it should be open to the humblest citizen to criticise his words and actions and to drive his criticisms home if he can.

The ideal republic must be a union of more or less kindred spirits, with more or less kindred aims, and yet with sufficient diversity to represent the free play of human activities. Where is it to be found? Nowhere so clearly, I think, as in the field of science. In the Republic of Science there is the necessary common bond, while its citizens are scattered in the four corners of the earth. There is the common language of scientific terms. There is the full recognition of authority, with the equal recognition of the right of any one to question that authority. There are no artificial sanctions or, if there are, they count for little. There is a reasonable balance preserved between the authority of custom and the right to change it. There are, of course, places encrusted over, needing to be broken by violence; there are little whirlwinds of anarchy; perfection has not been reached, but, take it all in all, the Republic of Science is the best of modern republics, and to be a citizen of it is in itself an education in the science of government.

I wish to add a few remarks on the causes of human progress, regarded in the most general way. Any group of living beings, arranged in respect to the development of any particular character, may be represented by a diagram, thus:



Each dot may be taken to represent one individual: A is the point of the minimum, B of the maximum development of the character. Of course, the sharpness of the corners of the figure will differ much according to the species and character chosen, but the general principle will remain unaltered. Dimorphic forms will of course give a more complicated figure, but these need not be considered at present. It will be seen at once that, as our common experience would suggest, there are many more individuals midway between the extremes than at either end. Thus, there are more persons of ordinary height, or approximately so, than Goliaths or Tom Thumbs.

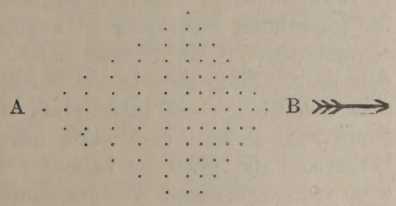
Suppose now that the group is not stationary, but shows progress in the direction indicated by the arrow, that is, toward the increase of the given character. This means that the first individual, or, more likely, his representative in a later generation, moves forward so much, the second also, and in short the whole group advances one or two places. This is illustrated very well by the progress of political opinion in such a country as England. To-day the Conservative party stands where the Liberals of former days stood; the Liberals are semi-socialistic in their aims, socialism has become a force in practical politics, while, on the other hand, the old-fashioned Tory is practically extinct.

It is evident from the diagram that *vox populi* is not, from an idealistic standpoint, *vox dei*. It would be, if the population had reached perfect equilibrium, so that any change or "progress" was undesirable. Few of us, I imagine, consider that any civilized nation can afford to rest on its laurels to-day, even for the briefest time. Hence, in respect to any particular movement, there must be men who are more enlightened than the majority,—men who, having advanced farther, can see more of the road ahead. That some who profess to have this advantage are looking at the wrong road, does not alter the fact that there *are* some who are fitted to lead and who should be followed to the extent that they are right.

Here, however, comes a difficulty. How is the mass of mankind to know the front of the phalanx from the rear? How is it to distinguish true from false guides? Has it not always stoned the prophets, and can it well avoid doing so?

I venture to suggest that there are ways of escaping from this difficulty, or at least of mitigating the evil. It is un-

doubtedly true that those in the middle of the group can rarely see the foremost, or understand his description of the road. But the second can understand the first, and interpret the message to the third, and so along the line, until even those in the rear have some glimmering of what's about. Formerly, the advantages of education, including especially contact with leading spirits, were confined to the few; to-day, by means of the school and the press, they are spread broadcast. The indications are that these increased advantages do not benefit men of the first ability so much as those of the second and lower grades. The result is, that the whole shape of the figure may be changed and it becomes "skew," as the biometricians say:—



Thus, the mass is closer to the leaders and better able to understand the trend of progress and the reasons therefor. The "great men" no longer stand out so prominently, so totally apart from the rest of mankind; but perhaps their influence is greater.

Another and most potent cause of progress among the masses is of course the sense of direction already taken. If we have advanced so much toward certain ideals, we are the more ready to take additional steps, even without reference to those ahead. This, however, is true only when some advance has already been made, and is not a means of initiating reform. It also, unfortunately, is so blind a force that it is not rarely the means of leading a nation over the precipice, rather than to the summit of the mountain.

It will be observed that I have made the last diagram kite-shaped and have spoken of it as "skew." It could be made so, and often has in past times, by a process quite different from that just suggested, namely that of cutting off the heads of the more advanced. This would lead to a similar homogeneity, but *without* the factor of progress, or rather, with progress *backwards*.

It will also be remarked that the tail behind does not necessarily result from the process of education; that this process could affect the worst advantageously and, while the whole group would become more compact, it would not become skew. This is an exceedingly debatable point; but I have ventured to assume, as indeed I believe, that the advantages of education would be felt most by the "average man," and that the very poor minds would fail to be similarly affected, just as the very good ones. In this case the stragglers would straggle even more than before, and we might have an increase of crime and lunacy, for the very reason that more persons were out of joint with the world. This would be a disadvantage, but certainly with this compensating advantage, that the worst minds would not have so much influence to the detriment of the mass.

Finally, we have to ask, what are the real causes of progress after all? If reformers cause reform, it is equally true that reform causes reformers. In other words, the existence of the leader is, biologically speaking, absolutely dependent on the mass behind. He is but the nose on its face, as it were.

Progress in human society may come about in two ways, which in actual fact will be combined. It may result from variation of the germ-plasm, that is to say, actual and fundamental change in the make-up of the individuals; or it may result from acquired characteristics.

That the germ-plasm varies, with resulting variations in the individuals developing, is well known. Among animals and plants, this variation is the normal cause of change or progress. Among

domesticated and cultivated forms, the selection of suitable variations has been most potent in transforming races, so that the cabbage and the turnip, for instance, have little resemblance to their wild ancestors. Has progress of this sort occurred within historic times in the human species? It certainly has, in respect to certain diseases, owing to the elimination of the unfit. It has, also, as the result of the mingling of races; the English nation is no doubt a conspicuous example of it. These, however, are secondary considerations, compared with the effects of the accumulation of social wisdom and the resulting possibilities in the way of education. It is impossible to say if, and how much, the average new-born child of America to-day is better than the new-born children who were its ancestors in the tents of the ancient Britons, the Gauls, or the Goths. One may suspect that the difference, after all, is slight, for the number of generations since savagery has been very few.

While so much has been done by selection to improve domesticated animals, the king of "tame creatures," man, has been left to go his way unheeded. There has, no doubt, been a large amount of selection of a kind, — that which takes place whenever man and woman wed, as the result of their own free choice. There is a preference for the fit, leaving the unfit often childless, and even coeducation may subserve good biological ends by bringing together the best intellects of the day. Yet all this is often erratic enough, owing to false social standards and poor ideals; so we must welcome especially the better education of women, in the hope that they will raise the rougher sex by establishing new values.

However, whatever may be said of the choice of the fit, there is little doubt that the most conspicuous and practicable advantages will result from the elimination of the unfit. This will be one of the great issues of the future, I doubt not, and it will come to be an axiom that insanity, imbecility, hereditary disease, and the like, shall not be increased by breeding. In that remarkable skit, *Erewhon*, it is related that the Erewhonians regarded disease as we regard moral faults, and persons showing signs of it were locked up, while those very severely affected were liable to be executed. We may never reach precisely the Erewhonian point of view, but with all kindness and compassion we shall find it necessary to see that those conspicuously defective, while having the best lives they are capable of without harm to society, do not continue their defects into the next generation.

The slowness and difficulty of the alteration of our fundamental natures — if such can be said to have taken place at all in recent times — serve to emphasize the importance and value of acquired characteristics, — in a broad sense, of education. Education, in the hands of man, aided by "social inheritance," has made our modern civilization out of barbarism, and gives us hope for the most backward races. We are tempted to believe that it can do everything; and no doubt it is so far from having reached the limit of its possibilities that we cannot form any idea what those may be. Yet, there must be a limit somewhere, given mankind as it is to-day; and the only way to get more tether will then be to improve the race itself. Already, it does not take sharp eyes to see clogs on the wheels of progress, and it will require the utmost wisdom at our command to prevent an ultimate stoppage or breakdown. In all this, much depends upon our ideals. It is difficult to explain why some of us look forward to endless progress and think of stable equilibrium as a catastrophe. It arises no doubt largely from the fact that progress is all we know; still more from the psychological fact that all consciousness, all real life, as we understand it, is the accompaniment of change. It is curious to recall that the old idea that man was created once for all and would reach a condition

of stability in heaven, was the fruit, not of idealism, but rather of the lack of it; and the picture reminds us altogether too much of the happy condition of the oyster to-day. And is not the oyster happy? Satisfied, practically the same from cretaceous times, it lets the tide of progress flow on, while it is founded on a rock. It is a success, from one point of view, but that is not ours.

In our complicated modern society no citizen, however active, can guard all his interests, much less those of his children and fellows. As Professor Ross has recently well said, there is an ever shifting but wide margin of opportunity in which the criminaloid disports himself, and it is not for the common man to catch up with him. It becomes increasingly necessary to delegate numerous duties to special individuals, and nobody knows this better than the biologist. It may be true that the law gives John Smith power to prosecute the man who puts formalin in his milk, but his baby is probably dead before he discovers it. He can no more keep a private scientific library and laboratory for the purpose of detecting all infringements upon the integrity of the things he buys than he can keep a private policeman to take care of the wandering burglar, or a private arsenal to warn off the belligerent foreigner. Even if he is well trained in science, he cannot chase the criminaloid around every post; he must delegate this work to others specially trained for its performance.

The time will come, I have no doubt, when every county or municipality will employ a considerable staff of scientific men. Some will look after the food-supply, others will examine the water, others the clothing offered for sale, with particular regard to its origin and manufacture. There will be those who will make a study of the children and determine the conditions under which they should work in school; others will investigate trades and manufactures and report anything detrimental to the workers. There will be statisticians and economists, students of production and distribution, all endeavoring to bring about the best results from human labor. All of these, at the same time, will endeavor to guard the public honor and it will not be tolerated that some are underpaid and overworked because of their necessity, others overpaid and underworked because of their positions of vantage. All this, I hope, will be done more locally than nationally; partly because a national system is apt to become too inflexible, too little responsive to special needs, and partly because the average, as represented by the nation, will never be so good as some of the parts, and the more progressive and enlightened communities should be able to take full advantage of their good qualities. On the other hand, it will doubtless be considered justifiable for the nation or the state to step in and clean up localities which are especially backward or corrupt, regarding them as public nuisances. While all this is going on in every township, there will be other scientific men employed to work on the general problems which underlie all the practical applications just indicated. Some of the researches will occupy many men for many generations, others will be more brief or circumscribed; but all will redound to the intellectual and material prosperity of the people. Facilities for work of all kinds will be freely provided, and the rich man will be, not he who *has* most, but he who can *use* most, and to the best ends.

The revivification of science will go hand in hand with the new birth of the arts. With leisure on the one hand and imagination on the other, men will come to a fresh appreciation of beauty; new values will be created and human life immeasurably enriched. Envy, hatred, and malice will not be destroyed, but most of the wickedness of modern life will perish from lack of motive or opportunity. When or how this will all come about, we do not know; say, if you please, that it is but a golden dream; I reply that it is at least a dream worth dreaming.

OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS' NOVEL

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Soft Sensibility, sweet Beauty's soul!
Keeps her coy state, and animates the whole." — HAYLEY.

READERS of Miss Burney's Diary will remember her maidenly confusion when Colonel Fairly (the Honorable Stephen Digby) recommends to her a novel called *Original Love-Letters between a Lady of Quality and a Person of Inferior Station.* The authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* — then thirty-six years of age — is embarrassed by the glaring impropriety of this title. In vain Colonel Fairly assures her that the book contains "nothing but good sense, moral reflections, and refined ideas, clothed in the most expressive and elegant language." Fanny, though longing to read a work of such estimable character, cannot consent to borrow, or even discuss, anything so compromising as love-letters; and, with her customary coyness, murmurs a few words of denial. Colonel Fairly, however, is not easily daunted. Three days later he actually brings the volume to that virginal bower, and asks permission to read portions of it aloud, excusing his audacity with the solemn assurance that there was no person, not even his own daughter, in whose hands he would hesitate to place it. "It was now impossible to avoid saying that I should like to hear it," confesses Miss Burney. "I should seem else to doubt either his taste or his delicacy, while I have the highest opinion of both." So the book is produced, and the fair listener, bending over her needlework to hide her blushes, acknowledges it to be "moral, elegant, feeling, and rational," while lamenting that the unhappy nature of its title makes its presence a source of embarrassment.

This edifying little anecdote sheds light upon a palmy period of propriety. Miss Burney's self-consciousness, her superhuman diffidence, and the "delicious confusion" which overwhelmed her upon the most insignificant occasions, were beacon lights to her "sisters of Parnassus," to the less distinguished women who followed her brilliant lead. The passion for novel-reading was asserting itself for the first time in the history of the world as a dominant note of femininity. The sentimentalities of fiction expanded to meet the woman's standard, to satisfy her irrational demands. "If the story-teller had always had mere men for an audience," says an acute English critic, "there would have been no romance; nothing but the improving fable, or the indecent anecdote." It was the woman who, as Miss Seward sorrowfully observed, sucked the "sweet poison" which the novelist administered; it was the woman who stooped conspicuously to the "reigning folly" of the day.

The particular occasion of this outbreak on Miss Seward's part was the extraordinary success of a novel, now long forgotten by the world, but which in its time rivaled in popularity *Evelina*, and the well-loved *Mysteries of Udolpho.* Its plaintive name is *Emmeline; or the Orphan of the Castle*, and its authoress Charlotte Smith, was a woman of courage, character, and good ability; also of a cheerful temperament, which we should never have surmised from her works. It is said that her son owed his advancement in the East India Company solely to the admiration felt for *Emmeline*, which was being read as assiduously in Bengal as in London. Sir Walter Scott, always the gentlest of critics, held that it belonged to the "highest branch of fictitious narrative." The Queen, who considered it a masterpiece, lent it to Miss

Burney, who in turn gave it to Colonel Fairly, who ventured to observe that it was not "piquant," and asked for a *Rambler* instead.

Emmeline is *not* piquant. Its heroine has more tears than Niobe. "Formed of the softest elements, and with a mind calculated for select friendship and domestic happiness," it is her misfortune to be loved by all the men she meets. The "interesting languor" of a countenance habitually "wet with tears" proves their undoing. Her "deep convulsive sobs" charm them more than the laughter of other maidens. When the orphan leaves the castle for the first time, she weeps bitterly for an hour; when she converses with her uncle, she can "no longer command her tears; sobs obliged her to cease speaking;" and when he urges upon her the advantages of a worldly marriage, she — as if that were possible — "wept more than before." When Delamere, maddened by rejection, carries her off in a post-chaise (a delightful frontispiece illustrates this episode), "a shower of tears fell from her eyes;" and even a rescue fails to raise her spirits. Her response to Godolphin's tenderest approaches is to "wipe away the involuntary betrayers of her emotion;" and when he exclaims in a transport, "Enchanting softness! Is then the safety of Godolphin so dear to that angelic bosom?" she answers him with "audible sobs."

The other characters in the book are nearly as tearful. When Delamere is not striking his forehead with his clenched fist, he is weeping at Emmeline's feet. The repentant Fitz-Edward lays his head on a chair, and weeps "like a woman." Lady Adelina, who has stooped to folly, naturally sheds many tears, and writes an "Ode to Despair;" while Emmeline from time to time gives "vent to a full heart" by weeping over Lady Adelina's infant. Godolphin sobs loudly when he sees his frail sister; and when he meets Lord Westhaven after an absence of four years, "the manly eyes of both brothers were filled with tears." We wonder how Scott, whose heroines cry so little and whose heroes never cry at all, stood all this weeping; and, when we remember the perfunctory nature of Sir Walter's love-scenes, — wedged in any way among more important matters, — we wonder still more how he endured the ravings of Delamere, or the melancholy verses with which Godolphin from time to time soothes his despondent soul.

> In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
> Will to the deaf cold elements complain;
> And tell the embosomed grief, however vain,
> To sullen surges and the viewless wind.

It was not, however, the mournfulness of *Emmeline* which displeased Miss Seward, but rather the occasional intrusion of "low characters;" of those underbred and unimpassioned persons who — as in Miss Burney's and Miss Ferrier's novels — are naturally and almost cheerfully vulgar. That Mr. William Hayley, author of *The Triumphs of Temper*, and her own most ardent admirer, should tune his inconstant lyre in praise of Mrs. Smith was more than Miss Seward could bear. "My very foes acquit me of harbouring one grain of envy in my bosom," she writes him feelingly; "yet it is surely by no means inconsistent with that exemption to feel a little indignant, and to enter one's protest, when compositions of mere mediocrity are extolled far above those of real genius." She then proceeds to point out the "indelicacy" of Lady Adelina's fall from grace, and the use of "kitchen phrases," such as "she grew white at the intelligence." "White instead of pale," comments Miss Seward severely, "I have often heard servants say, but never a gentleman or a gentlewoman." If Mr. Hayley desires to read novels, she urges upon him the charms of another popular heroine, Caroline de Lichtfield, in whom he will find "simplicity, wit, pathos, and the most exalted generosity;" and the history of whose adventures "makes curiosity gasp, admiration kindle, and pity dissolve."

Caroline, "the gay child of Artless Nonchalance," is at least a more cheerful young person than the Orphan. Her story, translated from the French of Madame de Montolieu, was widely read in England and on the Continent; and Miss Seward tells us that its author was indebted "to the merits and graces of these volumes for a transition from incompetence to the comforts of wealth; from the unprotected dependence of waning virginity to the social pleasures of wedded friendship." In plain words, we are given to understand that a rich and elderly German widower read the book, sought an acquaintance with the writer, and married her. "Hymen," exclaims Miss Seward, "passed by the fane of Cytherea and the shrine of Plutus, to light his torch at the altar of genius;" — which beautiful burst of eloquence makes it painful to add the chilling truth, and say that *Caroline de Lichtfield* was written six years after its author's marriage with M. de Montolieu, who was a Swiss, and her second husband. She espoused her first, M. de Crousaz, when she was eighteen, and still comfortably remote from the terrors of waning virginity. Accurate information was not, however, a distinguishing characteristic of the day. Sir Walter Scott, writing some years later of Madame de Montolieu, ignores both marriages altogether, and calls her Mademoiselle.

No rich reward lay in wait for poor Charlotte Smith, whose husband was systematically impecunious, and whose large family of children were supported wholly by her pen. *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle* was followed by *Ethelinda, or the Recluse of the Lake*, and that by *The Old Manor House*, which was esteemed her masterpiece. Its heroine bears the interesting name of Monimia; and when she marries her Orlando, "every subsequent hour of their lives was marked by some act of benevolence," — a breathless and philanthropic career. By this time the false-hearted Hayley had so far transferred to Mrs. Smith the homage due to Miss Seward, that he was rewarded with the painful privilege of reading *The Old Manor House* in manuscript, — a privilege reserved in those days for tried and patient friends. The poet had himself dallied a little with fiction, having written, "solely to promote the interests of religion," a novel called *The Young Widow*, which no one appears to have read, except perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom its author sent a copy.

In purity of motive Mr. Hayley was rivaled only by Mrs. Brunton, whose two novels, *Self-Control* and *Discipline*, were designed "to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind and of the Bible where it cannot find access in any other form." Mrs. Brunton was perhaps the most commended novelist of her time. The inexorable titles of her stories secured for them a place upon the guarded book-shelves of the young. Many a demure English girl must have blessed these deluding titles, just as, forty years later, many an English boy blessed the inspiration which had impelled George Borrow to misname his immortal book *The Bible in Spain*. When the wife of a clergyman undertook to write a novel in the interests of religion and the Scriptures; when she called it *Discipline*, and drew up a stately apology for employing fiction as a medium for the lessons she meant to convey, what parent could refuse to be beguiled? There is nothing trivial in Mrs. Brunton's conception of a good novel, in the standard she proposes to the world.

"Let the admirable construction of fable in *Tom Jones* be employed to unfold characters like Miss Edgeworth's; let it lead to a moral like Richardson's; let it be told with the elegance of Rousseau, and with the simplicity of Goldsmith; let it be all this, and Milton need not have been ashamed of the work."

How far *Discipline* and *Self-Control* approach this composite standard of perfection it would be invidious to ask; but they accomplished a miracle of their

own in being both popular and permitted, in pleasing the frivolous, and edifying the devout. Dedicated to Miss Joanna Baillie, sanctioned by Mrs. Hannah More, they stood above reproach, though not without a flavor of depravity. Mrs. Brunton's outlook upon life was singularly uncomplicated. All her women of fashion are heartless and inane. All her men of fashion cherish dishonorable designs upon female youth and innocence. Indeed the strenuous efforts of Laura, in *Self-Control*, to preserve her virginity may be thought a trifle explicit for very youthful readers. We find her in the first chapter — she is seventeen — fainting at the feet of her lover, who has just revealed the unworthy nature of his intentions; and we follow her through a series of swoons to the last pages, where she "sinks senseless" into — of all vessels! — a canoe; and is carried many miles down a Canadian river in a state of nicely balanced unconsciousness. Her self-control (the crowning virtue which gives its title to the book) is so marked that when she dismisses Hargrave on probation, and then meets him accidentally in a London print-shop after a four months' absence, she "neither screamed nor fainted;" only "trembled violently, and leant against the counter to recover strength and composure." It is not until he turns, and "regardless of the inquisitive looks of the spectators, clasped her to his breast," that "her head sunk upon his shoulder, and she lost all consciousness." As for her heroic behavior when the same Hargrave (having lapsed from grace) shoots the virtuous De Courcy in Lady Pelham's summer-house, it must be described in the author's own words. No others could do it justice.

"To the plants which their beauty had recommended to Lady Pelham, Laura had added a few of which the usefulness was known to her. Agaric of the oak was of the number; and she had often applied it where many a hand less fair would have shrunk from the task. Nor did she hesitate now. The ball had entered near the neck; and the feminine, the delicate Laura herself disengaged the wound from its covering; the feeling, the tender Laura herself performed an office from which false sensibility would have recoiled in horror."

Is it possible that anybody except Miss Burney could have shrunk modestly from the sight of a lover's neck, especially when it had a bullet in it? Could a sense of decorum be more overwhelmingly expressed? Yet the same novel which held up to our youthful great-grandmothers this unapproachable standard of propriety, presented to their consideration the most intimate details of libertinism. There was then, as now, no escape from the moralist's devastating disclosures.

One characteristic is common to all these faded romances, which in their time were read with far more fervor and sympathy than are their successors today. This is the undying and undeviating nature of their heroes' affections. Written by ladies who took no count of man's proverbial inconstancy, they express a touching belief in the supremacy of feminine charms. A heroine of seventeen (she is seldom older), with ringlets and a "faltering timidity," inflames both the virtuous and the profligate with such imperishable passions that, when triumphant morality leads her to the altar, defeated vice cannot survive her loss. Her suitors, reversing the enviable experience of Ben Bolt, —

> weep with delight when she gives them a smile,
> And tremble with fear at her frown.

They grow faint with rapture when they enter her presence, and, when she repels their advances, they signify their disappointment by gnashing their teeth, and beating their heads against the wall. Rejection cannot alienate their faithful hearts; years and absence cannot chill their fervor. They belong to a race of men, who, if they ever existed at all, are now as extinct as the mastodon.

It was Miss Jane Porter who successfully transferred to a conquering hero

that exquisite sensibility of soul which had erstwhile belonged to the conquering heroine, — to the Emmelines and Adelinas of fiction. Dipping her pen "in the tears of Poland," she conveyed the glittering drops to the eyes of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," whence they gush in rills, — like those of the Prisoner of Chillon's brother. Thaddeus is of such exalted virtue that strangers in London address him as "excellent young gentleman," and his friends speak of him as "incomparable young man." He rescues children from horses' hoofs, and from burning buildings. He nurses them through small-pox, and leaves their bedsides in the most casual manner, to mingle in crowds and go to the play. He saves women from insult on the streets. He is kind even to "that poor slandered and abused animal, the cat," — which is certainly to his credit. Wrapped in a sable cloak, wearing "hearse-like plumes" upon his hat, a star upon his breast, and a sabre by his side, he moves with Hamlet's melancholy grace through the five hundred pages of the story. "His unrestrained and elegant conversation acquired new pathos from the anguish that was driven back to his heart: like the beds of rivers which infuse their own nature with the current, his hidden grief imparted an indescribable interest and charm to all his sentiments and actions."

What wonder that such a youth is passionately loved by all the women who cross his path, but whom he regards for the most part with "that lofty tranquillity which is inseparable from high rank when it is accompanied by virtue." In vain Miss Euphemia Dundas writes him amorous notes, and entraps him into embarrassing situations. In vain Lady Sara Roos — married, I regret to say — pursues him to his lodgings, and wrings "her snowy arms" while she confesses the hopeless nature of her infatuation. The irreproachable Thaddeus replaces her tenderly but firmly on a sofa, and as soon as possible sends her home in a cab. It is only when the "orphan heiress," Miss Beaufort, makes her appearance on the scene, "a large Turkish shawl enveloping her fine form, a modest grace observable in every limb," that the exile's haughty soul succumbs to love. Miss Beaufort has been admirably brought up by her aunt, Lady Somerset, who is a person of great distinction, and who gives "conversaziones," as famous in their way as Mrs. Proudie's. — "There the young Mary Beaufort listened to pious divines of every Christian persuasion. There she gathered wisdom from real philosophers; and, in the society of our best living poets, cherished an enthusiasm for all that is great and good. On these evenings, Sir Robert Somerset's house reminded the visitor of what he had read or imagined of the School of Athens."

Never do hero and heroine approach each other with such spasms of modesty as Thaddeus and Miss Beaufort. Their hearts expand with emotion, but their mutual sense of propriety keeps them remote from all vulgar understandings. In vain "Mary's rosy lips seemed to breathe balm while she spoke." In vain "her beautiful eyes shone with benevolence." The exile, standing proudly aloof, watches with bitter composure the attentions of more frivolous suitors. "His arms were folded, his hat pulled over his forehead; and his long dark eye-lashes shading his downcast eyes imparted a dejection to his whole air which wrapped her weeping heart round and round with regretful pangs." What with his lashes, and his hidden griefs, the majesty of his mournful moods, and the pleasing pensiveness of his lighter ones, Thaddeus so far eclipses his English rivals that they may be pardoned for wishing he had kept his charms in Poland. Who that has read the matchless paragraph which describes the first unveiling of the hero's symmetrical leg can forget the sensation it produces?

"Owing to the warmth of the weather, Thaddeus came out this morning without boots; and it being the first time the ex-

quisite proportion of his limb had been seen by any of the present company excepting Euphemia" (why had Euphemia been so favored?), "Lascelles, bursting with an emotion which he would not call envy, measured the count's fine leg with his scornful eye."

When Thaddeus at last expresses his attachment for Miss Beaufort, he does so kneeling respectfully in her uncle's presence, and in these well-chosen words: "Dearest Miss Beaufort, may I indulge myself in the idea that I am blessed with your esteem?" Whereupon Mary whispers to Sir Robert, "Pray, Sir, desire him to rise. I am already sufficiently overwhelmed!" and the solemn deed is done.

Thaddeus of Warsaw may be called the *Last of the Heroes*, and take rank with the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Last of the Barons*, the *Last of the Cavaliers*, and all the finalities of fiction. With him died that noble race who expressed our great-grandmothers' artless ideals of perfection. Seventy years later, Disraeli made a desperate effort to revive a pale phantom of departed glory in *Lothair*, that nursling of the gods, who is emphatically a hero, and nothing more. "London," we are gravely told, "was at Lothair's feet." He is at once the hope of United Italy, and the bulwark of the English Establishment. He is — at twenty-one — the pivot of fashionable, political, and clerical diplomacy. He is beloved by the female aristocracy of Great Britain; and mysterious ladies, whose lofty souls stoop to no conventionalities, die happy with his kisses on their lips. Five hundred mounted gentlemen compose his simple country escort, and the coat of his groom of the chambers is made in Saville Row. What more could a hero want? What more could be lavished upon him by the most indulgent of authors? Yet who shall compare Lothair to the noble Thaddeus nodding his hearse-like plumes, — Thaddeus dedicated to the "urbanity of the brave," and embalmed in the tears of Poland? The inscrutable creator of Lothair presented his puppet to a mocking world; but all England and most of the Continent dilated with correct emotions when Thaddeus, "uniting to the courage of a man the sensibility of a woman, and the exalted goodness of an angel" (I quote from an appreciative critic), knelt at Miss Beaufort's feet.

Ten years later *Pride and Prejudice* made its unobtrusive appearance, and was read by that "saving remnant" to whom is confided the intellectual welfare of their land. Mrs. Elwood, the biographer of England's *Literary Ladies*, tells us, in the few careless pages which she deems sufficient for Miss Austen's novels, that there *are* people who think these stories "worthy of ranking with those of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgeworth;" but that in their author's estimation (and, by inference, in her own), "they took up a much more humble station." Yet, tolerant even of such inferiority, Mrs. Elwood bids us remember that although "the character of Emma is perhaps too manœuvring and too plotting to be perfectly amiable," that of Catherine Morland "will not suffer greatly even from a comparison with Miss Burney's interesting Evelina;" and that "although one is occasionally annoyed by the underbred personages of Miss Austen's novels, the annoyance is only such as we should feel if we were actually in their company."

It was thus that our genteel great-grandmothers, enamoured of lofty merit and of refined sensibility, regarded Elizabeth Bennet's relations.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP

BY ORLANDO F. LEWIS

PERHAPS the most striking thing about vagrancy in the United States is that we know so little about it. It results naturally that our treatment of vagrancy is rarely consistent. It follows also that we are often indifferent as to both the extent and the treatment of vagrancy. Our concern for vagrancy is prone to limit itself to computing for the moment the probable orbit of the tramp who happens to knock at the kitchen door, or who "touches" us on the street for a dime to get to his "sister across the ferry." In the absence of ample or accessible facts and figures about tramps and vagrancy, our viewpoint remains strongly individualistic and opportunist, as the following quotations from recent considerations of our "tramp problem" will show.

The Psychological Viewpoint.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of May, 1907, the Contributor tells of wandering one day in search of copy. Upon the grassy banks of Salt Creek he ran across Jack the Hobo, waiting for his shirt to dry. Jack was on his back; the shirt hung limply from a branch above.

"I wisht you 'd seen the rivers I seen," muses Jack. "I seen places where you would n't never want to do nothin' all day, but just lay there, smellin' them flowers and listenin' to them birds. I come out here to wash my shirt. I start out to work on Monday, takin' a job to cut grass. Maybe I work all day Monday; maybe I don't. Some weeks I stick out till Tuesday, or even till Thursday or Friday, but I get to feelin' uneasy. Bimeby I can't stand it no longer. 'Hell!' I say to myself, 'I just got to wash my shirt. That 's what 's the matter with me.'

"Then I come out here and build me a camp fire, and cook something to eat, and lay down on my back, and just enjoy till I think that shirt of mine is dry. Maybe it takes a day; maybe two days — more likely it is close to a week before I feel real sure that shirt is dry enough so it 's safe to put it on again. Then I go back to town and take a job, till I think it needs washin' again."

In this idyl the Contributor, believing he sees revealed the true meaning of the ancient nomadic craving, leads us, as readers, to dream of the Golden Age of Vagrancy.

The Sociological Viewpoint.

In Minneapolis, in June, 1907, an annual national conference of charities and corrections was held. Several sessions were devoted to the consideration of vagrancy, its extent, and its treatment. It was conclusively shown that the tramp question has become a national problem. Railroads representing more than half the total mileage operated in the United States and Canada were cited as officially reporting to the conference that the illegal use of railroads by tramps is a grave and constant danger to passengers, employees, and to the vagrants themselves. Most railroads, especially trunk lines, are much troubled by tramps, who steal rides, pilfer, rob stations, build fires in box-cars, place obstructions on the tracks, interfere with signals, stone trains, and at times injure and even kill employees. A representative of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stated his belief that the financial loss to railroads from vagrancy would total at least $25,000,000 for the year.

The annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission show an appalling list of killed and injured trespassers on American railroads. More trespass-

ers are annually killed than the combined totals of employees and passengers annually killed. Since representative railroad officials estimate that from one-half to three-fourths of killed and injured trespassers are tramps, the annual death roll is gruesomely significant. The injured vagrants do not wait to be counted, if they can avoid it, and therefore the statistics on injured trespassers are not valuable for comparison with those of injured employees and passengers. The following table shows the various ways in which trespassers are killed, the relative frequency of the various kinds of fatal accidents, and also the total deaths and injuries reported during the five years ending in June, 1905.

1901 — 1905

Kind of Accident.	Killed.	Per cent.	Injured.	Per cent.
Collisions	243	1	372	2
Derailments	190	½	303	1
Parting of trains	36	⅛	63	¼
Locomotives or cars breaking down	16	1/15	49	⅕
Falling from trains	1947	8	3149	12
Jumping	2286	9	7218	28
Struck:				
At highways	1157	5	1241	5
At stations	1658	7	1713	7
At other points	15,256	64	8611	34
Other causes	1185	5	2517	10
	23,974		25,236	

The following table gives us the chance to compare the proportion of trespassers, trainmen, and other employees, passengers, and other persons killed on American railroads for the five years ending June 30, 1905.

Killed.	1905		1904		1903		1902		1901		5 Years.	
	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%
Trespassers	4865	52	5105	52	5000	52	4403	53	4601	57	23,974	53
Trainmen	1990	21	2114	22	2070	21	1674	20	1537	18	9,385	22
Other employees	1183	12	1302	13	1338	14	1108	14	956	12	5,887	13
Passengers	533	6	441	5	355	4	344	4	277	3	1,950	4
Other persons	862	9	839	8	842	9	831	9	857	10	4,231	8
Total	9433		9801		9605		8360		8228		45,427	

We have the idea that our American railroads kill many passengers. Yet almost ten trespassers are killed to every passenger killed. We believe that the trainman takes his life in his hands; yet more than twice as many trespassers annually sustain fatal accidents. When we read that in five years 23,974 trespassers were killed by railroads, and 25,236 trespassers injured, we wonder that there should be left living a single Jack the Hobo to wash his shirt. In these five years there were more trespassers killed than there are inhabitants in Bangor, Maine, or Burlington, Vermont. Were this army of the dead lying but three feet apart along the trackside in ghastly regularity, they would stretch out for nearly fourteen miles. At a brisk walk, it would take four hours to reach the end of the line. And were all those reported injured in the last five years lying but three feet apart, we should be obliged to walk for more than four hours more, before we

reached the end of this second line. The Baltimore and Ohio representative said that many railroads maintain private "tramp graveyards," in which are buried many of the unknown dead, without inquest and with expedition. Question: How many city graveyards could be annually filled with the unrecorded, unreported vagrant dead?

The Viewpoint of the Press

The press is almost unanimously in favor of rigorous treatment of tramps; remedies for vagrancy are less often suggested, most newspapers believing that the buck-saw and the hardest of wood are sufficient to cure the evil. On July 31, 1907, the Chicago *Herald* thus spoke editorially: "There are several great American jokes, but none is more reliable than Weary Willie." (Shall we read, for Weary Willie, Jack the Hobo?) "It seems however that he is not all joke. Sometimes he piles up ties on the track to enjoy the dramatic situation caused by a wreck. Sometimes, as when men returning from the harvest fields of the Northwest with their wages are killed for their money by their more vicious and criminal fellows, the funny hobo thus elevates himself to the loftier position of robber and murderer."

Let us choose a second clipping from hundreds sent to the writer during recent months. On July 14, the Philadelphia *Press*, commenting on numerous recent assaults by tramps in rural communities, said editorially, under the title, "The Shadow on the Roadside," "For the past two weeks the newspapers have each day printed one instance, and often two, of women walking on country roads in and about Philadelphia, or in the rural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania or Southern New Jersey, who have fled in terror from some tramp or vagrant." (Can it be Jack the Hobo, returning from washing his shirt?) "Tramps continue to multiply. Roads grow more unsafe. No rural countryside can afford to patrol its roads. In the end a state patrol will end this shadow on the roadside by arresting every tramp in sight."

As these lines are written, the clipping bureau sends in a news dispatch from Pittsburg, stating that the Pennsylvania Railroad has just sent out to country justices of the peace, borough burgesses, and all officers of the law a request that they assist in putting down the tramp evil by punishing those caught stealing rides on trains. "The recent accident at Ridgeway, Pa., where five trainmen were frightfully mangled by a tramp burglar who defended himself with a bottle of nitro-glycerine, has set the Pennsylvania Railroad hard at work on tramp-extermination, and the appeal to-day asks that magistrates give all tramps the law's limit."

Let us look at some of the headlines of press "stories," taken at random from newspapers between July 15 and July 31, 1907.

Macon, Ga. Tramp Terrifies Kathleen, Ga.

Council Bluffs, Ia. Fifteen Tramps Evicted from Single Train Last Night.

Trenton, N. J. Farmers Bemoan the Lack of Tramps at Harvest Time.

Syracuse, N. Y. Police Took Twenty Tramps.

New York. Sleepy Hobos Ask Freedom of Parks.

Niagara Falls. Furniture Stolen from Freight Cars by Tramps.

Dallas, Tex. Work a Cure for the Hobo.

Milwaukee, Wis. Farmers Deport Grafting Hobos in Freight Car.

Pittsburg, Pa. Tramps Loot House after getting Shelter.

Elkhart, Ind. Only Two Tramps Killed in Big Four Wreck.

Chicago. Cleanly Hobo Steals Bath!! Only Living Specimen of That Class Sought by Police.

The Hobo's Viewpoint

As illustrating the attitude of mind of the thinking tramp, I cite the following opinion from a noted friend of tramps,

a man who indeed has frequently "hit the road" as a hobo. "Vagrancy is not a national problem in the sense in which you declare it to be; it is a railroad problem. Penalize the railroads every time they kill or carry a tramp, and the railroad companies will solve the railroad phase of the vagrancy problem without any cost to the community or to the state. If a vagrant were paid for his work while in jail, when he comes out he might have enough money to pay his transportation, and would not have to beat the railroad company. He would have enough money to buy himself good clothes, and would not have to beg them. I can prove by reliable, accurate statistics that more than fifty per cent of the vagrants would work if they could get work."

And then, for the time being, we feel that it is not Jack the Hobo who is at fault, but society itself, which offers to the vagrant unequal opportunities, unjust imprisonment, and plenty of unguarded chances for him to be maimed or to be killed.

Our Lack of Perspective.

The above quotations show that vagrancy is a serious social problem with wide and varied ramifications. They also show that our efforts to check the "tramp pest" are generally spasmodic, half-hearted, and ineffective. Our seriously undertaken remedies tend to be temporary or visionary. Abroad, a generation of careful study of German vagrancy has developed hundreds of roadside relief-stations, wayfarers' passports, home-inns for over-night, labor registries intertwining many parts of the empire, and voluntary and compulsory labor colonies. In the United States, even a generation ago, the national conferences of charities and corrections were already discussing the tramp, but the country still passes him on, railroads him out of town, condemns him to a short-term sentence in jail, often with farcical labor, or rejoices to have him "out of sight, out of mind," at the price of a dime or a nickel.

We have little perspective in dealing with the tramp. We underestimate him as a menace to property, health, and morals, and we overestimate him as a subject for the funny papers or as a harmless bird of passage. We are prone to give the "poor fellow in hard luck" another chance, or we reflect that after all the difference between the globe-trotter and the tramp is that the latter has n't the price of the ticket. Is it not likely that most of us are more amused at the discovery in a certain police station that an arrested tramp had a tin patch in his trousers than we are horrified and aroused by the tale of the vicious tramp who blew up that Pennsylvania train mentioned above? It is not that we are callous; we simply have not gained the sense of proportion.

How humorous, perhaps, that in Acton City, Missouri, one day, forty pints of whiskey smuggled into the jail left "vags too drunk to be tried!" But how many of us ponder upon the jail conditions that permit such smuggling and such debauchery? And how many boys and young men were perhaps awaiting trial in that jail at the time, still innocent in the eyes of the law, yet exposed to this debauch?

In Middleton, New York, some months ago, "A No. 1," the gentleman tramp, excited admiration because he claimed to have traveled nearly half a million miles, at an actual expense for railroad fares of only $7.56. But what of the thousands of crippled human wrecks of railway vagrancy that live in our almshouses at public expense, or beg their daily bread at the cost of the individual citizen? What of the private graveyards along the railroad's right of way, where the tramps lie who were not so fortunate as "A No. 1" in escaping a crunching death beneath the wheels? And how many of the Middletown admirers saw the statement made by "A No. 1" in York, Pennsylvania, some days later, advising the youth to stay at home. "Roving is an incurable habit. Once a tramp, always a tramp. For every kindness done

me, I can remember twenty mean acts; for every meal given, a hundred cross refusals; for each fair, warm summer night, ten cold, bitter, long winter nights. For every mile stolen on trains there is one narrow escape from death; there are many weary ones over hot, dusty roads."

What is Vagrancy?

The time has come for us to study this national problem seriously and consistently. What is vagrancy? One is tempted to call vagrancy at present the state of being legally nothing else. Its characteristics are largely not positive, but negative. Before a magistrate, the positive fact that "it is no crime to be poor" often outweighs the charge against the vagrant of having no visible means of support. Of course the absence of visible means of support is but symptomatic of an intention to derive a livelihood from the labor of others. The laws of many states, striving for a definition of vagrants that will include all sorts of intentionally idle, wife-deserting, penniless, scheming, "undesirable citizens," create blanket definitions, lacking precision, and even placing the arraigned vagrant in the light of a persecuted martyr, just because he apparently has not committed any definite misdemeanor.

The vagrancy law of Massachusetts, quoted below, is one of the best in this country. "Vagrants are idle persons who, not having visible means of support, live without lawful employment; persons wandering abroad and visiting tippling shops or houses of ill-fame, or lodging in groceries, out-houses, market-places, sheds, barns, or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves; persons wandering abroad and begging, or who go about from door to door, or place themselves in the streets, highways, passages, or other public places, to beg or receive alms, and who do not come within the definition of tramps" (cited below). "They shall be deemed vagrants, and may be sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory or the State Farm, or shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than six months in the house of correction or workhouse."

Massachusetts defines the tramp practically as the vagrant's alien brother, "the man from nowhere." "Whoever, not being a minor under seventeen years of age, a blind person or a person asking charity within his own city or town, roves about from place to place begging, or living without labor or visible means of support, shall be deemed a tramp." The law furthermore makes the riding upon a freight train of a railroad *prima facie* evidence that the person is a tramp.

Sentences and Imprisonment.

Our laws make vagrancy a misdemeanor, and punish by short sentences. Suspended sentences are common. Ten nights in a bar-room are too often followed by ten idle days in jail, or by running the "loafer" out of town. At Duluth, Minnesota, on August 10, "Wallace was given ten days in the workhouse, with the condition that the sentence be suspended if he would leave town immediately." Sentences are pronounced, to take effect twenty-four hours later, if the man is still to be found. The Associated Charities of Lawrence, Kansas, report that "the custom here with vagrants is, (1) arrest; (2) fine; (3) as they have no money they are put to work on the rock pile; (4) no guard; (5) vagrants run off; (6) which is what is planned."

President James J. Hill of the Great Northern writes that he believes the passing-on of vagrants, or their imprisonment under short sentences, to be absolutely wrong. "The only penalty that can wipe out or sensibly reduce vagrancy is enforced labor. The stone heap and work on the public highways are the best remedies against roving vagrants." General Manager Yohe of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie says that "the jail is merely a place where vagrants clean up and rest at the expense of the taxpayers."

Minimum sentences or suspended sentences are common; first, because the

potential criminality of the vagrant is not sufficiently appreciated, and secondly, because perhaps it seems more just that "ninety-nine guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer." A common plea before the judge is that the vagrant has a job to go to the next morning. Crowded police courts, throwing off business much as the ten-cent lunch-house projects its customers' orders during rush hours, cannot wait to verify such statements, but must often give the vagrant the benefit of the doubt. The willingness to work which is professed by the unemployed vagrant cannot be tested in court. Theoretically the jail or the workhouse tests this willingness, but only upon imprisonment. Indeterminate sentences to hard labor, with a five-day minimum, for instance, for those who will "say nothing and saw wood," are not yet frequent.

Moreover, it costs money to keep tramps in jail, the "good money of the taxpayers." Why should the town pay the tramps' board-bills? They do not belong to the town; the railroads give, then let the railroads take away. And so, along the Big Four lines, some town authorities warn vagrants not to get off the trains, and along the C. B. and Q. some town officials even assist tramps aboard the trains, to facilitate their departure. False economy and civic unneighborliness cause the vagrant to be run out of town — and into another town. The Associated Charities at Bellingham, Washington, report that all the Puget Sound cities arrest their vagrants and then make them move on. Vagrants inflict themselves upon the next city as long as possible, making the rounds of all the cities, and the only thing attempted is to keep them on the move. "Nobody here seems able to solve the vagrancy problem."

The Lodging-Places of Vagrants.

If on the road the vagrant is often a criminal, a menace to property, and sometimes to life, in his lodging-places he does not cease to be dangerous. The farmer's wife hesitates to refuse food to the demanding tramp, lest the vagrant return at night, sleep in the barn, and fire it on his departure. In the cities, the ten- and fifteen-cent lodging-houses are often notoriously menacing to the city's health, safety, and morals.

The sanitary conditions of such lodging-houses are frequently wretched. Mr. E. T. Lies, formerly of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, reported in 1905 (and conditions change little from year to year in the cheap lodging-houses), that "some Chicago lodging-houses charge a nickel for shelf, floor, or plank, assembling thus the lowest form of beggars or thieves. In half of the one hundred and sixty-five houses, the sanitary conditions call for immediate radical action by state or city health authorities. Filth of every description; foul and bug-infested mattresses and bedding; absolute darkness in the inmost sections of private rooms; seriously defective plumbing; lack of privacy in toilet facilities; absence of baths — these prevail.

"The unfortunate man, forced to sojourn in them for a while, may enter sound and strong, and come out condemned to death. The infection he and his fellows carry around the city and state may mean death to many more. Six hundred and seventy-nine consumptives had to go from a portion of the Chicago lodging-house district in the last five years to the Cook County Hospital, most of them in the dangerous stages of the disease. Ventilation is so poor in the lodging-houses that a man sleeping in them night after night becomes saturated with the thick, noxious exhalations, so that he is physically unable to resist disease, and his vital energy for thought and work is slowly sapped away."

Mr. Lies's observations can, in the main, be duplicated any night in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington. On August 20, 1907, I visited the notorious Bismarck lodging-house in Mulberry Street, New York, finding there men in drunken stupor, sleeping with

their clothes on, upon canvas hammocks stretched from beams; the atmosphere of the room was intolerable. One rusty, filthy sink served for perhaps fifty "guests." The toilets were inadequate and foul. No towels or soap were at hand. "What do you expect for seven cents a night?" asked the proprietor. "These men furnish their own towels! On the ten-cent floor, downstairs, there are four towels an hour in the morning." Think of four towels for perhaps twenty-five men, when the average man sleeping in these lowest-priced lodgings is so dirty that one towel should be a minimum supply per person! On previous visits to this tramps' hostelry, I have found scores of drunken men stretched stupefied upon the floor, sleeping here and there amid filthy rags and half-eaten food.

In cities where the Board of Health is particularly lax in its supervision, overcrowding is common. Mr. H. K. Estabrook of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity reported that on November 19, 1905, he counted one hundred and twenty-one lodgers in a house licensed to receive forty-three lodgers. "The man in charge said he usually had over a hundred. Fourteen men were on cots, crowded into one room; eight sat on chairs; all the others lay on the floor, or on shelves around the walls; there were two or three tiers of shelves above the floor; forty-seven men lay in the cellar. For a cot, ten cents is paid; for space elsewhere, five cents. The attitude of the Board of Health was toleration and indifference."

The Missions and the Vagrant.

Is it strange that after a night's stupefied sleep in such quarters, the first and often overpowering craving of the lodger is for a drink? In what condition is he to undertake the search for work, or to work if he has found employment? How futile and ineffective must often be the reclamation efforts of missions and charitable societies, in the face of the debilitating, demoralizing effects of the common lodging-houses of the cheapest class! Missions nightly exhaust their energies in exhortations to the class that is "down and out" to be saved by faith; yet those missions which distribute bed-tickets to the converts are generally but sending them back to these very lodging-houses, where the foul atmosphere, the uncleanliness, and the moral contamination tend to ruin the physical and the spiritual man.

The mission has a distinct place in charitable work for the homeless, in conveying religious stimulus to overcome temptation, — a field purposely avoided by most charitable societies. The use of meal-tickets and bed-tickets to attract "down-and-outers" may result in occasional actual converts; the practice certainly results in creating the so-called "mission rounder," in fostering mawkish, hypocritical testimony, in antagonizing relief societies, and in clouding the vision of the mission-leaders themselves. Missions often maintain curbstone breadlines and free midnight coffee-stands, on the theory that hundreds of homeless men are nightly starving upon the streets. Yet this free treat keeps from the night's bed and from the day's work the man who is thus tacitly urged to depend upon the bounty of indiscriminate charity. Mission efforts to save men's souls are often pitifully regardless of the necessary physical and industrial salvation that must go hand in hand with any enduring religious conversion. To dole out the suggestions of a square meal, in bread and coffee, and to stop there, invites the criticism of being a ridiculous commentary upon salvation. In the spring of 1906 I found on the top floor of the largest mission in Washington, a foul-smelling ten-cent dormitory, which, later in the evening, would be filled with homeless men, many of whom, while I was standing there, were undoubtedly in attendance on the mission meeting on the lower floor. "Let 's get out of here," said the plain-clothes man who was accompanying me from police headquarters. "This is the limit for smells!"

The Efforts of Organized Charities.

The aid given the homeless by charity organization societies in our larger cities is naturally more consistent than that of indiscriminate charity. Recognizing that every able-bodied man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, the "charities" regard lodging and meals as but means to an end, instead of the great central deed of charity itself. The homeless applicant is directed to hospital or dispensary or convalescent home; transportation to home or work is often furnished him, if investigation proves that it is more advantageous that he should be elsewhere. Temporary employment in woodyard or industrial building is available to every able-bodied man; if he is not able-bodied, or is unaccustomed to manual work, meals and lodging are given, while the reports of visitors, or of coöperating societies in other cities, are awaited.

One of the latest undertakings of two of the largest charity organization societies in this country has been the establishment of special employment bureaus for the handicapped, which aid those suffering from physical or social disability to obtain a respectable livelihood. The special employment bureau of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York placed, during September, 1907, sixty persons, of whom fifty-two found permanent employment.

The homeless applicant for aid is regarded as socially sick; almost without exception he is in much need of sagacious direction, adequate relief, and often of radical treatment, if he is to be restored to the ranks of industry; hence the systematic use in our larger cities, of visitors, investigators, letters, telephone, telegraph, and even of the cable, in affording adequate diagnosis and adequate treatment to homeless wanderers.

Yet all charitable societies testify to the unwillingness of many homeless applicants for relief to be thus aided through careful diagnosis. The same applicants would submit to a thorough medical examination, but the necessity of a similar social diagnosis is not apparent to them, and often not to the persons who direct them to the charitable societies. A large proportion of able-bodied applicants are not willing to work in return for lodgings, meals, or cash. There is often a frank assumption that the charitable society exists to dole out money, clothes, and groceries, "and no questions asked." Street-giving to mendicants encourages this attitude of mind. The insistence by the charitable society upon a disciplinary "quid pro quo" leads to widely circulated rumors among the homeless and the vagrants that there is no real charity in the "charities," and that the officials do nothing but enjoy large salaries. "Charity," to many homeless men, means as much of something for nothing as can be obtained; charity to the charitable society means something for something, results for money spent, restoration to industrial efficiency, treatment of the case until results are had, unless the applicant ceases to appear.

Refusal of the applicant to do his share is very frequent. The Joint Application Bureau of New York, maintained by the Charity Organization Society and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to aid and advise homeless persons, has during the last four winters distributed about sixty thousand cards on the Bowery, at bread-lines, and in lodging-houses, giving to the homeless men of New York a frank offer of effective aid and assistance in the ways above indicated. Yet only a scant two per cent of the cards were presented at the Bureau. Of the persons applying, the strikingly large proportion of sixty-three per cent made only one call.

Hence woodyards and the accompanying wayfarer's lodges, where men may receive bed and board in return for work, can be at the most but temporary or deterrent measures in relieving or solving the general problem of vagrancy and homelessness. Occasionally a wanderer's

reform may, at a crisis in his life, be distinctly traced to the methods of the charitable society, but far too many of the homeless are willing simply to pass through the Bureau, the woodyard, or the lodge, and out again into the unknown. The intentionally idle find it easier to beg in our cities than to work. Eighteen hundred and sixty-three beggars, arrested in 1905 in New York City by officers under the direction of the Charity Organization Society, revealed when searched $4099.34, an average of $2.20 per person. Two beggars had over $500 upon their persons; seven hundred and fifty-seven had no money; eleven hundred and four had sums ranging from one cent to $500. These mendicants were arrested while plying their trade, not when the day's work was over. What would have been the grand total then?

What We Should Do.

We are at present making and perpetuating vagrants by inconsistent and inadequate methods of dealing with them. We regard them in turn as humorous or terrifying. They furnish copy for weekly jokes and for daily headlines. Abroad, long-tried efforts have been made to relieve the unemployed, of which class the vagrant is the substratum; in this country, passing-on, short or suspended sentences, jail-idleness, demoralizing lodging-houses, indiscriminate charity, and unenforced laws, all tend to perpetuate and render more acute our problem.

The conditions here outlined are but certain phases of the vagrancy problem, but these conditions are such as to be readily recognized, and they can be changed when we make up our minds to change them. Here are certain very apparent cases of society's neglect. We cannot say that society is wholly responsible for vagrancy, for about vagrancy we know too little. We cannot say that the tramp is the product of his own free will, for we know really very little about him. But we can say that conditions which demoralize, or cripple, or kill, or infect with disease a human being, shall be remedied and done away with. That, it seems to me, is society's first duty in the better treatment of vagrancy.

Briefly, then: vagrancy must be recognized as a national problem, and for the present the treatment of vagrancy should be deterrent. Able-bodied vagrants must work, or be imprisoned at hard labor. It follows that opportunities for temporary work must be provided for the vagrant who is willing to work in return for food and shelter. The wayfarer's lodges of the city must become suggestions for similar small lodges (dubbed "tramp-houses" in Massachusetts) in rural centres. Vagrancy laws must be enforced, if adequate; amended, if inadequate. Sentences of vagrants should be cumulative, to deter repeaters, or those who gladly winter in jail, and vagrants trespassing on railroads should be arrested and imprisoned at hard labor.

Greater coöperation is necessary between towns and railroads in prosecuting vagrants. The cost of the prosecution and maintenance of vagrants should be made a state charge. Railroad-trespass laws should be adopted, or strengthened and enforced. Special state police officers should be appointed to aid in prosecuting vagrants. In cities troubled with vagrants and beggars there should be at least one special mendicancy officer, in plain clothes. Beggars are wary of a blue uniform or a helmet. The Department of Health in city or state should prescribe adequate rules to govern the maintenance and supervision of common lodging-houses. Missions giving food and lodging to destitute men should, except in special cases, require a reasonable amount of work in return.

The Future.

These suggestions are not constructive in the sense of advocating new agencies or methods of treating vagrancy. At first we do not so much need new laws as strict enforcement of the laws we have. I have laid stress therefore on the neces-

sity of greater consistency and coöperation on the part of existing agencies, in using means already at hand. Before we advocate far-reaching plans for the future we need to know how many unnecessary vagrants we have at present. Easy-going treatment evidently does not remedy, and it does demoralize; let us try rigorous measures, which are at once humane and disciplinary.

At the last National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the initial steps were taken for the formation of a national vagrancy committee. Its field of work will be as wide as our land. It is probable that among the aims of the committee will be the following: —

Uniform vagrancy and trespass legislation; the abolition of police-station lodgings; the substitution of municipal lodging-houses in the cities, and of so-called "tramp-houses" in rural communities; the improvement of jail, workhouse, and almshouse conditions; the separation and separate employment of vagrants in almshouses, apart from paupers; the coöperation of state boards of charity, state lunacy commissions, state prison commissions, and other charitable bodies in effecting these changes; the establishment of state vagrancy committees, to do in the states what the national vagrancy committee will endeavor to do in the whole country; legislation for state compulsory labor colonies, where habitual vagrants may be confined under indeterminate sentences, for long periods of enforced labor; the establishment of state hospitals for inebriates (it is estimated that at least twenty-five per cent of all cases of poverty can be traced to intemperance. Inebriety is curable in early stages, less frequently so in advanced cases); studies and investigations of the causes of vagrancy, including the collection of much statistical information; educational work, through the collection of accurate information about vagrancy, and the wide dissemination of the same throughout the country.

The facts set forth in this article emphasize three things: (1) the extent of vagrancy; (2) its terrible cost in life, health, property, money, and misery; (3) the needlessness of much of it. We must attack the vagrancy problem, both for the sake of the vagrant and for our own protection.

In the Paris *Journal* of August 18, there is a two-column review, based upon an American article in which the loss of life from railway trespass was shown in detail. The review concludes thus: —

"Never would a legislator venture to propose that five thousand vagrants should be annually condemned to death, at an average rate of thirteen per day. We would be horrified at the proposal of such massacres. Yet these massacres happen annually in the United States. They continue to recur from year to year, and it is stated that vagrancy is not thereby diminished. The massacres simply put out of the way a certain number of vagrants who are then replaced by others. This ought to give the criminologists food for reflection."

BY THE SEA

BY ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY

I

Beat of the tide, beat of the blood,
O life seems good
This bright, windy weather!
The soul laughs and the sea laughs,
Bravely together;
The whole world spreads out vivid, intense —
Clear-cut and a-shine,
Breath of the brine,
Beat of the tide, beat of the blood,
Life is good — good!

II

The wind is like a lapidary
And cuts the sapphire of the sea
Into traceries and flutings
Most curiously.

Wonder-work, his fine strong fretting,
And without a peer,
The great gem beneath it gleaming
Cerulean clear!

Yonder bar of palest beryl
His high skill hath touched and lo!
By a fleck of foam he turns it
Into cameo.

III

A narrow little lane that goes
Unevenly, between two rows
Of humble cottages — all gray
As mosses long and soft, a-sway
In Southern woods, or webs that stir
From rafters old; a tender blur
Of Old Maid's Pink, and crass, gay green,
Where marsh-grass pricks a path between
The sandy soil; on without bend,
The little road, then at the end —

The sea a-glitter and the sky,
One burning lapis lazuli,
The sand, a haze of amber light,
And one far sail, clear shadeless white!

IV

Dull gray sky, the sand more pallid gray,
White line of the lapping surf and silken swish of the sea;
Gulls plaining sharp, and shadowy slow, slow sail
Gliding in mist away.

Tang of brine and murmur and mystery;
Dreams of the fair lost ships and those that have reached their port;
Of the alien wonders they bring; and rich, haunting, strange,
Myths and songs of the sea.

THE CONSCIENCE AND THE GONDOLA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I AM not one who derides that excellent institution, the New England conscience; without it, I do not see how we could ever have had a New England, or where our literature would be to-day. Other countries have their special virtues, but it remained for New England to have a conscience; let us cherish it, therefore, just as if it were as large and overpowering as our writers have loved to pretend. Let us not hold with those who act as if the New England conscience were a morbid pathological symptom, like the overgrown liver of the Strasburg goose.

I respect, too, its offspring, the yachtsman's conscience, — which is New England conscience on its mother's side, and man-o'-war etiquette on its father's. Although I do not pounce on uncoiled ropes and coil them up with that fierce passion with which a New England housekeeper attacks the attic during the spring house-cleaning, and while I here confess that I do not feel disgraced forever if I do not make my mooring the first time, still, I think the yachtsman's conscience is a fine and noble thing, though often arbitrary in its workings, and occasionally somewhat artificial in its punctiliousness.

Still, the conscience impresses me less than it did before I saw it at work in a foreign country. I had imagined it a stable quantity, as potent and as up and a-doing anywhere in the world as it is at home.

This is not so. There are forces bigger than it, and I purpose to tell the story of its undoing.

In the first place, Stan would have saved himself much trouble had he realized from the beginning that a craft forty feet over all, twenty-four foot water line, six-foot beam, and drawing four inches of water, should no more be considered a yacht than a toboggan or a snowshoe. Toboggan, snowshoe, and gondola are all highly specialized vehicles of transportation, called into being by peculiar conditions; and as a toboggan should not be confused with a real sleigh, neither

should a gondola be looked on as a real boat; nor do I think Stan would have so considered it, but for his yachtsman's conscience; for while we were in Venice it seemed as if on its mother's side it harked back to some New England house-cleaning grandmother, the kind that ariseth ere it is light — and makes all the rest of the family rise too. It did not wake, the first day. It lay in wait for the moment when we should have a gondola of our own.

We did not imagine in the beginning that we should have a gondola; an unpretentious sandolo, propelled by a beautiful but rascally little boy, seemed to us nearer the kind of boats we were used to, and more in keeping with the humble station in life to which God has called us.

We had hardly said sandolo to each other, when, by some mysterious wireless, news of us was sent forth and half a dozen sandolo boys were yapping under our windows.

"Those sandolos are in filthy shape," Stan grumbled. "They have n't been scraped since the Austrians left Venice. We'll try one, though," he conceded, with gloom.

Our sandolo darted off with its peculiar rocking motion.

"This boat," Stan announced with conviction, "won't be a safe boat for the baby. If we ever send the baby and nurse out alone, I shan't feel comfortable a second." Which, being translated, meant that Stan wanted a gondola like those that passed us, arching their lovely necks proudly, their gondoliers sporting bright-colored sashes. One of these our sandolo hurtled rudely, at which the gondola turned on us sidewise, with, it seemed to me, a proud, wounded look. Stan's eye rested on this gondola with an expression such as I have known it to wear only for a boat he is falling in love with.

"There's no doubt about it," he said accusingly, "sandolos are crank boats. I'm getting too old to take risks." — "Risk your child's life if you like," his virtuous manner connoted, "I shall not."

We dismissed the sandolo, and Stan went out for a walk. Later, he returned with a glow on his face which means, "I have found a boat I like."

"I've been looking," he said, "at a perfect peach of a sandolo. You ought to see it! You can see your face in it," he added reassuringly, as though a sandolo you could see your face in were less crank than those on which the varnish had worn off.

"How much is it a week?" I asked.

"A week!" Stan echoed. "It's not for rent — it's for sale! And at such a price! You could n't fail to get back on it sometime what you paid for it. The man," he added, with a touch of self-consciousness, "sent his children out in it every day." It is a curious fact that Stan always has more confidence in a boat he owns than in any boat he rents, as if the very fact that a boat belongs to him creates some mysterious bond between them, which causes it to render him some occult allegiance, by which it pledges itself not to drown him or his.

"I don't suppose we could buy a sandolo," he went on, "still — there's no harm in looking at her!"

We went together. She *was* a beautiful boat, and everything that our boats usually were not. She sat there in the little canal and sparkled impertinent and alluring eyes at us.

We neither of us spoke of the sandolo that afternoon, for we both knew if we did its purchase was as good as accomplished; we knew, too, that dearly as we wanted it we could n't afford it, and yet, not to buy it offended our New England principles of economy. Moreover, while we stood in its beguiling presence, Stan had heard my unspoken pleading: "Oh, do buy it, and take the blame of it!"

I make no doubt we should have bought it, if that evening, when we returned home, there had not been drawn up before our riva the most beautiful gondola in Venice. It was a gondola from a Vene-

tian *novella*. Its forward part was overlaid with rich carving of acanthus leaves, interwoven in pleasant design — just enough to give the effect of a little extra splendor; to put this gondola in a class above the ordinary cab-stand gondola.

In it stood a red-faced gondolier. His striped jersey was torn and dirty, and his cap, one of those long, pointed ones worn as night-caps by men in France, lacked a tassel, but there was something appealing about him which made one love him. He seemed like a bedraggled Newfoundland dog, who for want of a master and a proper home has been sleeping in the rain. He looked at us with his faithful dog's eyes, leaning at ease on his oar, in a pose as picturesque as though he had been dressed with a proper sash and hat. He smiled at us trustingly and said in soft Venetian, —

"I have brought the gondola of the Signori."

I turned to Stan. I had expected — and sneakingly I had hoped — to see the expression on his face which means that nothing shall stand between him and his desire; which means that he is willing to go without shoes — yes, and make his wife and child go without shoes — rather than give up the boat he wants. Instead, he looked as though he pitied that splendid gondola.

"Here, you," he cried to the man, "behold! Why don't you — why don't you — " He turned to me, his face its frequent impatient red; he does not like to ask me for foreign words. "Margery, what's the word for brass?"

"Metal" was the only translation I could give him.

"— Why don't you clean your metal?" he demanded.

"I have cleaned it," replied the man sweetly.

"Che! Che! Che!" clicked Stan, and waggled his forefinger as he had learned to do in Tuscany.

The man spread his hands and tilted his head in a charming gesture of deprecation. He reminded one of a dog that begs pardon with the lifting of a floppy paw. His gesture conveyed to us subtly that while he thought he had cleaned his brass, we evidently knew better.

"It's a shame," said Stan, "to see a beautiful boat like that with dirty brass! Think what she'd be like if those dolphins did n't look like a ship's galley just after dinner!"

Here it was that the New England conscience stirred in its sleep.

"I'm going to hire that boat," he asserted, "and get that brass *bright*."

This was no subterfuge to get hold of the boat. Not a sail did I get in her that afternoon. Stan sent the man, whose name was Giuseppe, for what is used in Venice for making brass bright, and growled because it was not the Putz Pomade with which I was accustomed to shine up the brass on our boats at home.

Giuseppe gave the brasses what is known as "a lick and a promise," and stood smiling and obedient before us, waiting to start forth, only to hear Stan say, —

"That's not clean! That's not the way to polish brass! Give here!" and for want of Italian words he gave Giuseppe an object-lesson in the art of polishing brass.

I once knew a narrow-built New England woman, who, when I commented on the spotlessness of her house, said drearily, "Yes, I fight it day and night." So Stan "fought it" — he fought it on the dolphins, he fought it on the *ferro*, he fought it on the scroll on the stern. And perceiving that he was not getting the worth of his gondolier's services, he had the cushions and carpet removed upon the riva, and there brushed and beaten. I sat by, gloomy and ill-tempered, while my afternoon of glory was taken from me bit by bit.

"There!" said Stan, the afternoon being finished, "now that gondola looks as it ought to! I'm sorry we can't hire it."

But I have New England blood of my own.

"Can't hire it!" I repeated. The waste of cleaning some one else's gondola affronted me. "We've *got* to have it."

Stan gave me a look which meant, "The price of this gondola be on your head!"

"Come to-morrow at eight," he commanded.

II

I woke up next morning with a joyful fear, like a child at Christmas. Perhaps, after all, Santa Claus had not come! Perhaps, after all, there was no gondola! Stan apparently shared my feelings, for all I could see of him was the back of his pajamas; the rest of him hung perilously out of the window. I hurried to the other window.

"Has it come?" I asked.

Stan turned toward me with a sour scowl. It had. A little way down San Vio lay our splendid gondola, and without its face washed or its hair combed. Giuseppe, unshaven, lay coiled up on its soft cushions and slumbered.

"Look at that brass!" said Stan. "Hey, Giuseppe!"

The word was taken up down the Vio. "Hey, Giuseppe! Your Signori, Giuseppe!" Small boys echoed it from side streets, with, "Hey, Giuseppe!" He was evidently a well-known figure of the quarter. "Asleep again, Giuseppe!"

He sprang to his feet.

"Eccomi! Eccomi!" he cried cheerfully.

"Your metal!" shouted Stan from the window. "Your metal! — I can see dust an inch thick from here on the gondola," — he turned and spoke to me across the space of wall between our two windows, in a tone suggesting that I had failed in my housewifely duties.

"How do you expect that you are going to hold your job if you don't keep your metal bright?" was what he attempted to bawl, in Italian. His tone conveyed to Giuseppe that it would be best for him to begin cleaning the gondola, and suddenly.

Stan began dressing. After each garment he poked a suspicious head out of the window. Now he muttered things to me about the shiftlessness of Italians, and again he threw a warning cry to Giuseppe. When he had finished dressing, he swallowed a cup of coffee and went to his house-cleaning. I found him, after my own leisurely breakfast, rubbing his handkerchief on one piece of brass after another, to see if any dirt came off; and as often as he rubbed, he turned the accusing bit of linen on Giuseppe in stern silence, and Giuseppe, quelled, hastened to the offending spot. This morning he seemed more like a devoted, well-meaning dog than ever. One could imagine his tongue hanging out of his mouth, as he panted after his unwonted exertions. He gave a clever imitation of a man who has realized that the polishing of brass is a serious matter.

But even after the gondola was faultless, the bright morning was still darkened by the dilapidated appearance of Giuseppe.

"That man has got to keep himself cleaner. He 's got to wear better clothes," Stan announced.

He conveyed this at once to Giuseppe.

"I 'm a poor man," Giuseppe deprecated gently. "In other times I had many clothes — sashes, scarfs — ah, I shone in those days! Now — " he wagged a finger; he had no other clothes, not a rag, was what his finger eloquently told us; and somehow further conveyed to us that his nakedness was no fault of his own — that he had suffered wrongs and injustice.

"I know a shop," he continued, "where clothes for gondoliers abound. If the Signori — "

Stan ignored this suggestion.

"We will go," he commanded peremptorily, "to San Salvatore."

Now, it is a bad thing to be too strong-minded. It wears out the character. We had been strong-minded as we could be all day, and we were so occupied in San Salvatore, in saying strong-mindedly

that it was not our business to provide gondoliers with their clothing, that I, for one, have no more memory of that church than had I never been there; but I am sure, if I were to go into it, strong-mindedness would again rush over me. What I do remember is the inside of a stuffy shop, piled full of blue garments, and another little shop, gay with bolts of bright-colored silk and cotton with which gondoliers make their scarfs and sashes. That 's what comes of being too strong-minded. The reaction is disastrous.

As I look back on it now, the score between the East and West stood thus at the end of that first day: one for the West: Stan had got his brass cleaned; five for the East: Giuseppe had his new clothes and several naps. At the time, of course, we were not conscious of the struggle for supremacy which Giuseppe on the one hand, and we on the other, were fighting out. The New England conscience had been victorious in one, and wheedling, soft-spoken, beguiling Italy in the other. Moreover, Giuseppe had seen Stan's passion for cleanliness, and had used his knowledge swiftly and efficiently, and we knew it, though Giuseppe tried to throw the sand of gratitude in our eyes.

III

As I look back, I can well trace that silent battle of which at the time I was not so much as aware. We would begin the day with an apparent victory, for the early morning hours were spent in overseeing Giuseppe not doing his work. I can see now that we spent our strength too freely in the first part of the day. We felt that we had really accomplished something, and were disarmed, and would let Giuseppe and the gondola take us where they would. Without our knowing it, they were continually winning obscure points in the game. They, and Venice, were undermining that backbone of our strength, our sense of duty. We were content when they took us into obscure little back waters, where the silence was broken only by the plash of our oars and the melancholy "Poppen-jee!" as Giuseppe warned the empty air that he meant to turn from one deserted water-lane into another as deserted. They carried us past high walls — walls green below, and diversified by crabs, where the canal lapped them; above, rose and saffron, here and there showing patches of deeper rose where pieces of plaster had fallen from the bricks. Through grilled gateways, at the water's edge, we could look deep into gardens which seemed to stretch away into forests. Everything was quiet; there was no sound even of a bird. Enchantment brooded over us. Then suddenly, out of the silences, Giuseppe and the gondola carried us under some populous bridge, where two files of Venetian women in black shawls passed ceaselessly. The sound of the noisy Venetian people would again come to us for a moment. Then silence again. The enchantment of the enchanted city was upon us.

In silence we passed by beautiful old palaces, whose defaced escutcheons pleaded with us to remember how glorious their dwellers once had been. We passed the beautiful iron gateway of a garden, where one frail autumn rose mirrored its brave little head in the canal. It was such a venturesome little flower, and so poetical in the midst of the decay, that I turned to Stan for sympathy. He spoke: —

"This son of a sea crab has n't shined the *ferro* to-day!" he said.

But while such skirmishing for position was continual, it is the decisive actions which stand out in my mind. The most important one began soon after we came, when, late one afternoon,

"Giuseppe," Stan commanded, "go out to the lagoons beyond the Giudecca."

I recognized the tone of the skipper. Unconsciously I slipped into my familiar attitude of able seaman, and forebore to ask why, as I should have done had we been in a thing on wheels.

"I think," Stan was good enough to

explain, "it would be nice to see the sunset."

As we slid out into the canal of the Giudecca, Stan turned and watched Giuseppe.

"There 's not so much to rowing a gondola," he said. "In principle, it 's not unlike a canoe. A man who can use a single paddle ought to get the hang of this thing in a short time."

We threaded our way among the big fish-baskets and nets of the Giudecca, and out into the sunset beyond. Giuseppe knew all about sunsets and forestieri. He made us fast to a post favorable for watching the august spectacle, curled himself up, and went to sleep. It was the usual routine.

To the right and left of us, at a little distance, were other gondolas. Most of them contained lady artists, who had come out to paint for the millionth time in history another variation of that well-known picture, Sunset on the Lagoons. Well, one cannot wonder that it should so often have been painted, and it was all that everybody has said about it, and I was losing myself, as every one must, in the first wonder of it, when Stan sprang to his feet.

"Giuseppe," he said, "cast off that rope. I believe," he went on, "that I can row this craft out here where there 's plenty of room."

He picked up the oar, and let it fall into the curious little contrivance that the gondoliers so amazingly use as an oar-lock, dipped the oar into the water, and bent his body strenuously forward. The next moment the gondola had whirled around like a top, and my back was turned toward the sun. The oar, conscious that an untrained hand held it, sprang derisively from the crotch, and I had the satisfaction of seeing an experienced oarsman do what I had never been permitted to do under pain of derision — "catch a crab."

I mentally added to my knowledge of boats this little observation: crabs, in gondolas, are caught forward, not backward. Stan also added this piece of knowledge to his boatman's lore.

He picked himself up and looked at the oar sternly. His disapproving eye traveled to me. I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. If I budged or spoke, I knew the crab would turn out mysteriously, as had so many of our small accidents, to be my fault again. Venice disappeared; the lagoons vanished. Again I was the shivering cabin-boy, trying to evade the wrath of the "old man."

"Get back in there!" Stan spoke sternly to the oar.

"If the Signore — " Giuseppe suggested.

"Enough," said Stan. "I know how to row a boat."

With this he spun the gondola around again. Again the oar, indignant at its unskillful handling, flew out. This time Stan did not fall; he was making progress. By the time the gondola had spun round in its tracks for the sixth time, the oar no longer came out.

"Ha!" said Stan triumphantly, "I 'm getting the hang of the thing."

"To go forward," suggested Giuseppe, "the Signore should — "

With the air of conferring a favor, Stan permitted Giuseppe to take the oar. The gondola responded to its master's hand. With its clean, effortless motion, it leaped forward. Stan watched Giuseppe attentively.

"Give here," he commanded Giuseppe. "It 's just like canoeing; you turn your oar at the end of a stroke," he announced triumphantly.

"If the Signore will go *piano, piano* — less force at first — "

Stan gave a less vigorous stroke to the boat and progressed sideways a foot.

"Hold your left hand so," advised Giuseppe. The voice of the instructor penetrated his usual deferential tones.

"The left hand should be further down," commanded Giuseppe, as Stan caught another crab.

Then, for the next ten minutes, I wit-

nessed what I had never dreamed I should see — Stan meekly permitting himself to be instructed in boat-lore by a lazy, red-faced Italian boatman, who did not know the main sheet from the top-s'l halyards. Up to that moment, it had not occurred to me that my husband had anything more to learn about boats. I had looked upon him as omniscient. Without putting it into words to myself, I had fancied that he had come into the world knowing how to sail a boat. I had fancied that he had learned how to row before he could walk.

As I watched Stan being instructed by Giuseppe I realized that a real lover of boats is willing to learn anywhere and anyhow. Still, it hardly seemed fitting that I should witness this, and I turned my eyes away from Giuseppe and his pupil. It was then I noticed that the boat was steadily progressing sideways, crab-fashion. We were bearing down slowly, tranquilly, persistently, upon the gondola of a lady artist. I looked at Stan. He was engrossed in his oar. Giuseppe's eyes were fixed on Stan. From time to time, he offered suggestions.

What happened shows how lacking in judgment is the able seaman. It had been impressed on me never to offer suggestions to the commanding officer, so I sat there, pusillanimously silent, while our gondola slowly sidled down on that of the lady artist. It was the thousandth case, when I should have given warning, but even up to the final thump, it did not seem possible to me that such an impossible thing could happen as that Stan should not know where we were going.

It was not much of a collision, — just a thumping of the two sides of the gondolas. My husband turned a displeased and astonished head on me.

"When you had so little to do," he exclaimed, "nothing to do but keep watch!" — he did not finish.

Guiltily I made our apologies to the painter. We fended off, while Stan said to Giuseppe, before joining me, "Well, I think I did very well for the first afternoon." We all ignored the fact that we had progressed some two hundred feet in a lateral direction.

He tried again the next afternoon, and for several afternoons; and at last the time came when the boat obeyed him so far as to move forward in a comparatively straight line. One day he even succeeded, during the half of an hour, in laying a straight course along the line of five posts, and then he rested his oar and took his place beside me. I had expected a burst of triumph, but what Stan said was, —

"It 's no use, Meg, I can't do it. It takes a lifetime for these fellows to learn. In the course of six months or so, I might be able to strike a two-knot gait on the lagoon without hitting a mudbank, but I never could carry a boat into a canal, and there 's no use trying. I give it up."

I look upon that as one of the pathetic moments of my life.

Henceforth Giuseppe took on a new importance. He could do something about a boat that Stan could not. We could not be independent of him. Stan could be padrone of his gondola; he could direct Giuseppe where to go, but he could not be skipper; he could not show him how to go there. He gave in with an amiability that filled me with pity. We never discussed his sorrow. He chafed under it until the day came when Giuseppe suggested that Stan should learn the forward oar, which, he said, was much easier. I had another moment of pathos in the eagerness with which my husband accepted this suggestion, and it was impossible not to exult with him when he mastered that oar completely at the first lesson. In the return of my husband's good spirits, I was grateful to Giuseppe — even after I found out that the brunt of brute work in a gondola falls on the forward oar: it is that which does most of the pushing; the rear oar has the light, skilled labor of steering.

The tactfulness of Italy had won another point. Giuseppe had satisfied his

employers and won comparative repose for himself.

This contest between the gondola and Stan was the decisive battle. The Venetian boat had secrets that it would confide to no foreigner; only a Venetian would ever know by what trifling little flip of the oar a forty-foot craft could be moved four inches this way or that, sideways or forward or backward or catcornered, at the will of the gondolier. Nor could any gondolier impart that knowledge; it was a part of him, instinctive as walking. Indeed, the steering of a gondola through crowded canals is a series of little perfect miracles, a continual *tour de force*, and one that any gondolier — and here is the amazing part of it to us — can perform without apparently taking thought of what he is doing. He can exchange badinage with a friend on the riva, while he is going through as intricate and delicate a series of manœuvres as a performer on the tight-rope; he can turn his head around and explain in pointed Venetian his opinion of the ancestry of a bargeman who has narrowly escaped crushing him, while his oar causes his gondola to escape collision with another by exactly three-quarters of an inch. Though one might try for years to learn it, one could never attain this nonchalant perfection. It is said that there are foreigners who have taken a sandolo or gondola into the canals, but they do it as the dog walks on his hind legs. A foreigner can never master the ultimate secrets of a gondola; he can never learn to guide it when he is thinking of something else.

IV

Meantime, the reason for Giuseppe's nakedness when he came to us slid into our consciousness. It was his red nose, for one thing, and the good-humored raillery from servants at many palace windows; for it seemed to us that there was not a palace in Venice whose signori had not at some time employed Giuseppe. His pleadings for his wage in advance also told us much. When we emerged from a church, Giuseppe, a few seconds later, emerged from the near-by *trattoria*. After each of our absences, his face grew redder.

It was evident — everything pointed to it — that It had interfered with his work in the other hundred and fifty positions from which Giuseppe had been discharged, but we tried to pretend that in our case It would not interfere. Nor did It; we did not let It. We learned some things about the blind eye, Stan and myself, in those weeks. When our gondola went very slowly, — " The wind is against us," I would say; and when it knocked off its tar against the stones of Venice, " He is no longer a young man," apologized Stan, not realizing how this was sapping our moral strength, so that finally, when It did interfere with his work, we had no resistance left.

One morning Stan looked out of the window as usual. Far down the Vio we could see the gondola. It was empty. Its carpet had not been spread; the *tende* were not put up.

" He has n't come," said Stan.

" I hope he 's not sick," I mitigated. In the background of my mind lurked the real explanation of his absence. I knew that It lurked in Stan's too. But here Stan plumbed for me the depths of his fall. Far from indignant, —

" Well, I rather hope he won't come to-day," said my husband blithely. "It 's time we took some of those walks that we' ve been talking about so long. You can't really know Venice without walking a lot."

To the suggestion of the *cameriera*, " So Giuseppe has — " she lifted an airy hand to her mouth with a gesture of drinking — we turned blank faces.

After we had spent two days in " learning to know Venice," Giuseppe appeared in our apartment, bleary-eyed and voluble. I noticed that he did n't take off his hat. He had had, he explained, a terrific pain in his stomach; he spared neither

gesture nor metaphor to explain to us how terrific this pain had been. It had been the grandfather of all pains. No one else had ever had such a pain as his; but weak and trembling as he was, he, the faithful Giuseppe, had hastened back to his post.

"A drink would do your stomach good," Stan suggested, knowing all the time, in his New England soul, that he was helping a fellow-creature on a career of slackness. But as he spoke his eyes traveled up and down his gondolier's blouse; and as Giuseppe turned to bow his graceful Latin greeting to me, he revealed a shameless mend, that began at his collar and ended at his waist.

"What 's the matter with your blouse, Giuseppe?" Stan demanded.

"My blouse?" asked the unconscious Giuseppe. "It is newly cleaned. It is effulgent."

"Has there perhaps been a hole in it?" pursued Stan.

"A hole?" inquired Giuseppe. "Ah! Behold, it is true — there has been a hole! Ah!" he protested, "those scoundrels of shopkeepers, to sell a blouse with a hole! I go to confront them with it." He backed toward the door.

"Giuseppe!" called Stan.

Giuseppe ceased his backward course.

"Hang it!" Stan flung to me, "that rip was n't there when we bought it."

Well I knew it had n't been there. It had been freshly caught together with stitches of the kind that save nine. And here was Stan almost willing to be convinced that it had always been there!

"It does n't do to push these Italians too hard," he apologized — he seemed actually to be protecting Giuseppe from my wrath. He compromised with his dying conscience by suggesting that it was customary to remove one's hat when in the house.

Giuseppe's hand flew to his head. With surprise he found that his unprincipled hat, with inanimate perversity, had somehow contrived to remain upon his head. He snatched it off.

"Scusi, scusi, Signori!" he murmured, and the involuntary courtesy of Italy coerced him into bowing low. There bobbed up from behind his head something white, and as he stood straight again, a curl like that of an 1830 belle dangled from behind his ear.

It was not of hair; it was of cotton batting, and the other end of it was stuffed into a long, jagged crack in Giuseppe's scalp. He saw our bewildered looks, and flung his hands out sidewise.

"Now," he said, with virtuous intonation, "I will tell the truth to the Signori. Yes, I will tell it to them. The hole in my blouse did n't come from the store. I knew it all the time. But Giuseppe is kind-hearted. Does he talk of unpleasant things in the company of ladies? Never! He does n't come to you crying of what has befallen him; no; rather than that, he risked the shame of impoliteness, keeping his hat on his head. Signori, a great misfortune befell your Giuseppe. A little more," his eyes grew moist, "and you might never have beheld him again. Signori, a knife it was that made the holes in my blouse and in my head, — the knife of a drunken friend. Oh, Signori, how sharp is the knife of a drunken friend!"

He paused.

"Signori," he continued in the tone of one telling a commonplace tale, "I sit in the *trattoria*. I sit and eat my *pasta*. Enters a friend of mine, whom I have not seen for a year. When last I saw him, he went away taking with him my watch, a watch of the value of twenty lira, given to me by grateful padroni. He and my watch and chain of value disappeared together. When I see my friend, I say to him: 'Jail-bird and the son of jail-birds,' I say to my friend, 'robber of honest men's jewelry, restore to me my watch!'"

Giuseppe's tone was one of unctuous courtesy.

"My friend, who is a robber and a murderer, tells me that I never had a watch and chain — there, in the *trattoria*, where many know I have had a watch and chain! I say to my friend,

'Shameful one, you were born in the court-yard of Zanipolo;' and, Signori, being in drink, this angers him — zipp, zipp! Giuseppe falls."

"Well, well, Giuseppe," Stan cut him short, "get the gondola ready."

"Signori," said Giuseppe, "loss of blood has made me weak. If the Signori would give me pay in advance — "

Stan's hand traveled to his pocket. I looked out of the window, ignoring the incident. Half an hour afterwards, Giuseppe, having renewed his strength, helped us into the gondola. During the afternoon he grumbled accounts of his battle to us. From time to time, from behind me, I would hear the words, "Zipp, zipp! and Giuseppe — poor, faithful Giuseppe — Giuseppe falls!"

I wish I might omit the humiliating sequence, but truth compels me to state that that evening the street on which the back-windows of our apartment gave was filled with shouts. We tried, Stan and I, over the evening lamp, to ignore the fact that our names were called, and that it was Giuseppe's voice which clamored for us. But even this decent reticence on our part was denied us, for Iola, our little maid, came pump-pumping up the stairs on some errand.

"Oh," she said, "listen to Giuseppe! Hey, but he roars! A proper beast is Giuseppe! He cries aloud down in the *calle* that the Signori have not paid him. That is what comes, Signori, of paying him two days in advance."

I looked at Stan. He looked away.

"Yes, he has spent the money of two days in advance in the wine-shop of my aunt. Now he will again get himself into debt, and there will be another canal closed to the Signori. Giuseppe dares not pass *trattorie* where he owes money. Did the Signori not know? That is the reason it takes the Signori so long to arrive at the Rialto. Giuseppe can go here, but not there." She illustrated with expressive gestures. "There are many *trattorie* in Venice, and in almost all Giuseppe owes money. Soon the Signori can only go on the Grand Canal and the lagoons."

A loud burst of noise from the *calle* took Iola to the window.

"Ah, listen!" she said. "Giuseppe says he will work no longer. He discharges the Signori! My uncle comes out — he kicks Giuseppe!"

V

The reader will please next observe my husband, the punctilious yachtsman, the advocate of man-o'-war discipline, proceeding down the Grand Canal in a gondola. He is rowing the forward oar himself. The back oar is rowed, perhaps you think, by a new and sober gondolier. It is not; it is rowed by Giuseppe. Moreover, the dolphins are dull and the *ferro* is rusty. Giuseppe's face is red, and he mutters to himself as he rows. But I maintain that it was the gondola's fault that we took Giuseppe back, for she "stood in" with Giuseppe shamelessly, in spite of the fact that he did not keep her brasses clean, or brush off her carpet. The day after the row Giuseppe and the gondola appeared, ignoring all unpleasantness. They did it magnanimously, as though it were we who had made a scandalous noise in the Calle del Pistor. We paid no attention to them as we passed them on our walks, our dignified silence conveying to them that we were done with them forever. They both spent the day slumbering peacefully by our riva. Whenever we passed they would come to life with "Eccomi! Eccomi! Signori." They bowed touchingly to our blank faces whenever we came out or went in.

The fourth day Giuseppe frisked up to us blithely.

"*Per favore*, Signori," he said. "My pay!" He had the air of delicacy that one has when tactfully reminding people of a just debt. "And," he concluded, "if the Signori will give me money for the candles, I will also see that the gondola is tarred. Excuse me for calling the Sig-

nori's attention to it, but the gondola is in a disgraceful condition."

He pointed to the gondola, which lay in San Vio sulking.

"As long as the Signori said nothing about it, I said nothing; but the time is come when Giuseppe can no longer keep silence. Duty demands that Giuseppe shall say to the Signori, 'Scusi, Signori, but it is my duty to remind the Signori that they owe it to their gondola to provide candles for its blacking.'"

I shall always believe that some second sight caused Giuseppe to hit upon the one thing that would have made Stan forgive him.

Interested in spite of himself — "Candles for blacking?" Stan asked.

"As the Signori know, candles are required for blacking," Giuseppe repeated, "and of the best. I have already spoken to the gondola-maker behind San Trovaso. He awaits me and the gondola. If the Signori have never seen a gondola blacked, perhaps they would graciously consent to accompany me?"

Of course Stan wanted to see a gondola blacked. Choice was beyond him. He carried off his defeat with a swagger that was borrowed from Giuseppe's own.

"You can come too, if you like," he condescended to me. "Giuseppe, where do you get these candles?"

A boat-yard in Venice is as unlike other boat-yards as Venice is unlike other cities. Every two months, all well-conducted gondolas repair each to its own boat-yard for its grooming. There is a certain familiar intimacy among these establishments. None of them is very large. Each has its own select clientèle. Here a gondola is fairly sure of meeting no stranger; instead, it will come across childhood friends. It may watch new gondolas under construction and learn for whose family they are intended, or to what *tragetto* they are destined. With us, a boat-yard is a place where boats are born, and, alas, a place where many boats die. You may see them any day, withering away with age, tragic spectres of the boats they once had been. Often they may have been deserted while they were but in the prime of old age by treacherous owners, who put them up the year before, promising to have them overhauled in the spring, and then left them to shrink and die, until one day there is nothing for it but to break their bare, weather-beaten planks for old junk.

Gondolas do not do their dying in the Venetian boat-yards. Now and then one may see a dead gondola hauled up on some riva of the Giudecca, but for the most part, dead gondolas are as much out of sight as is the Campo Santo.

When we arrived at the boat-yard back of San Trovaso, a new gondola was having its smooth planks bent into shape. A torch was being held under it, and as the wood softened, it was bent into even more graceful lines.

Amid the shavings of the shop stood an iron cauldron on legs. A fire of shavings blazed beneath it on the hard earthen floor. It was a casual sort of a fire, and seemed to have wandered to the right spot by chance. To our eyes it looked as if it might wander out from beneath the pot any minute, and lick up the shavings around it, the store itself, and the gondolas in it. Apparently it was only through its own good-will that it remained where it should.

We watched the spectacle, which will always remain a miracle to foreigners, for a few moments.

"These Italians," Stan conceded, "can teach us something after all."

Giuseppe kicked some shavings into the fire and unwrapped his package of candles. A small boy and the owner of the yard gathered with us around the cauldron. Giuseppe threw into the pot the package of two or three dozen candles, and left them to become liquid wax, while the owner of the yard gave our gondola a baptism of fire. He carried a lighted torch over every edge of her sides and bottom. The tar melted and ran off; sometimes the fiery drops fell into the carpet of shavings with which the yard

was everywhere strewn. Why the yard and the gondola were not instantly in flames, I cannot say. I had myself little impulses to rush forward and throw my cloak over blazing parts of the boat, and so, I think, had Stan, for when it was all over he drew a long breath.

By this time our candles were liquid wax, and the padrone poured into it black dust out of a bag and stirred the mass around with a stick. It was a forbidding, oily soup, as repulsive to see as black mud near an oil-factory. A small boy appeared, with a large handful of waste; he dropped it into the mass and squeezed it. The stuff oozed unpleasantly from between his fingers and streamed down into the pot. He made for the gondola, and the padrone and Giuseppe followed with the cauldron. During the half-hour that followed, the bottom and sides of the gondola were thoroughly sponged over. It was all done with a perfection of technique, — no hesitation anywhere; every one knew his part. If one loved a boat, one could not but like the men who so well knew how to treat her. It was accomplished, too, with the greatest economy of time and labor.

" Gad, that's simple! " said Stan, and he turned an approving gaze on Giuseppe.

It was in this fashion that the gondola and Giuseppe got around us again. We had been taken behind the scenes of a gondola's world, and had been shown something that we knew we would always be glad that we had seen, and through Giuseppe. Besides this, everything that one does for a boat attaches it to one. As we got into our shining gondola Stan turned to me: —

" After all, you see, he really does care for his boat in the essentials. He may not go in for form, any more than a fisherman does, but the main thing is, he cares for the things that count."

So I knew Giuseppe had been forgiven; I also knew he had not only been forgiven for this time, but that he had been forgiven in advance for all future misdemeanors. As long as we should stay in Venice, that gondola and no other should take us to and fro, and it would be propelled — when it was propelled — by Giuseppe. Venice and a gondola and Giuseppe had combined against us; they had fought us on their own ground, using their own subtle methods of warfare, and had beaten us. We belonged to them as long as we stayed there, — yes, and for longer. We had hired them in the beginning, and had striven to change them according to our ideas of the fitness of things, but in the end they owned us, and so will continue to do as long as the memory of them stays with us.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF STEIN

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

WHILE laying foundations for a better civic system, Stein was obliged to devote immediate and intense thought to the military system. The old Prussian army organization had been, under Frederick the Great, the wonder of the world; and to uphold it as a model had become a tenet of military orthodoxy on both sides of the Atlantic, but above all in Prussia. In spite of the revelation of power given to an army by national feeling and by the awakened consciousness of personal rights, as seen in the French Revolution; in spite of the new light and life thrown into military science and military practice by Napoleon, the leaders in Prussia clung to the old system, boasted of it, and threatened to overwhelm Napoleon with it.

But things had changed since the great Frederick conquered Soubise at Rossbach. The French soldiers of the new revolutionary epoch, feeling themselves citizens of a great republic and apostles of human rights, were very different from the poor creatures of the previous century, who had been sent out to die in battles demanded by the intrigues of Louvois or the whims of Madame de Pompadour; the French marshals, trained in the campaigns of the republic and empire, were very different from poor old Soubise; the command of Napoleon was different indeed from orders issued by Louis XV.

All this had passed unheeded in Germany, and the whole Prussian military fabric, which it had taken nearly two centuries to build, collapsed at Jena. The fact was that, judged by any good modern standard, the old Prussian military system was thoroughly vicious. The fatal weakness of absolutism was shown in this system no less than in the civil administration: a genius like Frederick the Great could do wonders with it, but the men who succeeded him on the throne were powerless to use it to any good purpose.

The officers were chosen, with rare exceptions, from the nobility; all the military talent and ambition in the rest of the nation were virtually excluded; promotion went by seniority or favor; birth went before merit; the better class of officers were thwarted by pedantry; the ordinary class was grossly ignorant; the soldiers were either peasants' sons, torn from their homes, or the scum of German or foreign cities, huddled together by recruiting officers; the soldier's career was hopeless, — the usual term of service twenty years, and no promotion above the ranks. Degrading punishments were in constant use; blows with a stick could be inflicted on any veteran at the whim of a petty lieutenant, and for such slight offenses as a misplaced strap or a broken button.

The whole formed an organized system of injustice which touched the vast majority in their dearest interests. This injustice, in the time of Frederick the Great, was of little account: his people regarded it as the inevitable and natural condition of things; but ideas of right were now in the air, and had even reached the cottages of the German boors. The peasant class, which paid the bulk of the taxes, paid also the main tribute of blood; the middle class, which also bore heavy burdens, was excluded from all military honors; the least honor was for those who labored most, the most for those who

labored least. Long-standing exemptions of districts, towns, and persons — which once had some reason, but now had none — only added to the general sense of injustice. And substitution was allowed: the rich man's son could buy exemption; the poor man's son could not escape. The great mass of antiquated peculiarities in army organization were retained as sacred, — the stiffness, the martinetism, the brutality; the only wonder is that soldiers so treated and trained did not come to regard their country as really their worst enemy.

The first feeling after Jena was that somebody had blundered, but it was soon clear that everybody had blundered. Scapegoats were, of course, sought, and they were near and plenty; the first step that was universally demanded was vengeance upon indifferent, incompetent, beery, sleepy, cowardly officers, who had delivered up important commands, fortresses, towns — sometimes without striking a blow. Many were disgraced; some sentenced to imprisonment and death; but thinking men soon saw that the fault lay deeper, and among those who searched into the causes of the catastrophe most deeply was Stein. It was this search which led him to propose the measures calculated to develop a people no longer to be treated as "dumb, driven cattle."

The immediate need was for military reform: the whole military system must be recast, and at once. For this, Stein had the best ally possible — General Scharnhorst; and about Scharnhorst stood a body of exceedingly able and patriotic men, like Gneisenau, Boyen, and Grolmann.

Scharnhorst seemed to have stepped into those worst days of Germany out of the best days of Rome; he was a divine gift to his country, like Carnot in the dire trouble of France, or Lincoln, Grant, Stanton, and Sherman in the darkest days of our own Civil War. He was broad in views, simple in tastes, quick in discerning essentials, firm, incorruptible, and, above everything, devoted to his country. By the general body of officers about him he was looked down upon, for he was one of the few Prussian officers of peasant descent. More than this, he was considered a theorist, his real worth being known to few, — but among those few was Stein.

Into his plans for military regeneration Scharnhorst threw not only his whole mind, but his whole heart and soul. Plan after plan he carefully elaborated and discussed: plans for reconstructing the army, for providing a reserve, for developing a militia; all this in the face of enormous difficulties, — the indecision of the King, the suspicion of Napoleon, the poverty of the country, and the inertia of influential people wedded to the old system by self-interest or dread of change.

The fundamental idea of Scharnhorst's whole system was that every citizen is bound to defend the state; that there shall be few exemptions and no substitutes; that the state has a claim on all the talent within its borders. From this followed the duty of all young men to bear arms; the advancement of officers and soldiers not through influence, but by enterprise, bravery, and character. The recruiting of soldiers abroad was given up; only on rare occasions was a foreigner admitted to service in the army. The plan of Scharnhorst and Stein was that the army should be a school for the whole nation, — a school in the virtues of soldier and citizen. The germs of the whole military system as it exists to-day, with its active service, its reserve, its Landwehr and Landsturm, now began to appear.

But to carry out this whole idea at once was impossible, for the spies of Napoleon were everywhere, and no one noted the slightest indication of a desire to regain liberty and independence so keenly as he. Seeing this movement, which showed the German feeling for liberty aroused by the Spanish uprising, Napoleon forced on Prussia a new treaty, supplementary to the Treaty of Tilsit, which new treaty, be-

sides other degrading conditions, bound Prussia to keep down her army to forty-two thousand men.

Tyranny had now to be met by cunning. Many of the exterior features of the old system had to be preserved as a disguise. The plan was adopted of giving soldiers leave of absence after a period of thorough drill, and taking fresh recruits in their places, so that the whole body of young Prussians might pass through the army. Everything was done to evade the keenness of the French spies: regiments were marched to exercise, leaving large numbers of sound men in barracks or hospitals; and at last, while nominally keeping up an army of only forty-two thousand men, Scharnhorst had trained and inspired a hundred and fifty thousand.

Troubles arose, too, from the suspicions not only of the French, but of the Prussians themselves. Nervous men, impatient men, frivolous men, were constantly in danger of precipitating a catastrophe. Selfishness and prejudice were also active, and the pressure of individual and family influence against the new system was at times enormous; the routine men in the army raged against Scharnhorst, and to show the depth of their scorn called him "schoolmaster." [1]

The poverty of the country was also a great hindrance, and for months the artillery in Silesia could not exercise effectively because Napoleon's satraps had carried off their powder. For five years Scharnhorst, one of the most open, manly, and frank of men, had to double and turn, concealing his plans and acts, like a hunted criminal, until, at the beck of Napoleon, the King was forced to disgrace him, to remove him from his higher position to a lower, virtually to drive him from the service.

But the great work could not then be stopped, and to these beginnings are due, in great measure, not only the glories of Leipsic and Waterloo, a few years later, but of Düppel, Sadowa, St. Privat, and Sedan. Scharnhorst, with Stein advising and strengthening him, thus began the military system which Moltke completed.

But while Stein stood firmly and hopefully by his great colleague, providing for the wants of the nation and laying plans to baffle Napoleon, he was still occupied with the civic system and with the reorganization of the general administration. Having taken measures for the abolition of monopolies, — the mill monopoly, the millstone monopoly, the butcher, the baker, the huckster monopolies, and a multitude of others; and having rooted up, as far as possible, all barriers against the admission of women to various trades and occupations for which they were fitted, his main strength was thrown into administrative reform. This, in many respects, was the greatest work of all, though he did not remain in office long enough to complete it.

The general administrative system of Prussia had become a muddle like all the rest. There were councils, chambers, directories, departments, cabinets, ministers administrative, ministers territorial, generally working in accordance with outworn needs or ideas, or with the appetites or whims of the persons who happened to sit on the throne. A strong king, like Frederick the Great, did mainly without them; a luxurious king, like Frederick William the Fat, left them to lumber on chaotically; a mediocre king, like Frederick William III, unable to see his way in this jungle, knew no other plan than to lean on a little coterie of favorites, and to avoid any decision as long as possible.

The local administrations were of like quality. Out of these Stein began developing something better. He made no attempt to change suddenly the nature of the people: whatever had helpful life in it, he endeavored to preserve, and, especially, he sought to restore some features introduced by Frederick William I,

[1] For most interesting and instructive details of this struggle, see Treitschke: *Deutsche Geschichte im 19en Jahrhundert*, Erster Theil, Zweiter Abschnitt.

which, under Frederick the Great, had been lost sight of.

The edict drawn up under his direction proposed to give to the administration of affairs the greatest possible energy and activity, and yet to put all in direct relations with the central government. The whole plan was wrought out carefully and logically; large as a whole, precise as to details, it combined all Stein's experience, his knowledge of men, his boldness, his caution.

Preliminary to all this was the creation of a Council of State, made up of fitting men from the royal family, ministers, privy councilors of distinction, former ministers, heads of bureaus and of departments; but a far more important change was one which in these days seems exceedingly simple, but which in those seemed almost impossible, — the assignment of a small number of ministers to the main subjects of administration throughout the whole monarchy. These ministers were mainly of the interior, finance, foreign affairs, war, and justice; and, with a few other officials of great experience, formed a cabinet to decide on various weighty and general matters, — with the understanding, which now seems axiomatic, but which then seemed chimerical, that no clique of favorites should stand between the Cabinet and the King.

Various departments, each with a minister at its head, have been added since Stein's day, — a Ministry of Trade and Commerce, a Ministry of Agriculture, a Ministry of Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs; but his simple system, as a whole, remains as he planned it.

For historical and patriotic reasons, he rejected the example of the French Revolution, and allowed the old territorial divisions to remain, with proper officers, each with functions which could be discharged for the good of the country, but without injury to the new system. The general local system was also carefully studied, and reforms were begun in accordance with experience and sound sense. Stein had expected, indeed, to go further into the lower local organization, but he was too soon driven from office. His successors attempted to deal with it, injuring it in some respects, improving it in others; but taken as a whole, his was a great and fruitful beginning, and it has grown into that system which has made Prussia the most carefully and conscientiously administered nation in the world; — doubtless with sundry disadvantages: with too much interference and control, with too little individual initiative, but, after all, wonderfully perfect. At the present time, one of the most interesting studies for a close political thinker would be a comparison between this system, which seems to hold that government best which governs most, and our own, which, in theory, holds that government best which governs least.

Stein's object was to secure, in the whole administration, unity, energy, and responsibility. His correspondence and his papers show that he intended later to propose a parliamentary system, with two houses, in which the better national spirit could be brought to bear on the discussion of general affairs and on the enlightened support of the monarchy. Royal edicts put in force his plans as far as he had developed them during the latter months of 1808, but anything further was prevented by a catastrophe. During the whole year Napoleon was striving to free himself from the fearful complication of his affairs. Up to this time, his conquests had been comparatively simple and easy. Austria, Prussia, and Italy were beneath his feet, and he had now attempted a policy of conquest in the Spanish Peninsula. Here came the first capital folly of his career. Spain was ignorant, corrupt, priest-ridden, but it was not a collection of ill-compacted governments like Germany; it was, with all its faults, a *nation*, and its uprising against Napoleon's effort was the beginning of the anti-Napoleonic revolution. At every important point in Spain Napoleon's marshals were worsted,

and at Baylen came a great disgrace: for the first time in his history, one of his armies was forced to capitulate. In the Portuguese part of the Peninsula, where the British forces aided those of the population, he encountered the same desperate resistance. The Emperor's brother was obliged to flee from the Spanish throne, and finally the great conqueror himself found it necessary to put himself at the head of his army against the Spanish people; but, though for a time he broke down all opposition, this revolt in Spain gave a new idea to all Europe, — the idea that, after all, a people, if united, could throw off his tyranny. Nowhere did this thought spread wider or strike deeper than in Germany, and among those most profoundly influenced by it was Stein.

In the midst of his labor for municipal reform, administrative reform, military reform, Stein devoted himself to impressing this Spanish example upon the leading men of his country, especially by letters, and finally one of these letters fell into the hands of Napoleon. It had become especially dangerous for any man, no matter how high in place, to incur the wrath of the great conqueror; but how great the danger of Stein became has only recently been revealed. For, within the last ten years, the world has received a revelation of the Napoleonic tyranny, in Germany especially, which enables us to see what unbridled autocracy means and to what dangers Stein exposed himself in opposing it. Under the second French empire, there was formed, about the middle of the nineteenth century, a pretentious commission, presided over, finally, by Prince Napoleon, the son of Napoleon's youngest brother, King Jerome, which published, in a long series of volumes, what claimed to be Napoleon's complete correspondence. But it was soon found that this correspondence had been carefully expurgated, and since that time various investigators have given to the world letters which the official committee omitted. There could be no more fearful revelation of the tyranny engendered by unlimited power. The conqueror had come to regard any resistance to his plans, or even to his wishes, as a crime worthy of death. The whole world had long known how he had ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be executed at Strasburg for a crime of which he was guiltless, and how he had ordered the bookseller Palm, at Nuremberg, to execution, for having in his possession a simple and noble patriotic pamphlet; but these letters recently published by Lecestre, Brotonne, and others have shown that this cruelty had become, especially after his reverses, a prevailing principle with him.

In these letters we find the great conqueror treating his brothers, whom he had placed on thrones, as mere lackeys, with utter contempt, and with not the slightest recognition of their duties toward the peoples whom he had called them to govern. His letters to them are frequently couched in such terms as no self-respecting man should use toward a lackey. Among the letters also appear simple offhand instructions to his commanders in various parts of Germany, which are really orders to commit murder. As a rule, the moment the spies of the Emperor report any person as troublesome, there comes back a virtual order to punish the offender with death. Orders to shoot this or that troublesome patriot in Germany or Spain are frequent, but perhaps the climax is reached in a dispatch to Junot, to whom Napoleon writes that no doubt the General has disarmed Lisbon, and adds, "Shoot, say, sixty persons." [1]

It was in this frame of mind that Napoleon read Stein's intercepted letter, and his wrath became at once venomous. At first it was somewhat dissembled, probably with the hope of bringing the

[1] For examples of these letters showing Napoleon's rage provoked by opposition, see Lecestre: *Lettres Inédites de Napoléon*, An. viii — 1815: Paris, 1897, *passim*; and especially for the letter to Junot, page 136. Also de Brotonne: *Lettres Inédites de Napoléon*, Paris, 1898.

culprit more easily within striking distance. The notice of it in the *Moniteur*, September 8, 1808, was merely contemptuous; but this was the prelude to more severe measures against Prussia, and three months later, Napoleon, from his camp at Madrid, issued his decree placing the German statesman not only under the ban of the Empire, but under the outlawry of Europe.

Beginning with a contemptuous reference to him as "a person named Stein," this decree proceeds with a notice that his property of every sort in all parts of Germany and in France is confiscated, and it ends with an order to seize him " wherever he can be caught by our own troops or those of our allies." This edict was posted in every part of Germany, and even in Poland. Though Stein, from the first discovery of his letter by Napoleon, must have seen its inevitable result, he braved all dangers. His heart was set on the edict for administrative reform, and to this he devoted himself, until, on the 24th of November, the King was at last induced to sign it. And still Stein lingered to render other administrative services, until his family and friends, in utter distress, prevailed upon him to consider his own safety, and possible future services to his country. On the night of January 5, 1809, he took flight in a sledge from Prussia into the snowy mountains of Bohemia, and for three years, amid privations, illness, and suffering, though constantly active, was, by the world at large, unheard-of. There seemed to come to him as complete an effacement of personality and influence as to Luther during his stay in the Wartburg.

Stein's escape was made none too soon. The simple fact was that in him Napoleon recognized a man who understood the Napoleonic policy thoroughly; who knew, down to the last details, the whole story, not only of the Treaty of Tilsit, but of Napoleon's violations of it, and of that wholesale plunder, without warrant of the treaty, which Germany was forced to endure during the years which followed it. More than this, the conqueror recognized in Stein a man whose German patriotism was invincible; one who saw the vulnerable point in the Napoleonic system of conquest, as Napoleon himself must have begun to see it at Madrid when the official proclamation against his enemy was issued; one who had the gift, also, of inoculating others with his patriotic spirit. Therefore it was that Napoleon, who had at first urged him upon the King of Prussia as a man whose financial talent and genius could develop the nation for the better support of the French armies, now made him an outlaw, and would certainly, could he have laid his hands upon him, have put him to death.

This was no ordinary case of outlawry, and it brought results which the conqueror little foresaw. It gave Stein a hold on the German heart which all his vast services had failed to gain. It secured him recognition as a leader throughout Europe, from royal palaces to the huts of peasants. It inspired phlegmatic men with indignation, and prosaic men with eloquence. Of this there is a striking example to be found in every well-furnished library. About the middle of the nineteenth century, Privy Councilor Dr. Pertz, eminent for close historical research, director of the Royal Library at Berlin, gave to the world his *Life of Stein*. It was in seven octavos, closely printed, a collection which Carlyle would have blasphemed as the work of the arch-fiend Dryasdust; but which, though minute and painstaking almost to a fault, betrays a wholesome enthusiasm. Throughout the whole seven volumes the erudite Privy Councilor restrains himself; but when he reaches this period in Stein's history, there comes the one outburst of eloquent indignation in the whole vast work. Having given the text of Napoleon's edict, dated in his camp at Madrid, the historian gives scope to his feelings as follows: —

" At the quarters of the French troops

at Erfurt, at Magdeburg, and at Hanover, the population read with astonishment and sorrow this declaration of war whereby the conqueror of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Tudela, the sovereign of France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, half of Germany and the whole of Spain, singled out one defenseless man from the innumerable numbers of his contemporaries and branded him as his enemy for life and death. But this measure of blind passion, far from reaching its purpose, turned against the man who devised it. Napoleon's hate pointed out to his enemies their main hope. Innumerable men then read Stein's name for the first time, but this outlawry at once surrounded his head with the halo of a martyr. The hearts which in all parts of Germany longed for freedom had found their living leader. He became instantly a personage on whom downtrodden peoples far outside the boundaries of Prussia placed their hopes and expectations; and, that the mightiest of this earth might stand in awe of eternal justice, from this 'person named Stein,' six years later, went forth the thought of a European outlawry to which the Emperor of a hundred days was to yield."[1]

But a dark veil hung over this retributory future. The mighty of the earth, whether French or German, considered this outburst of the conqueror's hate as a decree fixing Stein's entire future. And the hatred of Napoleon was by no means the worst thing that Stein had to encounter; even more galling to his spirit was the opposition of the German courtiers and nobles, and especially of those who had taken positions under the Napoleonic régime; by these the bitterest epithets were lavished upon him. It became common among a large number of the court and government officials to declare him the worst foe to monarchy. From time to time, Napoleon followed up the decree of outlawry by charging him with Jacobinism; and not only in Prussia, but throughout Germany. At the Austrian capital, Stein's efforts to uplift the lower orders of the Prussian people gave strength to this charge. His idea of appealing to the national feeling was declared to be more dangerous than the worst tyrannies of Napoleon; a large body of influential men and women devoted themselves to everything which might thwart his efforts, and some of them kept Napoleon informed regarding him, thus helping to bring on the catastrophe. Seeley, in his *Life of Stein*, hesitates to believe this, but no one can look over the pages of Pertz and Treitschke without becoming convinced that many of Stein's German enemies were capable of going to any length in betraying him.

In the midst of this personal catastrophe, he was constantly meditating not merely means of raising the German nation against the Napoleonic tyranny, but new reforms which should strengthen the people for the coming struggle. Just before leaving office, he presented to the King a summary of his views, which has passed into history under the name of "Stein's Political Testament." In this his wish to crown the whole edifice with a legislative system, and to bind the whole together with a constitution, is made clear. As he had changed the rural population from serfs to freemen, the dwellers in cities from ciphers to citizens, and the whole administration from a worn-out machine to a vigorous, living organism, so it now became clear that he wished to change the old Prussian despotism into a limited monarchy, tempered by a national representation, such as came to Prussia forty years later, after the revolutions of 1830 and 1848.

For the time being all these patriotic efforts were brought to naught by what Napoleon considered Stein's unpardonable sin: his crime in detecting and discussing the vulnerable point in the Napoleonic system, the heel of Achilles. He it was who more than any other had de-

[1] See Pertz: *Leben Steins*, vol. ii, pp. 319, 320. It is a curious fact that Pertz himself first heard of Stein when he read Napoleon's proclamation placing him under the ban.

tected and accentuated in his private letters to leading German patriots the significance of that Spanish national uprising against Napoleon in 1808, and thus for the first time had given Europe an idea of the way in which Napoleonic tyranny could be overthrown. To meet this action by Stein, Napoleon was by no means content simply to drive him from office and threaten his life; the next move was to extort a new treaty from Prussia, grinding down the North German people more wretchedly than ever before.

During Stein's flight, and, indeed, during his whole outlawry, he remained, in spite of the ruin of his family and the fate which menaced him, calm, thoughtful, and determined as ever. The three years which he passed in Moravia and Bohemia he used to the best possible purpose: though never noisily active, he continued to be the trusted guide and counselor of the men who were to bring in a better future for his country. The influence of his invincible patriotism steadily increased. Napoleon's new war with Austria, that of 1809, was now clearly drawing on. Had Stein remained in the ministry at Berlin, Prussia would probably have acted energetically and promptly with Austria against the invader, the course of European history would have been different, and six years more of war on the largest scale, and myriads of lives, would doubtless have been spared; but, though Stein left many good men and true in the ministry at Berlin, they had not that strength with which he had been wont to overcome the King's fatal indecision, and Austria was left to her fate.

There was, indeed, one moment when his own distress and the apparent hopelessness of Germany and of Europe before its oppressor led him to other thoughts. Interesting to an American is a letter written by him in 1811: in this he says, "I am heartily tired of life and wish it would soon come to an end. To enjoy rest and independence, it would be best to settle in America, — in Kentucky or Tennessee; there one would find a splendid climate and soil, glorious rivers, and rest and security for a century, not to mention a multitude of Germans; the capital of Kentucky is called Frankfort."

But this mood seems to have been only momentary, and he soon gave himself to his work for his country as earnestly as ever, always without haste, but without rest, in unison with the best men in Prussia and Austria, — still their most influential leader.

Great men, animated by his example, rebuilt the foundations of the Prussian state at many points. William von Humboldt reorganized the whole system of public instruction, gave new life to higher education, welded together the best ideas of the foremost thinkers of his time, and crowned all with the University of Berlin, which remains to this day the foremost in the world. Fichte issued his *Addresses to the German Nation* (*Reden an die Deutsche Nation*), which gave new heart to the whole oncoming array of manly youth. Schleiermacher preached his sermons, which, casting aside the mere husks and rinds of ordinary orthodoxy, developed not sickly cowards, merely or mainly anxious to save their own souls, but men willing to strive for good as good, — willing to die for their country. Arndt wrote his *Spirit of the Times* (*Geist der Zeit*), which ran through fifteen editions, and, at a later period, his great song, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* stirring an enthusiasm for German unity and liberty which would-be oppressors have ever since found irresistible.

More and more Stein, proscribed and a fugitive, became a centre of thought: "where he was, was the head of the table." His famous successor in the Prussian government, Hardenberg, went to meet him secretly in the Silesian mountains, advised with him, and soon Stein's ideas took shape in new reforms, constitutional and financial. The old religious endowments, Catholic and Protestant, which had absorbed so much treasure, were subjected to heavy forced loans; dead capital was thus made living, and

trade and industry relieved from a weight of taxation which was crushing out all business life. A representative system, local and general, was more and more distinctly foreshadowed, and, animated by Stein's example, Hardenberg even outran Stein's counsels; in all of Prussia where he had direct control, he exerted himself to transform the peasants from renting tenants into owners of the soil.

Meantime, new catastrophes came. Austria, unsupported by Prussia, endeavored to stand against Napoleon, and, at last, despite official stupidity and sloth, exhibited, especially in the Tyrol, a resisting force never before seen in her campaigns, a national spirit akin to that which had struck Napoleon so severe a blow in Spain, an energy which inflicted upon him, at Aspern, his first great defeat by Germans. Had Stein been at the side of the wavering Frederick William III, Prussia might now have joined in the struggle; but before the Prussian King could make up his mind to give his help Austria was overcome at Wagram, and Stadion, as prime minister, was forced to give way to the arch intriguer, Metternich. Now comes apparently the culmination of the Napoleonic epoch. Metternich marries a daughter of the Austrian House to Napoleon, and thus ushers in upon Europe another long series of sacrifices and sorrows, with that heart-breaking policy of intrigue, political immorality, and reaction, which outlasted Napoleon by more than thirty years.

In these darkest hours Stein never lost heart, but one great change was wrought in him, — he became less and less a Prussian and more and more a German. He would not yield to the oppressor of his country, and, being no longer safe in Austria, he again became an exile.

In Napoleon's hand were now all the great nations of Continental Europe save one. Alexander of Russia, despite his shameful concessions at the Treaty of Tilsit, shrank from the further iniquities into which Napoleon attempted to draw him; and, as Napoleon allowed no dissent from his plans, war drew on between these two great powers. Therefore it was that, just as King Frederick William had sought Stein's aid after the downfall of Prussia, so now Emperor Alexander sought Stein at what Europe generally considered the approaching downfall of Russia. Personal prudence counseled Stein to lie quiet, to allow himself to be forgotten, to wait for better days. It was dangerous indeed for him to throw himself against Napoleon, even in Russia. Russia then, as now, was poor, her policy tricky, her officials corrupt, her ruler weak. Napoleon, the greatest conqueror the world ever saw, was at that moment passing over her frontier with more than half a million soldiers, apparently invincible, and should Stein engage himself actively against Napoleon in Russia, a French triumph would bring him to the scaffold, or at least to exile in Asia. How Napoleon treated those who troubled him — whom he affected to despise — was seen in the orders for drumhead court-martial, which were now sent more frequently than ever to his agents throughout Germany; how he would certainly have treated Stein could he have laid hands upon him is seen in the Emperor's letters to his minister, Champagny.

But with Stein this weighed nothing. He immediately joined Alexander at his headquarters, and the Emperor at once tendered him high position in the administration of finance or of public instruction. But all this Stein declined, declaring frankly that his main purpose was to act in the interest of Germany. His mission as regarded Russia was to keep up the courage of the Russian Emperor; his special effort as regarded Germany was to arouse her to arms, so as to cut off Napoleon's army from France. Stein took the lead in this effort, corresponded more actively than ever with German patriots in every part of Europe, spurred or curbed patriotism, as there was need, answered sophists, summoned Arndt to his side and inspired him to

write those calls to patriotism which stirred the hearts of the whole German people.

Yet still, throughout Germany, a large party at the various courts, though they dreaded Napoleon much, hated Stein more. His appeals to the people still seemed to these so-called conservatives revolutionary. Their necessary result was an infusion of life and thought into the people which might first, indeed, be directed against the new French oppressor, but which would afterward, probably, be directed against their old German oppressors. Foremost in holding these views was the old Emperor of Austria, and his most trusted minister, Metternich.

In Russia the opposition to Stein was of another sort, but hardly less serious. Napoleon's successes had spread terror through the court. The awful sacrifices of Russian soldiers during the French invasion, which were hardly less than those of Napoleon's own troops, filled the leading Russian families with dismay. The steady march of the French, winning battle after battle, and finally entering Moscow, gave the party of peace at any price most cogent arguments; led by the Dowager Empress and others of the imperial household, this party became clamorous. Napoleon, foreseeing his own danger, and knowing Alexander's wavering character, sent him the most seductive messages and used the most enticing arguments; again he held out the lure of a virtual division of the civilized world between the two Emperors.

Against all this pressure Stein stood firm, and, more than any other, kept Alexander firm. His statesmanlike eye saw Napoleon's real position, and he made the Russian Emperor see it; he roused the courage of the Russian patriots, and chilled the ardor of the sympathizers with France. But, important as it was to leave no stone unturned against the enemies of his country, at court he was still the sturdy baron of the old German Empire — utterly refusing to become a mere courtier. Such frankness, straightforwardness, and fearlessness as his has never been seen in Russia, before or since. On one occasion the Empress Dowager, the mother of Alexander, received a lesson from him, in the presence of the court, which to this day remains one of the wonders of Russian history. After the battle of Borodino, the Empress, in a temporary fit of enthusiasm, cried out, in Stein's presence, "If now a single French soldier shall escape from the German borders, I shall be ashamed to confess myself of German descent." The court chroniclers tell us that Stein immediately became red and white by turns, marched up to the Empress, stood firmly before her, and said, in the hearing of all present, "Your Majesty is most unjust to speak in this manner of so great, so true, so bold a people as that to which you have the good fortune to belong by birth. You should have said, 'I am ashamed, not of the German people, but of my own brothers and cousins, the German princes. Had they done their duty, never had a Frenchman come over the Elbe, Oder or Vistula.'" Any one acquainted at all with the Byzantine submission exacted at the Russian Court can understand the consternation spread by these plain words; but, fortunately, the Empress, having something left of her better German ideas and training, answered, "Sir Baron, you are perhaps right. I thank you for the lesson."

The whole conduct of Stein at this period, and indeed, throughout all the last years of his official life, was due not merely to his hatred for the oppressor of his country, but to a deep faith that Napoleon's career was a challenge to the Almighty, and that therefore it could not continue. Stein noted well the sacrifices which Napoleon, without fear or remorse, had demanded of the nation which worshiped him. The number of his subjects who during his reign had laid down their lives to exalt him was something over two millions. This devotion

meant the annihilation, during every year that the empire continued, of nearly two hundred thousand lives, and these the most vigorous and promising lives which France could offer. This, Stein saw, could not last; and he had a deep conviction that even if it could last it was so monstrous a crime against the Divine Majesty that it must surely be punished.[1]

There can be no doubt that to Stein, more than to any other human being, it is due that, after the burning of Moscow, Alexander refused to enter into any further negotiations with Napoleon; and this refusal it was that brought Napoleon to ruin. The conqueror relied on the pliancy of Alexander, as he had seen him at Tilsit and elsewhere, but he had not reckoned on the firmness inspired by the greatest of German patriots.[2]

Now came the great question of questions, What shall Russia do? It was the supreme moment — the time of all times. The advice of the elegant diplomatists about the Czar, headed by his Imperial Chancellor, was that she should patch up a peace, curry favor with Napoleon, and thus secure large additions of territory at the expense of Prussia and Turkey. The danger of Germany was imminent; the danger of the renewal of that old alliance of the French Emperor and the Russian Czar at Tilsit, made more effective than ever to plunder the German people and to blot out German nationality — in fact, to make Prussia a second Poland. Stein, more than any other man, averted this danger; drove the leading intriguers out of the Emperor's councils; filled his imagination with the idea of becoming, not a robber of Germany, but the savior of Europe. Since Richelieu made the weakling Louis XIII a champion of French unity and a leader against Austrian tyranny in Europe, never until now had a statesman exhibited such power to turn a great sovereign to his own noble purposes. Events conspired to aid him. Stein's worst enemy in Prussia, General Yorck, who, with a Prussian auxiliary army, had been dragged by Napoleon into Russia, took advantage of the Moscow catastrophe; and, in spite of the King's loudly proclaimed disapproval, turned against Napoleon, risked his life for high treason, and, for a time, bade defiance to the nominal orders of his own sovereign, Frederick William III.

Stein was no less bold than Yorck. The Russians having conquered that large region centring at Königsberg, all so dear to Prussia, Stein took a commission to go, virtually as a Russian viceroy, into those Prussian frontier provinces; ruled them, raised them, in defiance of their Prussian sovereign, against Napoleon, who was that sovereign's nominal ally; and worse than this, committed the unpardonable sin in the Prussia of that time by calling together without orders, or even the permission of the Prussian King, a parliament which should make provision for war against the French oppressor.

This was a crowning audacity. King Frederick William and his bureaucrats, though they profited by it, never forgot it. Stein received honors afterward from Prussia, but was never recalled into the Prussian service. To Frederick William

[1] For other striking examples of Stein's boldness of speech before the mighty of the earth, see Pertz, vol. iv, pp. 152, 153. For the reckoning of French lives lost under the Napoleonic Empire, see a careful statement in Alison: *History of Europe*.

[2] It seems to me clear that Professor Seeley, admirable as is his *Life of Stein*, wrote under academic limitations which prevented full appreciation of Stein's influence at this crisis. His argument that "public opinion" kept the Emperor Alexander up to the required pitch of firmness must seem to one acquainted with official life in Russia utterly inadequate. Two official residences in Russia during trying times have shown me that "public opinion" in that country, down to the present moment, has always been the opinion of the Czar, if he is man enough to have an opinion; and if he is not, "public opinion" is the feeling of some exceptionally strong man or clique. At the period now referred to, Stein was by far the strongest man in Alexander's councils.

he seemed the most dangerous of Germans. To Napoleon, he was certainly the most dangerous; for never, even at the climax of his power, did the Emperor omit a chance to cast a slur upon him, to express his hatred of him, to call him a Jacobin reformer, as dangerous to Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns as the French Jacobins had been to the Bourbons.

So it came that, while the German monarchs, their ministers, and their favorites, were obliged to avail themselves of Stein's vast abilities as an organizer, they never forgave his appeals to the German people and his efforts to uplift them. Even during the days after the King and his greatest statesman were once more nominally united, his Majesty of Prussia took pains not to invite Stein to dinner; and when the old statesman lay in the attic of a hotel at Breslau, apparently at the point of death from fever, did not even take the pains to inquire after his health, or even to send him a kindly message.

The first struggles of Prussia and Russia against Napoleon after the Moscow collapse resulted doubtfully. Austria and Saxony stood aloof, doing everything possible to bargain with Napoleon at the expense of Prussia. The most amazing offers were made him by Austria and her allies, if he would give up his idea of reëstablishing the empire of Charlemagne. At the Treaty of Reichenbach, Austria, in concert with Russia, and, indeed, Prussia, offered to leave him at the head of an empire greater than any other in Europe by far, — an empire comprising France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, German kingdoms and principalities on the Rhine, and much beside. But Napoleon refused, and now not only Russia and Prussia, but Austria, turned against him, Great Britain aiding them most effectively. The world was weary of Napoleon's tyranny, and in 1813 all Germany rose in alliance with the three great military monarchies on the continent outside of France. Stein and those who wrought with him had created a German people; Scharnhorst had given it a military training: Arndt, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Jahn, and hundreds of others, nay, thousands of others, had inspired it with a determination to conquer or die. Napoleon, having refused the very moderate terms of Austria, and having invaded Germany with a new army, was at first successful, but this renewed Germany pressed on against him. "The battle of the nations" was fought at Leipsic, and he was driven backward.

To unite Europe for this effort, Stein had to make a great sacrifice. He had urged on Germany a levy *en masse;* but the Austrian government would not listen to him. For there was still dominant the old fear that the people, once called to rise against the French Emperor, might learn its strength and rise again later, against the Austrian Emperor; therefore it was that Stein's counsels, just at the moment when they were most valuable, were set aside, and he was obliged to see the lead given to creatures like Metternich.

But while the allies would allow him no place where his counsels would be heard, they were forced to give him a more important place in administration than any other minister had ever held in Europe. They created a great central commission to administer the provinces of Germany, outside of Prussia and Austria, and to restore order and good government in them just as fast as they were retaken from Napoleon. At the head of this commission they placed Stein. His administrative work now became colossal; he was even nicknamed "the German Emperor;" indeed, there were those who seriously proposed to restore the old German Empire and place him permanently at its head. He was called upon, not only to govern Central Europe and France as they were reconquered, but to reorganize all this territory: to divide it into manageable provinces; to appoint its rulers and counselors; to draw from it supplies of money and troops for the

allies; and among ten thousand other things, to care for those wounded in the struggles which now ensued, of whom thirty-four thousand were left on his hands after the battle of Leipsic alone.

Reigning princes waited in his antechamber, but the sturdy old baron treated them with scant courtesy. He could never conceal his contempt for most of them, and as a rule, his treatment of them was much like that which Bismarck gave their successors fifty years later at Versailles. The German princelings of Stein's time had mainly preferred luxury to honor; had shown themselves ready to serve Napoleon or the allies, as might be for their immediate comfort or advantage. Stein's manly dignity permeated his whole thinking, in simple things as well as in great. A territorial magnate, ranking next to royalty, the Grand Duke of Weimar, attempting to make a filthy joke in a company where the great minister was present, Stein rebuked him with severity and directness. All present were appalled at his boldness, but his "High Transparency" of Weimar was thereby forced to change his style. On another occasion a lofty personage, whom Stein had caused to be thrown into prison on account of fraud in dealings with the government, having obtained a pardon of the King and come to Stein in order to show the pardon to him, Stein drove him forth from the house with his uplifted stick. At a dinner in Berlin, a great noble whose name was soiled with scoundrelism being announced, Stein, in spite of all remonstrance, left the house, declaring that he would never sit under the same roof with such a creature.

Outside of Austria and Prussia, his nickname of "Emperor" was, during that period, the expression of a reality. New dangers arose. Napoleon's heir was the Austrian Emperor's grandson, and at various times Austria showed a willingness to preserve Napoleon's sway in France, restricting him within her natural boundaries, which were then supposed to reach to the Rhine; but Stein's influence, absent though he was from the central council which seemed to control policies in those days, constantly kept the Emperor Alexander firm against all this, and when Paris was at last taken by the allies, it is not too much to say that no other man had done more to promote this result. Yet no great man at that period was mentioned so little. Europe resounded with the names of the three monarchs, of Metternich, and of Talleyrand, but this sturdy old statesman, infinitely higher in character and in service than any other, was hardly ever heard of.

Afterward, indeed, as thinking men and impartial historians reflected upon the events of that great period, justice began to be done him. Well does one of the greatest of modern jurists declare, in words carefully weighed, that "the heroic determination in 1812 and '13 to bring a victorious Russian Army from the frontier and to unite it with the unchained might of the German people, to push it, with the rejuvenated Prussian Army, toward the West, and by these and the allied armies to drive Napoleon from position to position and out of Germany, was the work of a genius. For history it is no longer a secret that the genius which brought this expedition of Alexander from the boundaries of Siberia to the hill of Montmartre was the genius of Baron vom Stein. Thereby he reached the summit of his historical mission."[1]

At the Vienna Congress, which followed the abdication of Napoleon, Stein exerted himself for German unity and a proper position for Prussia, and of course, was opposed by Metternich, Talleyrand, and all statesmen of their sort. At Napoleon's return from Elba, Stein's voice was potent among those who put him under the ban, and, at last, ended his career. During the whole Vienna Congress Stein labored on as best he might for a substantial German unity

[1] See Gneist: *Die Denkschriften des Freiherrn vom Stein.*

resting upon a constitution; he would have restored the German Empire, would have introduced deliberative assemblies, and would have brought into them the germs of something very different from the old "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," which had, indeed, come to naught before Napoleon had given its quietus. But Metternich was too firmly seated, and the influence of Austria on the petty interest of the lesser German princelings was irresistible. The Federation was created, which dragged on through years of humiliating politics, until it was ended by Bismarck. Stein also tried to have Alsace-Lorraine restored to Germany, but in this too he failed, and it was reserved for Bismarck to realize his idea, at the cost of myriads of precious German lives, half a century later.

French tyranny having at last been driven from Germany, Stein was no longer listened to, and retired from politics, — regretting the great work left undone, but happy in the great work accomplished; seeing clearly that serious evils were to follow from the reaction, but with a calm faith that better counsels would finally prevail. To the end of his life, he continued to maintain that same independence and fearlessness which led Scharnhorst to say that Stein and Blücher were the only two men he had ever met who feared no human being. One high position was indeed offered him by Prussia, — that of its delegate to the Frankfort Diet. But his strong good sense forbade him to accept it. He saw that with reactionary forces then dominant, and especially in view of Austrian jealousy of Prussia, no further progress was at that time to be made. Instructive is it to reflect that in this position, which Stein refused, Bismarck first gave to the world an earnest of the powers by which, finally, he was to acquire for a new German Empire those provinces of Alsace and Lorraine which Stein had sought to restore to the old Empire.

Another tribute to the old statesman seems strange indeed. It was perhaps the greatest of all testimonies to his character and ability, for it was nothing less than an offer of the presidency of the German Diet at Frankfort, and of all men in the world, it came from the man who had been his most troublesome German enemy, — Metternich. Needless to say that Stein declined it, as he declined various other honors coming from sources which he distrusted.[1]

To the end of his days he remained the same determined hater of all whom he thought evil or unpatriotic, the constant friend of all whom he considered true and intelligent lovers of the country. His old house near the ruins of his ancestral castle still stands, and its most interesting feature is the tower which he attached to it as a monument to the great triumph of right and justice in which he had aided, and as a receptacle for the portraits and other memorials of men who had stood by him in the great war for German freedom.

Two houses has the present writer visited which have revealed to him what a true patriot, cherishing justice and right reason, may accomplish even when apparently deprived of all power. The first of these is this old house of Stein at Nassau. From it, in his latter days, went forth his letters to Von Gagern and others who were leading in the struggle for right reason in Germany. The other is the house at Monticello from which Thomas Jefferson, during the long years after he had laid down official power, sent forth his letters to James Madison and others, which did so much for right reason in the United States.

There was much to stimulate these final efforts of Stein. King Frederick William III of Prussia, in his time of trouble, had given a solemn promise to establish a constitutional government; but, when

[1] For Metternich's offer, see Seeley, vol. ii, pp. 409, 410, where will be found also a most curious letter from Metternich to Von Gagern written after Stein's death, and containing a remarkable tribute to him.

peace and prosperity returned, reaction set in, and the royal advisers, entangling him in sophisms, led him virtually to break his word. Against this line of action Stein wrote constantly and earnestly. The assassination of Kotzebue by Sand aided reaction, as assassinations generally do; but Stein remained moderate and liberal, still urging a constitution and representation for Prussia, with a beginning, at least, of free institutions in Germany. He was not, indeed, a liberal in the modern sense. The constitution which he then urged would have been monarchic and aristocratic; but embedded in it would have been provision for a large representation of the people, and in this would have been germs sure to develop into a far broader system of self-government. He was no "fool reformer." He knew how to estimate the facts and possibilities about him. He did not expect fruit on the day the tree was planted; enough for him to plant a good tree — sure to grow.

It became clear to him that his counsels were, during his time, not to be followed, and he returned in his last years mainly to historical studies. But he found important sources inaccessible, and so came into his mind the idea of establishing a society to care for the German archives, to rescue and preserve the more precious documents of German history from oblivion, and to publish them. Thus was begun the publication of the greatest historical work which any nation has ever undertaken, the *Monumenta Germaniæ;* to this he subscribed a sum very large in proportion to his modest fortune, and from 1819 to the present hour this great work has been continued in furtherance not only of scholarly research, but of German patriotism.[1]

Although he had resigned all hopes of leadership in German or Prussian counsels, and indeed all wish for leadership, in view of the limitations imposed by men then dominant, he was, from time to time, called upon to make important reports and to give weighty counsels; and in one of these, to the Crown Prince, afterward King Frederick William IV of Prussia, the old statesman made an admirable argument for provincial institutions and administration, as opposed to a centralized bureaucracy. Even in his modest dwelling, so remote from temporarily great men and courtiers, he never ceased to serve his country, and in his last years he took a useful part in the deliberations of the states of Westphalia.

His religion was simple and manly. As his greatest English biographer remarks, "There is no cowering, no terror, no fear of the future. Everything that relates to the saving of the soul is absent." He was a sincere Christian and took it for granted that if his soul was worth saving it would be saved. On the 29th of June, 1831, he died, — died as he had lived, a great, true, Christian man; not what is usually called a philanthropist, not a partisan, not the bannerbearer of any momentary outburst of sentiment, but a clear-headed, strong-hearted laborer for right and justice as the foundations of national greatness.

As a legacy to the German people, and indeed, to mankind, he left the record of his labors; but perhaps even more effective than this record, the remembrance of his character. Perhaps in no human being save our own Washington has the value of *character* as a great force not to be described, but to be felt, been proved so quietly yet so evidently. The same great jurist who in carefully measured terms has shown us that to Stein, more than to any other German, and indeed, more than to any other man, was due the final removal of the Napoleonic incubus from Europe, speaks of Stein as follows: "His greatest service in the reform of the administration was derived from his high character and his morally clean, unselfish, experienced and forceful convictions. This carried his measures against the op-

[1] For a full and interesting statement of the work upon *Monumenta Germaniæ* in training eminent German historians, see Paulsen: *Die Deutschen Universitäten*, pp. 69, 70.

position of the provincial nobility and the great body of courtiers. Even Frederick William III had accepted Stein's ideas before Jena, but his adhesion to these ideas, when they were carried out, was due to his trust in Stein, a trust which Hardenberg could not arouse." [1]

No less due to his great character was the confidence which led the autocrat of all the Russias to confide in him against all the power and all the temptations of Napoleon, and which caused the leaders of Europe, even though distrusting Stein's belief in popular rights, to unite against the universal tyrant. More than to any other, the ideas which began the new Germany were due to this quiet, strong, faithful, persistent, self-respecting statesman, and they were due to him by virtue of one of the noblest characters which human annals can show.

The old statesman was buried near the rock from which he had taken his name. Over his grave was written an epitaph as follows: —

HEINRICH FRIEDRICH KARL IMPERIAL BARON VOM UND ZUM STEIN,
born October 27th, 1757,
died June 29th, 1831,
lies here;
The last of his knightly race which had ruled on the Lahn for seven hundred years;
Humble before God, high-hearted before men,
an enemy of untruth and of injustice,
highly gifted in truth and honor,
unshaken in proscription and exile,
the yielding Fatherland's unyielding son,
in battle and in victory a soldier for German freedom.
"I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ." [2]

Some forty years later, at that old rock, in the presence of leading statesmen, thinkers, historians, and poets of Germany, and among them the King of Prussia, who, now that Stein's main ideas had at last done their work, had become the emperor of a united Germany, there was unveiled a statue of the great statesman; and upon its base was the old well-known play upon his name which had long before been a popular saying: "*Des guten Grundstein, des Bösen Eckstein, der deutschen Edelstein.*" (A cornerstone of goodness, a stumbling stone for evil, and a precious stone to Germany.)

Suitable honor was also done him, at last, in the capital of the Prussian monarchy, destined to become the metropolis of the German Empire. In front of the palace of the Prussian legislature stands, in bronze, a noble monument by perhaps the greatest of modern German sculptors. It represents Stein at his best, — firm, foursquare to all the winds that blow. About him stand colossal statues typifying the virtues which he summoned to the uplifting of his country, and about the base are sculptured a series of the greatest scenes in his life, by which he wrought so powerfully to save Prussia, Germany, and European civilization.

Nor was this all. These two monuments had been erected under the two sons of Frederick William III, Frederick William IV and William I; but it was reserved to the great-grandson of the ungrateful sovereign to erect a final memorial. For, in these later days, the present Prussian King and German Emperor, William II, having given to the city of Berlin the long line of statues on either side of the Avenue of Victory, representing the succession of princes, — thirty-three in all, — who have ruled Prussia during nearly a thousand years, each of these sovereigns having on either side colossal busts in marble of the men who did most to strengthen his reign, he has placed beside the statue representing Frederick William III the bust of the great statesman — to whom that King owed so much and gave so little.

But, better than monuments of marble and bronze, better than eulogies which the foremost German orators have been proud to deliver, is the monument which will ever stand in the heart, and the eulogy

[1] See Gneist, as above, page 16.

[2] For the translation given by Seeley, the present writer has substituted one taken down on the spot, which seems in some particulars more exact.

which will forever rise to the lips of every thoughtful German whenever the name of Stein shall be spoken. He was the second, in point of time, of the three great German statesmen since the Reformation.

The first of these was Thomasius, mainly a publicist, between whom and the other two it is impossible to make any comparisons, his work being in fields and by methods so utterly different from theirs. As to a comparison between the latter two, the world at large will doubtless award the first place to Bismarck. His work was on the whole more amazing and his triumph more impressive; but, on the other hand, it must be said that Bismarck had at his command forces which, in the freedom war against Napoleon, were wanting to Prussia, and among these a sovereign, William I, standing firmly by him from first to last, despite all intrigues and opposition, Moltke, the greatest soldier since Napoleon, Roon, the greatest of army organizers, an immense army in the most perfect condition, and finally, an uprising of German feeling fully equal to that which Stein had done so much to arouse against the Napoleonic tyranny.

But against the vast and impressive victories of Bismarck should be arrayed the fact that Stein's work was really more profound, more varied, more devoted to all sorts and conditions of men. In Bismarck's work, while there is at times a foresight and force almost preternatural, there is nothing which shows such depth of philosophic insight into the very heart of modern politics as Stein's idea of creating self-respecting men out of downtrodden serfs, self-respecting citizens out of despised burghers, and a vast nation endowed with parliamentary institutions. In this respect Stein is the superior of Bismarck; the only Europeans who have equaled him in this depth of thought and breadth of vision as regards the foundations of modern society are Turgot and Cavour.

Moreover the characters of the two great modern Germans present striking differences. Both could be irritable, and even overbearing, on occasion; both could be humorous, witty, and even fascinating; but as regards straightforwardness, directness, and respect for popular rights, Bismarck is not to be compared with Stein. Nor is there anything which shows in Bismarck such wonderful powers of administration as that which Stein exercised when, in the rear of the great combined armies of the allies, he organized the territories as they were gained, first in Germany, and then throughout France, raising troops, raising money, caring for the wounded, settling vexed questions between territorial rulers, and proving himself to rank, in administration, with Cæsar and Napoleon. It must also be confessed with some regret that the final years of Bismarck were infinitely less worthy of a great man than were those of Stein. Quietly settled upon his ancestral estate on the river Lahn, doing everything possible to promote the better development of Prussia and Germany, accepting neglect without complaint, Stein seems, it must be confessed, infinitely more dignified than Bismarck, who displayed, after his retirement, defects of his vast qualities over which those who admire him most will most gladly draw a veil.

While then, Bismarck, by the extent of his work, by its variety, by the evident result of it in the creation of the new German Empire, and by its boldly dramatic character, will always be exalted in the popular mind as the greater statesman, no thinking man who has studied closely the decline and rise of Germany during the nineteenth century can fail to award to Stein a place close beside him, equal as regards services to German nationality, superior as regards services to humanity.

(*The End.*)

TROLLEY-CAR ORNITHOLOGY

BY ESTELLE M. HART

If one may profitably study botany from a car-window, a fact which was set forth in an entertaining and widely-read article in the *Atlantic*, not many months ago, it has also been proved to the satisfaction of the present writer, that at least enough of ornithology may be studied, while whizzing through the country on a trolley-car, to add materially to one's enjoyment — if he be ornithologically inclined — and at least something to his fund of knowledge.

In the note-book in which for several years I have kept a record of the birds seen each month, I find over thirty varieties recorded under the heading, "Seen from the N. and H. Trolley."

The particular trolley-road referred to is in central Connecticut, and the particular portion over which I oftenest travel, and from which my notes were taken, is a stretch of track extending a distance of ten miles, from one town to another.

The road runs partly on public highways, but for much of the distance out across the fields, and at one point through a bit of woodland.

It is a delightful little journey to take, on which one may get a succession of pleasant views, of wide meadows, of fine old trees standing out in groups here and there, or in dignified procession following the lines of distant roads, with glimpses of villages and scattered houses, and, far away, outlines of blue hills against the sky; but it is a route offering no especial advantages to the ornithologist.

There is no water in sight, though there is a swamp of small extent. We cut across the corner of an old orchard, there are places where for some distance the track is bordered by low bushes, there are the fields, and the little stretch of woodland, still mercifully preserved from the clutches of the real-estate agent, but, all things considered, one might reasonably expect to see as great a number of birds on almost any suburban trolley-route, as on this.

Try noting the birds on your ordinary routes, you trolley-riders, if you have n't already, and see if you are not surprised at the variety of bird-life that will come so easily to your attention, and at the interest the observation of it will bring to you. Just to recognize the birds is a pleasure, and more of their habits can be noted from a rushing trolley-car than one would at first thought deem possible.

I never could decide with certainty, in the days of my youth, when a piece of frosted cake stood for a blissful experience, whether to "keep the best till the last" or to eat my frosting first, while my appetite was at its keenest. I am inclined to think that I found the latter principle the more satisfactory one to work on, as a rule, and so now, in offering my tempting list of birds seen from the trolley, to those who care to read about them, I find myself inclined to begin with the rarest one that I have noted.

It was late in the afternoon of January 24, 1904, — a cold, gray day, — that, as we entered the woods, a flash of black and white and bright yellow suddenly caught my eye, and there flew along beside us, for a distance of eight or ten rods, a bird that filled my soul with amazement and delight.

I had never seen one at all like him, and I could scarcely believe my eyes. I got a good look at him. He was about the length of a bluebird, the upper parts dark with olive tints, the wings and tail bright black, the former showing a broad band of pure white and probably other lesser bands. The clear yellow color was underneath, and there were touches about the shoulders also.

I could hardly wait to get home to look him up in my bird books. I was n't sure in what group to try to place him, he was so entirely foreign to my imagination, but recalling his shape, I steered for the finch family, and there, among the grosbeaks, I found him clearly described — the evening grosbeak, a " bird of central North America from Manitoba northward," the records said, and one that had never but once appeared as far south and east as Massachusetts, and that in the winter of 1889–90.

True, it was marvelous that I should have seen such a rare visitant here in Connecticut, but I knew I could n't be mistaken, and, within a week, I was rewarded for my credulity by reading in a local paper that several evening grosbeaks had recently been seen in a neighboring town, for the first time on record. It was a very cold winter and they were probably driven out of their usual course by the extreme weather.

That is the only *very* rare bird that I have ever seen on my trolley-trips.

I count it great good fortune, however, when, once in several seasons, I catch a glimpse of brilliant color where a scarlet tanager, perching quietly on the branch of a tree, shows like a frosted leaf amid the green. He is not rare in the general region, but seldom seen near the trolley tracks or the highway.

So, too, I count the times when I see the veery or the hermit thrush. My record, extending over nearly ten years, has their names but two or three times, though they have doubtless been near, flitting softly among the low bushes, where my eyes have n't seen them.

It adds zest to one's observations to think that some shy, rare visitant may at any time be awaiting one's coming.

There are, however, from early spring to late October, a goodly number of birds to be depended upon on every journey.

The crows are always in evidence, summer and winter, and are by no means undecorative as they shine out, glossy black, against a blue sky, or drop to fields of snow beneath. Meadow larks, too, I have seen in some years, during every month, though I am not sure of them usually in January and February.

In early March I know in just what field the crow blackbirds will be walking about with arrogant steps and creaking like rusty pump-handles, — do they imagine that they are singing? — and that soon, in the bit of swampland, will be seen the red-wings.

The old orchard is a delight to the eyes, from blossom-time till late fall sees the last red globes of fruit disappear from the trees; and the birds appreciate it, too.

Here come the first robins, and among the trees, in early May, heavenly bits of color show where the bluebirds are flitting about; and here, too, as soon as the blossoms come, are gay flashes of orange, where the Baltimore oriole, blithest of bird-visitors, is drinking a merry health to all the world, from the dainty cups of the apple-blossoms.

Orchard orioles, handsome fellows, too, but much less conspicuous in their coats of chestnut and black, I see occasionally, during the season.

Not far away is a great barn, and phœbes fly out from under the eaves, and soon barn swallows may be seen darting in and out of the wide-open doors, and off across the fields. We see many swallows: tree-swallows, by the hundreds, sit in lines on the telegraph wires, facing the wind, their breasts shining white in the sun.

Meadow larks become abundant in April, the white spots on their tails marking them plainly, as they sail off in flocks of half a dozen or so across the meadows. Soon tame little chippies sit on the fence-rails, and song sparrows pour their hearts out in song from low bushes, on sweet May mornings. Vesper sparrows flit ahead of us; they are never quite so sure of our entire friendliness as the song sparrows seem to be. The white quills in their tails distinguish them from their similarly-colored cousins.

Late in May the kingbirds become extremely common, and remain our most

frequent neighbors, excepting perhaps the meadow larks, until early fall. They are sleek, handsome birds, with their glossy backs and the pretty white trimming that edges their tails so neatly. Not infrequently they entertain us for quite a distance by chasing a crow, always a ludicrous performance to watch, the enemies are so unevenly matched in size. As far as I have observed, the little antagonist always comes out ahead, — at least he always keeps on top, — flying just above the crow, and darting down to peck at his enemy's neck or back; but as we usually see him, he looks as if he might be a member of a Peace Conference.

It is always delightful to catch a glimpse of a brown thrasher or a catbird among the thickets, and always tantalizing not to be able to stop to listen for their songs.

Sometimes I see a long brown bird flying stealthily from bush to bush, or perched absolutely motionless among the branches of an apple tree; that is the yellow-billed cuckoo, with his soft coloring of olive-brown on the back, and with the peculiarly lovely white fluffiness of the feathers on the sides and breast.

Occasionally, refined and elegant cedar waxwings come in flocks to a group of evergreens which we pass. Goldfinches bound happily over the fields when seeds are ripening, and an occasional yellow warbler adds a bit of lovely color.

Sometimes, in June, a bobolink flies a race with us, and then there is excitement throughout the car — even people who do not recognize themselves as bird lovers turn a sympathetic eye toward that incarnate spirit of happiness; and we can hear him sing, too, even above all the rattle and whizz and hum of the car itself.

"Don't he sing just like a cherubim?" one enthusiastic woman exclaimed, the last time that a car full of people was treated to an exhibition of his vocal and athletic powers.

I see nothing prettier, throughout the year, than the indigo birds, which are not at all uncommon and do not seem in the least disturbed by the commotion that we make in passing.

I have in mind a picture quite pretty enough for a valentine (and not at all unsuitable) of a pair of indigo birds sitting close together on the top rail of a fence, in the utmost contentment. Did they know how becoming they were to each other — he in his gleaming, iridescent blue coat and she in her dress of a particularly sunny shade of golden brown? Nature never arranged a prettier combination of colors, I know.

Among the larger birds which I see the flicker is the most common. I have practically learned all of the markings of the flicker from the frequent glimpses I have had of him from the trolley. When he flies off across the fields, the big white patch on his back is very noticeable, and when we pass close by, while he clings to the trunk of a tree in the wood, the scarlet patch on the nape of his neck and the beautiful markings of the wings and tail can easily be seen, and even the golden lining of the wings, when he suddenly takes flight.

I learned to know the sparrow-hawk, too, from the glimpses I caught of him from the trolley. His colorings of russet brown and grayish blue above, with bright touches of black and white, and the creamy buff beneath, are very beautiful.

I see him, usually, sitting upon a bare twig, watching for his prey — probably a harmless grasshopper in the field below.

A flash of steel-blue and a great crested head proclaim the presence of an occasional kingfisher; what he can be expecting to find in our waterless region, I always wonder. He is the halcyon-bird of the ancients, and indeed I count it a halcyon day myself when I catch sight of one.

Sometimes there is a flash of blue through the air, and a bold, bright bird, with crest erect, jumps heavily (I know of no other word that expresses his man-

ner of alighting) on a branch of a hemlock tree, and surveys the world with a haughty glance.

Ah, my blue jay, I can't help having a certain admiration for you, in spite of your bad reputation among other birds and bird-fanciers; there is something very fascinating about your dashing, reckless air, and how handsome you are against the dark hemlock green!

I note him oftenest in winter, and then I welcome flocks of juncos, plump little gray fellows, flying merrily about the thickets, and nuthatches, creeping head downwards on the trunks of the orchard trees, and chickadees, looking as if they were blown about the apple-branches, so lightly do they perch and fly.

These, then, are the thirty and more birds that I have noted on this one little trolley-route; and if I transfer, and take an excursion of a few miles in another direction, I may easily add to my list. On this extended route, I may be sure, on almost any morning of early summer, of three varieties of vireos, the yellow-throated, the red-eyed, and the warbling. When we stop in a village street to make connections with another line, we may be pretty certain to hear at least two of these vireos, and possibly all three. The yellow-throated is easiest to see, partly on account of his more pronounced markings. The red-eyed is quite as tame, I think. I know of nothing that will cure a fit of the blues quicker than the cheery philosophy of the yellow-throated vireo's song, persistently repeated, "*Cheer'-up, cheer-ree', cheer-up'*"

A little farther along on the same route, I know a clump of bushes where I can be almost certain of catching a glimpse of a tricksy sprite, peering out through a little black mask, and calling, "*Witchery, witchery, witchery*" — the Maryland yellow-throat, that; and in the elms overhead, I am often rewarded for my little excursion aside, by the sight and song of a rose-breasted grosbeak, a bird I have never seen on my regular ten-mile route, though I am fairly certain of him in May and June, on this other road a few miles away.

There is often solace for would-be travelers in such lines as those of Thoreau:

> If with fancy unfurled,
> You leave your abode,
> You may go round the world
> By the old Marlboro' road.

So when I read soul-stirring accounts of bird-rambles in distant states, or of bird-songs heard under foreign skies, I cheer myself up, knowing that I may not easily have such experiences myself, with the thought that on a ten-mile trolley ride, starting from my own door, I may be sure of the sight of at least more than a dozen charming feathered friends, on any summer day, and that there is always a chance of adding a rare one to my list.

I never forget that once I *almost* saw a Blackburnian warbler in a bush. That is, I probably really saw him, but it was such a tiny, confusing flash, only the most uncertain impression of black and white and orange, that I did not dare make a note of it in my conscientiously kept record-book; but on any May morning, I may really see that Blackburnian warbler!

THE CASE OF GREEK

BY ALBERT G. KELLER

To a lover of Greek who is not at the same time a professed follower of that branch of learning, the case of Greek is a complex one. Herein he differs from both enemies and partisans, who can settle the case at short notice; for hostility and devotion are alike simple, while the balancing of affection and reason is always hard. A man does not have to know Greek over-much to be its lover or even its partisan; some of the strongest graduate sentiment in its favor comes from men who probably no longer know the alphabet, — a fact which causes no little astonishment to one who is aware that they have left more than one *vade mecum* of this field of intellectual travel to the shelves of the second-hand bookseller. Nor does one require an intimate acquaintance in order to be Greek's enemy. Unintelligent judgment may lead straight-away to either pole. Few of us who are not professional Grecians know very much about Greek; for which reason we fear that if we essay any criticism we shall be speedily reminded of our incompetence from some quarter. But this is not right if we are candid, any more than it is fair to discount the Greek professor's opinion a hundred per cent, on the ground of *parti pris*. Things are pretty nearly balanced off in this matter. No doubt it is irritating to receive criticism from a source little respected; but, on the other hand, if the Greek professor had been less haughty in waving off criticism and critics, and more intent upon seeing the case of Greek in candor and with mind receptive, his cause would get a better hearing. Few of us can recall admissions of error or of insufficiency in the subject-matter or the teaching of the classics. But this attitude is probably passing with the shrinking of a formerly unquestioned prestige, just as it has been forced to pass among the clergy. At any rate, there is no reason why admittedly ignorant lovers of Greek should not state the case as they see it.

Most of us who are of this persuasion would like to see a change in the way Greek is taught, believing that, if this is possible, there will result, for individuals and for the race, a diffusion of much intellectual treasure which at present stands a chance of being walled up. And we arrive at this conclusion through a retrospect of our own experiences. These differ according as we traverse different walks of life, and each man has his own; but they converge into a general type. The dominant viewpoint of what is to follow is that of one interested in the social sciences; but there is no doubt, to judge from the recollection of a good many informal talks with others, that some generalization is safe.

Probably the case of Greek, which must rest, like all human things, upon its utility in the broad sense, may be most conveniently treated if cultural worth and practical value are arbitrarily set over against each other. Such a distinction is not possible except for purposes of analysis, of course, but it is the more in point because these two aspects are continually confused by both assailants and defenders. The purely practical values of a knowledge of Greek are concrete enough, and the overlapping in our distinction is mainly that of the cultural over the practical; it is asserted not infrequently, for instance, that cultural training acts as a practical advantage, operating as a solvent upon the narrowness of specialization, and making the investigator more of a man. This is unequivocally true; if Greek were the only influence

making toward this end our sons and daughters should learn it at any cost. But this contention may be set aside for the present, except in so far as what there is to say about Greek as a purely cultural influence, affording wealth to the mind and spirit alone, may bear indirectly upon it.

First, then, in the interest of perspective, it must be realized that Greek is not the only cultural influence, nor yet the greatest, as some of the ill-advised of its partisans would, at least by implication, have us believe. Cultural agencies are incommensurable; each is itself and no other. Hence, to assign the palm to any one is to attempt to dictate tastes and inclinations. Music deserves fully as high a place as Greek; and so does art in its several forms. The latter days have contributed something to the world. Sophocles and Euripides, noble as they are, have nothing to replace the richness of Goethe's thought, or indeed the beauty of his poetical execution; Thucydides cannot compete with modern historians. A great many of these ancient things look grander because seen afar and by reason of the almost unconscious taking into account of the setting of their time. They are, relatively to their time, very great indeed, but in considering the equipment of to-day we must deal in to-day's appraisals. The rude stone axe was itself a marvel in its time. Not that the Greeks cannot present that which is of perennial worth and beauty; but there must be discrimination if there is to be truth. In any case it is bootless to compare culture-factors; the only result that emerges from the labor is that all are important, and each in its individual way. All must pass across the stage before him who would be culturally complete. But this, considering the brevity of human life and the feebleness of the human mind, is impossible. The question then arises as to the comparative cost in time and effort required to secure to one's self the maximum of profit possible.

But this consideration too is ideal; no man's power of selection is so wide. Even Goethe was weak in science and of undeveloped taste in music. The only object of bringing such an aspect to the fore is to show the inaptness of the claim of any one discipline to be supreme. In practice, the choice made must be from the curriculum of some higher institution of instruction; and, narrowing this down to meet our own case, from that of an American college as the typical higher school. Formerly there was no choice except of colleges; and in the time-hallowed trinity of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics was all salvation to be found. That was about all there was to teach. When, now, this was superseded and choice came, it lay first between Greek and the "modern" studies. These were modern languages, first of all. That they are the cultural equals of the Greek is conceived to require no proof. The rest are mainly history and the sciences, or, since the historians confess themselves led to scientific method in order to give any value to their subject, they are the sciences alone. It is mainly against science, as by some natural antipathy, that the classicist of the past has vented his displeasure, and the unhalting advance of all its branches has occasioned some bitter words from classicist as from theologian, that were, to say the least, untimely and, in the interest of dignity, better left unsaid. A goodly portion of these words and prophecies have had to be eaten subsequently, and there have been an uncomfortably large number of pleased onlookers, still smarting from former castigation, who would not turn their eyes away during the repast.

Assuming that French and German literature must be taken together to equal the cultural value of Greek, — and if this be done it must also be borne in mind that you can acquire French and German while you are getting a modicum of Greek,—the two modern languages possess the added advantage of opening to the inquiring mind a vista of opportunities of a cultural nature which Greek

could never afford. For through them one gets access to the present and past thought of practically all modern peoples except his own. This leaves to French and German a *plus* over the ancient languages which is increasingly better realized, and which, unless the world falls upon arid millenniums, can but augment with time. Of this something more will be said further on.

Turning to the sciences, we reach the region *par excellence* of debate.[1] Nothing has been said hitherto of the comparative cultural value of scientific studies and those of Greek, or of literature in general. It has been assumed by some non-scientists that, because science has been turned to so many tasks whose accomplishment has bettered the lot of the race in respect to material things, these studies are utilitarian (in the narrow sense) only. This being the case, they are "banausic." This view any scientist would be drawn to combat, and conceivably he should be allowed to appear, however *ex parte* his arguments might be, in the case of such a general negation of cultural influence. But nobody who is entitled to a hearing believes this latter any more.

There are narrow specialists in the sciences, as in the classics, but taking several of the sciences together, if objection be made to any single one, — say, geology, astronomy, biology, — the sum of culture, whatever meaning short of the most restricted be given that term, which they vouchsafe, is not small. It helps a man little, as he walks the fields knowing nothing of the lower organisms and of their life, or as he watches the stars merely surmising their identity and movement, to stay his inquiring mind by recalling Alcibiades, or Medea, or Nausicaa, or even Prometheus. He may wonder at the stately beauty or the graceful charm of uncounted passages in the Greek, and that broadens his nature and expels at least for a time the commonplace, — *das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bester Theil*, — but he marvels no less, if he be but partially instructed, and no less to the refinement of his spirit, at the stately beauty or the graceful charm of Nature's ways. No one thing is alone cultural and broadening, though it is genially so hailed by thorough and devoted love.

Thus far the argument has striven to uphold the rights of other disciplines than Greek to the title of culture-agents. It would seem foolish to discuss the claim of Greek to superiority were it not so often uttered or implied. But there are also those who, with equal self-absorption and narrowness, or hostility, deny to Greek any claim to a high place in the temple of learning. Our argument is as little disposed to admit detraction as exaltation; and there are, besides, reasons a-plenty why, if unimportance is to be assigned to any subject, it should not be Greek. Those who assert its inferiority are seldom competent to pass judgment, and if they are, they will often be found to have confused the issue by fixing attention upon the comparative cost of the acquisition of Greek — a question which is

[1] When a scientist tries to express his opinion regarding the classics, he is not infrequently identified at once as an adherent of the views of Herbert Spencer as set forth in the famous volume on Education. No one who is at all familiar with Spencer, unless it be in a wholly uncritical way, can fail to recognize, together with his astonishing abilities, his equally striking limitations. So that while he may admire and profit greatly by the above-mentioned work, he is careful not to pin his faith to it as an inspired utterance. This polemic was perfectly timely in its day and was called for, if the world was to see values more correctly as time went on: that it overstated the case in favor of the sciences was but natural, facing as it did the intrenched dogmatism of the classicists and metaphysicians. It represented reaction, and was the more vigorous as the inertia of the period was more pronounced. Its real effectiveness, as measured in some degree by the irritation of the objects of its attack, forms no true criterion of its fairness or abiding value. It is a work of historical importance first of all, and is permanently valuable only in its clear and keen statement of some of the perennial problems of all education.

theoretically beside the point, and to which we shall presently come.

As has been remarked, one does not have to know very much Greek to become a lover of Greek. Probably those of us who are half instructed, and think we get a great pleasure from the little to which we have access, can form no real conception of the experiences of one who can really "read Greek," of his profit from that language and its literary riches. But we have our good reason for asserting its cultural influence even in diluted form. Greek literature is certainly what the college vernacular would call "the real thing." If a man can no more than read Homer, and that with assiduous plying of the lexicon, he can draw on riches of a unique type. Matthew Arnold has attempted to show wherein the charm of Homer lies; he catches what he can of the indefinable impression, as of the childhood of the world. And let Keats say how deeply, even through a medium not too faithful, the antique bard impressed himself upon the modern unschooled poet. Similarly with Æschylus and the younger tragedians, with Theocritus, Pindar, Sappho, Anacreon: to each his charm, peculiar to himself. And if we were to desert the absolute criterion and name those famous in their own day only, or who have exerted powerful influence upon subsequent thought without being of present importance except historically, many more would join the roll. It is here intended, however, to confine attention to those whose qualities cannot be reproduced in another tongue, those to know whom one must read their language at least fairly well. The painstaking collegian can get a taste of all the best of the Greeks if he manages well and makes considerable sacrifices elsewhere in his preparation; whether he will do this latter, or ought to be asked to do it, is a separate question.

There is no diversity of opinion among those competent to have one as to the high cultural value of the Greek. To deny it is on a par with denying the high cultural value of conversance with the theory of Darwinian evolution. But a *verneinender Geist* is not always purely malicious, nor entirely bereft of reason for his cynical remarks. Sometimes the doubt invades the mind of even the lover of Greek, as to whether his valuation is not too high, being influenced by considerations that apply to that which is in a foreign language, and further in a foreign "dead" language. Is it all that it seems? How much of the charm is subjective? This matter is susceptible of a rather detailed development, and perhaps psychologic analysis, and certainly deserves a word here.

One often notices that when a college student has got his modern language through the eye mainly, or alone,— and this is the way he usually does it,— the foreign terms do not summon actual concrete objects directly before his mind. They are held in temporary suspension in the brain while they are being correlated, through the native terms, with those objects. *Cheval*, for example, means *h-o-r-s-e*, not a quadruped with equine characteristics, except by a sort of time-taking secondary intension. As one comes to associate the terms more directly with that for which they stand, supposedly the interval of recognition is shortened; but where the foreign language is not intimately known and colloquially used, it is doubtful if there does not linger some unreality about the translated terms. The thing itself is seen through a sort of prismatic medium; its exact form and location are distorted and displaced, and outlines are nebulous and with a color-fringe. There is a flashing interval for idealization. Homely terms and ideas lose their humdrum quality.

And the more remote the foreign language is from one's own, and the more diverse of type the life to which its terms refer, so much the greater chance for idealization; so much the greater necessity for it, and so much the greater failure of apprehension if it be absent. In the mediæval tales the glamour of romance

blinds the eye to much that is sordid and mean; one simply does not see it. And if this is true of mediæval things, says the objector, how much more so of ancient ones as approached through "dead" languages. There is a good deal of force in this observation.

How many, even of Greek scholars, habitually think of the thing, the object, when they read? Certainly they do not teach one the art of so doing. Some objects they cannot visualize except through a mental process of some complexity, entailing suspension of the term for a considerable time. As an instance in point, take a term like *chiton:* inasmuch as there is nothing in the English language corresponding to that word, because there is no similar object in English dress, the mind must recall vase-paintings, illustrations, or the like, and could never in that way arrive at so crass a concept as, for instance, *shirt.* How much more poetic is *tunic* or some other term of equal unhomeliness! Now, says the objector, you Greek enthusiasts idealize the other things just the way you do the clothing. You deal in girdles and clasps, not belts and pins. You see a value and beauty that are in your own eyes. Such a point is worth notice because there is a truth behind it; one might labor it, especially in its general bearing, but it is not, for our present purpose, necessary.

There is an answer to this challenge right at hand, and perfectly apt when one is discussing the cultural value of Greek, and that is: What of it? The flavor of old wine is not the less delicious because age has brought to it what it did not have at first, and what the vintner could not give. Our values are now-values. If a homely term may attain, by traversing the alembic of a thousand or two of years, a greater attenuation and more delicate content, let it be so; too few of human affairs fall out that way.

But yet let us render full justice to our apparently captious critic. The enthusiast's tendency is to assign the Greeks a life too high and ethereal for his own world, and there are reckless devotees whose ravages in the reputation of classical studies are deplorable. (A sociologist is familiar with the type.) They tell the man of science, with ecstatic mien and moistened orb, that the Greeks had nothing to learn in his field, they make a blanket-claim for Hellenic anticipation of the ages' progress, they rave over Greek preëminence in architecture and art, in gymnastics of body and mind, in loftiness of life and soul, and so on, to cause the discreet to grieve. These *vates* are often old enough to know better. A good book and a portly might be written on what the Greeks did not know of the macrocosm and microcosm, but have been credited with knowing.

Where the collegian, the later cynic, gets his views is, first of all, in the classroom, and especially during the early years of his Greek study. He is there fulsomely introduced to certain stock fetiches and caused to bow before them. The tutor, he thinks, must know better than he: that passage in Cicero is wisdom, not pedantry; this one is the characteristic self-assurance of the great man, not pitiful self-conceit. The classic writers are never crude of grammar; if it seems that they are, or that their style is hopelessly and irrationally involved, a good and sufficient reason may be found in the list of exceptions under Rule 324, or under the piquant and admirable style-variations, *hysteron-proteron,* and so on, in articles so-and-so of the grammar. The ancient writers are too often mere examples or illustrations of that grammar. If an English author's sentences should back limply into the arena as some of those of Thucydides do, if he left clauses hanging hopelessly in air, where is the editor who would tolerate him?

All this the uncritical mind of youth may sense, but only inchoately; the reflective graduate sees it and feels that he has been duped. This persuasion, held in however slight a degree, colors his whole purview of the classics. It is a great and

prime error to teach even the masterpieces uncritically and from the lowly attitude of genuflection. Even Homer nods; the ancients admitted it; and if the moderns wish to outdo mediæval scholiasts in abjectness before authority, it is at a cost. The most enthusiastic lover of Shakespeare regrets certain passages, and wishes that there were no clock in *Julius Cæsar;* the staunch admirer of Wordsworth balks at "the very pulse of the machine." Uncritical adulation of the ancients cannot endure such contrasts in the next classroom.

All this obscures and minimizes the real cultural value of the Greek and lends justification to the scoffer. In general, Greek teaching does not succeed in developing the cultural content of its subject, for it fixes attention upon a few traditional aspects, and whiles away upon the means attention, patience, and effort that should be expended upon appropriating the ends.

But avoiding any further discussion of the absolute or relative worth for culture of any one discipline or group of disciplines, reflection would now be invited upon the topic of the comparative cost of Greek as compared with other agencies for cultivating the mind. And here is the vital, and also reasonable, objection to Greek as now taught. It underlies all that has here been said or will be, and, in a sense, renders all discussion mere *Spielerei.* The language simply is not acquired by any percentage of college graduates worth mentioning. If the lower half of every class were to be excluded from count, yet the vanishing proportion hardly emerges into sight; and if, then, in fairness, those also are excluded who have been making a profession of the Greek, the percentage of graduates who can use the language, even humbly and on a few easy authors, is reduced practically to nil. And yet a respectable part of four to seven years has been spent for such halting results. This is an ominous arraignment and a crushing charge. but it cannot be gainsaid. Postponing its further consideration for a later place, it is sufficient here to call attention to the high relative cost involved in the pursuit of Greek regarded simply as a branch of culture. Most people cannot afford it. Even if these years of study had yielded the results that half the time spent on German, for instance, does assure the conscientious student, it would not be so bad. But still to be unable, after all that industry, to read enough of a Greek poet at a stretch to get his real flavor, — to be unable to understand off-hand some simple quotation used as an epigraph to somebody's book or chapter, — this is in very truth the dregs of discouragement.

But we have delayed over-long, though only touching its borders, upon the cultural side of Greek training. We now approach the practical, and under that head propose to include such cultural influence as contributes to success in other fields. But as this latter is the hardest to be definite about, though one of the easiest to talk about, it is perhaps better to try to clear away other and more direct practical utilities first. The practical value of Greek is naturally attached almost exclusively to the language and what you can get by knowing it; the thrills and haunting moods of the literature do not come into account here.

Let us presuppose a fair knowledge of the language, then, not forgetting, however, the rareness of this acquisition among those to whom Greek has been only incidental, — or, in any case, not a specialty, — and the high comparative cost. Reiteration of the statement may be pardoned, that this is the *crux* of the whole situation; that neglect to consider it utterly stultifies most pro-Greek argumentation. Unless this condition can be bettered, Greek must resign its place among the general studies of the young. There are too many new competitors, and more are coming; and once-existent favoring handicaps are recognized no longer.

The knowledge of the language is, in

general, of small practical utility except to those few specialists to whom language is the material of investigation. Professor Lester F. Ward (who is himself somewhat prolific in the coinage of terms of Greek origin) asserts its value for the understanding and use of terminology. He says that "a knowledge of the structure of Latin and Greek words is essential to the correct use of the current vocabulary of nearly every science, and especially of the biological sciences." But this is a statement, at least so far as it refers to Greek, which can be tested to its detriment by any one who cares to reflect upon the grasp of Greek possessed by scientists of his own acquaintance, or to scan the biographies of a few notables. You can get this term-making done for you, and need not spend years learning to do it any more than in learning to wield the higher mathematics in order to figure out an occasional relation. It is questionable whether the average man could trust his own results in either case.

Greek as a tool of investigation is scarcely more valuable, as will presently appear. In general its claims to utility for the historian or scientist are reducible to the following: specifically, it best fits the scholar for the acquirement of other tongues; and inclusively, it forms the developing agency *par excellence* of the mental processes. The former contention is stronger than some are inclined to admit. No one doubts the indispensability of several modern languages to the modern investigator, and this need can but increase, in default of a "universal" language, as time goes on; few also would deny that the practice gained, under proper training, in Greek syntax and etymology is of great value in the acquisition of other languages of the same stock. There are here, however, two major considerations to be met; first, that the training given is seldom one conducing to other ends than its own immediate ones; and, second, that no sufficient reasons have been presented for denying that an equal or briefer period of time spent upon Latin or some other language, under adequate direction, would yield the same result. It is under the best professors only that training is planned, not upon local but upon far-sighted and catholic lines; preparatory teachers and college instructors do not often have the time, education, or breadth of outlook to do this. There is a great deal to be said, in the interest of both Greek and the student, in favor of beginning Greek in college.

The question of the value of Greek in the acquisition of other related languages is really a special one under that of the value of Greek as a mental discipline in general. The assertion of its supremacy here is again the out-of-date call to fetich-worship. It is valuable, but so are other branches, for the purpose in hand; it has defects of a serious nature as a mental discipline, though these are mainly survivalistic in the pedagogical system, and so remediable, at least in some degree. Its strongest claim is perhaps its difficulty; its complexity and consequent capacity for precision of expression render it an excellent disciplinary agency for him who gets any control of the medium. But these can yet be spared without catastrophe, as any thing and any man can be spared, and the world still go on under satisfactory — or, to judge from prevailing analogy, more satisfactory — substitutes. Of course it is unfair, as must be admitted, to balance Greek, here as elsewhere, against any other single available language, if there be taken into account the time and effort now necessary to penetrate even its outer precincts. It does not alter this contention even if one admits that Greek affords certain combinations of mental exercises not to be met with elsewhere.

But there is a reverse side to a training based upon the classics, as any one knows whose line of specialization has diverged from early absorption in them. As to whether certain undesirable qualities are inherent in such training, opinions may well differ; the question awaits an an-

swer, and that through demonstration. But it is certain that the attitudes and mental processes acquired in orthodox classical study are not of much use elsewhere; and the reason is that such study is not alive, or is not made so. In the classics all is cut and dried, and reverence for authority is the conventional attitude. "If," said one active and noted professor of the classics, "a man has health, energy, and industry through a long life, he may hope to cover part of the ground already traversed before him." It all goes back to the fathers. One somewhat admires this system, settled and articulated, as he marvels at that of the Roman church, and for much the same reasons. The structure is grand, austere, aweight with the prestige of generations. But it does not breathe the spirit of the present age, and its acolytes can blame only themselves if they are not content to be left in cloistered peace. There is no fault to be found with an ideal of calm and tranquil erudition, quiet refinement, and serene unworldliness; it appeals to one in the stress of life, at times with an almost irresistible charm. It is a noble existence, but it is rare, and should be so. The youth of this age do not take to it, and should not, for it is anachronistic. And, being so, it is positively detrimental to the majority to be taught its ways as a training for the life of the present age.

Under the classical system of past generations the collegian has learned to take things for granted and upon authority, and to approach them uncritically. He is engaged in the main in a study of words, and the ideal held before his youthful strivings is the *discipulus*, able, with the aid of lexicon, grammar and notes, to extract the information, often obscure, insipid, or long antedated, from certain lines and pages, and recite thereon. The net influence of such training has been too often the inculcation of intellectual dependence, timidity in the exercise of individual judgment, distrust of one's own conclusions, and a general haziness and uncertainty of mental operations. There is no need of the modern scholar's labor-saving methods and appliances, because too often the work is in itself the end. Collection and collation of data, classification and critical discrimination — what need of these?

Having come to graduate work in history or science, after a typically classical course, there is trouble in store for him who hopes to use his preliminary training to further his later ends. Historical and scientific investigation call for qualities of mind and results of mental discipline which the classical régime has not fostered. Between the end of college training and the beginning of real usefulness in the new field, between preparation for life-work and that life-work itself, there must and does occur for many a promising young man a great mental and moral shock, accompanied by the necessity of taking a new start. Not only that; there is a period of broken standards and superseded criteria, with all the misery which that implies. Naturally this is a matter of degree; but teachers who have been much thrown with advanced students of a non-classical specialty, particularly with those who have, during a highly creditable undergraduate course assimilated most faithfully the classical training and "method," have too often been witnesses of ineffectual and bewildered attempts to regain lost bearings. The young man knows his work is crude and ineffective, but he does not know why; surprised and disgusted, his disappointment often takes the form of self-recrimination and distrust. The situation is rendered the more blind and torturing if, as is so often the case, he sees less studious companions falling in successfully with the new order of things. The college senior year, which generally awakens the less prudent to a sense of vanishing opportunity, often shows an astonishing advance in the quality of work in extra-classical subjects performed by erstwhile indifferent men. They see for the first time, in history or science, a species of learning that is understandable

and full of life-interest; they catch the swing better, having little to unlearn, and not seldom cause heart-burning in their one-time easily prevailing rivals.

After an indefinite period devoted to this weary waste of vital energy, matters begin to mend for the discomfited; probably after one gets definitely out of the old grooves, a formerly acquired habit of steady and careful industry tends to advance its possessor with greater strides and with fewer interruptions than would otherwise be the case. But, having reached with pain a new orientation, he does not feel inclined to assign any special educational value to the classics, until through the lapse of time a truer perspective is gained and there is leisure to con the actual treasures which, albeit with great expenditure of effort, he has retained from his college days.

These remarks are naturally better applicable to the system of required classics than to that of the present day, and one who grew up under the old régime can scarcely place himself in the position of the free chooser. He feels that the latter has got a better education and is apter for the struggle of life, without visible cultural disabilities. But, assuming a retroactive power of choice, it is but fair to estimate the sacrifices incurred in securing what training in Greek one has. This is the question of comparative cost looked at from a slightly different angle. When one had completed the largely required course of ten or fifteen years ago, he emerged from college self-distrustful in modern languages, short on history, law, and economics, and devoid of even the rudiments of certainly half or three-quarters of the sciences. Music and the fine arts he knew not. He had covered certain courses in English literature, that oasis for saint and sinner alike, but had had no systematic practice in expressing himself in his native tongue. He found his Greek and Latin, it might be added, empty of the values asserted for the teaching of such expression; rather did they inculcate the involved and Johnsonian style, together with a shamefaced leaning toward trite classical allusion. How much of this gaping hiatus in education, four to seven years at three to five hours a week, plus preparation for the same, would have bridged, may be left to individual judgment.

The question presents itself something like this to the student of the social sciences: Would I trade my Greek, considered both culturally and practically, for biology, for zoölogy, or for geology, let alone a combination (which would be a fairer equivalent) of these or similar other sciences? A positive affirmative leaps to the lips. Upon reflection it is sustained. You go over in this reflection some such line of thought as the above, and in addition you scrutinize the value of Greek as an aid in research — for it is that to a student of human societies in a degree far surpassing its importance in most other sciences. But it is of small advantage, after all, to read Aristotle, Plato, or even Homer, in the original, you feel. You may miss certain fine points and sacrifice some accuracy through dependence upon a translation; but if you do essay the original, the constant plying of the lexicon eats up time, strength, and patience, for relatively insignificant increments of superiority in your results. In fact you doubt, when you finally set down your reference to the original, whether it is not done more out of latent pedantry and a desire to get credit for unusual labors than because of the special weight of your opinions referable to direct approach to sources. If one renounces wholesale reading in the original and confines himself to the intensive study of an occasional author or significant passage, and takes the necessary time and pains, he is doubtless repaid, that is, he gets something more out of them than one who does not do this; but he cannot repeat the process often, or he is ruined. And so he betakes himself to Jowett or Lang or Voss, and chances it on the loss of atmosphere and possibly

completer accuracy. He regrets this proceeding intensely, and reflects bitterly on what he could do for the satisfaction of scholarly instincts were it German or Spanish, recalling meanwhile, and with a resentful sense of loss, that he has put upon the latter languages but a fraction of the time and pains which his indifferent control of Greek has cost.

It is this kind of thing that makes enemies for the Greek among perfectly fair-minded, but human, scholars. It is not that they deny its absolute value; it is its relative worth that is, and should be, determinative. In fairness such men should not be loftily dubbed utilitarian and of taste unrefined. The line which limits the power of neglecting the utilitarian is not drawn for all men in the same place; and it must not be forgotten that dictation of tastes is presumption. Some choice has to be made, for men have limitations in powers and hours; perhaps in the millennium all working-days will have twenty-four hours, and all eyes and minds will be tireless, and then one will have the chance of assimilating to himself the sum of all species of culture.

Naturally that which is most in the eye of adverse opinion to Greek is, as so often, the unnecessary and unessential. There is absolutely no reason for hostility to the language and its literature; there is no excuse for hating aorists and abhorring Herodotus. But irritation at the assumptions and methods of the advocates of Greek is too often carried over by association to create a thoroughly unjust estimate of everything connected with the language. The old assumptions (of superiority, etc.), dating, like the dogma of papal infallibility, from a time of unquestioned prestige, appear now so gratuitous to those unendowed with a sense of humor, or too indignant to use it, that they arouse wrath rather than the tolerance due to passing survivals. All sponsors of Greek ought now to drop even the shadow of such pretensions and come out into the open with their good wares, to offer them on their merit with those of the rest. There will always be a select concourse who can afford, or will afford, the price; they may realize that it is high, but they will feel, and that correctly, that the value is great. But there should be no effort to force them upon the reluctant, nor any heart-burning because other good things are now offered in the educational market. Such an attitude, with the reasoning back of it, is mediæval.

But why cannot the wares be less costly? Cannot processes be applied which shall, without cheapening the product in any essential way, bring it within reach of a rather extended patronage? Cannot the old patterns be modified, or set aside in favor of those which appeal to the changed taste of an age of greater opportunity? There is no alternative if the restriction of Greek to a smaller clientèle is intolerable. Prophecies of Greek "coming into its own again," of the inevitable return-swing of the pendulum, are hazardous; they do not take into account the altered setting in which Greek finds itself. Reaction may not duplicate action if friction is too great, or in the presence of diverting forces in the field. Nor is it apposite, however picturesque, to stand out in disdain as from the worship of some golden calf. The essence of viability is power of adaptation to change when this is not mere fitful oscillation; and the sentiment regarding Greek studies has gathered too much headway to be dismissed as a capricious vagary. Granted even that it is locally referable to the character of the American people, yet who would hope for a return to simple and docile ways when such alteration, deplorable though it may seem, is due to the action of no less than elemental forces?

It would be a risky task and a thankless to suggest methods of popularizing Greek culture as it should be popularized if this is possible. Tentatives are being put forth in this direction. In last analysis, these must through actual experimentation be subjected to elimination

and selection of the best. If the orthodox methods have proved themselves inefficient, they should be the object of the most searching scrutiny and the most ruthless weeding-out. In general, it is only common sense that such proposed variations of procedure should be fostered as look to the appropriation of that in the methods of other branches of study to which these latter owe their progress. Moreover, greater attention should be given, it would seem, to the correlation of Greek with other subjects; aloofness and pride of place should be renounced. The instructor should seek to make himself a man of such breadth as to be capable of indicating to scholars of all persuasions what Greek has to offer them. It would be a long story and vexed with detail if any outsider were to develop his idea of how Greek should be taught; and he would doubtless come to shipwreck speedily against some unforeseen reef. This is a subject more suitable for informal discussion, if it be candid and not heated, than for an essay. But that time-saving methods [1] cannot be developed who will affirm?

The case of Greek seems to many of us vitally a pedagogical one, granted that, apart from obsolete attitudes and assumptions, the situation be squarely viewed with the idea of learning the truth, not expounding it as preconceived. Whether it can be solved or not will determine whether Greek will widely and directly, or exclusively and only indirectly, advantage the race. The treasures of the Greeks are attractive enough to any man of mind and heart; there is no trouble there. Would that Latin could approach Greek in this respect! If it were as easy to learn Greek as German or French, or German and French, many a man would hasten to acquire it, even in later years, for the sake of knowing a mighty age in its own words, replete with their subtle suggestion of place, time, and environment. But such potential lovers are not likely to be content with the "residuum" which, as some defenders of the classics, rather graveled for matter, say, is sure "after all" to remain in the mind of the student. The truth is that scarcely any one *does* learn Greek in college or before; and what could be more damning than this? In view of this fact all discussion about cultural and practical utility is really suspended in the air. The comparative cost of Greek is exorbitant and well-nigh prohibitive. The vital question is: Can it be lowered?

[1] The attempt to discard the language, in whole or in part, and to familiarize the student with the classics in translation, has much in its favor. The idea is, however, disagreeable to the lover of Greek, who would call first for a desperate effort to modify the teaching of the language. Let one say what he will, even Goethe and Voss, Tennyson and Browning, cannot preserve to us the indefinable atmosphere of the original. But this whole proposition regarding translations really falls outside our "case of Greek."

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

From Windward Mountain's barren crest,
The roaring gale flies down the West,
And drifts the snow on Redmount's breast,
In hollows dark with pine.

II

Full in its path from hill to hill,
There stands, beside a ruined mill,
A lonely house, above whose sill
A brace of candles shine.

III

And there an ancient bachelor,
And maiden sister past threescore,
Sit all forgetful of the roar
Of wind and mountain stream;

IV

Forgot the wind, — forgot the snow, —
What magic airs about them blow?
They read in wondering voices low
The *Midsummer Night's Dream!*

V

And reading, past their frozen hill
In charmèd woods they range at will,
And hear the horns of Oberon shrill
Above the Plunging Tam; —

VI

O long beyond the cock's first crow
In dreams they walk where mayflowers blow;
Late do they dream, and liker grow
To Charles and Mary Lamb.

IN APRIL

BY JANE PRATT

I THINK if I live to be a hundred I shall remember everything which happened that day. It is as if it shone with a light of its own.

And first of all I was wakened by the thought of him. Not but that he had been often enough in my mind during the two years, nearly two years, since I saw him last, — but in such sad, *aching* thoughts. This was clear, quick, gay, as if he had called me.

It struck me wide-awake, and instantly I remembered that it was Wednesday, the Wednesday of the Sewing Society, and I found myself shivering a little there in the big, white bed, with the April sunshine coming in through the windows. For the Sewing Society at our house meant a great deal, oh, a very great deal, to me! It meant that I was going to give up idle dreams, if I only could, and was going to remember how much our family had always stood for in the community, — that is a quotation from Great-aunt Lucilla, — and to remember how my mother — "and your mother was a very remarkable woman, my dear, a much more remarkable woman than you can ever hope to be" — had never grudged the time she gave to the church or to society, and to remember how everybody had loved her —

But I could not lie there and think of all Great-aunt Lucilla had said. I jumped out of bed, reminding myself of the preparations to be made for my guests. And then the first thing I did was to stand in front of the mirror and look and look, and wonder and wonder, if he could see me, if he would think I was changed. Now, I was still only twenty-three, and I had a small, rounded face, which, no matter how thin I got, always looked chubby, and rather cheerful, crinkly hair, and some foolish dimples which came out easily; so, on the whole, I decided I should still appear natural to him. But what difference did that make? I should probably never see him again, unless perhaps when we were both very old, like King George the Third and Annie Russell in the play, and I was going to settle down and be a comfort to my father, and a pillar of the church, and before I got really old I should probably marry John Stone. Only I must decide that pretty soon, whether to let John Stone keep on liking me as well as he did; for there must be no more wretched misunderstandings and making people unhappy about me.

Yes, I went on talking to myself seriously and steadily like that all the while I was dressing, and by the time I was ready to go down to breakfast I was more than half over the queer flutter and thrill of having been awakened so suddenly by the thought of him. And when I saw how capable and sensible I was, talking with Nora after breakfast, I could n't help admiring myself. Duty was to be my guiding star from that day, the day of the Sewing Society. Then, after that, Nora and I were so busy all the morning that I quite forgot about duty and the lovely thing I was going to be in my complete self-abnegation.

And after it was ready the house really did look pretty, though pretty is almost too little a word for such a large, wide-halled, square-roomed, broad-window-seated old mansion. Our town is not only old-fashioned in having a flourishing Sewing Society instead of a Woman's Club; it still keeps its colonial houses, though they are not so full of life as they used to be. Father and I are the only Carstones left in ours. But every Carstone who had ever been happy there would have liked to see the old house

when Nora and I had it finally ready, upstairs and down, for the horde we expected. The day was warm and the furnace was out, and good, clean birch-wood with the bark shining was laid behind the shining andirons, ready to be lighted later. I had picked great bunches of daffodils from the terrace, and there were some in every room; the old china and silver looked proud piled up on the dining-room table; the sun came in through the broad windows, mixed with the glimmer of the mist-like green of the trees. And after our stand-up lunch, — Daddy was a dear! — when all the preparations were completed, I put on my new rajah (made princess), which was of a soft, misty green just like the trees that day. I was afraid Aunt Lucilla would think it a bit too dressy for the occasion, but if I was to be good I must be allowed my little liberties.

And at last they were all there, all the old stand-bys. Mrs. Brunton, thin and hurried, had been first to come, though she said she had been cleaning house every minute of the morning. I got her settled in my favorite little wicker chair near a front window, where she could see everybody on the street, — they live in such a lonesome place, the Bruntons, — and by that time the guests began to arrive thick and fast. Presently the room was full and they were all talking about the church carpet, or listening very hard, and as if they had to keep their mouths shut very tight to prevent nuggets of wisdom from dropping out. The ladies of our Society do not know or care about parliamentary law, but though they never voted or made motions or anything like that, I am sure Great-aunt Lucilla was in the chair. It was such an uncomfortable, narrow-seated, straight-backed chair, too, one that usually stands in the hall, and that nobody ever thinks of sitting in. Aunt Lucilla is short, and her feet barely touched the floor, but she rejoiced in the fact that she had saved somebody else from being uncomfortable, knitted on her scarlet slipper, — she is always knitting scarlet slippers, — and found out the "sense of the meeting" — is that what they call it? — quite as well as if she had said, "Is the motion seconded?" and such things.

I'm sure I don't know why I should remember all they said about that stupid carpet, or rather those two stupid carpets, the one they had and the one they wanted! But what with Great-aunt Lucilla in the high, straight-backed chair, and the few daffodils which were left on the terrace after my morning's raid, beckoning me to come out whenever I looked that way, the carpets got to seem to me like Aunt Lucilla's Duty, and I felt fairly wrapped up and half smothered in their thick, wiry folds, but yet determined to look pleasant and stick to my post whatever happened.

Mrs. Stubbins said it was a good time to buy carpets. I remember she was measuring off some cotton from the point of her nose to the longest stretch of her arm when she said it, and the action was so forceful that I felt at once that she had private tips from all the leading dry-goods merchants in our county town; but Mrs. Brunton was unawed, and the little wicker chair and her delightful position by the window had not appreciably softened her.

"But if we don't *need* a new one, Mrs. Stubbins," she snapped, "where is the economy in buying it?" She had been twisting and turning her own carpet, no doubt, all the morning, trying to get the thin places under the furniture, and who would n't be a little snappish?

Apparently not Mrs. Leland, who just grows sweeter and gentler and more transparent, the worse her husband acts. She put in a mild little remark, that of course we could get along with the old carpet if it was what we wanted, but she had to confess that its peculiar shade of magenta did get on her nerves; it almost made her forget the sermon sometimes, she was ashamed to say.

But this mild remark aroused another mild lady, little Miss Alsop, all in gray.

"Oh, how can you say so?" wailed the little spinster. "It was new the day Mr. Caruthers was ordained. I shall never forget how beautiful it was that day."

She almost chanted the words, and her face was lit up. Then I remembered that Mr. Caruthers had died of consumption, and I had heard people say that Miss Alsop was in love with him.

But Mrs. Leland and Miss Alsop could not keep the smart ones quiet long, and there was a voice from the other side of the room. "Well, *I* think the women of this town do too much. Has n't the Sewing Society just painted the steeple? And how we raked and scraped for that money!"

"And are n't the ladies of the First Church glad and proud to work their fingers off for the old Society?" retorted Aunt Lucilla, from her high-backed throne, knitting very fast.

There was a pause, a tribute of silence to the leadership and emotion in Great-aunt Lucilla's voice, but it was broken in a minute by Mrs. Arkwright, large and judicial.

"I am sure we are all willing to work, Miss Carstone, but the question is—" and so on and so on.

Would they never stop? My eyes wandered again to the terraces where the daffodils, struck by the western sun, fairly danced and twinkled. I put my hand to my throat with a wild idea that at last that carpet was really smothering me,— but I only slipped a soft, friendly cushion behind little Miss Alsop's back, and fixed my eyes with rapt attention on Mrs. Arkwright.

And just then came the miracle, the miracle straight out of heaven.

"If we took the breadths in front of the pulpit," Mrs. Arkwright was saying; but she stopped suddenly, for Nora stood in the doorway, very alert.

"Miss Helen, a gentleman to see you!"

The movement and chatter of the Sewing Society stopped. It was as if they all waited for the miracle.

Instantly I was in the hall, and there he stood — he — he! For two years, nearly two years, I had missed him so! oh, how I had missed him! And there he stood, every bit of him, my blessed, blessed man! I could only run to him and take hold of his hand, half-laughing and half-crying. Where could we talk best? I was thinking all the time.

It seemed as if the house were full. I heard voices in the library across the hall; through the door of the dining-room I could see figures moving among the tables.

"Oh, let us go to the summer-house," I said, "there is no room here."

We went through the bare orchard, not saying a word. It seemed an age. Perhaps he had stopped caring for me. Of course he had stopped caring for me, and he must think my dragging him out here very queer — very queer. Why had I been so bold? Why did n't he speak? I could n't, with my heart thumping so.

At the top of the warm western hill-slope, beyond the daffodil terraces and the orchard, was the little lattice-work arbor. It was very quiet there, and the sun and shadow checkered us all over as we sat down. He looked at me as if he would never stop, very serious, very solemn. But now I had forgotten to be frightened. My eyes danced at the sight of him, they had ached for it so long. His square shoulders, the line of his hair above his ears, his steady eyes — how glad I was I was wearing my pretty dress!

"Helen, are you going to marry your father's partner?" he asked.

What I really wanted to do was to get hold of his hand and press it up against my cheek, just to see how it would feel.

"Why should you think so?" I answered very demurely.

He rose as if he were going to stride up and down, but how could he stride in that little summer-house? So he stood beside me very straight.

"If I lose you now," he said, and my heart turned right over, "it won't be

because I was afraid to ask for the truth. I have never understood — and now, now they say you are going to marry your father's partner. Tell me the truth, and then — no matter!" His hard voice broke on the last word, and he sat down beside me like a tired boy. "Please!"

But then I think he must have begun to feel a little glad to have me right there. A bluebird on a tree near began to sing, and somehow he looked less martial. I fancied he must have been afraid to come, he had appeared so brave up to that time!

"I've had an awful time of it. Perhaps you think it was fun. Why did you write me what you did, and why did you send back my letter?"

"Because I was engaged to Lloyd Baker," I almost whispered.

"Engaged to Lloyd Baker?" he shouted.

"Yes, all the time I knew you, all that summer at North Woodstock," I murmured.

"Engaged to Lloyd Baker!" He got up and tried to pace again.

"Sit down, be quiet, and let me tell you. We were engaged the winter before. We used to dance together a good deal and he was a lovely dancer, and I think I must have been very young and foolish. Anyway, we were engaged; but it was a secret. And then at North Woodstock I saw you, and we had such a jolly time together, all of us who were in the camps — we were just such good friends — I hardly thought why I was so happy — and I wrote to Lloyd every week, and once you know he came up over Sunday and Labor Day — such a silly holiday it always has seemed! — but do you know I did n't mind much when he went away. But when *you* went!" I found my breath was catching, and my old trouble was creeping up my throat.

He gently laid his hand on mine.

I smiled up at him somewhat mistily. "Well, you know you never bade me any sort of a nice farewell, after *all* the good times we had had. As soon as you were gone I knew that I did not care for Lloyd Baker, but when your letter came, your dear letter, it made me very happy, and then, all in a minute, it made me ashamed, for I saw what I had done. I had let you feel that way when all the time I was promised to Lloyd."

I was trembling a little. I could not help it. He had taken away his hand and did not try to comfort me.

"I felt that I must have been very wicked. But I am sure there was never the least bit of love-making while you were there, was there?"

But he did not answer my poor little smile, and now I needed him most he would not even look at me.

It was very hard work, but I went on, and my voice sounded far away. "It seemed as if Something which was not myself at all took hold of me and made me do it. It said, 'You have promised. It is your fault. Send back the letter.' And I did — and I wrote you I could not see you. I wish I had asked somebody to advise me. But I thought that I must somehow have been very wicked — and I would not think of anything else, only to do what was right. And then when we got back to Broadmeadow and I saw Lloyd I hated the sight of him, though it really was n't his fault, you know. But I don't think he was so sorry, after all. He's married to Mabel Higgins now!"

I had been looking down, while I talked, like a naughty child, but Mabel Higgins *is* funny, and I could n't help taking a little peep at him when I mentioned her. My eyes felt wet, but Mabel Higgins seemed to cheer us both up at once.

"Bless her! The noble girl!" he intoned. I don't know what he would have done or said more, but just then Duty and the Sewing Society came, as it were, hand-in-hand into the arbor, and strangely enough, I was glad to obey them. "I must go," I said, pulling away from his happy face and his detaining hands. "I have a house full of people. I am dreadful. Yes, I'll come back. But it's ter-

rible the way I am treating them. Why, Great-aunt Lucilla —"

Then as quickly as the sun had gone behind a cloud, and the bluebird had ceased singing, he changed again all in a second.

"But your father's partner? I've been in Broadmeadow two hours and I've heard twice that you're going to marry your father's partner."

"Helen!" came in Great-aunt Lucilla's voice.

"Let me go, dear, let me go! I'll come back. Yes, very soon."

He was sitting with his head in his hands. I came in softly and pulled the hands away. His face looked almost haggard. It was only ten minutes, but he might have seen me married to John Stone and carried to my grave in the interval.

"Tell me," he said, "tell me, whatever it is!"

"No, you foolish boy, I'm going to marry nobody, — nobody!"

And then — I can't tell you. It was n't *my* happiness I thought of; it was as if I floated a golden spark in his. It was eternity.

But he seemed to think I had nothing to do but to stay there with him. As if I were not disgraced enough already! As if I should ever dare face Great-aunt Lucilla again!

Then when could he come, — this evening?

No, not this evening. The young people liked to stay. One never knew how soon they would go.

Yes, to-morrow morning.

Yes, of course it *was* a long time to wait. But he begged no more. He would be very obedient. He kissed me good-by in the little arbor. Yes, it was a long time until to-morrow. If anything *should* happen!

Then through the bare orchard, past the side piazza, past the front porch and the windows, the whole place alive with the Sewing Society, we went, and by the front gate he took my hand and looked in my eyes, and then he lifted his hat and walked away up the street with his shoulders very square.

I did n't quite know whether I was standing on the ground or floating in the air, — oh, if anything should happen before to-morrow! — but I turned to go into the house, and there, at the foot of the hill on the other side was John Stone, dear, good man, come from the office early to pass cups and plates to the old ladies at my Sewing Society.

Well, there was one comfort, I had never given him any encouragement, not the least. All the same I could n't speak to him just then, and I hurried through the hall, crowded with the lately arrived youths and maidens, into the south room, where many of the matrons still remained. Aunt Lucilla's high-backed chair was vacant; she was, of course, trying to make up for my absence elsewhere.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow!" my heart kept singing. For me, for me, the miracle had happened! Little Miss Alsop sat with her hands in her lap; Mrs. Leland was bending her delicate, transparent face over a coarse gingham apron she was hemming; but Mrs. Brunton's voice rasped high from the little wicker chair :—

"Well, it is n't that I mind *working*, the question is whether we really *need* a carpet!"

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

V

BY J. O. FAGAN

It makes little difference what phase of the situation between labor and management on American railroads we choose to investigate, the supreme importance of personality and personal responsibility is impressed upon us at every turn. As with the safety problem in the operating department, so with all questions relating to piece-work and the bonus system, — the principle at stake is not only the absolute right, but the fundamental obligation, of every man to do his level best under all circumstances, just as truly and inevitably in the best interests of a railroad as of human progress and civilization. The story of the stifling of personality and of the neglect of the human equation in American industrial life, and on the railroads in particular, will probably have to be related and insisted upon over and over again, before public opinion can be brought to realize the widespread nature and importance of the issue.

The principles involved in an ordinary preventable accident on a railroad can be picked out and followed through different stages of railroad life, all the way up to the leveling process which, generally speaking, the labor unions insist upon in promotion by seniority and in matters relating to mechanical work in the railroad shops. The steps in the process are all as plain and unmistakable as the rounds of a ladder. Let us begin with one of the first appearances or germs of the trouble.

A freight train is backed into a yard or side-track, and by reason of rough handling or carelessness, a small collision occurs and several cars loaded with valuable merchandise are jammed down and off the end of the track into the swamp. The superintendent investigates the case and decides that the engineman was guilty of rough and careless handling. The engineman appeals from this decision, claiming that a wrong motion was given by the brakeman, or the brakes did not hold, — anyway he appeals, and his contention is taken up and supported by his organization. After weeks of discussion and attempted arbitration, the whole business is quietly dropped, because the men decline to give in and the management, with the business interests of a wide section of country in actual peril, are not prepared to tie up the road and fight the issue to a finish. It is useless to minimize the widespread effect of this interference. I have given an illustration of a principle that is at work on all railroads, and, in the way I have described, the men are furnished with a precedent, and the managers with a very good idea of the difficulties to be expected in the future. So the manager now goes to work and orders *bunters* put up at the end of these tracks in all yards and sidings. He has been driven to the conclusion that, although it may be out of his power to teach and enforce carefulness and personal responsibility, he can nevertheless put up bunters which, when butted against, will act as practical reminders in regard to the location of the cars and the duties of the trainmen.

Although the incident described is merely a figurative illustration, the *bunter principle* itself is of widespread application, and to-day is practically the mainstay and sheet anchor of the American railroad manager. To a much greater extent than an outsider would imagine,

these bunters, derailing switches, and other mechanical devices for the protection of life and property, are, in the main, confessions of weakness and indications that the personality of the men along these particular lines has been tried and found wanting.

As another illustration of our topic, but of a somewhat different nature, let us now take a glance at what is usually known as the "Nine-Hour Law," — more especially in its application to telegraph operators.

Twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch is too long a period for any man or boy to remain in harness. As I look at it, the primary object of this law is, or should be, to increase the efficiency of the service. This is particularly desirable for the reason that some of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading have been attributed to sleepy and careless telegraph operators. But it by no means follows that, because the law has increased the operator's pay and shortened his day's work, it has also increased his efficiency. You can depend upon a good man, who works twelve hours at a stretch, while you can place little reliance upon a shiftless fellow who is called upon to work only nine. To increase efficiency in any department or industry, you must touch or act upon personality in some way. This giving of something for nothing by the United States government is at best a very questionable proceeding, and it is a pity that the nine-hour law could not have been framed with at least some reference to merit, attention to duty, and length of service. The man who works eight hours at high pressure is much more likely to be overworked, and, generally speaking, is more worthy of assistance than the twelve-hour man who may handle on an average one message per hour, and consequently has difficulty in keeping awake. Unprejudiced judges are of the opinion that, as framed at present, the law will have no effect whatever upon the efficiency of the service. Of course the function of a railroad manager is to promote efficiency, but laws of this description ignore the usual and constituted authority and divert the attention of the employees to their unions and to the national government. But now we will take up this matter of personality and the human equation from a vastly more important point of view.

A very serious and somewhat remarkable accident took place quite recently — an engine attached to a passenger train ran into an open draw and dropped thirty feet, leaving the tender and four coaches, containing seventy-five passengers, on the brink. The following day, in a report of this accident, the Boston *Transcript* quoted President Tuttle of the Boston and Maine Railroad, as follows: —

"You can't open that draw, you can't pull the bolts that block it, until all signals are set for danger, and they remain at danger while the draw is open. They do not disappear until the draw is closed and the signals for a clear track are set. The engineman knew these signals were there and he knew what they meant. A railroad may supply every safety device known to modern science for precaution, it may put in the perfection of safety-appliances for the safety of its passengers and its stock, but you can't get by the *human equation.* You've got to stop right there. You can only discharge the man and get another, and in turn, he is liable to do the same thing."

Every word of the above statement of the president of the Boston and Maine Railroad is true. It is the conclusion of common sense, of the law and of the prophets on the subject. And yet the criticism which I intend to apply to it is most damaging.

It is, alas, only too true that practically very little good is accomplished by discharging a man who runs a passenger train into an open draw. It is simply a case of locking the stable-door after the horse has been stolen. But the principle of punishment for offenses of this nature is universally recognized, and in the mat-

ter of railroad accidents it thus becomes the duty of the managers, supported by public opinion, to see to it that this punishment is inflicted at the right time and in the right place. On a railroad, with human life and much valuable property at stake, a system of discipline that does not punish for trifles is a mockery. As a practical matter of fact, all mistakes and accidents, without serious consequences, can be written down as trifles, and taking the situation in a wide sense, covering all railroads, it is safe to say that there is no power in the country to-day that is either able or willing to discipline enginemen for trifles. When a passenger train has been brought to the brink of a draw, it is too late a day to apply your prevention method.

The battle in regard to this matter has long ago been fought and won by the men. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is now in a position to tire out any board of railroad management in the country. The statement made in Faneuil Hall by a railroad man, that in rush times the management will "lap up any schedule that is placed before them," was no empty boast. The right of unlimited appeal to be found in the schedules of the organizations has knocked the ground from under the superintendent and made the punishment for trifles a practical impossibility. The public may just as well be informed of the facts now as later. The men upon whose vigilance and caution the safety of railroad travel is altogether dependent are not being educated in a school in which even the rudiments or principles of safety are being taught or insisted upon. That a great majority of railroad employees are sound in their habits and thoroughly honest and conscientious in their intentions, is not open to question; but it is practically the fault of these good men that the careless individuals are not subject to discipline, and so cannot be weeded out before the day of reckoning. But as a matter of fact, the system is almost as fatal to the best man as to the worst, and in the words of President Tuttle, "You can discharge a man and get another, and, in turn, he is liable to do the same thing."

Furthermore, however unpalatable the truth may be, it is nevertheless an unquestionable fact that the American railroad man, above all others, is most in need of an inflexible system of discipline. The reasons are obvious. To begin with, the railroad man is a typical American. He is fearless, quick, clever, and resourceful. He cuts loose, only too easily, from custom and tradition. He has supreme confidence in his own individual importance and ability. In unmistakable quality and quantity he is in possession of the sterling characteristics that have made the American the most resourceful antagonist by land or sea, the cleverest designer and inventor, the most fearless innovator and reformer, and the poorest railroad man, from the safety standpoint, in the world to-day.

Nothing can be more simple than the explanation of this paradox. In the mental composition of the American railroad man there is no such idea or faculty as *dogged obedience*. And yet it must be evident to the most superficial thinker on this subject that never can there be any prospect for, or approach to, safety in railroad travel, without this indispensable ingredient of personal character. It is the *sine qua non* of successful railroad operation. "Theirs not to reason why" is the solution of the safety problem in a single forceful expression. And yet in a lifetime of railroad service, I can honestly affirm that I never met more than half a dozen railroad men who had any conception, either in theory or practice, of this principle of dogged obedience. Furthermore, I never came across a manager who was big enough to preach the doctrine, and I am equally certain I have never read in the newspapers or magazines any widespread expression of public opinion that would lead a railroad manager to expect public support and approval of

any such principle. Consequently, my argument is an arraignment not only of the men, the unions, and the managements, but of the manifest opinion and public policy of the American people. The price that is being paid in tribute to this lack of dogged obedience and its attendant evils is graphically emphasized in the twenty-first annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, issued December 23, 1907, as follows: —

"Accidents to trains on the railroads in the United States continue to occur in such large numbers that the record, as has been repeatedly declared by conservative judges, is a world-wide reproach to the railroad profession in America."

That the men should lack the faculty I speak of is not, under the circumstances, so very surprising, but that a great many railroad managers, as well, should remain uncertain and doubtful as to its fundamental importance, is by no means so easy to understand. Some time ago the writer of this article received in writing, from the head of the operating department of one of our largest railroad systems, the following question: —

"Is it not equally essential that the meaning of and reason for a rule should be evident on its face as that the rule itself, that is, its wording, should be plain and unmistakable?"

My reply was as follows: —

"By no means. From the safety standpoint the order itself is primary; the reason for its being in the time-table is secondary. Is it not very significant that the principle of dogged obedience should be open to question on a railroad, while in the case of a city ordinance or a state law, no liberty of thought or action in such matters is tolerated for a minute?"

The following illustration is interesting and well to the point: —

In our time-tables we have a rule for the guidance of enginemen on what are called "helping engines," which reads something like this: "Never hang up the numbers of the train you are going to help on your headlight, until you are actually hitched on to said train." The reason for this rule does not appear on its face, and yet the rigid necessity for dogged obedience in regard to it will at once be understood, when we study its origin.

About twenty years ago, while working as telegraph operator at East Deerfield, Massachusetts, I received a telegram ordering an extra engine out of the roundhouse to help a regular freight train, No. 94, which was expected in from the east. Meanwhile the helping engine stood waiting on a siding with "94" displayed on its headlight. Before long an extra or "wild" freight train from the west, with orders to meet No. 94 at East Deerfield on single track, came along, and, mistaking the engine with "94" on its headlight for the regular train, kept on its way without stopping. No. 94 and this wild freight met in a cut, and "piled up" in probably the worst "head-on" freight collision in the history of the old Fitchburg Railroad.

Every rule in the time-table has its history written in suffering and dollars, and while, of course, it is advisable for employees to be conversant with their meaning and significance, it is evident that the principle of dogged obedience is the only safe method for employees to pursue in regard to them. An inflexible enforcement of this principle would be looked upon as little short of tyranny, and yet, seriously and fairly considered, it is nothing but the subordination which every railroad man owes to the community in the interest of safety and general efficiency. That the organizations of railroad men do not insist upon, or even countenance, this absolute subordination to authority, is thoroughly understood by every man and manager in the service. We are all tarred with the same brush, and rather than acknowledge the weakness of our position, we prefer to keep calling on the public to pay the penalty. It is time to call a halt when the liberty and liberal views of a few endanger the safety of the many.

But in passing from this branch of my subject, I wish to call attention to an almost unnoticed fact in regard to the efficiency of railroad service. Taking an accident bulletin, issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, at random, I copy the following: —

"The total number of collisions and derailments during April, May and June, 1907, was 3777, of which 220 collisions and 221 derailments affected passenger trains. The damage to cars, engine, and roadway by these accidents amounted to $3,232,673."

This report, treating as it does exclusively of collisions and derailments, is serious enough, but the note that is appended to it is the significant feature of the situation: —

"Collisions and derailments which cause no death or personal injury, and which cause not over $150.00 damage to the property of the railroad, are not reported."

Seeing that the public should be in possession of all the facts in regard to efficiency of service, it occurs to me that a list of narrow escapes and of collisions and derailments which cause no deaths, or personal injury, would make very interesting reading. These are the very "trifles" to which I have already called attention. They are the seed from which we reap our crop of disasters. They are well worth reporting and paying attention to, and no annual or other statement of the situation on the railroad is worth much if it fails to recognize the significance of this feature.

But apart from the influence and power of the railroad organization upon the individuality and personal conduct of its members in relation to train wrecks and discipline, there is another branch of the topic that is perhaps still more interesting, from a human and national point of view.

Comparatively speaking, public attention has been but slightly directed in any specific way to the matter of accidents to employees on American railroads. It is certainly one of the most distressing features to be studied in connection with the safety problem. Collisions, derailments, defective hand-holds and brake apparatus, and the like, cause injuries to great numbers of employees. For example, at Haverhill, New Hampshire, the other day, five employees were instantly killed, through the alleged carelessness or oversight of a fellow employee. Such instances, of course, are particularly painful topics for discussion among railroad men, and yet this is the kind of an accident one reads about in the newspapers almost daily. But in twenty-four hours the reading public will forget the very worst of these accidents to employees. Their frequency takes the edge off their significance. During the year 1907, on a single American railroad, 104 employees were killed outright, and 3575 were injured. The cost of these accidents to the railroad in question was something like $285,000. With an employers' liability law in force and operation, as in countries abroad, the increase in total paid to employees alone on this road would have carried the aggregate to half a million dollars. The magnitude and importance of the safety problem in relation to employees is still more evident when we consider that for the year ending June 30, 1907, the casualty list on American railroads shows a total of all persons killed, from all causes, of 5000, and injured 72,286; the totals for employees alone being 4353 killed and 62,687 injured.

The following figures in regard to actual train accidents and the casualties resulting therefrom show a rather discouraging state of affairs, from the fact that the employees themselves were in the main responsible for them. In 1904 the killed and injured employees in train accidents numbered 7834; in 1905, 7850; in 1906, 8362; and in 1907, 9935. As with all other items, so with accidents to employees, the total of casualties has largely increased year by year.

But one of the most distressing features

to be considered in connection with accidents to employees, whether caused by their own carelessness or otherwise, is the absolute indifference with which news and statistics of such casualties *appear* to be received by the average railroad man. So far as an impartial investigator would be able to discover, "It's too bad" is about the limit of criticism and action in such matters. The indifference I call attention to, so far as the minds of the employees are concerned, is not real, and the actual reason and history of the seeming neglect can easily be located and analyzed.

The railroad employee, as a unit, is whole-souled and sympathetic; not a suspicion of indifference can be imputed to him, either as a man or as a brother. Individually speaking, when a passenger or an employee is injured, there is no sorrow like his sorrow; but unfortunately, the organizations or machines through which alone his desires and sympathies can be expressed, have never shown any disposition to interest themselves in any practical way in matters relating to the safety of the public, or of the employees, *whenever such interest is liable to develop into a probe of the conduct and efficiency of the railroad man.* The heads of the national organizations of railroad men, with particular reference to those connected with the operating department, occupy positions that are usually three-quarters political. The wishes and sentiments of great majorities of employees on certain railroads can be, and have been, set aside by the political shake of the head of one man in Washington or Chicago. The acquiescence of the rank and file in this state of affairs is paid for in legislation and concessions. Nevertheless, from the human and social point of view, it would seem as if the organizations, or men-machines as we may call them, should bestir themselves in this matter of accidents to their members. In order to do this, coöperation with the management is necessary, so the following questions very naturally arise:—

By consultation, or otherwise, has any personality been put into the business? Have our organizations ever said to their members, "Come boys, let us reason together: when a man runs a signal, or disobeys orders, it is a disgrace to our machine. In reality we, the employees, are the principal stockholders in a railroad. When passengers, or our own members, are killed or injured, we have to pay a large proportion of the bill. We pay in loss of prestige and character, and every time one of us makes a mistake, it is a blot on our 'scutcheon. We should see to it that this matter is made personal to every member of our organization. We should coöperate with managers in locating the blame for these accidents, and without regard to consequences, we should insist upon the removal of offenders."

Is there any evidence to show that this is the actual state of affairs? If so, I have yet to meet a man who is aware of it. But, on the other hand, if no such influence is being exerted by the organizations, in all candor, and in the name of public safety, I ask, why not? For, right here, the public puts in its appearance and the following additional question must forthwith be answered:—

Are our organizations prepared to say to the public, "We are sorry, but the fact is, our machine is constructed purely upon selfish principles. Our time and efforts are exclusively occupied in fencing with the management. When passengers, even our own brothers, are killed, it is up to the superintendent every time. Let him change the rules if he thinks fit, but according to precedent and the rules of our organization in such cases, we are not expected to show any signs of sympathy or humanity. Consequently, to all interests apart from what may be called the political welfare of the whole machine, we are deaf, dumb, and blind?"

Is this an overdrawn picture? I think not. It is simply a truthful matter-of-fact description of railroad organizations from whose calculations and behavior

the personal and sympathetic element in regard to these safety questions has been eliminated.

But now, widening our horizon a little, we have next to take note that these questions of personal character, personal responsibility, and unhampered personal effort, are real and intense problems for thoughtful people to study, not only in relation to preventable accidents, but in every department of railroad life.

Some time ago, in an issue of the *Engineering Magazine*, a note of warning was sounded against the result of certain American manufacturing methods. It was pointed out that the principle of securing the largest output of uniform character, at minimum cost, made automata of the operatives, and discouraged skilled and trained artisans to so great an extent that the quality of the men today, for lack of proper inspiration, was generally poor and unreliable. According to the opinion expressed in the article that I refer to, many American manufacturers are beginning to realize the necessity of attracting men of high character to their employ, of surrounding them with an environment tending towards sobriety, integrity, and industry, and rewarding them according to their efforts, in order to avoid the effects of this so-called "American tendency."

That American methods of conducting business should be considered retrogressive on account of lack or poverty of inspiration, certainly points to unhealthy conditions somewhere. If these American tendencies can be shown to have the effect of discouraging individual effort and the natural growth and ambition of the worker on railroads or elsewhere, the matter certainly calls for serious attention. To say the least of it, it betokens a very peculiar state of affairs, for the reason that if there be one characteristic that more than another distinguishes the American citizen from the rest of the world, it is his freedom of personal action, his propensity for striking new and unexplored trails in almost every branch of research, industry, and invention. The American is *par excellence* the world's inventor. And yet, without the utmost liberty of thought and action, an inventor would cut but a sorry figure. It follows, therefore, that any curtailment of or interference with these distinctively American gifts and instincts will, as they say, bear watching.

Quite a number of years ago an American firm secured a contract for the erection of a large factory somewhere near Manchester, England. The contractor soon discovered that no persuasion or encouragement would induce the British workman to lay more than a certain number of bricks per hour, according to the fixed law and schedule of his union. In order to complete the work within the allotted time, the contractor was compelled to send for American bricklayers. These men, who were paid according to their industry and personal effort, were able to lay four bricks to the Englishman's one. The American could beat the Englishman four to one, not because he was, to that extent, a cleverer and quicker workman, but because at that time and place he was a free man. Transferred to American shops and factories, and in a different atmosphere, the foreign workman easily adapts himself to conditions and is able to hold his own.

According to the writer in the *Engineering Magazine*, American manufacturers are taking measures to stimulate and revive the principle of individual effort in order to secure excellence in workmanship; but, according to other authorities, these efforts are being counteracted by the labor unions on the railroads and elsewhere, which appear to be following in the footsteps and adopting the methods of the British organizations. However, the ideas and ideals of many wide-awake manufacturers and managers have found practical exemplification in various manufacturing establishments, as well as in railroad shops in different parts of the country.

Perhaps the best field for a short con-

sideration of this interesting subject, so far as railroads are concerned, is to be found on the Santa Fé railroad system. The introduction of the individual-effort reward or bonus system of stimulating employees to extra or unusual effort, and of compensating them suitably therefor, is probably the most important of all the betterment work on this railroad. The inauguration of the system followed the strike of the machinists, boilermakers, and blacksmiths, in May, 1904. The credit for its introduction on the Santa Fé is due to Mr. J. W. Kendrick, Second Vice-President. Mr. Charles H. Fry, associate editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, who has written a valuable and comprehensive report of this betterment work, gives the following as its principal features and objects: —

"To restore and promote cordial relations, based on mutual respect and confidence, between employer and employee;

"To restore the worker to himself by freeing him from the small and debasing tyrannies of petty and arbitrary officials on the one side, and from individuality-destroying union domination on the other;

"To give the company better, more reliable, and more trustworthy employees;

"To increase automatically, and without fixed limit, the pay of good men, this increase of pay depending on themselves and not on their immediate superiors;

"To increase the capacity of the shops without adding new equipment;

"To increase the reliability of work turned out and the efficiency of operation performed;

"To do all these things, not only without cost to the company, but with a marked reduction in its expenses."

The programme was certainly ambitious and praiseworthy, and in Mr. Fry's report the results, after a thorough trial extending over several years, are given in the following paragraph: —

"It can safely be said that the betterment work *has* resulted as anticipated in restoring harmony between employer and employee, in restoring self-respect to the latter and increasing his efficiency and reliability. Also it has raised his wages ten to twenty per cent on the average. In addition, for every dollar of supervising and special expense incurred, the company has saved at least ten dollars in reduced costs."

But just here two very important points require to be noticed and emphasized. In the operations of a railroad, efficiency must never be sacrificed for the sake of economy, and on the Santa Fé railroad when questions arise in which there is even the remote possibility of impairment of efficiency, all economical propositions or arrangements are at once postponed or vetoed altogether. Again, it is manifest that as a result of the improved methods and greater individual effort, certain reductions in working force will become possible. In regard to this matter the Santa Fé management claims that such reduction, when necessary, can easily be effected, simply by not replacing men who naturally drop out. This has been their uniform policy, and therefore, from their point of view, there is no possible ground for objection by employees on that score.

The individual-effort reward system on the Santa Fé thus far has been limited to the maintenance of equipment and to locomotive operation. The labor employed in the shops is, of course, distinctly non-union. The saving effected under these methods on tools and machinery alone, at Topeka, for the last fiscal year, was $119,000, and the total economy on 1633 locomotives (repairs and renewals) for one year, amounted to $1,737,626. These facts and figures are derived from a comparison of the cost of actual and identically similar work before and after the inauguration of the bonus system.

It is impossible at this time to enter into a minute explanation or description of the system which is to-day in actual operation on the Santa Fé railroad, and under which such satisfactory results, both to employer and employee, are be-

ing obtained. The work itself is notable not so much because of its economical results as on account of its moral and sociological aspects. Without taking any side in the questions at all, it is evident that the movement and work on the Santa Fé, from beginning to end, has been an appeal to individual effort and character, and a protest against the recognized ideals of the labor unions. But it will not be found necessary to go into details of the Santa Fé system in order to illustrate and emphasize the principles that are at stake and the nature of the problem that must, before long, be settled, one way or the other, by an educated and enlightened public opinion.

On the Santa Fé railroad, prior to the installation of the bonus system, a vast number of time-studies had to be made and schedules prepared. Every operation or piece of work to be bonused had to be studied by competent men, to determine, from the machine and other conditions, a fair or standard time to apply to it. Thousands of such studies have been made at the Topeka shops and properly recorded and preserved on regular blanks.

The following illustrations are only partially descriptive of the Santa Fé method, but they are sufficiently accurate to cover the principles involved, the benefits that are derived from them, and some of the objections which have been advanced by the union men on the railroads, who are opposed to the bonus system in any form.

You take a certain piece of machinery, say a part of a locomotive. You make a "study" of this part. After making one hundred tests, under all sorts of conditions, you make a schedule in your machine-shop for this particular operation or piece of work. You then fix upon a standard time for doing this work. Standard time is simply the time which it ought reasonably to take to do the work without killing effort, but by eliminating every unnecessary waste. The elimination of waste is the fair and square proposition you present to your workman. You say to him, "Make a standard time on this piece of machinery and I will pay you twenty per cent above your hourly rate, that is, above your regular pay. If you take more than standard time, your bonus will diminish until at fifty per cent above standard time it will simply merge into your day-rate. On the other hand, if less than standard time is taken, your bonus will increase above twenty per cent. But under any conditions or circumstances, you will always receive your full day's wage."

The situation becomes still plainer, if you explain it to your workman in this way. You say to him, "During the past year I have watched your work closely, and made hundreds of 'studies' in regard to the 'part' you turn out with that machine. I find that you have averaged about six to the hour. Now I am convinced that you can just as well turn out seven. Your pay is now $2.50 per day; if in the future you can make seven instead of six of these 'parts' in an hour, I will pay you $3.00 per day. In fact, your pay will increase in exact proportion to your cleverness and industry. Furthermore, if by any manner or means you can invent a way, such for instance as an improvement in the mechanism or in the operation of your machine, whereby you are enabled to turn out a dozen of these 'parts' in an hour, I will see to it that your pay is increased accordingly, without any limit whatever."

Continuing our general illustration, we will now take it for granted that you are able to start this bonus system in your factory or shop, in which, under ordinary circumstances, you give employment to one hundred union men. At the end of a certain period you find, on account of the extra effort put forth by the most ambitious and cleverest men, that the number of these "parts" which you require in your business, or on your railroad, can easily be turned out by seventy-five men. So without delay you reduce the working-force in your shop

accordingly. It matters not how you do this, whether by simple discharge or by omitting to fill vacancies as they occur in a natural way, the fact remains that at the end of the year you have decreased your force twenty-five per cent, and besides, without adding to your equipment, you have made a substantial reduction in your operating expenses.

Meanwhile the men who have lost their jobs have lodged a complaint with their union, and you are soon confronted with a grievance committee. These gentlemen inform you that the bonus system is all wrong, from beginning to end. From the union standpoint they will explain to you that the idea is, not to offer a reward for quickest and best work, nor to encourage the best men to get rich quick, or to vaunt their superiority over their duller and less fortunate comrades, but to make the job, whatever it may be, last as long as possible, and thus to afford employment to the greatest number of workers, at a fair and fixed rate of wages to every individual, regardless of ability or ambition, or of the profits and interests of the establishment. You are further informed that the grievance committee cannot enter into the discussion of ethical and sociological questions. The race is doing pretty well as a whole, and posterity will accord to labor its due share of credit. Meanwhile the men will be called out of your shop and the issue between the bonus system of reward for individual effort and the leveling process in shop-work will be fought to a finish.

Take another illustration: You make a great many "studies" in relation to the use of oil and other supplies on a locomotive on your railroad. You arrive at a fair standard of expense. You conclude there must be considerable waste going on somewhere, so you say to the engine crews, "So much per month is a fair average of expense for such and such tools and supplies on your engine. If you can lower this average, we will share the amount saved in this way." So you put the system in force on one thousand locomotives and save thereby four thousand dollars per month, which you divide with the men. But in doing this you have increased the pay of the careful men, and done nothing for those who are not interested in the general welfare of your railroad. The grievance committee takes the matter up with you; it protests against the whole business, and puts forth the argument that it is a dangerous proceeding, for you are guilty of encouraging a certain class of men to let engines "run hot" in order that they may secure your bonus for economy. In a word, you are requested to put a stop to this phase of your bonus system on the railroad.

Regardless of my somewhat crude and incomplete method of explaining the working of a bonus system on a railroad, my illustrations afford a very good idea of the Santa Fé system, which is in successful operation at the present day, as well as the proposed plans of the New York, New Haven and Hartford management, which quite recently the labor unions compelled the railroad to abandon.

But apart from successful operation in one quarter and defeat in another, the principles at stake in this bonus system are of world-wide interest and importance. Bearing this in mind, a few direct and pertinent questions have occurred to me, which I submit for the thoughtful consideration of my fellow workers on the railroads, as well as of liberty-loving people everywhere.

In the interest of human progress, and in particular with a view to efficiency of railroad service, do you think a railroad man should be permitted and encouraged to do his level best under all circumstances? Would you recognize and promote individual effort and good work in your sawmill, if you owned one, for the good of the business, and in the interest of your pocketbook? Would you recognize and promote individual effort, attention to duty, and efficiency of service on a railroad, understanding, as you do, that

upon these personal characteristics the welfare of the railroad and the safety of the traveling public are almost wholly dependent? Again, would you hesitate to encourage and reward the economical administration of the affairs of your own town or your sawmill, for fear lest the departments or the machinery might be deliberately ruined by employees, or by your fellow townsmen, in their efforts to secure said reward and encouragement?

If, after painstaking experiment, you become convinced that the plan would result in benefit to the interests of both management and men, would you hesitate to offer a bonus, or reward on co-operative principles, as an incentive to the economical use of supplies on a locomotive, for fear lest unprincipled engine crews should play tricks with the engine in order to secure the bonus?

Furthermore, if the encouragement of the best men and the best service can be shown to work against the interests of second-class men and poorer service, would you be willing, on a railroad, to sacrifice these second-class men and their interests, in so far as this action should become necessary, to secure the greatest possible efficiency for the safeguarding of the traveling public?

Finally, in the history of the development and civilization of the human race, is it possible to point to a single item of real progress, efficiency, or achievement, that has not been the direct result of the sacrifice of something below to the more important interests of something above?

Does it not therefore follow that any legislation or labor movement that has the effect of checking individual effort, or of interfering in any way with the free play of the best that is in any man, must necessarily reduce the standard and ideals of labor? for such movements are an inversion of the laws of progress, and at the same time a reflection on the best thought and tradition of the American people.

GLIMPSES AND GATHERINGS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

It was while waiting to keep an appointment not long ago that I employed the moments of unexpected leisure in reading a magazine article several years old, treating of Literature in the Sixties. Here I found a reference to "Alexander Kinglake, author of the famous *Eothen*," and the name came to me like a breath of that far-off childhood, when I gained credit for undue precocity by devouring Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* with a relish which left, after all, no more lasting effect, disastrous or otherwise, than a confused impression of heroisms. Even this impression was, perhaps, perpetuated by the rhythm of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp."

It seemed to me that "in the back of my mind" I had always meant to read *Eothen*. The word brought to me a vision of a once-blazing hearth whose circle will never again gather unbroken, and the memory of book-talk, fresh then, and full of a spontaneity of interest which one does not so often find in these more sophisticated days; yet it was not such memories alone which sent me to fulfill that old half-meant purpose of reading Kinglake's interpretation of the East: I sought that which always interests me most in books and in men — the quality which makes them live.

I was glad to find, on reaching the

library where I prosecuted my search, that *Eothen* belonged to the cream of the collection in that it had risen to the top. I like those less-frequented upper alcoves, where the sunshine makes a little summer even on a wintry day, and where the books that have lived together long enough to become old friends, hobnob shoulder to shoulder. I am glad to belong so far to a bygone generation that old books frequently interest me more than new ones do. I find a certain enjoyment in merely handling them, opening the faded covers from which whole bouquets of association seem to fall, restoring them in my thought to the station and environment to which they were born. Each generation has a world of its own, and it is an immensely interesting occupation to attempt to put together the special epoch which engages one, bit by bit, until it becomes almost a living world again.

On the fortunate afternoon in question I had an hour or two to spare and a whole travel alcove to wander in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the islands of the sea confronted me. I began traveling with Fredrika Bremer in Switzerland and Italy. Fredrika, too, was an acquaintance of my youth and therefore more companionable to me than to one of a younger generation. Her travels in Switzerland began in the year 1856, before the days of mountain railroads and twentieth-century achievements; and even with the memory of my own Swiss journeys fresh in my mind, I envied Fredrika her diligences, her sedan chairs, and her intimate experiences of "the footpath way." The Switzerland of her day, too, was less cosmopolitan, more individual, and more psychologically accessible than one now finds it.

I supplemented Miss Bremer's mountain wanderings with the *Glimpses and Gatherings* of Reverend W. A. Drew, who in the year 1851 made a "voyage and visit" to London and the Great Exhibition. These two widely differing writers shared one quality in common, — the deeply religious spirit which each carried into every new scene and adventure. Miss Bremer's attitude, indeed, was distinguished by a liberality of thought and an ever-continued quest after fresh truth, of which our countryman could not boast — nor, in fact, needed to boast, since he carried the truth in entirety, every jot and tittle of it, with him wherever he went, and was generous with it also, bestowing of his treasure freely on all and sundry. Both differed from the present generation in that not only religious thought but religious expression came to them naturally and spontaneously. The thought of God, of wonder, of gratitude, of worship, was with them synonymous with pouring the feeling forth. The modern traveler might conduct his closet meditations with equal reverence, might be awed by the grandeur of the Alps to kneel and pray under the open sky, but he would be much more reticent about telling of it. Somebody — I forget who — has said, "This world is not the place to pour out the soul without reserve. In a higher and better, to know even as we are known will be a part of heaven to our disciplined race. Here the noblest and best feelings are misunderstood, and our safety consists in our forbearing to say what it is our highest merit to feel."

Whatever may be the truth of this statement, our ancestors seldom paused to consider it. They said what they had to say, and a listening world might misinterpret at its own risk. The reputed reticence of our New England forefathers was not so much a real holding back as a lack of vocabulary. Whatever they desired and knew how to express was brought forth flatly enough, with true Scriptural force and abandon.

The *Glimpses and Gatherings* of the Reverend Mr. Drew possessed more human than literary merit. The most important thing he had portrayed in these pages was himself, a Yankee of the Yankees as was his constant boast, the type of a class with which in my youth I was very familiar, and which has not yet wholly passed away — shrewd, stir-

ring, full of a sort of intelligent curiosity and a certain rugged strength, "pious" in the old-fashioned sense of the term, and not so much willfully narrow, as having no conception of breadth. In any and every country and clime he would have remained a "Yankee" traveler, and I am far from certain that in his present estate he is not — if such thing may be — a Yankee angel.

At the time of his visit to London, Queen Victoria was, as he tells us, "a good, hearty woman, thirty-three years old, and the mother of seven children;" and our author goes on to assure us that Victoria "has got a likely, good fellow for a husband." "We may not admire the British constitution," he tells us, "which sometimes gives the Empire a national Mother instead of a political Father, and that allows one of the softer sex to preside over its destinies. We may think it always safest and best — however the history of the world does not always avouch the statement — to have a man's head and heart to give character to a government. . . . We must take facts as we find them; and right or wrong, agreeable to our ideas or not, the fact is, Victoria, by the constitution of England, *is* the Sovereign of the British Empire; the Supreme Power is lawfully in her hand."

Since there the fact stood, and there seemed on the whole to be mitigating circumstances, the Reverend Mr. Drew thought it best to leave Victoria on the throne and turn his attention to the American exhibit in "the Great Exhibition," which plainly interested him more than any other; and, indeed, when I read that even in that time — as far back as 1851 — the United States was about to take a greater number of industrial prizes than any other country, I realized that I, too, was not without a degree of "Yankee" pride, though in my case it was tempered by a chastened recollection of all the art and culture and historical background which we have yet to acquire. The Reverend Mr. Drew was more fortunate than some of his compatriots in that he could return to his own country better satisfied with "a plain New England Meeting-house" and the worship conducted therein, than with St. Paul's itself, in which "haughty structure" he found little place for "Christian worship." "*Perhaps* God is worshiped in St. Paul's," he admits — "we hope he is." Evidently he never chanced to visit the great temple on a true preaching day, when the magnificent walls and the mighty dome themselves preached; when the monuments of the unforgotten dead, the tablets commemorating statesmen and men of genius, heroes and saints, called aloud; when, most eloquent of all preachers, the endless duration of Time measured itself against the petty ambitions and lives of men. Yet, with all his limitations, I was not sorry to have formed this brief acquaintance with the author of *Glimpses and Gatherings.* I saw him plainly before me as I closed his pages, a sturdy personality, neither ashamed of his convictions nor afraid to maintain them; good timber for the foundation of republics. One found him, too, a more cheerful philosopher than either Maeterlinck or Ibsen.

My third encounter that day — for a little time yet remained to me — brought me into a totally different atmosphere, since it was with no less a personage than the Abbé Barthélemy, author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis.* This was not my first acquaintance with Anacharsis. Years ago he had a home on the lower library shelves of a charming house where I frequently visited, and on meeting him once more I remembered vividly the pleasant corner where I used to sit on the floor, lost to the outside world in following his wanderings.

To-day it was in his letters to Comte de Caylus that I renewed my intercourse with the abbé, and as contrasted with Mr. Drew's republican simplicity, the old-world breeding, the elaborate courtesy, and the atmosphere of polite learning in which I now found myself seemed like

exchanging a New England farmhouse for an Italian palace. Involuntarily in this company I draped my garments in greater elegance of line and fold, and puckered my lips ready for proprieties of prunes and prism. After all this striving for effect it seemed rather indecorous when, having accepted an invitation to dine with the abbé at a certain casino near Naples, commanding a magnificent view of ten leagues' distance, we suddenly found ourselves at dessert confronting "plenty of wine, and elbows on table." This latter impressed me as so entirely out of character that I was fain to retire, having first possessed myself of *Eothen*, a slim brown-covered volume with interesting-looking type.

Still under the influence of Abbé Barthélemy and Comte de Caylus, I found myself mincing my way homeward, while I wondered what sort of stout British personality I held shut within the limits of my closed hand. Later, I determined this question; for it was undoubtedly the personality of its author rather than the novelty of his travels in the East, even at a period when such travels were much more uncommon and adventurous than in our day, which gave *Eothen* its great vogue. But had I been one of the multitude of his own countrymen who read the book at its publication I should have been most of all thrilled by the thought of citizenship in a country so powerful that a single Englishman, unaccompanied by any but wild attendants, might thus wander at will through dangerous deserts and among untamed tribes, secure in the knowledge that so he might ride unharmed, since the fiercest Arab of the desert, beholding his English indifference to peril, would somehow realize in his unformulating breast, "There rides the British Empire!"

There was more than this in the book, unevenly written though it may be, crude, indeed, in parts; there was a mind that brought itself to bear on all it beheld, not in mere measurements and descriptions, but in the trained apprehension that goes behind and beyond both; there was courage that laughed at the face of danger, philosophy that outbraved the terrors of the Plague, individuality that lent its own color to all it met; and, what I shall longest remember, there was the chapter about the Troad.

First, the writer tells us how he chanced to make this journey; how he learned to love Homer: —

"I, too, loved Homer, but not with a scholar's love. The most humble and pious among women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son no Watts's hymns, no collects for the day; she could teach him, in earliest childhood, no less than this — to find a home in his saddle, and to love old Homer and all that Homer sung. True it is that the Greek was ingeniously rendered into English — the English of Pope even — but it is not such a mesh as that that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles."

Next, we learn how he ingrafted this fire upon his own soul: "I read, and still read; I came to know Homer. A learned commentator knows something of the Greeks in the same sense as an oil-and-color man may be said to know something of painting, but take an untamed child and leave him alone for twelve months with any translation of Homer and he will be nearer by twenty centuries to the spirit of old Greece. *He* does not stop in the ninth year of the siege to admire this or that group of words; he has no books in his tent, but shares in vital counsels with the 'King of Men,' and knows the inmost souls of the impending Gods."

He tells us, too, what such reading did for him — "not the recollection of school nor college learning, but the earnest and rapturous reading of childhood."

"You feel so keenly the delights of early knowledge; you form strange and mystic friendships with the mere names of mountains and seas and continents and mighty rivers; you learn the ways of the planets, and transcend their narrow limits and ask for the end of space; you vex

the electric cylinder till it yields you, for your toy to play with, that subtle fire in which our earth was forged; you know of the nations that have towered high in the world, and the lives of the men who have saved whole empires from oblivion. What more will you ever learn?" Here is the author in epitome, and a whole treatise on education in a few words. Such a man he had grown to be as one might have expected from the boy whom his mother had taught to love Homer and sit firm in the saddle. Conceive, too, when the day came on which the man at last found himself going "southward to that very plain between Troy and the tents of the Greeks," how the reality of that very sea-view which had bounded the sight of the Greeks "visibly acceded to him and rolled full in upon his brain." Conceive the keen delight of such a lover in verifying Homer when the map and the poet disagreed concerning the place from whence it was possible for Jove to overlook the scene of action before Ilion, from above the island of Samothrace:—

"Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, which is a larger island, stretching its length athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the eagle eye of Jove might have seen the strife even from his own Olympus, I still felt that if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, Old Homer . . . would have *meant* to give the Thunderer a station within the reach of men's eyes from the plains of Troy. I think this testing of the poet's words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come; there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros, all right, and according to the map — but aloft over Imbros, aloft in a far-away heaven, was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Jove! Now, then, I believed, now I knew Homer had *passed along here.*"

For me, also, when I read this, Homer had "passed along here,"—Homer and more than Homer; I breathed that atmosphere which binds the remotest past with the most living present, I stood at the mystic point where the world of reality and the outlying world of imagination touch and cleave.

Loitering the other day in another library, my attention was arrested by long shelves full of volumes labeled *Masterpieces of Literature.* This, then, was a street of palaces; here lived, as I recognized when I opened door after door of their dwellings, the world's greatest orators, the world's greatest poets, the world's greatest essayists, and so on with the list of royal names. He who held one of these volumes in his hand gripped the essence of a dozen great personalities, an essence whose intangible revelation we call genius.

I have never asked what genius is; if it were possible to pull it in pieces, to resolve it into its component parts, no power on our globe could put it together again. It is not the subtle forces that grow within us, but the flame that transfuses them, of which genius is born,— and who, of his own choosing or not choosing, shall light that flame?

Yet these mighty creatures may be, and some of them, indeed, are, mine own familiar friends. They live, uncomplaining, on my bookshelves and are even so far my servants that they must, at will, answer to my mood. When I desire "words six cubits long," I may open the doors of that sombre-hued Milton — who ought, indeed, to be clothed in royal purple — and make him scatter garlands of wild-flowers for me, or join with Dante in discoursing on heaven and hell. I can compel Demosthenes to break forth into eloquence, Plato to argue and expound, Shakespeare to probe the human heart, Montaigne and Walt Whitman to "celebrate themselves;" yet no one of these

will ever wholly resolve for me the secret of his mystery. The angel with the flaming sword ever keeps watch over the closed gate.

It is not, however, into the concealments of the frankly great that one hopes to penetrate; one may be content to leave the gods on their pedestals, and yet not able to refrain from poking and prodding the lesser divinities in the hope of discovering what spark has touched their clod. Would Pope be rated a "prince of poets" if he wrote in our day? Would Prior, Gay, Crabbe, and their like make themselves remembered? Would a modern Hannah More find admirers to hand her name down to coming generations?

One reads sheaves of criticism on the work of modern writers; this one shows immense promise; this may be the poet, the essayist, the novelist, for whom the world is waiting; yet in a short year, or maybe two, the reading public has almost forgotten the names of the gifted ones. Who knows what shall live? What constitutes the final court of appeal?

For, in spite of individual differences of opinion, there is such a court, and its deliberate verdict stands. My neighbor, who is a person of good literary judgment, when she wishes to be truly happy, seeks an easy chair, and a volume of Trollope's novels. I have tried the same recipe for content, but find it only productive of soporific influences and boredom. Yet the court is with her; this is standard fiction. Another neighbor — this is a bookish corner — finds sweetness and light in Henry James. In such verdict she has so many supporters that, as one who desires to think herself not wholly lacking, I involve myself every now and then in spasmodic struggles to believe that this skillful hair-splitter and myself speak the same language.

The conversations between his characters seem to be written in English, but are they? It was only the other day that I brought home *The Ambassadors* in another vain attempt to nail Mr. James's colors to my mast. The writer of *The Upton Letters* has aptly said that when he reads Mr. James's writings he "never knows who has got the ball." In *The Ambassadors* one was not — at least I was not — left in any such dilemma. It was obvious to me from the first that Chad had the ball. Chad, as I conceived him, was no such mysterious creature as he seemed to loom in the mind of his creator. He held the ball by no merit of his own, but simply because the interference was too poor to deprive him of it. Yet when Chad talked, or Strether talked, or Maria talked, or anybody talked, however comprehensible each or any one might have been with his mouth shut, in conversation one lost them irrevocably. Occasionally Mr. James himself got confused during these conversational mysteries and recovered himself from the quagmire by making somebody remark, "Chad is wonderful," or "Maria is wonderful," or in more point-blank fashion, "*You* are wonderful." And so they were wonderful, each and all — but why?

Here, too, the court is against me; this is standard writing. For my own leisure reading, when I desire to be both soothed and refreshed, I choose Mrs. Oliphant's novels. I think it probable that Anthony Trollope's books, dull as they seem to me, have yet a considerable lease of life because they contain a faithful representation of dullnesses permanently existing in English life and society; Mr. James's writings, with all their ambiguities, possess a core of felicity of style which will preserve itself like a fly in amber — clouded amber! I do not know how far Mrs. Oliphant's stories show enduring qualities, just as I do not entirely know why it is that they so endear themselves to me, but I feel sure they will last my time, which is sufficient assurance for a purely selfish reader.

It has frequently been said that if Mrs. Oliphant had not been obliged to write for a maintenance she might have done better work; but though I regret her need I do not personally mourn her lack of

greater opportunity. Her work, just as it is, fills some unformulated yearning of my nature. I do not care for all her stories equally, some of them do not attract me at all, but I care for them in the aggregate enough to wish sincerely that she had written a dozen more. I find them not too tedious, but just tedious enough; not too engrossing, but just engrossing enough. When anxieties and exasperations press, when the world is too much with me, when animate and inanimate things reach the limit of depravity, I retire into Mrs. Oliphant's precincts as David retired to the Cave of Adullam, and by her aid escape from my enemies.

I like especially the Scotch atmosphere of some of her books: *The Wizard's Son*, for instance, is full of it. I know Loch Houran and Oona's Isle as if I had visited them from childhood, and I have walked on the island terrace in the glowering darkness of the winter evenings with Oona and Lord Erradeen, and seen the mysterious light stream from the ruined tower of Kinlock-houran upon the black glimmer of the water, until my flesh crept most agreeably. It creeps too when I sit in the curtained chamber of the ruined tower itself and wait with its owner for the ghostly appearances and disappearances of his wizard-ancestor.

It is the story of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde over again, told less adroitly, but also less brutally. And the ghost is not a cheap ghost. Moreover, Mrs. Oliphant's is the happier solution, because in her version of the eternal struggle the spirit of evil is vanquished by the union of two people resolved to work together for good. When I saw my first Scotch twilight I remembered Mrs. Oliphant's description of such an hour in the opening pages of *It was a Lover and His Lass*, a book which is to me a pure idyl in every page. Lewis Grantly, entering for the first time the Scotch village which had been the family seat of his benefactor, Sir Patrick Murray, comes suddenly upon the great, white, windowless palace which the latter has left unfinished. The scene is very adroitly managed: the huge barrack of a house, with its rows of glassless windows like so many empty sockets without eyes, is set amidst "avenues of an exotic splendor, tall arancarias, of kin to nothing else that flourishes in Scotland, blue-green pines of a rare species, and around these, in long-drawn circles, lines of level green terraces upon which you can walk for miles." The travelers entered by "a gate to which a castellated lodge had been attached, but the place was empty like the castle itself. A slight uncertainty of light, like a film in the air, began to gather as they came in sight of the house, not darkening so much as confusing the silvery clearness of the sky and crystalline air. This was all new to the stranger. He had never been out in such an unearthly, long-continued day. It was like fairy-land or dreamland, he could not tell which. . . . The sky was like an opal descending into purest yellow, remounting into a visionary, faint blue, just touched with gossamer veils of cloud; . . . and into this strange, unearthly light suddenly arose the great white bulk of the palace, with its rows upon rows of hollow eyes looking out into space."

My first Scotch twilight was in Edinburgh, and I saw that same fairylike "uncertainty," and "film of light," falling in the summer evening upon the climbing roofs of the old town. Scott saw it many a time "confusing the silvery clearness of the sky" above the hills beyond Abbotsford. It touches with unearthly glamour the ruined aisles of Dryburgh and the lovely traceries of Melrose's shattered windows; and I never recognized that eerie radiance without remembering Mrs. Oliphant and the idyllic tale in which I had first seen it described — a story full of human atmosphere and human interest, a prose poem, though its main attraction lies only in the quiet delineation of character.

In moments of relaxation from the strain of impossibly-gifted heroes and incredibly sophisticated heroines, it gives

one joy to remember Lewis Grantly, not handsome, not brilliant, not self-confident, with no pretensions to having "drunk life to the lees," as is the fashion of the accepted hero; yet not wholly commonplace, after all, unless kindness and sweet patience and sacrifice and honor may be counted everyday virtues.

This story of personal preferences in the choice of authors is, perhaps, only important as it bears upon the unity in diversity and diversity in unity of taste among people who would make equal claim to a liking for "good reading." It all bears, also, indirectly, upon the rather intangible something which enters into the vital essence of good reading itself, the quality on the presence or absence of which the final court of appeal bases its decisions. This quality will always be, in a sense, a more or less mysterious possession, because for a time one author seems to have it and yet has it not, and another seems not to have it until one day the generations discover that he has been kept from his rightful place among the immortals only by the failure to recognize what suddenly seems genius unmistakable.

The quality which makes a thing live does not necessarily seem to be related to any widespread need for or appreciation of the thing itself. I turned the pages just now of an article on the writings of Richard Crashaw, from which I learn that two at least of Crashaw's poems "belong to the highest order of lyrical writing." This poet began writing about 1632. His works still live, though probably nine-tenths of the people of this generation never heard of him, and former generations have gone contentedly to their graves without realizing that he belonged either to the "best ten" or "best hundred" lyrical authorities. Chaucer continues to be a "well of English undefiled," and the mere fact that comparatively few persons ever seek his fountain at the source does not remove his name from "Fame's eternal beadroll." The verdict once authoritatively delivered, an author's wealth apparently remains wealth, whether there be many or few to share his hoards; and this catholicity of range gives one comfortable liberty to pick and chose.

The lines of individual discrimination, moreover, are frequently interesting. This is why the varying literary tastes of my neighbors have a value for me. One likes to try in how many other minds one can obtain a foothold. My neighbor who admires James reads, as a rule, little modern literature, but she is at home in Latin and English classics. In current fiction, an Italian novel would interest her more than an English one. My neighbor who reads Trollope enjoys a generous range of desultory reading. Each sends me home stimulated to fresh fields of research.

I overheard one man telling another on a railway train the other day that the second chorus of the Antigone was to him the finest poetry in the world. He was a stalwart-seeming man, meditative, but with a spark in his eye. I marked him, because the Antigone does not appeal to weaklings. When I reached a library I looked his second chorus up and liked the mouth-filling words of it, — robust, like their admirer, — though the third chorus would suit my individual taste just as well. I shall probably never see that man again, but, nevertheless, I am grateful to him for giving me, in passing, a foothold in his territory. Whether we meet or not, we both dwell within the confines of that area of good reading where genius finds its home.

I have, of late, in current literature, chanced upon several groupings of the heroines of fiction with whom a man might desire permanent friendship, and found Diana of the Crossways included in each group. It is to me an interesting interpretation of the mind of man that Diana should recur so frequently. My own objection to her — if I know myself — is not the obvious feminine jealousy of superior wit and beauty, so much as the dissatisfaction one is entitled to feel

with a lady who claims so much and performs so little. I have never been able to distinguish between Diana's aphorisms and her epigrams, and it is only when they are labeled that I know her jokes when I see them. Surely no other Irishman or Irishwoman was ever guilty of such laborious witticisms as those with which Diana and Dan Merion convulsed their audiences. Yet Diana must be a creation of genius or she could not thus impose herself upon the affections of discerning men.

Every now and then some sort of ordeal of selection is proposed, in which people are inveigled into making mention of the one book or five books or ten books with which each would be most content to retire to a solitary island; a scheme, by the way, which seems to me to offer almost the only environment for genuine reading which our century can afford. I have often thought that I would like to pick out fifty or more representative types of all classes and conditions of men, and start them off for their respective islands, every man fitted out with five volumes embodying his own deliberate and unbiased choice.

The list of books would be an illuminating one, and the results, if each exile could be secluded for six months with his chosen library, might be even more illuminating. There are moments when I long to take four exhausting and exhaustive classics under my own arm, sneak a volume of Mrs. Oliphant beneath my apron, and go into banishment myself; and then if I could hide three of my giants and grind over the other one until its essence became brain of my brain and soul of my soul, I might emerge a wiser and a better woman.

But even if I possessed the wisdom which the thorough digestion of one monumental author would give me, I fear I should still make the boundaries of my possible area of good reading nebulous ones and, with my full permission, many unrecognized ghosts would wander there. I should admit every man who has ever left the impress of an indisputably individual personality upon his book, and in that event the Abbé Barthélemy and the writer of *Glimpses and Gatherings* would be keeping the borders with Mr. Pepys, Benvenuto Cellini, the fishful Isaak Walton, and the melancholy Burton. It may be that the Reverend Mr. Drew would have to play in the outfield, but he would still be within seeing distance of Montaigne pitching "hot balls" to Walt Whitman.

The poet who has written only one "sure-enough" poem would be there; nor would I deny admittance to him who has produced a single living line or, perhaps, only a phrase which the world has taken and made its own. I am not sure that I should close the gate on the first cave-dweller who used a symbol for an idea. If I swelled this number with every writer whose outpourings have ever given a stimulating uplift to any humblest reader, I should, perchance, be opening the way for much queer company; such catholicity, however, would surely entitle one to fling wide a side-entrance for those longing souls who have been gifted with the chaotic elements but not the visible flame of immortality.

It is true my company would be select only as life is select, and no other how; but the kingdom of which I dream would be too narrow if it did not afford room for the whole tissue and fabric of valiant living. The high dramatists have always found use for a chorus, and in supplying that need one may remember that aspiration sometimes counts almost more than achievement. The final test of success, whatever the "practical" world may say to the contrary, does not altogether consist in "getting there."

A BROADER MOTIVE FOR SCHOOL HYGIENE

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

UNTIL quite recently the term *school hygiene* stood for one idea, namely, compulsory instruction in physiology and hygiene, more particularly in the evils of alcohol and nicotine. In the near future *school hygiene* will suggest practice, not precept; not class-room recitation by pupils, but control of school environment by school authorities; not ideas to be conveyed to the brain of the child, but protection to be given to the child's body. While it is true that heretofore but a small number of men have seen the need of this new definition of school hygiene, those few men are now proceeding with such thorough and skillful educational methods, and with such profound conviction, that the school world is bound to respond to their leadership.

There are many evidences that the time is ripe for recognizing as an important factor in hygiene instruction the hygiene practiced at school by janitor and teacher, and by curriculum and building-makers. Chicago is enthusiastic over its Bureau for Child Study; Cleveland over its Department of School Hygiene; Philadelphia, Memphis, and Utica over examinations for defective vision; Detroit, Montclair, and the Oranges over their school nurses; and Massachusetts over its Medical Inspection Law. Several hundred representatives of charities and correction from all sections of the United States and Canada, meeting at Minneapolis last June, gave special attention to the limitations of the present hygiene.[1] The second International Congress of School Hygiene, which met in London last August, gave a week to various phases of the new hygiene. Even more direct and more continuous results are promised by the American School-Hygiene Association, organized by a group of representative educators, physicians, and social workers in May, 1907, to secure for all schools of all states what Dr. Luther H. Gulick so aptly terms "biological engineering."

New York first startled itself and the nation by the revelation of its school physicians that over four hundred thousand children now in the public schools are in need of medical, dental, and surgical attention, or better nourishment. Later, it helped the nation by naming causes that exist everywhere, and remedies that are universally applicable. At a recent conference in New York City on the physical welfare of school children, a school principal declared that our present curriculum is manufacturing more physical defects every year than school physicians and school nurses can correct. To the surprise of the laymen present, the school men were of one mind as to the havoc wrought by school life upon the physical and mental energy of the child. We were told that eyes are weakened, if not ruined, by glazed paper, small type, lines of wrong length, unsteady or dazzling light, or prolonged concentration. Dry sweeping fills the air with dust, and combines with bad ventilation, lack of water, and dust-raising physical exercises, to supply conditions that favor the growth of disease germs, more particularly the tubercle bacilli. Seats and desks deform the spine and hips, and cramp the lungs. Required home-study deprives the child of play and sleep, and accentuates the effects of harmful school environ-

[1] The Fiftieth Convention of the National Education Association discussed the "Rational teaching of hygiene in the public schools," and "How to make the theoretical teaching of school physiology of practical value for school life."

ment. Highly trained teachers explain the composition of air in an atmosphere often more poisonous than that of the average city sweat-shop. Boys and girls unable to breathe through the nose because of adenoids and enlarged tonsils are deprived of recess for not being able to describe the passage that leads from the nose to the windpipe and lungs. Children fortunate enough to be physically able to meet school requirements are handicapped in their studies, and for that reason reduced in industrial efficiency, because they must march side by side with children suffering from removable physical defects.

These physical needs are found, upon investigation of thousands of homes by the New York Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children, to be due not so much to deficient income as to remediable defects at home, school, and factory. Homes with comfortable standards of living and honor rolls of higher grades, American homes as well as Italian and Yiddish homes, furnish a goodly share of children needing attention. The mere statement of such facts in numbers so large as those from New York City has led teachers and parents throughout the United States to look about them, and to realize that in families poor and well-to-do, in country as well as city, child-life has been neglected in spite of compulsory instruction in the laws of health.

If there is any country in the world where such conditions should not have been permitted to exist so long without being detected, it is our country, where state laws declare that whatever else is done with a child's time in school he shall be taught hygiene and physiology. To these subjects alone is given right of way for so many minutes per week, so many pages per text-book, or so much of each chapter; for failing to teach this subject with the frequency prescribed by law teachers may be arrested, fined, and removed from office; boards of education that fail to enforce state requirements as to the number of times per week these subjects are taught may be refused their proportion of school funds distributed by their state. While practical considerations compel instruction in the three R's, the hygiene which we know is kept in the schools, as it was put there, by a rare combination of missionary zeal and pecuniary needs. Yet in spite of laws in every state and territory, and in spite of the army of crusaders and publishers' agents ready at a moment's notice to jump to the defense of these laws, physical defects and unhygienic living are quite as common here as in countries where opposition to alcohol and tobacco is not strong enough to influence legislation. What is even more alarming to many of us who are trying to check alcoholism and nicotinism, the per capita consumption of tobacco and alcoholic preparations is increasing.

How far is our school hygiene responsible for this paradoxical gap between our teaching and our practice? There will be many different answers to this question, but there can be little difference of opinion as to the possibility of securing better health habits than we have yet obtained from the daily contact of five hundred thousand teachers with the nation's children. Biological engineering can do much to discipline the child in habits antagonistic to excess of every kind and to waste of vitality; a broader motive for school instruction in hygiene can do much to fix indelibly in the mind the principles of healthy living and to make attractive the vitality and the efficiency that come only from health.

The chief purpose of school hygiene has hitherto been, not to promote personal or community health, but to lessen the use of alcohol and tobacco. To those who drafted laws making hygiene compulsory, it seemed certain that boys and girls would come to fear — if not to hate — whiskey, beer, cigars, and cigarettes, if told often enough through text-books and by teachers that alcohol and nicotine, in whatever quantities, necessarily deplete one's vitality, necessarily decrease

one's earning power, necessarily prevent the highest personal success. Text-books have been expected to present the point of view of those who in all sincerity believe that alcohol and tobacco are chiefly responsible for poverty, insanity, crime, sickness, incapacity, and wretchedness. No statement has been too strong, no case too exceptional, to justify its use in making an impression upon the child-mind. When an author is told by law that he must give one-quarter of his space to alcohol and tobacco, or that every chapter must close with a reference to the effect of alcohol and tobacco upon the organ or function discussed, we cannot in fairness expect any greater scientific accuracy or more judicial emphasis than from the modern history of which California stipulated, when still in her teens, that one-half the space should be given to the history of California. It is because they are commissioned to tell the child an unforgettable story that eight text-book writers relate: —

"A baby was once killed by washing its head with tobacco-water; a boy once drank some whiskey from a flask and died soon after; any drink that contains alcohol is a poison to hurt and at last to kill; a boy who uses cigarettes is irresistibly led to a violation of the law; by giving drinks such as root-beer to children an appetite for alcohol may be cultivated; the flesh of these unfortunate persons becoming saturated with alcohol took fire upon being exposed to a flame as of a lighted candle, or indeed without any external cause; nicotine stunts the growth of the (young) body as a whole, retards and weakens the nervous system, makes the user cross, peevish, and unfits him for the best society; a murderer was about to kill a baby and the little creature looked up into his face and smiled; 'but,' he said, 'I drank a large glass of brandy and then I did n't care.'"

The foregoing statements are taken from text-books now in use. Earlier and more grotesque inaccuracies and extravagances have not been quoted because both publishers and authors have been trying of late to break away from the temptation to over-state. Several recent text-books, in discussing the effects of alcohol and nicotine, draw more or less clear lines between *youth* and *maturity*, and between *occasional*, or *moderate*, and *excessive*. But so strong is the temptation besetting the author that one of the latest and best books for older grades prints without qualification the following facts as to New York City: —

Saloons	10,821
Arrests	133,749
Expense of Police Department	$10,199,206
Police courts, jails, workhouses, reformatories	$1,310,411
Hospitals, asylums, and other charities..	$4,754,380

The author does not say that the saloons cause all the arrests and, single-handed, fill the jails, workhouses, and hospitals. He does say, however, that the bills for charity, hospital, asylum, reformatory, and police would "shrivel up" if the saloons were wiped out.

The schoolboy able to read a misstatement is also able and apt to challenge its accuracy and sincerity if it does not ring true with his personal observation. He reads in the papers, learns from parents or friends, and sees with his own eyes that his standards of success — the family physician, bishop, priest, governor, president, philanthropist — use alcoholic beverages and tobacco. He knows of many police, hospital, and charity bills due to other causes than the saloon. He sees that total abstainers have accidents, succumb to fever, go insane, violate law. Physiological evidences before his eyes differ from the physiological effects described by text-books. He does not take the text-book seriously if it fails to teach him to analyze and understand the discrepancies between its statements and the life about him, if it fails to interpret to him the environment and social needs with which he must cope.

The teachers' attitude toward school hygiene is reflected in the reply of one

capable principal who is sufficiently interested in the physical welfare of his pupils to have every window open, to insist strictly upon personal cleanliness, and to make educational use of every emergency such as a fever or trachoma epidemic or a bruised knee. This principal resents the law that forces teachers to do special pleading, — to teach as solemn truths what they know to be only partly and occasionally true, to consume time on subjects to which they can devote neither their heart nor their educational efficiency. That this principal is not alone in his attitude is proved by testimony presented in the report of the Committee of Fifty, and by the fact that school hygiene is not given a department in the National Association of High School Superintendents or the National Educational Association. It is significant, furthermore, that, in her list of Ethical Gains through Legislation, Mrs. Florence Kelly has not included any gains from anti-alcohol, anti-tobacco instruction. How many teachers, principals, or school trustees do you know who count school hygiene among the chief privileges and duties of their schools?

What is the alternative to exaggeration? Many would think it perilous to admit in text-books that a small percentage of drinkers are drunkards; that the use of alcohol does not affect all persons in the same way; that some organs are not perceptibly affected even when certain other organs are seriously injured; that fatty degeneration, hardened liver, delirium tremens represent extreme cases, where evil effects tend to concentrate on one organ; that many men drink and smoke for a lifetime with physiological effects that seem to be no more serious than other men suffer from the regular use of coffee and tea, or from irregular eating, insufficient sleep, or neglect of constipation. Several years ago, after Professor Atwater announced his opinion that under certain conditions alcohol was a food, not a poison, I asked him if the slight inaccuracy of the statement that alcohol is always a poison was not justifiable, in view of the great danger that his dispassionate statement of alleged scientific truths would be misunderstood and undervalued by the child-mind. He asked, "In what other study would you substitute exaggeration for truth?" I have since become convinced by my own experience that the truth itself about alcohol and tobacco will prove more effectual than over-truth in promoting teetotalism and in preventing the diseases due to excessive use of alcohol and nicotine.

There is every reason to believe that the most extreme opponents of the saloon can be brought to support a method of school hygiene that will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, about alcohol and tobacco, and at the same time further the purpose for which school hygiene is made compulsory. We can prove that a subject vital to every individual, to every industry, and to every government, is now prevented from fulfilling its mission, not by its enemies, but by its friends. We can learn how the children of our communities are affected by hygiene now taught. We can compel discussion of the facts, and action in accordance with those facts. Without questioning the motive back of the particular text-books used by our schools, every one of us can learn for our community how big that motive is, and how adequate or inadequate is the method of executing it.

Alcohol and tobacco occupy but a small share of the interest and attention of even those men and women by whom they are habitually used. Only a fraction of life's ills are due to alcohol and tobacco. Alcoholism and nicotinism are themselves in many instances the result of social, industrial, and municipal conditions that proper school hygiene would enable us to remove. Outside the text-book and schoolroom a thousand influences are at work to teach the social evils, the waste of energy, and the unhappiness that always accompany the excessive use — and frequently result from the so-called moderate use — of narcotics. Of

the many reasons for not drinking and not smoking, physiology gives those which least interest and impress the child. Most of the direct physiological effects are in the majority of instances less serious in themselves than the direct effects of over-eating, of eating irregularly, of combining milk with acids, of failing to walk on the sunny side of life. Were it not for the social and industrial consequences of drunkenness and nicotinism, it is doubtful if the most lurid picture of fatty degeneration, alcoholic consumption, hardened liver, yellow skin, inactive stomach-lining, would outweigh the pleasing—even though deceiving—sensation of alcoholic beverages and cigarettes.

While physiology may be individual and self-centred, hygiene should be social and altruistic in its point of view. The strong appeal to the child or man is the effect upon his mother, his associates, his employer, his wife, his children. Such terms as "extravagant," "useless expenditure," "depleted vitality" should be translated into terms of happiness and pleasures denied, offenses committed, sickness and wretchedness caused by acts physiologically harmful. The vast majority of us will avoid or stop using anything that makes us offensive to those with whom we are most intimately associated, and to those upon whom our professional and industrial promotion depends. Children will profit from drill throughout their school days in the science of avoiding offense and giving happiness; but unless the categories, *acts that give offense* and *acts that give happiness*, are wide enough to include the main acts committed in the normal relation of son, companion, employer, husband, father, and citizen, those who set out to avoid alcohol and tobacco find themselves ill-equipped to discharge the obligations of temperate, law-abiding citizens. Things do not happen as described in the text-book. Other things not mentioned hinder progress and happiness. The enemies that cause us trouble come from unexpected sources. We find it infinitely easier to refuse alcohol and tobacco than to avoid living and working conditions that insidiously undermine our aversion to stimulants and narcotics. The reasons for avoiding alcohol and tobacco in the interest of others are more numerous and more cogent than the reasons for avoiding them for one's own sake. The altruistic reason for shunning narcotics cannot be implanted in the child unless he sees the evil of excess and selfishness wherever found, and unless he becomes thoroughly grounded in the life-relations and health-relations to which he should adapt himself.

Failure to enforce health laws is a more serious menace to health and morals than drunkenness or tobacco cancer. Unclean streets, unclean milk, congested tenements can do more harm than alcohol and tobacco, because in spite of the best intentions they breed the physique that craves alcohol and tobacco. Adenoids and defective vision will injure a larger proportion of those afflicted than will beer and cigarettes, because they earlier and more certainly substitute handicap for equal chance, discouragement for hope. The foremost teachers already know these propositions to be true. They are eager to impart such knowledge to the child. They would welcome text-books enabling a child to reason about working and living conditions. They would, if encouraged, give their best educational ability to explaining the relation of health to efficiency, earning power, and community welfare. They would like to interest children in the social and industrial consequences of adenoids, enlarged tonsils, eye-strain, ear-trouble, bad teeth, defective lung capacity; to coöperate with the family physician and health physician in enforcing sanitary regulations; to teach the need for hospital and dispensary in country and suburban districts; to show children how to detect and remove the elements in their school, home, and street environment which are manufacturing physical and mental defects; to guard the

abnormally bright child who overworks and underplays; to rank "do-nothing" ailments with ailments that come from overwork and underpay; to stimulate a desire for periodical physical examination after school age; to show how habits of health enhance efficiency; to shatter heredity bugaboos and illuminate heredity truths; to make of every school child a militant teetotaler who abstains from measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, dirty streets, and impure air as well as from alcohol and tobacco; to arouse as much indignation against waste of baby-life because of unclean milk or ignorant care as against the pipe and decanter; to inculcate a love of self-control and self-respect that will operate against coffee and tea and gormandizing as well as against cocktails and cigarettes; to break up the alliance of patent-medicine venders with newspapers and legislators; to teach, in a word, that "natural law is as sacred as a moral principle," and that the violation of natural law by means of corsets, high-heeled shoes, cosmetics, needless visits to physician and drug store, or unnatural living, is anti-social even though the citizen never touches alcohol or tobacco. Finally, children may be taught to realize that their own bounding vitality is a most important factor in determining the health and efficiency of all who come in contact with it.

But no matter how broad the motive for hygiene precept, children will not be convinced and will not practice what they are taught, unless drilled during school-life in habits of health. It is here that biological engineering is indispensable. Children who sit in unclean schoolrooms, badly lighted and ventilated, will tolerate unclean bedrooms, impure air, and bad light at home. Children who are permitted to spend years in one grade because unable to breathe through the nose, will not of their own initiative correct living conditions at home that produce adenoids, enlarged tonsils, bad teeth, and undernourishment. The biological engineer, be he an agent of the Department of School Hygiene proposed for every city, county, and state, or school physician, county superintendent, or mere teacher, can tell whether eyes and teeth and nose need attention; whether there is dry sweeping or no sweeping; whether floors are cleansed and rooms ventilated once a week, once a month, or daily; whether hygienic living is possible and necessary for the children in his care. National, state, and city superintendents should see to it that neither curriculum, home-study, school-building, nor school-atmosphere manufactures physical defects.

Children drilled throughout their school-days to live up to and stand up for their health rights, as they are drilled on the playground to stand up for their personal rights, will know how to live up to and stand up for the rights conferred upon them as factory operatives, tenants, and taxpayers. All of these gains are compatible with the desire to lessen the evils that come from alcohol and tobacco. When hygiene practice at school approximates hygiene instruction, and when the hygiene taught at school aids the child to discharge the duties of wage-earner and citizen without jeopardizing the health of his neighbor, the power of alcohol and tobacco will be seriously threatened, and a race with increasing vitality insured.

SPINSTERHOOD

BY "JANE CARMYN"

I HAVE looked on the king. From out of the North he came;
The world was busy and blind; but my heart took wing
At the light in his face, and the truth swept out like a flame,
And I said, "'T is the king!"

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a strange new word,
And an unfledged joy I bore on my breast unseen.
All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit heard,
Singing, "Thou art the queen."

But the king passed by with never a glance at me;
He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a stone,
With a brow that pondered and eyes that were keen to see.
. . . . . .
And I wait, alone.

THE LITTLE SATYR

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

WHEN the loud uproar had died into silence, Onites wakened from the stupor into which he had fallen, and raised himself on his elbow. At first he was aware of nothing save the empty amphitheatre ringed by blue sky, against which the long grass of the encircling hill lay softly green, and he marveled. Had he fought the beasts and won to death, and was this the quiet of paradise? Something dripped from the hair overhanging his eyes; he lifted a trembling hand and found it blood. Then the pungent sweetness of broken lilies smote him; he saw the wreaths of flowers with which he had been decked, and remembered. But where were the shouting people, tier upon tier, who had cried out in glee to see him fight the beasts, leopard and tiger, led hither chained, as he had been? Dimly, through the pain of his wounds, came back the memory of the leopard's attack, but of the tiger's fierce onset and the leopard's retreat he knew nothing. Leaping from seat to seat of the irregular amphitheatre in swift chase, they had terrified the spectators into panic-stricken flight; and now, from far, could be heard the cries of men in pursuit, whom the escaping beasts were leading far away among the hills. He staggered slowly to his feet, the sunshine of the spring afternoon warm upon his face. No eye was watching, and he could go free.

He went free, with unsteady steps, following the breeze which met him at the entrance to the amphitheatre and invited him away. Below, to westward,

lay the roofs of the river-bordered city to which the Roman soldiers had brought him yesterday, — Misetum, he had heard them say, two days' march from home. The blood within him quickened as he felt the cool grass beneath his feet, and turned eastward away from the city and from men. There lay soft-wooded hills; in their gracious hollows he could perhaps find healing for his wounds.

As he threaded his way among the trees, not content with the first shelter but craving deeper shade, he thought he heard now and then the music of a rude flute, calling, calling, but it brought a sense of safety rather than alarm. The mercy of bodily hurt hid from him the profounder misery of thought, and it was not until he had found a deep retreat of shadowed ilex trees, through whose roots a stream trickled among the pale green ferns, that memory came back to him. Tertius and Astia, his beloved friends, and Paulus their little child, slain before his eyes in the underground church where they had been safe so long! And he, because he had fought so fiercely with a sword wrested from one of the soldiers, had been saved for cruel combat in the arena. "If he likes so to fight, let him fight the beasts," they had said as they bound his hands and carried him away. Tertius and Astia and little Paulus, — would any come to give them burial? Making over their remembered faces the sign of the cross, he lost consciousness again, his head resting on wet fern, that wild-wood music the last sound in his ears.

Of the coming of starlight over the vast wood he knew nothing, for he passed into a deep sleep, but in the darkness he was wakened by a rough tongue touching his face, and, putting out a groping hand, he found a shaggy, friendly little head, and slept again. Later, he felt the grateful warmth of some small breathing creature against his side, and lay very still for the comfort of it. In the twilight of morning a motion startled the wild thing nestling beneath his arm, and its sudden flight left him with a sense as of the impact of tiny hoofs upon his shoulder. He heard quick breathing, though he could not see; then, in answer to his coaxing, "Come, come, come," with which he had been used to call old dog Regulus, — a martyr, too, slain by the soldiers, — he heard the wary, slow approach of cautious feet, and, as they came nearer, he found himself changing to the endearing words wherewith he had won little Paulus. Nearer and nearer, — he could see now, and the two studied each other in the growing light wherein the ferns were green again. It was with a thrill of surprise that Onites saw the thin child's body set upon the hairy shanks of a little goat, and yet the elfish, pointed chin, and merry, sidelong eyes came to him as something known and loved long ago.

"Come hither," begged the man, from his bed of moss and fern; but at the motion of his hand the baby satyr started back with frightened eyes. "Pretty, pretty, pretty," coaxed Onites, in a voice that had won back some of the eloquence of those breathing creatures that knew no words. A little laugh was the response, a laugh that was half a bleat, as the small thing came nearer, its muscles more and more tense as if for swift flight. Endearing words drew it closer, until, with brightening, fearful eyes, it touched his outstretched palm with a horny little hand which seemed not yet wholly used to the ways of its own fingers. Caressingly the man stroked the soft throat and neck, with a suspicion of soft, hairy coat upon them, and the satyr-child smiled, an arch and pointed smile, then cuddled close again, its arms across his chest, its bare bosom upon his beating heart.

As the day waxed and waned, the small thing came and went, passing between the wounded man and a world of which he had not dreamed. Faint sounds of merriment stole to him through the forest silences. He heard far, joyous cries, and more than once caught the echo of rough, dancing feet, stepping to the music of the

flute. The little creature brought him milk in a bit of wood, hollowed by sun and rain, and once it thrust into his hand a rude cake from which it had been nibbling. Seeing him eat this, it ran away and brought a branch of young and tender leaves, laughing with him as he laughed out on his bed of pain at the thought of browsing goat-wise. Relief came to him in watching the tiny, whimsical, humorous face, and in listening to the playful dashes, sideways, over the earth, and the swift gamboling back to his side. Why it returned, he was too weak to ask himself; perhaps a tenderer touch than it had ever known won it back, making it hunger along unknown ways.

Onites found himself dreading the night, with the thought that his wild friend might not be at his side; but night brought the comfort of its breathing, close against his breast, and its outstretched throat lay for fuller comfort upon his arm. In the day that followed, and the next day, and the next, it gave him elfish service, bringing food enough of fruit and last year's nuts to keep life within him. Walnut and chestnut it cracked with its own hard teeth, seeing his helplessness, and the sick man ate, dipping water from the stream in the hollow of his hand and drinking. The young thing laughed gleefully at this clumsy fashion, and with bent head and dainty, lapping tongue showed him the real way to drink. Sometimes he was alone for hours; then the leaves would suddenly break into motion and the little satyr would dart out, gamboling now on two legs, now on four, as if trying to win this new companion to its pranks. It was gayer than any child, yet terror lurked nearer its heart, — fear, not of the dark, but of light rustling sounds, which always brought its alert, listening head high in the air, every muscle tense for flight. Once, when by a swift leap it struck its head sharply against a tree-trunk and stood motionless, giving no cry, the dumb endurance of pain stirred the man's heart to pity, and he strove, but unsuccessfully, to reach it with the comfort of his touch. In every aspect, whether swinging by its hands from some low tree-branch, and vainly trying with hard hind-hoofs to climb; or lying down, its throat stretched full along the ground in that complete rest of the happy animal, it charmed away his pain. The endless joy of its gamboling he shared through all his feverish unrest, and he marveled with increasing tenderness at this creature, neither child nor beast, but having the winsome ways of both. Was it more venturesome than its kinsfolk, that it had trudged away through the forest to find him, and was it guarding from the others the secret of his presence here? It came to him with little appealing motions, rubbing its head against his arm, as if hungering for his touch; and as he caressed the small shaggy head, the mischievous eyes softened, but wondered still upon his face, as if finding there a prophecy for its own.

As Onites grew weaker, the fever lessened, perhaps because of the cool water trickling against his wounds, — and his mind grew clear. Watching, he was filled with envy of this small creature and his kin whose dancing in the forest spaces was so gay. To feel the soft air thus, untroubled by any hope, would be a life whose richness he had no power to fathom, and he longed, lying wounded in this cool shade, that it might be his, if but for a moment, before his farewell to shadow and sunlight. Had they gained, he and his fellows who chose the way of suffering, he asked himself, anything commensurate with what they had lost?

Across the sickness in throat and hands, he seemed to share that thrill of dancing feet. Hunger and pain and shadowed days in their hidden places of prayer — had they won aught else in exchange for simple gladness foregone, — the whole of life it might be? Through the joyous satyr-music, now drawing nearer and nearer, memory groped in vain for the reason why they had made this hard

choice, he and his forefathers, from that day, long past, of which he had been often told, when one, beautiful of face, had stood upon a high green hill to tell of the great gain of loss. Through mystic symbol and the voice of prayer, and the music of hymns, the secret had come down to him, but his weakened consciousness groped for it in vain. What could it be that lay beyond the flickering shadows of the trees, the beckoning of the sunshine? It was in dreaming on beloved faces, with their evidence of holy things, that the endless hope came back to him, Tertius and Astia and the others, whose very look was a call to immortal life; and remembered notes of their voices at evensong brought him assurance, high notes, admitting no retreat.

The satyr-child seemed half to divine the deeper suffering of this third day, and, before it danced away on wayward hoofs, bent above him with a rough kiss, which was but the drawing of a quick red tongue along his cheek.

Perhaps stung to restlessness by the look of the sick man's face, full now of the certainty of the great change, it wandered farther than was its wont along a faint path that led out of the shadows of ilex and of beech into open spaces it had never seen. Its dainty whim beguiled it along the trickling of a brook, running between soft grassy banks, to a wide pasture land, where it ran up and down with a homesick cry, suddenly conscious of its distance from the others of its kind. For wonder of the unknown ways it went on, as was its wont, and, beyond a gentle rise of ground, came upon a herd of goats, nibbling the juicy grass in the morning sunshine. With a joyous bleat, as if recognizing its near kin, it slipped in among them, not disdaining the tender herbs which they were cropping, and giving itself up to jolly play with the kids. The sound of the flute took away its grieved sense of loneliness, and the shepherd, with sun-bleached hair and goatskin garments, brought the wild thing only a sense as of being with its own.

In mid-afternoon, answering the call of the flute, the flock started homeward, the alien slipping among them unnoticed. In a sheltered spot at some distance from the city visible to southward, the shepherd stopped and looked cautiously about, while the flock fell to nibbling the tender grass. Lifting the branches of a low-growing acacia tree, the lad disappeared from sight, the satyr-child following, down a passageway which was dark but which challenged him to enter. The small hoofs stepped timidly, yet with fresh sense of adventure, along the moist descending path, and the slanting eyes widened, half in fear, half in wonder, at the dimly lighted space below. Before the altar burned low lamps, each with a single flame; the bare walls were covered with symbols which the little satyr failed to notice. *Pax Christi*, the palm branch, the phœnix rising with fresh wings from the ashes, — of the deep significance these rude signs bore, the shaggy little head held no dream.

One by one, rough shepherd-folk crept to this strange service, a pet kid following the latest comer, to lie happily by his feet as he knelt, not dreaming its sad eminence as a symbol of the lost. The odd visitor from the forest escaped notice in the dusky corner where it had hidden, frightened by the stealthy footsteps. With eyes alive with curiosity it watched and listened, fascinated through the terror; then would have scampered away, when all were kneeling, save for the music, strange but sweet, and very soft lest it should betray this hiding-place to the spoiler. Yes, surely this was music, and yet it hurt! There was a wholly new feeling in the hairy throat, and the shining eyes were nearer than they had ever been before to human tears. It put one rough hand up to still the pain, — when the singing ceased, the last notes floating richly out upon the air.

One by one, the kneeling worshipers arose, and stole away; and in the silence, at last, the forest-thing knew

it was alone. Dancing out, on expectant feet, snuffing the underground air with a sense that it was less desirable than that of the upper world, it caught sight upon the altar of a rough crucifix made of slender reeds, and joyously snatched it. Was not this the flute of its kin, though oddly fashioned? Attempting to blow sweet music from this instrument, it emerged into the sunshine, trying first one and then another end of the broken reeds, puzzled that no one gave forth notes that would set feet a-dancing.

Something in the new toy fascinated the little creature, — the look of the cross, the firmness that resisted the efforts of horny hands to draw it apart. He clung to it, in the devious wandering toward the forest that was home; nibbled one end, and left marks of teeth there; and once threw the curious thing away, but went back and picked it up again.

Now it had crossed the pasture land and found the brook; now it was once more among familiar trees, gamboling along known paths. The forest was its own. It did not find its kinsfolk in their wonted haunts, but came upon them gathered round the sick man, one or two with a look of fear upon their faces, the others, laughing, dancing, leaping over one another's backs. As the little satyr entered, they turned with soft bleats of welcome, but one, in jest, snatched at the toy in its hand. Angered, and perhaps more vexed that they had found out the secret, it struck out with one tiny hoof; none should bar the way when it was hastening to show this plaything to its new-found friend. With a bleating laugh it danced to its comrade's side.

The gentle touch of the rough little body against his own recalled the dying man a moment from that far journey whereon his feet were already set, and the longing, which had almost faded into unconsciousness, for some assurance that his faith had not been vain, grew keen again. A gleam of light came into the gray face; in a moment's swift return of life he raised himself upon the bed of moss, and his hand fell caressingly upon the head of the little satyr who was holding the crucifix high before the fading eyes. They brightened, before their light went out, as they rested upon the cross of reeds, against the background of hairy, laughing faces.

The rough creatures gathered there wondered at the shining face of the dying man, then danced away, in sudden terror, toward forest-spaces untroubled by the dead. The satyr-child did not follow. Half fearfully it looked at the man who had been its friend, lying now with the crucifix where it had fallen on his breast; then the little creature crept slowly away, not daring to stay near. Crouching down at the end of the path that led away to the hidden chapel, it looked piteously, now this way and then that, wondering, with all the laughter gone out of its merry eyes, what this new pain might mean.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

FIFTY years ago, on November 1, 1858, at a great durbar at Allahabad, it was proclaimed that Queen Victoria had assumed the government of India. This fact is of more than mere historic importance, for it marks the beginning of the greatest experiment in government which the world has ever witnessed. Never before had so many of the human race been subject to a single foreign ruler. Cæsar, at the height of his power, ruled over only one hundred and twenty millions, while Edward, Emperor of India, is the supreme lord of three hundred millions. The history of India, therefore, during the last half-century, is of surpassing interest and importance to every student of the great world-problem of the present time, — how to rule an inferior race justly and wisely, that is, with the aim to lift it from its lower level, to develop in it the power of righteous self-government, the noblest task which an enlightened people can undertake. Since nearly all the civilized nations, including the United States, have now this problem to solve, a knowledge of the governmental methods adopted by nations having colonial possessions is absolutely necessary, in order to profit by their successes and their failures.

Rightly to appreciate the nature of England's task we must first free our minds from the common impression that India is, like China, for instance, one great nationality. It is a continent rather than a country, larger than all Europe with the exception of Russia, and having all the continental varieties of surface and climate, from the perpetual snows of the Himalayas to the tropical plains of Madras. Of the diversities of the inhabitants one may form some conception from the fact that the traveler from Bombay to Calcutta passes, in a thousand miles, through a country inhabited by peoples differing more in race, religion, and habits of life, than all those he sees in going twice the distance from Constantinople to London. The Indians are divided into fourteen distinct races, speaking one hundred and forty-seven different languages and dialects, and are separated as much by creeds and customs as by mountain-ranges, vast forests, trackless deserts, and great rivers. Some idea of the extent of what may be termed their political divisions may be gained from the fact that in addition to the two hundred and fifty-nine districts or units of administration in the provinces under the direct control of the English, there are six hundred and eighty native or feudatory states under their own rulers, varying in extent from a few square miles to a territory larger than Great Britain; while on the fifty-seven hundred miles of frontier separating India from Afghanistan and Central Asia live hundreds of wild tribes given to hereditary rapine.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the religious divisions, for they are common to all peoples; but the distinguishing characteristic of the Hindu race is the castes, which, according to the new official *Indian Gazetteer*, are two thousand three hundred and seventy-eight in number. These include every trade, profession, guild, tribe, and class, and are governed by unwritten laws of remotest antiquity, far more binding than any that are known in our western world. That which is regarded as most sacred and essential is the prohibition of mixed marriages. Consequently, three-fourths of the Indian people may be said to consist of separate strata in which there has been no fusion for ages. This, together with

the degraded position of woman, is the greatest obstacle to progress and development, and offers the hardest problems for a government to solve which seeks the highest interests of the people governed. Every grade of civilization and intelligence is to be found there, from the naked hill-tribesman on a level with the Central African, to the refined metaphysical Brahman and the shrewd Parsee. Ninety per cent of the people live in the rural districts, two-thirds of them being cultivators of the soil, and the inertia, apathy, and ignorance of the peasant are too well known to need description.

Among such a people, so divided, it is hardly necessary to add that a national feeling has never had an existence. The average Indian knows nothing, and cares for nothing, practically, outside his own family and caste. How could there have been that community of feeling which we call national, considering the fact that, in addition to their caste divisions, until the English came India was never under one supreme ruler? So far back as history goes, the different states waged perpetual war with one another, and through the two Himalayan gateways connecting the peninsula with Central Asia foreign invaders had streamed from time immemorial. In the eighteenth century alone there were six great inroads by the Afghans in twenty-three years, in one of which eight thousand men, women, and children were hacked to pieces one morning in Delhi. At harvest season the hill-tribes along the whole northern frontier poured down into the plains and raided the fields and villages. Consequently, there was a belt of territory from twenty to fifty miles in breadth, bordering on this region, which no one dared to cultivate. A total area of sixty thousand square miles of most fertile soil yielded no food for men, but teemed with wild beasts which nightly sallied forth to ravage the herds and hamlets in the country beyond. But perhaps nothing will better illustrate the condition which prevailed in ante-British times than a Hindu law promulgated two thousand years ago. It provided that, as a protection to a royal city or kingdom, a belt of wilderness twenty miles wide should be left all about it, in place of fortifications.

The conditions in other parts of the peninsula do not appear to have been much better. The sea, instead of being a natural defense, was, like the mountains, a source of danger. On the Bay of Bengal Burmese pirates sailed up the great rivers, burning the villages, massacring the inhabitants, or carrying them off into slavery. In the early part of the eighteenth century there was a tract of one thousand square miles on the seaboard bare of villages — "depopulated by sea robbers," as a survey map of that time records. On the western coast piracy was conducted on a grander scale. Wealthy rajahs kept up luxurious courts upon the extortions which their pirate fleets levied from trading vessels and from the villages along the coast. Then, in the interior, there were more than a hundred predatory castes compelled by their inviolable laws to live by plunder alone.

From this rapid survey of the conditions it will readily be seen that there is not a conceivable problem of any importance relating to the government of an oriental people which has not been presented to the British rulers in India for solution. Consequently, a knowledge of their methods, with their successes and their failures, is of unsurpassed importance at the present time. This knowledge it is perfectly easy to acquire, such is the wealth of material in official documents, histories, biographies, travelers' experiences, missionary letters and journals. Every point of view can be found presented, from that of the viceroy to that of the educated native; from that of those who will present any subject in the most favorable light, to that of those who will show the profoundest hostility to the foreign raj; from the plea of the missionary, who sees in the continuance of the present rule the only hope of the Indians, to the rabid outpourings of the native vernacu-

lar press, which lives upon its denunciations of the British for their rapacious tyranny. In this great mass of evidence the sincere searcher after the truth will find little difficulty in discovering the fundamental principles upon which the Indians have been and are still being governed. For the history of the last fifty years is a record of true growth, of gaining, and acting upon, wisdom from the grievous mistakes as well as from the great administrative successes of the previous hundred years.

The grand underlying principle, I have no hesitation in asserting, though the statement would be vehemently denied by members and supporters of the Indian congresses, is to govern in the interests of all the people, the peasant as well as the rajah. It is, in other words, to raise those three hundred millions to the same level upon which the self-governing Christian peoples stand, where the rights of the lowest are as sacred as those of the highest. This is a distinction which it is well to bear in mind, for the natives who clamor for independence are not men who have the interests of the low-born peasant at heart, but men who simply desire to perpetuate and strengthen the power of the native ruling classes, — those who have kept the peasant for ages in practically hopeless servitude. This principle was asserted eloquently by Lord Curzon in the last speech which he made as viceroy, in Bombay, November 16, 1905. He entreated the Englishmen in India to "remember when the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs in whose furrows the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism and dawn of intellectual enlightenment or sense of duty where it did not before exist. That is enough. That is the Englishman's education in India. It is good enough for his watchword while he is here, for his epitaph when gone. I worked for no other aim, let India be my judge."

This fundamental principle is shown in the policy which distinguishes English colonial administration from that of France and Germany, — the ruling so far as possible through the native forms of government which ages have developed and to which the people are accustomed. The aim is to continue the present régime, exercising only the supreme power of preventing war, of prohibiting customs contrary to natural rights, as suttee, and to endeavor to secure justice between man and man. With this end in view, strict neutrality in regard to religions has been maintained from the first. Oriental methods are not violently superseded by occidental, even though these may be better. Reforms are instituted slowly, and mainly on the initiative of the natives themselves, as, for instance, in respect to infant marriage. In other words, the aim is to interfere with the freedom of the native as little as possible. The extent to which it is carried out is shown by the simple fact of the existence of the six hundred and eighty feudatory states, which are independent in every respect, except that they are not permitted to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to one another or to foreign powers. Their military force has a certain specified limit, and a ruler may be deposed for misconduct or absolute inefficiency. The Maharajah of Mysore, a state as large as Maine, with a population of five and a half millions, was deposed in 1831 for excessive misrule, but in 1881 a member of his family was placed upon the throne, and, after fifty years of direct British rule, the native dynasty was restored and governs at the present time.

This policy of education in self-government is shown also in the endeavor not only to rule through native methods, but also through the natives themselves. This has been a distinguishing characteristic of the British policy from the beginning. Sir Thomas Munro, one of the

most noted of the early governors, distinctly enunciated the principle when he said in a public address nearly a century ago that the aim of the government was to lessen the number of Europeans employed in the civil service and to educate natives for every office. A fatal mistake in the educational system first established by the government, but since partially corrected, — the making its basis to be instruction in the English language, — was due to the strong desire to open official careers to the Indian students.

Another thing which characterizes the British administration is that the first duty impressed upon the Englishman entering the Indian civil service is that he shall endeavor to understand the people among whom his work lies. The official *Gazetteer* says that the collector or district magistrate must be accessible to, and intimately acquainted with, the inhabitants. He spends several months of the year in camp, oversees subordinate officials, receives visits from local magnates and village elders, settles local quarrels, helps in matters of assessment and general affairs. And it adds, he thus "gains their affections and his memory is kept green, and tales of his sagacity and good deeds will be told in remote villages long after he has passed away." Though it is often said that there is little sympathy between the Englishman and the Indian, and that the Russian and the Frenchman assimilate more readily and completely with the people whom they govern, I do not believe that they understand so well the needs and aspirations of the people under their rule. Several of the English high officials have so impressed the natives with their uprightness that they have been worshiped during their lives as manifestations of the Deity. And this is not so strange when we consider the fact, and it is one which most exalts the British administration, that the first requisite for the high official is character. The moral qualities of the men chosen for these positions have ever been held to be more important than their intellectual attainments; and it would be hard to find a nobler body of men than those viceroys, governors, and district magistrates. One of the most noteworthy results of this principle has been recently stated by Sir Thomas Holdich, one of the best informed of Anglo-Indians: "The high standard of morality and integrity among native officials is due to the irreproachable integrity of the English employed in the highest ranks of the public service."

What are some of the results of these methods of government? What is the present condition of the country? It is enjoying a peace which has been undisturbed for fifty years, so far as the main body of the people is concerned: a peace which, I have no hesitation in asserting, is not that maintained by force of arms, but which arises from pure contentment. Nowhere in the world is there exhibited such contentment by people under a foreign yoke. The ground for this statement, which is entirely contrary to that of the opponents of the British rule, one of whom recently wrote of the "repressive policy of the British in governing and treating the natives of India with cannon gaping against their entirely disarmed bodies from all directions," lies in the fact that the European military force in India consists of seventy-four thousand men, mostly stationed on the northern frontier, together with a native contingent of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. That is, for every four thousand of the natives there is one English soldier. If the force was proportionally as great as that with which we keep the peace in the Philippines, it would be four hundred and fifty thousand strong, or three million if it equaled that of the French in Algeria. It is a peace which has been accompanied by growth in every direction.

Notwithstanding the ravages of famine and plague, the population has increased forty-two millions in the last twenty years, while the increase of the United States in the same period has been but twenty-six millions. This has naturally

been accompanied by extensive material growth, especially in the amount of land cultivated, and in the number and value of the crops raised.

The strip of coast "depopulated by sea-robbers" is now thronged with villages, and nearly a quarter of the territory of the northern borderland, which formerly no one dared to cultivate, has been brought under the plough and yields an annual harvest valued at ninety millions of dollars. On fifty thousand square miles of what was till recently wilderness or desert, there are now to be found large towns surrounded by artificially irrigated fields, highly cultivated and bearing crops which add yearly over a hundred million dollars to the general wealth. The exports alone of cotton and tea, the cultivation of which was practically introduced by the English, were one hundred and fifty million dollars in 1905, while as a producer of wheat British India ranks fourth among the nations of the world.

In the ante-British times there were no roads, only bridle-paths. To-day there are more than one hundred and eighty thousand miles of road, and twenty-eight thousand miles of railway on which two hundred and forty-eight million passengers were carried in 1906. This fact means more than lies upon the surface. In times not very long ago the pilgrimages, which every Hindu endeavors at some time to make, were done mostly on foot. The rivers in their way were rarely bridged, and if they were swollen by the rains so that the customary fords were impassable, the multitudes going and returning from the shrine became congested on either bank. Their supplies were soon exhausted, and famine and its attendant diseases were the inevitable result. Even when there were no extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, the old and feeble, whose strength was exhausted by the journey merely, died in countless numbers by the way. For fifty miles from Juggernaut in every direction the paths were lined with the bodies of those who had perished in the attempt to prostrate themselves before the car of their god. The pilgrimages have not ceased, but the excessive mortality consequent upon them has.

The building of roads has also added vastly to the amount of land cultivated and to the intensity of cultivation. Formerly the peasant only raised sufficient crops for the support of his family and for the payment of his land-tax. If the old system of regarding him, not as the owner, but as an hereditary tenant of the state, of land which by immemorial custom and unwritten law was inalienable, had prevailed, his poverty would not have been what it now is. But it was one of the mistakes of the British that they made land private property, in the expectation that by this means the position of the peasant proprietor would be improved and taxation placed on an equitable basis. The immediate effect was a sudden rise in the value of land and the enrichment of the peasant-farmer. But it was soon found that the village money-lender was the one who profited most by the new system. The natives, untrained to habits of thrift and unused to the possession of money, found themselves after a brief season of extravagant spending, dispossessed of the fields which they and their ancestors had cultivated for untold ages, and driven forth to become homeless wanderers and day-laborers, or, if they remained, hopeless serfs to their creditors. The rates of interest demanded were so high that even small debts became a terrible burden, as is shown by the following instance taken from an official report: "A small farmer borrowed ten rupees, and after paying one hundred and ten found himself in ten years still owing two hundred and twenty rupees on the loan." So far as our knowledge goes this is the only cause of the impoverishment of the Indian which can be charged directly to the British government. An encouraging fact in this connection is that in 1905 more than a million people had $44,690,043 deposited in the Post-Office Savings-Banks

alone, an increase of nearly eleven millions in five years. That the wealth of the country at large is increasing is shown by the fact that out of a total value of a billion dollars for the seaborne commerce in 1906, the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports by one hundred and eleven millions. On the other hand the value of the treasure brought into India in the last two fiscal years exceeded that carried out by one hundred and thirty-one millions. It is interesting to note in this connection that India's trade with the United States for the first ten months of 1906 was over fifty-six million dollars, which was an increase of twenty millions over the corresponding period of the previous year. Seven-eighths consisted of exports from India to this country.

From the fact that ninety out of every hundred Indians live in the rural districts the general educational progress has been slow. It has also been hampered by the grievous mistake of making English the language through which instruction, even in the primary schools, was given. The higher education has also had till recently for its exclusive aim the preparation of men for the civil posts, and many more have been graduated from the colleges than could obtain positions; consequently a most dangerous element has been planted among the people. This is recognized by the Indians themselves, as is shown by a speech in July, 1907, by the Maharajah of Kashmir. He said that "the chief cause of disloyalty was the educational system which sent out students with university degrees, but without occupation. The remedy lay in education in the arts and sciences, and this was the policy" which he intended to follow. This conviction of the need of technical and especially medical training characterized Lord Curzon's educational policy; and institutions having these ends in view, together with commercial and agricultural schools, and normal schools for training teachers, have been established throughout the land.

The fundamental aim of the British rulers, however, has been the education of the people in self-government. What progress has been made in this direction? In 1905 there were seven hundred and forty-six municipalities with a population of over sixteen millions governed by committees, the majority of whom are natives, and in many cases all are natives, elected by the ratepayers. These bodies have the care of the roads, water-supply, markets, and sanitation; they impose taxes, enact by-laws, make improvements, and spend money, but the sanction of the provincial government is necessary before new taxes can be levied or new by-laws brought into force. For many rural communities there are similar elected bodies having in charge roads, district schools, and hospitals. There are also representative assemblies or parliaments in two of the great native states. According to the latest statistics within my reach there are twenty-one thousand seven hundred and three natives holding civil appointments with salaries above three hundred dollars, the English numbering a few over a thousand. Two of the ten members of the council of the Secretary of State for India are Indians, and they are to be found in considerable numbers on the councils of the Governor-General and the provincial governors. Indians also hold commissions in the British army.

But perhaps the strongest evidence of the growth of the ability to govern themselves is the discontent which prevails among a certain section of the people in different parts of the country. It is so far from being universal or even general, however, that nine-tenths of the natives are absolutely ignorant of its existence; that is, it has not reached the rural peasantry. A few, consisting almost entirely of the educated class known as Baboos, demand absolute freedom from British rule, — independence. The wiser, and better informed, including the representatives of the sixty-two million Mohammedans, simply ask for a larger share in their own government. This request Mr. Morley, speaking for his countrymen, has pro-

mised shall be granted as speedily as possible; and the taking of two natives into his Council was a first and most important step in that direction. This Swadeshi movement, as it is locally known, is not a sudden and unexpected event. When it was announced nearly a hundred years ago that the aim of the government was to raise the Indian people to a condition in which true self-government should be possible, there were numerous warnings that such a policy would inevitably lead to revolutions. But the spirit in which these warnings were received then as well as now is shown in the memorable speech of Macaulay in 1833. After an eloquent prophecy that under the present system of government the public mind of India would expand until it had outgrown the system, and that at some future age their Indian subjects might demand European institutions, he added, "Whenever the day comes it will be the proudest day in English history."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

In 1891 Mr. Davidson published two small volumes of extracts from Dumas's Memoirs; but the complete work now appears in English for the first time.[1] Mrs. Waller, the translator, her publishers, and Mr. Andrew Lang, in his graceful introduction, have unquestionably rendered a considerable service to English literature. Certain persons may be annoyed, or may profess to be annoyed, because a few passages more suited to French than to English taste have not been omitted; but there are strong arguments in these matters for the policy of all or none.

Those who are curious in translation will compare Mrs. Waller's work and Mr. Davidson's with much interest. Sometimes one catches the author's spirit better, sometimes the other. Quite often neither catches it at all. In literal accuracy Mr. Davidson has distinctly the advantage. Indeed, Mrs. Waller's slips are rather too frequent. Some of them may perhaps be explained by the extensive collation to which she refers in her preface, and in which I have been unable to follow her. But no difference of text can justify the omission of the pretty touch, *comme les trois Curiaces*, which Mr. Davidson justly notes as most Dumas-like. *Deux mille* becomes in the translation "ten thousand." *Comme je l'ai fait remarquer* does not mean "as I had noticed;" and *cette œuvre de perfection que l'art atteint parfois en dépassant la nature* is not adequately rendered by "that perfect standard to which art everywhere attains when it surpasses nature." Nevertheless, in spite of these and similar lapses, Mrs. Waller contrives to catch a considerable amount of the grace and ease and lightness of her elusive original; and the book is thoroughly readable, — surely the first essential with Dumas, who is always readable, if nothing else.

Mr. Davidson, whose excellent volume on Dumas must be the foundation of any careful study of the subject, dismisses his author with the remark: "Except for increasing the already ample means of relaxation, he did nothing to benefit humanity at large." But is not this a rather grudging epitaph for the creator of Monte Cristo? Are the means

[1] *My Memoirs.* By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller, with an introduction by Andrew Lang. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907–08.

of relaxation so ample that we can afford to treat *La Tour de Nesle* and *La Reine Margot* as alms for oblivion? Would Stevenson have read *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* six times, would you or I have read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* more times than we can count, if other relaxation of an equally delightful order were indeed so easily obtainable? In spite of the flood of historical novels and all other kinds of novels that overwhelmed the nineteenth century, story-tellers like Dumas are not born every day, nor yet every other day.

For he was a story-teller by nature, one who could make a story of anything, one who did make a story of everything, for the joy of his own childlike imagination. "I am not like other people. Everything interests me." The round oath of a man, the smile of a woman, a dog asleep in the sun, a bird singing in a bush, even a feather floating in the breeze, was enough. Fancy seized it and wove an airy, sunbright web about it, glittering with wit, touched with just a hint of pathos; and as we read, we forget the slightness of the substance in the grace and delicacy of the texture.

It is an odd thing, this national French gift of story-telling, of seeking by instinct the group-effect, as it were, of a set of characters, their composite relations to one another and the development of these relations in dramatic climax. English writers, from Chaucer down, dwell by preference on the individual character, force it only with labor and difficulty into the general framework, from which it constantly escapes in delightful but wholly undramatic human eccentricity. To the French habit of mind, such individuality is excrescent and distasteful. Let the characters develop as fully and freely as the action requires, no more. They are there for the action, not the action for them. Hence, as the English defect is dull diffusion and a chaos of disorder, so the French is loss of human truth in a mad eagerness for forcible situations, that is to say, melodrama.

Even in Hugo, in Balzac, in Flaubert, in Zola, one has an uneasy feeling that melodrama is not too far away. In Dumas it is frankly present always. The situation — something that shall tear the nerves, make the heart leap and the breath stop — for Dumas there lies the true art of dramatist and novelist. And what situations! No one ever had more than he the two great dramatic gifts, which perhaps are only one, the gift of preparation and the gift of climax. "Of all *dénoûments*, past, present, and I will say even to come," writes Sarcey, "that of *Antony* is the most brilliant, the most startling, the most logical, the most rapid; a stroke of genius." *Henri III*, *Richard Darlington*, *La Tour de Nesle* are full of effects scarcely inferior. If one thinks first of the plays, it is only because in them the action is more concentrated than in the novels. But in novel after novel also, there is the same sure instinct of arrangement, the same master's hand, masterly for obtaining the sort of effect which the author has chiefly in view.

And perhaps the melodrama is not quite all. The creatures are not always mere puppets, wire-pulled, stirring the pulse when they clash together, then forgotten. We hate them sometimes, sometimes love them, sometimes even remember them. Marguerite and Buridan are not wholly unreal in their wild passion. The scene of reconciliation between the Musketeers on Place Royale has something deeper than mere effect. And these are only two among many. Under all his gift of technique, his love of startling and amazing, the man was not without an eye, a grip on life, above all, a heart that beat widely, with many sorrows and many joys.

Then the style is the style of melodrama, but it is also far more. No one knew better how and when to let loose sharp, stinging, burning shafts of phrase, like the final speech of Antony, "*Elle m'a résisté; je l'ai assassinée,*" — shafts which flew over the footlights straight to the heart of every auditor. But these effects

would be nothing without the varied movement of narration, the ease, the lightness, the grace,—above all, the perpetual wit, the play of delicate irony, which saves sentiment from being sentimental and erudition from being dull.

Dumas's style has been much abused, and in some ways deserves it. Mr. Saintsbury considers that the plays have "but little value as literature properly so-called," and that "the style of the novels is not more remarkable as such than that of the dramas." But how far more discerning and sympathetic is Stevenson's characterization of it: "Light as a whipped trifle, strong as silk; wordy like a village tale; pat like a general's dispatch; with every fault, yet never tedious; with no merit, yet inimitably right." As for dialogue, — that subtlest test of the novelist's genius, — which neither Balzac, nor Flaubert, nor Zola could manage with flexibility or ease, Dumas may have used it to excess, but who has ever carried it to greater perfection? In M. Lemaître's excellent, if somewhat cynical, phrase, Dumas's dialogue has "the wonderful quality of stringing out the narrative to the crack of doom and at the same time making it appear to move with headlong rapidity." But let it string out, so it moves. And surely Dumas's conversations do move, as no others ever have.

In the hurry of modern reading, few people have time to get at Dumas in any but his best-known works. Yet to form a complete idea of his powers, one must take a much wider survey. All periods, all nations, all regions of the earth came at one time or another under his pen. Of course this means an inevitable superficiality and inaccuracy. But one overlooks these defects, is hardly aware of them, in the ease, the spirit, the unfailing humanness of the narrative. Take a minor story like *L'Isle de Feu*, dealing with the Dutch in Java and with the habits and superstitions of the natives, snake-charming, spirit-haunting, etc. Everywhere there is movement, life, character, the wit of the *Impressions de Voyage*, the passion of *La Reine Margot*. And if Dumas does not quite anticipate the seductive melancholy of Loti's tropics, he gives hints of it which are really wonderful for a man who had never been south of latitude thirty.

Perhaps, outside of the historical novels, we may select four very different books as most typical of Dumas's great variety of production. First, in *Conscience l'Innocent*, we have a simple idyllic subject, recalling George Sand's country stories: peasant life, rural scenes, sweet pictures of Dumas's own village home at Villers-Cotterets, which he introduced into so many of his writings. Second, in the immense canvas of *Salvator*, too little appreciated, we have a picture of contemporary conditions, the Paris of Sue and Hugo, treated with a vividness far beyond Sue and a dramatic power which Hugo never could command. Third, comes the incomplete *Isaac Laquedem*, the vast Odyssey of the Wandering Jew, in which the author planned to develop epically the whole history of the world, though the censorship allowed him to get no further than the small Biblical portion of it. Few of Dumas's books illustrate better the really soaring sweep of his imagination, and not many have a larger share of his *esprit*. Lastly, there is *Monte Cristo*, which, on the whole, remains, doubtless, the best example of what Dumas could do without history to support him. "Pure melodrama," some will say; in a sense, truly. Yet, as compared with the melodrama of, for instance, *Armadale* and *The Woman in White*, there is a certain largeness, a sombre grandeur, about the vengeance of Dantès, which goes almost far enough to lift the book out of the realm of melodrama, and into that of tragedy. And then there is the wit!

But it is on historical romance, whether in drama or fiction, that Dumas's popularity must chiefly rest. He himself felt it would be so, hoped it would be so; and his numerous references to the matter, if amusing, are also extremely interesting.

He speaks of his series of historical novels as "the immense picture we have undertaken to unroll before the eyes of our readers, in which, if our genius equaled our good will, we would introduce all classes of men from the beggar to the king, from Caliban to Ariel." And again: "Balzac has written a great work entitled *The Human Comedy*. Our work, begun at the same time, may be entitled *The Drama of France*." He hopes that his labors will be profitable as well as amusing: "We intentionally say 'instruct' first, for amusement with us is only a mask for instruction. . . . Concerning the last five centuries and a half we have taught France more history than any historian." And when some one gently insinuates that from a purely historical point of view his work cannot stand with the highest, he replies with his usual charming humor, "It is the unreadable histories that make a stir; they are like dinners you can't digest; digestible dinners give you no cause to think about them on the next day."

After all, humor apart, we must recognize the justice of Dumas's claim; and the enduring life and perpetual revival of the historical novel go far to support it. Mankind in general do not love indigestible histories; but they do love to hear about Henry IV, Richelieu, and the Stuarts, about Washington and Lincoln and Napoleon, and in hearing they do learn, even against their will. Pedants shake their heads. This birth-date is incorrect. That victory was not a victory at all. When Dr. Dryasdust has given the slow labor of a lifetime to disentangling fact from fiction, how wicked to mislead the ignorant by wantonly developing fiction out of fact! As if Dr. Dryasdust really knew fact from fiction! As if the higher spiritual facts were not altogether beyond his ken and his researches! As if any two pedants agreed! Take the central fact of history, the point from which everything of importance and interest emanates, — human character, the human soul. What pedant can reach it, can analyze it with his finest microscope? Napoleon was born on such a day, died on such a day, this he did, that he did. But was he in any sense patriotic, an idealist, a lover of France? Was he a suspicious, jealous, lascivious tyrant? Was he sometimes one, sometimes the other? State documents and gossiping memoirs give no final answer to these questions, only hints and cloudy indications bearing upon them, from which the genius of the historian must sketch a figure for itself. Therefore, as many historians, so many Napoleons, and in the end my Napoleon, your Napoleon. If so, why not Alexandre Dumas's Napoleon, said Dumas, having in the end perhaps as much faculty of imaginative divination as you or I, or even as several historians whom we will not mention.

In fact, Dumas has undoubtedly taught the history of France to thousands who would otherwise have had little concern with it. And his characters live. Catherine de' Medici and her sons, Louis XIV, Mazarin, the Duc de Richelieu, Marie Antoinette — we know them as we know people whom we meet every day: in one sense, perhaps not at all; but in another sense, intimately. Great actions call for a large background, which should be handled with the wide sweep of the scene-painter, not with the curious minuteness of the artist in miniatures. The very abundance of these characters, the vastness of the canvas, helps the reality, and in this matter of amplitude Dumas and Scott show their genius, and triumph over the petty concentration of later imitators. Nor are the characters wholly or mainly of Dumas's own invention less vivid than those historical; for Dumas learned from Scott the cardinal secret of historical romance, which Shakespeare did not grasp, that the action of the story should turn, not on real personages, but on fictitious heroes and heroines, whose fortunes can be moulded freely for a dramatic purpose. Dumas himself says somewhere that people complain of the length of his novels, yet that

the longest have been the most popular and the most successful. It is so. We can wander for days in the vast galleries of the *Reine Margot* series, charmed with the gallantry of La Mole, the vivacity of Coconnas, the bravado of Bussy, above all, the inimitable wit and shrewdness of Chicot, who surely comes next to d'Artagnan among all Dumas's literary children. And d'Artagnan — what a broad country he inhabits! How lovely to lose one's self there in long winter evenings, meeting at every turn a saucy face or a gay gesture or a keen flash of sword that makes one forget the passage of time. "I never had a care that a half-hour's reading would not dissipate," said Montesquieu. Fortunate man! How few of us resemble him! But if a half-hour's reading of anything would work such a miracle, surely a novel of Dumas would do it.

As for the man himself, he happily created such characters as d'Artagnan and Chicot because he resembled them, and was in his own person as picturesque a figure as any that talks passion in his plays, or wit in the endless pages of his novels. I do not know that he had ever read Milton's oracular saying that he who would be a great poet should make his life a true poem; but, in any case, he pointed it aptly by showing that the best way to write romantic novels is to make a romantic novel of your own career. Born in 1802, in the most stirring period of French history, one-quarter African by blood, he worked his way upward from bitter poverty and insignificance to sudden glory and considerable wealth. Ambitious for political as well as literary success, he took a more or less active part in the various commotions of the second quarter of the century, so that he was able to say of himself with some truth and immense satisfaction, "I have touched the left hand of princes, the right hand of artists and literary celebrities, and have come in contact with all phases of life."

A great traveler, a great hunter, he had innumerable adventures by flood and field. Quick in emotion and quicker in speech, he made friends everywhere and some enemies. Peculiarly sensitive to the charms and caresses of women, he had no end of love-affairs, all more or less discreditable. Thoughtless, careless, full of wit, full of laughter, he traveled the primrose way, plucking kisses like spring blossoms, wrapping his cloak more tightly round him when he ran into winter storms of envy, jealousy, and mocking. What wealth he had he squandered, what glory, he frittered away. And as he was born in a whirlwind of French triumph, so he died, in 1870, in a wilder whirlwind of French ruin and despair.

The man's life was, indeed, a novel; and in writing his memoirs he dressed it out as such, heightening, coloring, enriching the golden web of memory, as only he knew how to do; so that I am almost ready to call these same memoirs the best of his works, even with *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Tour de Nesle* in fresh remembrance. Such variety and vivacity of anecdote, such vivid, shifting portraiture of characters, such quick reality of incident, such wit always. But the best of it, unquestionably, is not Talma, nor Dorval, nor Hugo, nor the Duke of Orleans, but just Alexandre Dumas. It is said that once, when a friend asked him how he had enjoyed a party, Dumas replied, "I should have been horribly bored, if it had n't been for myself." Readers of the memoirs will easily understand how other society might have seemed dull in comparison.

From all the tangled mass of anecdote and laughter, let us try to gather one or two definite lines of portraiture for the better understanding of this singular personage, "one of the forces of nature," as Michelet called him in a phrase which Dumas loved to repeat.

And to begin with the beginning. Did the creator of Buridan and Chicot have a religion, did he trouble himself with abstract ideas? You smile; and certainly he did not trouble his readers very much

with these things. Yet in his own opinion he was a thinker, and a rather deep one. Read, in the preface to *Caligula*, how the public received with awe "this rushing torrent of thought, which appeared to it perhaps new and daring, but solemn and chaste; and then withdrew, with bowed head, like a man who has at last found the solution of a problem which has vexed him during many sleepless nights."

In his turbulent youth, the author of *Antony* was a disbeliever, as became a brother of Byron and Musset; "there are moments when I would give thee up my soul, if I believed I had one." But in later years he settled down to the soberer view which appears in the dedication of *La Conscience* to Hugo: "in testimony of a friendship which has survived exile and will, I hope, survive death. I believe in the immortality of the soul." And again and again he testified to the power of his early religious training, which "left upon all my beliefs, upon all my opinions, so profound an impression that even to-day I cannot enter a church without taking the holy water, cannot pass a crucifix without making the sign of the cross." Nor do these emotions spring from mere religiosity, but from an astonishingly, not to say crudely, definite form of belief: "I know not what my merit has been, whether in this world or in the other worlds I may have inhabited before; but God has shown me special favors and in all the critical situations in which I have found myself, he has come visibly to my assistance. Therefore, O God, I confess thy name openly and humbly before all sceptics and before all believers." What revivalist of to-day could speak with more fervor? If only one did not suspect a bit of the irony, which shows more clearly in the conversation with his old teacher, whose prayers Dumas had requested. "My prayers?" said the abbé. "You don't believe in them." — "No, I don't always believe in them. That is very true; but don't worry: when I need them, I will believe in them." On the strength of that remark we might almost call Dumas the inventor of pragmatism before Professor James.

And the irony is rooted in a truth of character. Dumas was a man of this world. He might dream of the other at odd moments, in vague curiosity; but by temperament he was a frank pagan, an eater, a laugher, a lover, a fighter, gorgeously in words, not wholly ineffectively in deeds, even after we have made the necessary discount from his own version of his exploits. He had inherited something of his father's magnificent physique and something of his father's courage. When he tells us that "since I have arrived at manhood, whenever danger has presented itself, by night or by day, I have always walked straight up to danger," we believe him — with the discount aforesaid; and we believe him all the more, because, like every brave man, he does not hesitate to confess fear. "It was the first time I had heard the noise of grapeshot, and I say frankly that I will not believe any one who tells me that he heard that noise for the first time without perturbation."

In truth, the religion, the courage, the fear — all, and everything else in the man, were a matter of impulse, of immediate emotion. He was quite aware of this himself. When he proposed his Vendée mission to Lafayette, the latter said to him, "Have you reflected on what this means?" — "As much as I am capable of reflecting about anything: I am a man of instinct, not of reflection." The extraordinary vanity of which he was justly accused, of which he accuses himself, — "everybody knows the vain side of my character," — was only one phase of this natural impulsiveness. He spoke out what others think — and keep to themselves. Mr. Davidson has admirably noted that in Dumas's case vanity was perfectly compatible with humility. He had no absurdly exaggerated idea of his own powers. But he liked to talk about himself, to be conspicuous, to be the central figure on every stage. The African blood, of which he was not

ashamed, — "I am a mulatto," he says repeatedly,— told in him; the negro childlikeness. He was a child always, above all childlike in this matter of vanity. Readers of *Tom Sawyer* will remember that that delightful youth, on hearing the beatific vision of Isaiah, which pictures such a varied menagerie dwelling in harmony, with a little child to lead them, had one absorbing wish, that he might be that little child. Dumas was precisely like Tom Sawyer; witness this delightful prayer of his youth: "Make me great and glorious, O Lord, that I may come nearer unto thee. And the more glorious thou makest me, the more humbly will I confess thy name, thy majesty, thy splendor."

The same childlike temper, the fresh, animal instincts of a great boy, explain, if they do not excuse, the disorders of Dumas's life.

In this connection it is hardly necessary to do more than to point out his hopeless aberration from all Anglo-Saxon standards of propriety and decency. It would be easy to lash such aberration; but it is perhaps better to consider it in connection with the man's character as a whole, and to remember that his life was as far as possible from being a generally idle or dissipated one. He never smoked, cherishing, in fact, a grudge against tobacco, which he regarded as an enemy to true sociability. He was moderate in eating and drinking. Above all, he was an enormous worker. No man essentially vicious, no man who had not a large fund of temperance and self-control, could have produced a tithe of Dumas's legacy to posterity. But what is most interesting of all in this matter of morals is Dumas's entire satisfaction with himself. I doubt if any other human being would deliberately have ventured on a statement so remarkable as the following: "When the hand of the Lord closes the two horizons of my life, letting fall the veil of his love between the nothingness that precedes and the nothingness that follows the life of man, he may examine the intermediate space with his most rigorous scrutiny, he will not find there one single evil thought or one action for which I feel that I should reproach myself." Comment on this would only dim its splendor. Yet people say that the memoirs of Dumas lack interest as human documents! He was an atrocious hypocrite, then, you think? Not the least in the world. Simply a child, always a child.

A child in money matters also. No one could accuse him of deliberate financial dishonesty; but to beg and borrow and never to pay was the normal condition of things. To promise right and left when cash was needed, then to find one's self entirely unable to fulfill one's promises, — still childlike. Only, persons of that childlike temper, who have not genius, are apt to end badly. And then, after all, to write in cold blood that one has never had a single action to reproach one's self with! I trust the reader appreciates that passage as I do.

And if the child lacked a sense of money property, how should he be likely to have a sense of property in literature? Shakespeare, Schiller, dozens of others had had ideas which were useful. Why not use them? A few persons had previously written on the history of France. Distinguished historical characters had left memoirs describing their own achievements. It would have been almost disrespectful to neglect the valuable material thus afforded. Let us quote the histories and borrow from the memoirs. As for mentioning any little indebtedness, life is not long enough for that. We make bold to think that what we invent is quite as good as what we take from others. So it is — far better. A careful comparison of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* with the original d'Artagnan memoirs increases rather than diminishes one's admiration for the author of the novel.

But it will be said that, even after borrowing his material, Dumas could not write this same novel without the assistance of a certain Maquet. Again the same childlike looseness in the sense of

property. Could a genius be expected to write three hundred [1] volumes without helpers for the rough work? He must have hodmen to fetch bricks and mortar. And perhaps the builder, hurried and over-driven, may set the hodmen to lay a bit of wall here and there, may come to leave altogether too much to hodmen, so that the work suffers for it. What matter? Had ever any Maquet or Gaillardet or Meurice, writing by himself, the Dumas touch? As Mr. Lang justly points out, no collaborator has been suggested for the *Memoirs*, and I have already said that the *Memoirs* belong, in many respects, to Dumas's best, most characteristic work.

Then, a child is as ready to give as to take. So was Dumas. In money matters it goes without saying. He was always ready to give, to give to everybody everything he had, and even everything he had not and some one else had. "Nature had already put in my heart," he says of his childhood, "that fountain of general kindliness through which flows away and will flow away, everything I had, everything I have, and everything I ever shall have." But it was not only money, it was time and thought, labor and many steps. This same fountain of general kindliness was always at the service even of strangers. For instance, Dumas himself tells us that, happening once to be in a seaport town, he found a young couple just sailing for the islands and very desolate. He set himself to cheer them up, and his efforts were so well received that he could not find it in his heart to leave them, though pressing business called him away. He went on board ship with them, and only returned on the pilot boat, in the midst of a gale and at the peril of his life, so says the story. Even in the matter of literary collaboration, Mr. Davidson justly points out that Dumas gave as well as took, and that the list of his debtors is longer than that of his creditors.

And in the highest generosity, that of sympathy and appreciation for fellow-workers, the absence of envy and meanness in rivalry, Dumas is nobly abundant. He tells us so himself, not having the habit of concealing his virtues: "Having arrived at the summit which every man finds in the middle of life's journey, I ask nothing, I desire nothing, I envy nothing, I have many friendships and not one single hatred." More reliable evidence lies in the general tone of enthusiasm and admiration with which he speaks of all his contemporaries. Musset avoided him, Balzac insulted him; yet he refers to both with hearty praise very different from the damning commendations of the envious Sainte-Beuve. Lamartine and Hugo he eulogizes with lavish freedom, not only in the often-quoted remark, "Hugo is a thinker, Lamartine a dreamer, and I am a popularizer," — a remark more generous than discriminating, — but in innumerable passages which leave no possible doubt of his humility and sincerity. "Style was what I lacked above everything else. If you had asked me for ten years of my life, promising in exchange that one day I should attain the expression of Hugo's *Marion Delorme*, I would not have hesitated, I would have given them instantly."

These things make Dumas attractive, lovable even, as few French writers are lovable. With all his faults he has something of the personal charm of Scott. Only something, however; for Scott, no whit less generous, less kindly, had the sanity, the stability, why avoid the word, the moral character, which Dumas had not. And in comparing their works — a comparison which suggests itself almost inevitably; "Scott, the grandfather of us all," said Dumas himself — this difference of morals strikes us even more than the important differences of style and handling of character. It is the

[1] Perhaps it would be well to explain the different numerical estimates of Dumas's works. As now published in the Lévy collection they fill about three hundred volumes, but in their original form they ran to twelve hundred, more or less.

immortal merit of Scott that he wrote novels of love and adventure as manly, as virile, as heart can wish, yet absolutely pure.

Now, Dumas has the grave disadvantage of not knowing what morals — sexual morals — are. Listen to him: "Of the six hundred volumes (1848) that I have written, there are not four which the hand of the most scrupulous mother need conceal from her daughter." The reader who knows Dumas only in *Les Trois Mousquetaires* will wonder by what fortunate chance he has happened on two volumes out of those "not four." But he may reassure himself. There are others of the six hundred which, to use the modern French perversion, more effective untranslated, the daughter will not recommend to her mother. The truth is, Dumas's innocence is worse than, say, Maupassant's sophistication. To the author of *La Reine Margot*, love, so called, is all, the excuse, the justification, for everything. Marriage — *ça n'existe pas;* Dumas knew all about it. He was married himself for a few months — at the King's urgent suggestion. Then he recommended the lady to the ambassador at Florence with a most polite note, and she disappeared from his too flowery career. Therefore Dumas begins his love-stories where Scott's end, and the delicate refinement, the pure womanly freedom of Jeanie Deans and Diana Vernon, is missing in the Frenchman's young ladies, who all either wish to be in a nunnery or ought to be.

The comparison with Scott suggests another with a greater than Scott; and like Scott, Dumas did not object to being compared with Shakespeare, who, by the way, has never been more nobly praised in a brief sentence than in Dumas's saying that "he was the greatest of all creators after God." There are striking resemblances between the two writers. Shakespeare began in poverty, lived among theatrical people, made a fortune by the theatre. Only, being a thrifty English *bourgeois*, he put the fortune into his own pocket instead of into others'. Shakespeare made a continuous show of English history and bade the world attend it. Shakespeare begged, borrowed, and stole from dead and living, so that his contemporaries spoke of his

> Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide.

Doubtless Maquet and Gaillardet would have been willing to apply the phrase to their celebrated collaborator. Thus far the comparison works well enough. But Shakespeare had a style which was beyond even that of *Marion Delorme*. And then, Shakespeare felt and thought as a man, not as a child; his brain and his heart carried the weight of the world.

What will be the future of Dumas? Will his work pass, as other novels of romantic adventure have passed? Three hundred years ago idle women — and men — read *Amadis de Gaul* and the like, with passion. Says the waiting-woman in Massinger's *Guardian:* —

> In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*
> The *Palmerins* and that true Spanish story,
> *The Mirror of Knighthood*, which I have read often,
> Read feelingly, nay, more, I do believe in 't,
> My lady has no parallel.

Where are *Amadis* and the *Palmerins* now? Two hundred years ago the same persons read with the same passion the novels of Scudéry and La Calprenède. "At noon home," says Mr. Pepys, "where I find my wife troubled still at my checking her last night in the coach in her long stories out of *Grand Cyrus*, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner." And hear Madame de Sévigné on *Cléopâtre:* "The style of La Calprenède is abominable in a thousand places: long sentences in the full-blown, romantic fashion, ill-chosen words — I am perfectly aware of it. Yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the sentiments, the violent passions, the great scale on which everything takes place, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword — it carries me away, as if I were a young girl." *Le succès miraculeux de*

leur redoutable épée; if one tried a thousand times, could one express more precisely and concisely one's feelings about *Les Trois Mousquetaires?* Yet *Grand Cyrus* is dead, and *Cléopâtre* utterly forgotten. No bright-eyed girl asks for them in any circulating library any more.

Shall d'Artagnan, "dear d'Artagnan," as Stevenson justly calls him, — "I do not say that there is no character so well-drawn in Shakespeare; I do say that there is none that I love so wholly," — d'Artagnan, whose *redoutable épée* makes such delightful havoc among the nameless canaille, whose more redoubtable wit sets kings and queens and dukes and cardinals at odds and brings them to peace again, — shall d'Artagnan, too, die and be forgotten? The thought is enough to make one close *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* in the middle and fall a-dreaming on the flight of time and the changes of the world. And one says to one's self that one would like to live two or three centuries for many reasons, but not least, to read stories so absorbing that they will make one indifferent to the adventures of d'Artagnan.

THE POLITICAL NOVEL

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

One of the peculiar literary developments of the present age is the political novel, — a form of fiction of which scattered specimens have existed for nearly a century, but which only of late has seemed to take on a specific form, setting it off from other branches of fiction. In a political novel the chief interest, instead of being concentrated on domestic and social intrigue, or on adventure by field or flood, or even, like some of Dumas's romances, on the *haute politique* of kings and courts, turns on the shifting movements of party politics in England or the United States, not without other examples drawn from the politics of France. It certainly appears strange that so little was done in this style till comparatively late years, because the variety of individual character, the combination of thrilling incidents, the achievement or failure of studied design, are all furnished in abundance by the politics of a parliamentary country. Yet the political novel can hardly be said to be on a firm basis; the most successful specimens of it in the United States can hardly be called satisfactory, and the author has yet to come who will give us a political novel to compare with *Emma* or *Guy Mannering*, *David Copperfield* or *The Newcomes*, *Ravenshoe* or *Adam Bede*.

The earliest novel of any particular force which dipped into politics was Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*. That story, written some years after her greatest successes, never attained the renown of *Castle Rackrent* or *The Absentee*. The plot hinges on the fortunes of two families, the Falconers and the Percies, in each of which it is necessary for the parents to help on their sons and daughters in life; but while the Percies intend that their children shall attain success as far as possible by their own merits, accepting favors sparingly and never without rendering an equivalent, the Falconers push themselves by "patronage." This they accept by whomever dispensed, but in preference from a certain Lord Oldborough, who is represented as high in the ministry, surrounded by faithless colleagues and in imminent danger of ruin, from which his self-seeking clients the Falconers make a foolish and abortive attempt to rescue him, while the

real clue to safety and triumph is supplied by the disinterested Percies. There is much wit and humor in the dialogue, and some vividness in the character sketches; but the black is very black and the white is very white; the Falconers are all shameless but baffled intriguers, selling themselves for messes of the poorest pottage, while the Percies walk through misfortune to glory by a succession of incidents which it would be flattery to call improbable. There is not much politics in the book, and it is all cabinet politics, with no reference to any public deliberative body. *Patronage* is amusing in many ways, but is much inferior to most of Miss Edgeworth's earlier fictions.

Next came, bouncing into the arena of fiction, as who should say, "Room for the Campeador," Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. Originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, it was subjected to serious revision when issued in a volume. Such an extraordinary combination of genius weakened by conceit, knowledge of men spoiled by prejudice, keen satire and false pathos, a few real personages mixing with the most wooden puppets, has rarely been seen. Warren was primarily a barrister, and the basis of the story is the work of a crafty attorney, Oily Gammon, by far the best character in the book, to recover an estate of "ten thousand a year" for Tittlebat Titmouse, the lost heir, a cockney counter-jumper of supereminent vulgarity. This success further leads the hero to a seat in Parliament, and to his recognition as the next heir to a peerage, though of course the whole castle is ultimately upset, and everything falls to Warren's darling Charles Aubrey, who was Thackeray's pet aversion as a high-born snob.

The best chapter in the book is probably the contested election at Yatton, which ends in sending Titmouse to Parliament. The humors and passions of the polling, the bribing by the agents and coquetting of the electors, are drawn with great spirit and minuteness of detail, and suggest the acquaintance with such a contest that only a managing lawyer would supply. Yet the contemporary picture in *Pickwick* of the Eatanswill election, though avowedly a caricature sketch, probably leaves the more correct, as well as the more amusing impression of the two. Dickens as a reporter knew how to tell a story for the public, neither vague nor tedious. Warren's judicial satire is definite enough, but very ponderous.

Having got his hero elected, he describes him in Parliament; and here is seen what political prejudice can do when it runs riot. Warren was a Tory; he doubtless believed that the Reform Act of 1832 had ruined England; accordingly every Tory is a high-bred gentleman and a disinterested patriot, while every Whig is either a blackguard radical or an unscrupulous office-seeker. He shows his belief by a profusion of invented names, meant to symbolize character. Of these, two specimens will be enough. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux, is first Mr. Quicksilver — not a bad hit — and then Lord Blossom and Box, while Daniel O'Connell is Swindle O'Gibbet.

Warren was followed in a few years by Mrs. Gore's *Cecil*, in which are some slight political touches, and then by Disraeli's *Coningsby* and *Sibyl*, which may be called political novels, in that they were written to exhibit the fantastic doctrines of the party calling itself "Young England;" but they do not contain much reference to actual party contests in Parliament, in the Cabinet, or on the hustings.

Bulwer in *The Caxtons* touched on the subject by making one of his characters a member of the Cabinet, to whom his hero acts as secretary; but he extended the idea largely in *My Novel*, which that same hero is supposed to write, in which political rivalry, ending in a contested election, has no little influence on the plot. The election is well drawn, more true to life in some ways than Warren's satire, or Dickens's caricature.

Henry Kingsley's pathetic tale of *Austin Elliot* — not so carefully or thoroughly worked out as *Ravenshoe*, but still an exquisite piece of writing — deals largely with the distress of 1846 and following years, and the crisis of the plot is laid in the House of Commons during the debate on the Corn Laws. It is a great pity he did not work out this suggestion; for no man could have written a political novel more thrilling or more witty.

No novel of any distinguished merit dealing with politics appeared in England till Anthony Trollope took up the subject in *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux*, and continued it in the *Prime Minister*. The character indicated by this name originally appeared in *Can you forgive her?* and the subject was worked out still further in *The Way we live now*, and *The Duke's Children*. It should seem that Trollope, having exploited the clergy with brilliant force in *The Warden* and its successors, was the first author to apprehend clearly what might be made in fiction of the fortunes of a group of politicians, their leaders, underlings, and antagonists, seeking to hold or to seize the reins of power in England. He puts forward two heroes, one, Plantagenet Palliser, born in the purple, heir presumptive to a dukedom, and hardly needing to do more than reach out his hand for the great offices of state, and Phineas Finn, a young Irishman of good abilities, a high sense of honor, and an indefinable charm, which promote him rapidly to a succession of posts which he can fill with credit and renounce with dignity. Each has his romance, Palliser's coming after marriage, as he learns to give his whole heart to his wayward, unaccountable, but altogether fascinating wife; and Finn in more than one hope to win a high-born Englishwoman. But here Trollope is frightened. He will shower all manner of good things on his young Irish adventurer, who is not undeserving of them; but he will not let him into the peerage and gentry of England. In his namesake novel, Phineas Finn marries a loving little Irish maiden who does not live long; and after his return to the political scene is won by a wealthy Austrian widow, who helps to deliver him from a charge of murder.

To draw out these characters, and a variety of others, men and women, who aid or impede their political progress, Trollope sets before us in order a series of debates in Parliament, Cabinet meetings, drawing-room conferences, and all manner of intrigues and confidences founded on imaginary, but perfectly possible and probable fluctuations of party policy and personal ambition. His various statesmen and stateswomen, prominent or subordinate, are excellently sketched and filled, affording abundant illustration of Trollope's power to make the commonplace interesting. This is particularly the case with his *Prime Minister*, Plantagenet Palliser become the Duke of Omnium, a statesman who has risen as high as an Englishman can rise, because all parties respect his industry and his honesty, and who breaks down because his nature is too sensitive not to feel the attacks of mean and impudent enemies, and his intellect not strong enough to crush them. He is least successful in delineating Palliser's predecessors in the highest office, — strong party leaders. The shadows of Disraeli and Gladstone were too much for him. He could not help trying to transfer them to his pages, and in different novels he exploited them under various names; but the results, neither photographic nor invented, are disappointing.

Some of Justin McCarthy's novels, written in collaboration, deal with political movements, as do Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair* and *Endymion*. But the most striking efforts in this direction in England have been Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* and *Sir George Tressady*. That a highly gifted Englishwoman should handle parliamentary transactions with knowledge and skill is not strange. Such matters are subjects of or-

dinary conversation when cultivated men and women meet in the British isles; and a lady need not be a "suffragette" to understand thoroughly what is meant by having the House counted out on a motion of Opposition, or an under secretary's losing his seat on standing for reëlection. The entire course of these novels — or rather of this novel, for the second is a continuation of the first — displays this intimacy. The particular phase of English politics dealt with is the great social question of classes and the distribution of wealth, farm-laborer against landlord, home-worker against sweater, factory-hand against mill-owner. The heroine, Marcella, a young woman remarkable for beauty, for enthusiasm, and for a power of swaying her acquaintances, has early imbibed socialistic sympathies. A change in family circumstances brings her in contact with the condition of the country laborer, and also with a Tory member of Parliament, heir to a title and a great estate, to whom rather hastily she is betrothed. The engagement is broken off chiefly through the influence of another politician, who claims to represent the laborers. Marcella becomes a nurse, witnesses the distress in East London, and is ultimately reclaimed by her lover, with her interest in social problems not weakened, but regulated and informed. Politics, though constantly seen in the background, comes to the front for a small part only of the book; but it is brought forward as easily and simply as foreign travel or domestic illness might be. There is special skill shown in the way the labor question is represented as actually discussed in Parliament, and affecting the position of parties, though nothing like the points imagined had ever formed part of real debates or intrigues when *Marcella* was published. In *Sir George Tressady*, the heroine's influence, now recognized as a power in politics, is exercised to bring the hero, a careless pessimist, to a sense of greater things, while the moulding of Marcella's own character under the successes and failures sure to result from sharing in the complications of politics is handled with great subtlety. Politics forms a larger part of this second book, though there is much romance, very well done. The characters are alive, and the serious tone is enlivened by plenty of humor peeping out at intervals. The book is made to end with a realistic and apparently needless tragedy. There is a tendency to *soliloquism*, a literary vice of the age, the personages pondering their fate alone, and in the third person. Trollope's language has often been criticised for its slouchy tone; Mrs. Ward's is generally pure and elegant; though one fails to see the advantage of "by now" over the recognized "by this," which was good enough for Macaulay.

When we pass from England to our own country, we shall find several attempts at making politics the groundwork of a novel. But one may say of most of them that they fail to grasp the subject. One writer goes to Washington. She is impressed with the magnitude of the government machine and the splendor of its home. She goes to a President's reception and a debate in the Senate, and forthwith gives us a sort of photograph of them, studded with various marionettes called characters, and bearing no more relation to the schemes, passions, jealousies, successes, and failures of real politics, than do the actual photographs of the White House and the Capitol and their groups in the foreground, which she probably puts in her book.

Or, a writer is struck by the caucus intrigues and working of the Boss System in Lincolnsport or Shermania. He collects a good many anecdotes and sweeps them into a sort of newspaper short story. There is very fair description, no slight penetration of character, and plenty of righteous indignation. But these never of themselves will make a political novel, without a literary control unknown to their compilers.

At length, about a generation ago, ap-

peared the very remarkable story called *Democracy*. For a long time it was anonymous; but whoever wrote it, the claim on its title-page to be an American novel was exactly true. Never, before or since, has there appeared such a truly national work of fiction, neither local, as breathing the air of a single section of our country, nor provincial, as having a squint towards Europe. The writer wastes no time in descriptions of Washington, any more than Thackeray does of London; but assuming that Americans know their own capital, he goes straight to its heart, with a firm hand on the knife from first to last.

The fashionable widow, who after exhausting all the attractions, frivolous or serious, of New York society, comes to see what interest the national government can have for her, and the imperious partisan senator, to whom political advancement is life, are set against each other with consummate skill, and with a strict sense of proportion that never allows description to retard the story. Diplomats from various nations, Americans in and out of Congress from various states, all true to life, are combined in a very likely but serious plot. How the heroine feels almost too late the fascination of political manœuvring to be almost fatal, attracting her with the deadly charm of a handsome serpent, and how she is saved from its magic at the last moment, is capitally told. The list of these characters is but short after all, reminding one of a like limitation in Balzac and in Hawthorne; but such is Washington life, where the same associates are always recurring.

There is one obvious criticism on *Democracy:* it is all a satire. Unless the author sadly belies himself, the existing development of American government gives him no pleasure, but is a sort of organized hypocrisy. The following sentence, not spoken by any of the characters, but as part of the narrative, shows the pure *animus*. Speaking of early spring the author says: —

"This is the moment when the two whited sepulchres at either end of the Avenue reek with the thick atmospheres of bargain and sale. The Old is going; the New is coming. Wealth, office, power are at auction. Who bids highest? Who hates with most venom? Who intrigues with most skill? Who has done the dirtiest, the meanest, the darkest, and the most political work? He shall have his reward."

Terrible, whatever the truth of the picture, that an American offers it to his countrymen, in a frame of keen wit and deep pathos.

Democracy was followed, after a long interval, by *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, the work of the ill-starred Paul Leicester Ford. This book at once became popular, and a new edition has lately been called for. It is rather a fictitious biography than a novel, tracing the hero's career, not quite like Tom Jones's, from his cradle, but from his college days to the age of forty. Peter Stirling is a Harvard graduate, who has attained a peculiar popularity among his classmates, but cares for no woman but his mother. He contrives however to fall deep in love, and being rejected goes to New York as an unknown candidate for legal practice, and becomes known to the politicians of the sixth ward through their children, whom he has made his playmates, and whom he protects by a bold attack from the poison of "swill-milk" dealers. This leads to his becoming a power among the Democrats of New York, city and state. Then after many years the forgotten romance of his life is revived by the daughter of his early love. Both parents are equally his friends; and he steps forward to save the wife from misery by taking upon himself the guilt of an intrigue which belongs to the husband. As soon as this love-affair comes to the front, politics falls back, to be indirectly recalled by Peter's behavior as colonel of a city regiment in a strike riot where dynamite is used; in the end he is chosen governor,

having previously refused all political office — except "boss."

The book is long; yet it holds one from first to last. This result comes in spite of certain dissertations on the philosophy of practical politics, delivered by Peter Stirling, which are not particularly entertaining or instructive. The love-making distinctly injures what is the chief interest up to its appearance; and however ingenious, is not novel. Indeed the detail of how a young lady, really good-hearted, yet not above coquetry, plays a big fish which she has hooked but is somewhat afraid to land, might be cut down, or even cut out, with very little detriment. The tale of how Stirling, in the teeth of race, of culture, and of natural sentiment, contrives gradually to win first the affection, then the confidence, and finally the unquestioning allegiance of his accidental constituency, while contending with other leaders of the party at both its ends, shows great imaginative and constructive force, and the interest it wakes is at times thrilling, but lacking in the power of conviction. Peter goes through twenty years of contention with every kind of New York politician, exposed to influences which are at least of questionable probity, and emerges without any weakening of his own; fighting fire with fire, yet with his garments unsinged, — not unsmoked, however, for though a total abstinent to please his mother, he is an unstinted and uncontrolled devotee of tobacco. There is a still worse defect if the book asserts itself as an American political novel: the author has no interest in any politics but those of New York. New England exists only as a feeder, and Washington as a fly-wheel for New York; and the rest of the Union does not exist at all.

The like criticism is true of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston*. Here the interest is confined to a state which, if not absolutely and solely New Hampshire, its author formed out of portions of that and other states, assuredly without the required constitutional assent. Here it is the career of a country boss, apparently without romance in his nature, that is entirely modified by a love, in this case purely paternal, for the daughter of the woman he had longed to marry. A book so fresh in every one's mind needs no detailed analysis. The politics of a New England village and state capital are very different from those of Manhattan and Albany; but Mr. Churchill has made them fully as interesting, and, it must be maintained, far more probable. The indignant charges of inaccuracy he has encountered go far to prove, as in the kindred case of Mr. Cable's *Grandissimes*, that he is not inaccurate; no one would be bitterly angry at a portrait that was not a pretty good likeness. It must remain a puzzle, however, by what means Jethro Bass, after acquiring his hold over his neighbors' votes by means of mortgages on their estates, contrived to get similar holders all over the state to give him their votes from mere financial brotherhood. In one respect both Mr. Ford and Mr. Churchill will ill stand comparison with the author of *Democracy*, whose English is faultless. Mr. Ford should have known that a "hallway" is a rare adjunct to the houses of cultivated people; that a Welsh "rarebit" is an amiable fiction; and that to speak of keeping up a struggle "that long" is anything but good talk. Mr. Churchill is happily still alive to learn that "subserviated" is a ludicrously false creation of his own; that "impractical," which he did not invent, is an illegitimate cross between "impracticable" and "unpractical;" and that it is possible to write a good long novel without once using the word "silhouetted."

Of the host of attempts at political novels and short stories to which the last twenty years have given birth, not very much need be said, except that they share in the defects of their betters. They are in general too local; they follow with no little vividness and penetration the course of political ambition and intrigue in some section of the Union: but they are inter-

esting and even intelligible only in a qualified sense to those who live outside that pale. Such, for instance, is the case with Mr. Charles Warren's witty and thoughtful political stories founded on his experience as secretary to Governor Russell. They have such a strong smack of the Bay State that it is to be feared many Americans would make nothing of them. Yet if our political novelist goes to Washington, where the national political interest centres, in which every American from Houlton to Brownsville has a share, he runs into that strange isolation of the Capital City, scarcely knowing the real life of the states, and scarcely known of them.

And there is another element, generally conspicuous in all our political fictions, which injures their complete effectiveness as novels. They are always dealing not with the immediate questions of political life, but with the ethical problem, how far an American politician can keep his moral dignity and self-respect. It is always the fight between "Politician" and "Reformer," — both with a Capital and quotation marks. A good instance of both these failings is afforded by *The Gentleman from Indiana*, where a young man fights his way up to political supremacy in that well-known state, against enemies open and secret, operating by moral intrigue and physical violence, solely by the resistless force of his exalted purposes. Now it is sadly true that this problem, how far a practical politician can be an honest man, does cast a dark shadow over our politics, city, state, and national; yet if Mr. Sleary's dictum is true, — "People mutht be amuthed, Thquire; they can't alwayth be working nor yet thtudying," — the eternal harping on this ethical string will be fatal to the production of a really satisfactory political novel. Let it be supposed that an author is writing a novel founded on the events of some war, our own wars or any other; and should be eternally exhibiting his generals and captains and troopers holding conferences with themselves and one another on the justice of war in general, and of this particular contest into which they have thrown themselves. It might be the very question for a historian or a statesman, but it would not help to make a good novel.

The fundamental difficulties that political novelists have to encounter is whence to draw their situations and chief characters. Are they to invent political intrigues and crises, raising questions that never have arisen in our history? or are they to reproduce some contest that once occurred? Mr. Ford and Mr. Churchill do the latter. The swill-milk scandal actually convulsed New York; the encounter of militia with strikers, and the merger of railroads are memories rather than creations. A novelist who undertook to invent a wholly new controversy in national politics as the basis for his plot would need amazing ingenuity. Trollope was so hard put to it that he brought forward the Disestablishment of the Church of England to unseat one of his Prime Ministers, and left another without any national policy at all, the perplexed head of an ill-assorted and short-lived coalition. Yet Mrs. Ward has done this very thing brilliantly; and there are in the United States many important questions that never have been fairly brought out, and might afford excellent material for possible and even prophetic complications.

Still harder is the problem of the novelist's political heroes and villains. Are they to be portraits from the past, imaginations of the future, or composite photographs of the present? One thing is certain: the public will have it that they are the first, however the author may deny it. They know who Jethro Bass was, and can give you name and place. When I first read *Democracy*, I was resolved to see Senator Stephen A. Douglas in the fictitious Senator Radcliffe. Douglas may have given the author some hints; but to identify the men was absurd. Many of these persistent

identifications remind one of a country Democrat's reading of the inscriptions under a remarkable group of statues exhibited in New York in 1854. In the ill-fated "Crystal Palace" of that year were shown Thorwaldsen's Christ and the Apostles. The Saviour faced one on entering, and the twelve were ranged in a semicircle, six on either hand, and underneath, the names, Andrew, Thomas, James, and the rest. The countryman walked up and began reading: "Andrew — Jackson; Thomas — Jefferson; James — Madison; Bartholomew — Bartholomew — Oh, that's one of those Western Presidents."

There is no space to go beyond our own language in the study of the political novel. It may be said, however, that *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* is perhaps the feeblest of Zola's memorable series, and that *Numa Roumestan* is a work of great power. This line of fiction has nearly won its assured place, but has by no means reached perfection. So far as our own country goes, political novelists must cultivate a wider national sympathy and a sterner economy of detail, with a determination, while never renouncing that moral sensitiveness which the subject demands, to employ it in due proportion to the claims of creative art.

Matthew Porter, a political novel by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., the author of *The Private Tutor*, did not appear till the above article was in type, and it was too late to add a suitable notice.

THE NOBLER TASK

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Delicate little rhythmic flutterings,
Golden wing-work in diaphanous azure,
Pearl-like words, one after one — but force,
But fire of intellect, but soul?
Ah Poet,
Turn from these flawless arabesques, turn, turn
From exquisite and futile patterning!
Many can say that violets are sweet:
Few can declare man's destiny. Choose thou
The nobler task. A world will listen then.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRAYERS FOR RAIN

THE time was when I thought that praying for rain was an indelicacy and intrusion, but I am now ready to engage in any concerted action for either the early or the latter rain. Since I have found out what it does for my soul, and how it enters upon its best and most intelligible passages on a rainy day, my mind is wholly changed. It took me years to realize and confess that a secret and modest delight thrills through my whole being when the day is bad. Let it mount to a storm and my happiness is complete. Each fresh gust against the pane means that one more kind friend will leave me alone to-day, and as it wanders through the town it will smite other windows and bring a lively hope to my fellows that they will not be bothered with me. I could never brave conventionality enough to shut them off myself. If any one wants me I am powerless to say No, because of the number of baccalaureate sermons I have listened to, and an obsession of serviceableness which they have produced in me; but the rain or snow can absolve me without appearance of neglect. So, though I have come late to the conflict, is it any wonder that I am now ready to pray for rain and a lot of it?

Every one testifies to the pleasant sensations produced by the sound of rain on the roof. Strict poetry requires a shingle roof, but it sounds good even on a tin roof. And the banging shutter produces a sense of peace and contentment which we do not analyze as we ought. It is due to the assurance that nobody will come. And some assurance of that sort is what all the world 's a-seeking nowadays. It is the hunger for some such assurance that makes us hunt up sanatoriums and other mechanical contrivances for solitude. Sometimes I have wondered if we might not need a new reign of the monastery. All these things I have turned over in my mind, canvassing all the feasible forms of taking to the woods, and lo and behold I find that a good drizzling day will do most of the things I require of a monastery. That anything so millennial in character could be achieved by just an ordinary downpour of two days' duration makes me feel that when the world was set going it was well supplied with all recuperative agencies. Give me health and enough rainy days and I will make the monastery look ridiculous.

Here I was thinking that things would never be any better until we had hit upon a brand-new and perfect economic system. But a little sleet or the promise of an all-day storm I find composes the human spirit in a way that economics is unable to approach. Results which I supposed impossible except on the basis of a trained nurse and a sanatorium and a nut diet, I find ensue naturally in the presence of sufficient rainfall. I was nerving myself up to chew every mouthful thirty-three times, but in a good dripping day I quite forget all these nostrums because of the growing tide of contentment and cheerfulness which rises in my heart. My straying faculties of mind, which had become more and more centrifugal, are now drawn in and centralized. I go like an arrow to the thing I like best to do and have been meaning to do all these months. The deferred task comes quietly out of the drawer and I go to work upon it as if I had never stopped. I feel condensed and drawn together. I luxuriate in minding my own business instead of trying to run the whole world. My very being relaxes and my fussiness departs. The world seems ample, generous, and good-natured.

They noticed this at Concord long ago when Emerson spoke of " the tumultu-

ous privacy of storm," and Thoreau said that he was never happier than when it rained. I suppose that when the blast howled around his casement Emerson felt morally certain that Bronson Alcott could not get over in such a night as that. You may think that a man has the greatest intellect since Plato without wanting him running in all the time. Thoreau did not propose to do what people wanted him to do in any case, but it was a relief to him now and then to know that they could not justly expect that he should. It eased his conscience.

Even if you decide to go out on the street you meet people on a natural and pleasant basis. They will continue to say what is not true from sheer force of habit, but underneath their complaint of the weather you detect that they are enjoying it hugely and wishing it would never let up.

It consolidates and glorifies the home, and on such days I am most keenly aware that I have one. The telephone, which ordinarily stirs my apprehension, now brings nothing but good news. Three of the societies to which our wife and mother belongs intimate that they will not convene to-day, and this was the day when all three of them came together. The Society of Scratchers for Promiscuous Knowledge (knitting allowed) will forego the pleasure of reunion and re-edification this morning. This is a boon. Nothing but rain was ever able to stop that coterie yet. The Lunch Club, a limited organization for the exchange and discussion of picturesque edibles, at whose sessions the father and children eat furtively and untimely in the kitchen and use the backstairs, will not foregather to-day, and the time usually spent in telling each other how little time they have will thus be saved. So far the spirits of the whole household have steadily risen. Our four walls bid fair to become a home if we have much more of this sort of thing. But the keystone is dropped firmly into our domestic arch when word arrives that the Pontifical Society for the Promotion of Literary Awe (knitting and all cognate forms of relief sternly prohibited) adjourns for two weeks. There was to have been a symposium on Pestalozzi with an addendum on Horace Mann and Antioch College, but no one will ever care to know what she has missed. The worst is over and joy settles over the house. The children do not ask to be entertained. In every room is a happy and contented being absorbed in some satisfying occupation. The world is rung off. The rain did it. And if any one is "sair hauden doon" it is only by the occasional dark thought that such things cannot last forever.

If the denudation of our forests is to result in an impoverished rainfall and an increased impossibility of staying at home I shall join in the outcry for preservation of the forests. Humanity will be too much for itself without forests. Nothing breaks up the mob spirit like water. And hereafter I shall not laugh at the preacher who closed a fervent appeal by saying, "Brethren, you have a spark! Water it!" The dear man was a better psychologist than I am. My spark would amount to something if I could water it oftener.

"ESCAPED FROM OLD GARDENS"

In the days when I deemed it necessary to hunt down in my well-thumbed Gray every flower of wood and field, and fit it to its Latin name, I used often to meet this phrase. At first, being young, I resented it. I scorned gardens: their carefully planned and duly tended splendors were not for me. The orchid in the deep woods or by the edge of the lonely swamp, the rare and long-sought heather in the open moorland, these it was that roused my ardor. And to find that some newly discovered flower was not a wild flower at all, but merely a garden flower "escaped"! The very word carried a hint of reprobation.

But as the years went on, the phrase

gathered to itself meanings vague and subtle. I found myself welcoming it and regarding with a warmer interest the flower so described. From what old garden had it come? What associations and memories did it bring out of the past? Had the paths where it grew been obliterated by the encroachments of a ruthless civilization, or had the tide of human life drawn away from it and left it to be engulfed by the forest from which it had once been wrested, with nothing left to mark it but a gnarled old lilac tree? I have chanced upon such spots in the heart of the wood, where the lilac and the apple tree and the old stoned cellar-wall are all that are left to testify to the human life that once centred there. Or had the garden from which its seed was blown only fallen into a quiet decay, deserted but not destroyed, left to bloom unchecked and untended, and fling its seeds to the summer winds that its flowers might "escape" whither they would?

Lately, I chanced upon such a garden. I was walking along a quiet roadside, almost dusky beneath the shade of close-set giant maples, when an unexpected fragrance breathed upon me. I lingered, wondering. It came again, in a warm wave of the August breeze. I looked up at the tangled bank beside me — surely, there was a spray of box peeping out through the tall weeds! There was a bush of it — another! Ah! it was a hedge, a box hedge! Here were the great stone steps leading up to the gate, and here the old, square-capped fence posts, once trim and white, now sunken and silver gray. The rest of the fence was lying among the grasses and goldenrod, but the box still lived, dead at the top, its leafless branches matted into a hoary gray tangle, but springing up from below in crisp green sprays, lustrous and fragrant as ever, and richly suggestive of the past that produced it. For the box implies not merely human life, but human life on a certain scale, leisurely, decorous, well-considered. It implies faith in an established order and an assured future. A beautiful box hedge is not planned for immediate enjoyment, it is built up inch by inch through the years, a legacy to one's heirs.

Beside the gate posts stood what must once have been two pillars of box. As I passed between them my feet felt beneath the matted weeds of many seasons the broad stones of the old flagged walk that led up through the garden to the house. Following it, I found, not the house, but the wide stone blocks of the old doorsteps, and beyond these, a ruin — gray ashes and blackened brick, two great heaps of stone where the chimneys had been, with the stone slabs that lined the fireplaces fallen together. At one end was the deep stone cellar filled now with young beeches as tall as the house once was. Just outside stood two cherry trees close to the old house-wall — so close that they had burned with it and now stood, black and bare and gaunt, in silent comradeship. At the other end I almost stumbled into the old well, dark and still, with a glimmer of sky at the bottom.

But I did not like the ruin, nor the black well lurking in the weeds and ashes. The garden was better, and I went back to it and followed the stone path as it turned past the end of the house and led, under another broad hedge of box now choked by lusty young maples, to the old rose-garden. Beyond were giant lilacs, and groups of waxberry bushes covered with the pretty white balls that children love to string; there was the old-fashioned "burning-bush," already preparing its queer, angled berries for autumn splendors. And among these, still holding their own in the tangle, clumps of the tall, rose-lilac phloxes that the old people seem specially to have loved, swayed in the light breeze and filled the place with their heavy, languorous fragrance.

Truly, it is a lovely spot, my old garden, lovelier, perhaps, than when it was in its golden prime, when its hedges were faultlessly trimmed and its walks were edged with neat flower borders, when their smooth flagging-stones showed

never a weed, and even the little heaps of earth piled up, grain by grain, by the industrious ants, were swept away each morning by the industrious broom. Then human life centred here, now it is very far away. All the sounds of the outside world come faintly to this place and take on its quality of quiet — the lowing of cows in the pastures, the shouts of men in the fields, the deep, vibrant note of the railroad train which goes singing across distances where its rattle and roar fail to penetrate. It is very still here. Even the birds are quieter, and the crickets and the katydids less boisterous. The red squirrels move warily through the tree-tops with almost a chastened air, the black and gold butterflies flutter indolently about the heads of the phlox, a humming-bird, flashing green, hovers about some belated blossom-heads of the scarlet bee-balm, and then, as if to point the stillness, alights on an apple-twig, looking, when at rest, so very small! Only the cicada, as he rustles clumsily about with his paper wings against the flaking bark and yellowing leaves of an old apple tree, seems unmindful of the spell of silence that holds the place.

And the garden is mine now — mine because I have found it, and every one else, as I like to believe, has forgotten it. Next it is a grove of big old trees — would they not have been cut down years ago if any one had remembered them? And on the other side is a meadow whose thick grass, waist-high, ought to have been mowed last June and gathered into some dusky, fragrant barn. But it is forgotten, like the garden, and will go leisurely to seed out there in the sun; the autumn winds will sweep it and the winter snow will mat down its dried tangle.

Forgotten — and as I lie in the long grass, drowsy with the scent of the hedge and the phlox, I seem only a memory myself. If I stay too long I shall forget to go away, and no one will remember to find me. In truth, I feel not unwilling that it should be so. Could there be a better place? "Escaped from old gardens"! Ah, foolish, foolish flowers! If I had the happiness to be born in an old garden, I would not escape. I would stay there, and dream there, forever!

A WORD ABOUT FLYING CATERPILLARS

MANY words both wise and foolish are written and spoken nowadays concerning the moral regeneration which results from artistic environment. We hear that in certain tenements the dear old traditional chromos of ecstatic saints, gorgeous in coats of many colors, have been supplanted by shadowy reproductions of Mona Lisa's disconcerting smile, that the crude theatrical poster has been ruthlessly torn down by the helpful hand of the Social Uplifter, and in its place has been substituted the modern equivalent of a God Bless our Home motto, — I refer to the inevitable little group of Mr. Sargent's prophets, who have strayed beyond the walls of the Boston Public Library, and in small detachments have invaded every American home, be it ever so humble.

The crusade for reform in art has also assailed the temple of literature. A zealot for social regeneration has given us to understand, that after she had really got to work uplifting the slums, converted scrubwomen began to quote Ruskin as glibly as if he were the latest cheap comedian, while Dante and Pater were household, not to say tenement, words.

Well, what of it? Personally I think there is but one more painful example of the triumph of art over nature than a trained seal ringing a dinner-bell or pushing a perambulator; and that is the sad spectacle of a self-respecting and self-supporting washerwoman who has been taught to admire Botticelli and to quote George Meredith. In each case we may marvel at the patience and skill of the trainer, but are we anything but shocked at the result? There are plenty of things we can learn from the seal, there are still more things that we can learn from the

poor scrubwoman, — lessons in endurance, true neighborliness, and kind-heartedness. There are also, of course, innumerable things she can learn from us, things which will be more helpful and more pleasurable to her than a mere bowing acquaintance with the great masters. Firing off pistols will not be a valuable accomplishment to a seal when he returns to his native element.

I suppose these heretical doctrines will be set down as the vaporings of a reactionary, or perhaps the smug sentiments of a pharisaical citizen who is trying to discourage the Privileged from uplifting the Downtrodden. It is certainly not my intention to try to curb the progressive spirit of this age of altruism. I merely wish — in all humility — to utter a word of protest against arrogant and ignorant idealists who are trying to teach insincerity and affectation to the few really sincere and ingenuous souls left unpolluted by modern over-civilization.

I do not mean to approve of Mrs. Stetson's conservative butterfly, who so much preferred to remain a worm that he madly tried to climb back into his chrysalis, but I think that when we introduce Mr. Walter Pater to Mrs. O'Toole, we are tying artificial wings to a caterpillar and expecting him to float about like a butterfly. His efforts to soar are pitiful. If the wings develop from the inside he will fly naturally, and when that moment comes, I promise to be behind no one in admiring his spontaneous flight. But most of us belong to that large family of worms who will never turn into butterflies, and if we can learn to crawl a little less lumberingly ourselves we shall be setting a better example to our still slower friends than if we try to teach them to use flying-machines.

Will no one, then, take my worm's-eye view of life and join my Creeper's Crusade? Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he will come with me to a "converted tenement," throw Mrs. Browning out of the window and reinstate the Duchess, request Hosea and Jeremiah to move on, and in spite of their lamentations enthrone a lurid caricature from a Sunday Supplement?

Nothing is beautiful unless it is sincere and appropriate. One's surroundings should express one's individuality and one's personal predilections. The modern drawing-room, which represents merely the taste of the architect and interior decorator, is faultily faultless and splendidly null unless there is in it some personal touch or suggestion of those who are to live within its walls. This human note is often out of harmony with the general scheme. Sometimes a clumsy black-walnut desk or a stuffy old arm-chair is the inartistic medium through which the tender grace of a day that is dead alone survives. Never mind, — it is that touch of nature which gives life to the dead perfection of the decorator's art, — it is that discordant note for which the inward ear listens.

Just so, to me at least, is the effect produced by a tenement-house room in which the bare necessities of life can be brightened by only the scantiest æsthetic touches, and in which these touches have been supplied by an alien hand. More beautiful — because more expressive of the genuine taste of its possessors — is the laboriously-wrought antimacassar of beads and plush, or the chromo representing the fruits of California, than the Lippo Lippi madonna or the chaste Japanese vase which the Uplifter would fain substitute for them. Preciosity is bad enough in drawing-rooms, it is intolerable in tenements. When we try to force upon uneducated tastes an appreciation of, let us say, Burne-Jones or Bernard Shaw, we are prying open a bud, destroying the embryonic flower inside, and tying a tissue-paper rose on the stem. Instead of trying to teach the less privileged classes (horrible phrase!) to pretend to like what they don't like, let us try to learn from them to have the courage of our own tastes, — be they good or bad. Paper wings cannot turn a caterpillar into a butterfly.

THE MANUSCRIPT-READER

Not long ago I read in the Club the confessions of one (to whom I am close of kin) who wrote of the trials and thankless efforts of the proof-reader. I said, "Why should not I, availing myself of the same blessed privilege, tell antiphonally of the lot of a manuscript-reader for a Best Magazine?" Anonymity is a shelter, nay a necessity in my case, for I know that I am of all men least beloved; the poet of passion and pain, the teller of fables, the discoverer of new solar theories, the peddler of threadbare humor — to my obtuseness and inexorability are all their ill fortunes laid. I do not complain; I have seen the troubles of an editor and rejoiced that I was unknown and undiscoverable. But it interests me to consider the contrary rôles I fill — the rôle I play in my own eyes, and the rôle I play to an unappreciative gallery.

Among my friends I am considered an innocuous and mild-mannered person, intelligent, I believe, and kind-hearted. The ideal I entertain for my professional self does not greatly differ, save that it includes an almost pathetic eagerness to see good in everything. Through page after page of ineffective and futile manuscript I have patiently taken my daily way, hoping that somewhere among them I may yet find a child of promise. A few times in my career I *have* made real finds — those are the stars in my innominate crown; but more often — how tragically often! — my hopes have proved insubstantial. I think of the countless letters of encouragement that I have written (working on my sub-editorial level), of the criticisms and suggestions I have poured forth! In sentimental moods I like to picture myself a gardener, walking affectionately, though unrecognized, amid the growing things of the garden patch; propping some fragile annual here against a stick, banking the earth there about some too adventurous sprout, watering with waterpot of cheer the seedlings just peeping above the soil, and wondering if they will have strength and courage to persist through drouth and parasite until blossoming time. It is a splendidly vicarious occupation, that of manuscript-gardener. If there is a prize to be won at the exhibition, it is to be won by others than you; and your satisfaction must be that you have seen the process and had some inconspicuous part in it.

But the young aspirant, to whom I am merely a gateway, what a different view he takes of my case. "If I can only get by the reader!" he promises himself. That is why he so often sends a little letter under a separate cover to The Editor, with an underlined "Personal" in one corner. It is a brief résumé of his career hitherto, a prospectus of his intentions, a key to the present parable, and a request that his manuscript receive personal consideration and a word of candid criticism. "I have heard," he adds, "of the way hired manuscript-readers do their work!" What dark suggestions are there of stupidity, indolence, — venality, even!

I am not blind to the inevitability of this view, and there is a certain grim humor in it, beside. Even the poorest of us, I suppose, who sends his story or poem to a magazine, believes that it is worthy of a place there. If the successful writer must believe in himself, how much more the unsuccessful writer! An adverse verdict upon his work is never taken, so far as I am aware, as "implying any lack of merit" (blessed phrase!), — merely as a failure to recognize its particular virtue; the writer knows what that is, and would like to explain; but the reader stands in the way! The reader comes to recognize this opprobrium as an inherent penalty of his position, and — yes, he does accustom himself to it.

Yet there is one of his duties, to which, I believe, if he is really a human being, he can never accustom himself. It brings every time the same pang of regret and pity, the more intense because there is no remedy. A few weeks ago there was put into my hands a book manuscript, con-

taining over seven hundred pages of closely-lined foolscap. It was written in a fine though rather trembling hand, all the letters carefully formed, and the downstrokes delicately shaded; it was divided into chapters of about twenty pages in length, and each chapter was sewed at the side and bore an ornamental title-page, under the lettering of which were still visible the scrupulously erased rulings. And with the manuscript came a letter on ruled note-paper: —

DEAR MR. EDITOR: —

I am sending herewith an entirely original novel written by myself, *Margaret, or, Tried as by Fire*, which I hope you will find desirable for your esteemed periodical, same to be paid for at your regular rates for such contributions. . . . I may add that though some of the characters and events are real, I have changed all their names, and am sure that no feelings could be hurt. I am sorry I have no typewriter; but I hope that will not prevent you from giving the novel a consideration. . . .

One cannot help thinking of the dreams of fame and wealth that must have gleamed across the vision of the ambitious little woman as she patiently copied off word by word, line by line, the final transcript of her entirely original novel! Perhaps it was in the lonely kitchen of a Nebraska farm, across the wide-stretching acres of which she looked wistfully away toward a land where talent would not go unrewarded, where life would be something else than an endless cycle of uneventful months. And certainly she looked forward with trembling eagerness to the day when *Margaret* would be the talk of the season among the literary circles.

"What!" she could hear them saying already. "Did you say the author of that marvelous book was a Nebraska woman?"

"Yes, is n't it incredible! No one had ever heard of her before. This is her very first work. It really looks as if the great American novel had come at last!"

It was hard to send *Margaret, or, Tried as by Fire* back to its creator; and when I think of all the other blighted hopes and wounded hearts that lie along my path, I am very willing to remain unknown. These things I do as a function, not as a person; and surely, surely, they will not be charged upon my personal account — when, or if, the author of *Margaret* and I ever meet in Heaven.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

A MUCH perturbed mind claims the privilege of the anonymity of the Contributors' Club to use the time-honored method of finding out what she thinks by writing an article about it. It 's about the Women's Clubs.

Being of a curious turn of mind, and somewhat abnormally interested in whatever is spectacular, my imagination was aroused by seeing in print early last year that "Boston would be taken possession of by an army of 800,000 women in June, 1908." So satisfying was this mental vision, — 800,000 women occupying the trolley cars of Boston in beautiful but broiling June, — that I rested there for a time before I needed to be informed that what was really to happen was a convocation of the representatives of the membership of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Then my interest became scientific, and I went seriously about investigating what I am assured is a significant modern "movement." First, I studied the General Federation. I found that it is made up "of Women's Clubs, State Federations, Territorial Federations, National Societies and kindred organizations." In its charter it is stated to be "for educational, industrial, philanthropic, literary, artistic and scientific culture," and a medium of communication for "the various Women's Clubs throughout the world." It is supported by annual

dues assessed according to the membership of clubs.

"Seems, Madam, nay, I know not seems," was the substance of the answers I have had to my inquiry, "What does the General Federation seem to do most?" The pursuit of culture had not appeared to be uppermost in their public meetings. Tabulating the nebulous negatives of all my correspondence, I find that there are certain committees that represent definite propaganda, all honorable to their hearts and heads, and at the biennial meetings these committees present a report of their activities, — correspondence, petitions, amateur investigations, and occasional descents on legislative halls; that they are represented at the meetings by a "specialist," and an address is made by him, looking to arouse interest that shall be loosed upon the single club by the returned delegate.

Up to 1902 the Federation had been in process of "building;" "to perfect its organization" had absorbed the real energy of its members. Since 1904 further changes have been made, so that it is now regarded as a "complete organism." It has a system of correspondence, with a sort of clearing-house for information, and is the custodian of its own history. It has its monthly journal. It looks to have a General Federation course of study. Yet, to my repeatedly asked question regarding what it seems to accomplish, came the answer, "Seems, Madam, nay, I know not seems; it is."

A persistence in mere being is praiseworthy, and I can see it so, but I also see, when I look upon this admirable organism, a thing having perpetual motion between New York and San Francisco, running and rumbling, and never stopping. It occasions much tending and nursing, and some soothing, but, alas, I know that a machine wears out when it runs and does n't make anything. This is true of even the human machine that runs and does n't make anything — but speeches. Because I like this machine, I try to find out what it makes.

Finally, I asked my question, in terms of "make," of a much-badgered clubwoman, and she snapped me the quick answer, "Make! it tries to make clubs and club-women do their duty." Now I seem to perceive. The General Federation is the preceptress of this extensive school, correspondence school, and the clubs and club-women are the scholars. What I must do is to ask the scholars about the teacher. I visited many clubs and asked always, "What does the General Federation do for your club?" The answers of one president are typical. "It does very little. We were a club with our own ways before we joined the Federation, and now, although we feel that we ought to belong to federations, our members do not like to be bothered with federation literature. My desk is full of appeals to the club from the various committees, and I have n't brought any before the club, for one is as important as another. And our club-women are impatient at having the time necessary to consider these questions taken from the regular programme."

"But are n't you coöperating with the aims of the General Federation?" would be my somewhat surprised next question.

"No, only indirectly and as any particular person may be interested. You see we have our community interests and our lectures and you know how little time there is."

"Then how is the *work* done that the General Federation seems to be doing?"

"Why, I don't know; you see they have their own committees and really you know there is n't time for everything. Excuse me, please, I see my social committee is waiting. We are planning our annual reception to the Federation officers."

"Why," I tried to ask of her vanishing presence, "why are you willing to entertain the Federation, and yet refuse to entertain their ideas? Why can you give cakes and ale, and why can't you give information?"

One who ponders insufficient data is liable to error in conclusions. But when they are all the data one can get, the reflective mind will ponder. I could not easily dispel my earlier conclusion of school and pupil, — it was something to go on. In reviewing certain pedagogical relations I come upon the school that is popular and richly supported, but its curriculum is not its attraction; that lies in some subtle quality — a quality that makes men want to be of its alumni with as little of its scholastic regimen as possible. So club-women want to be a part of the Federation, but they don't want to be too much bothered with its direct aims. If I were speaking only of myself as a club-woman, I should liken the impulse to have and to hold a membership in this great organization to the irresistible instinct that brings a little boy to the circus before it is anywhere near time for the parade to start. If anything is going to happen, he wants to be a part of it. How endearing is Cicero in his naïve conclusion of the whole matter: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

"The Federation may become a mighty factor in the civilization of the century, if wielded as a whole, — an army of builders, ready, alert, systematic, and scientific, not only a potent force in this generation, but transmitting to the next a vigor and strength which has never been given by any race of women to their inheritors." Now, there is a glimmer of light illuminating this mystical relation. The imagination is stirred by the promise of this hopeful organism. It is seen to be in the realm of the probable that, although built in uncertainty, this creation of modern womanhood is likely to be of determining authority in future conditions. To them who had the audacity to conceive, the inspiration to nurture, and the tenacity to persist, will come great gifts and high honor. The organization will become a social institution, and blind, indeed, would she be who neglected to catch the skirts of it, and be a part of whatever future it may have.

Questions in terms of "to seem" or "to make" are not germane. The verb is wrong. It is a question of movement. The Federation is a procession, a triumphal progress. It is going on its way toward that ultimate state that many women see to be the perfect human condition — a state where the leisure, the intelligence, the beneficent rule, is all theirs and man is the industrial machine. It would be purblind not to go along with it: so touching hands together, and in the step of the immortal dance of Pan we go on singing relevantly, —

> **"We don't know where we 're going,**
> **But we 're on the way."**

MADAME POULARD'S OMELETTE

Does the Contributor who gave such a delightful account of the inn at Mont Saint-Michel, in the April *Atlantic*, know the quatrain which Madame Poulard once inspired? An American who had been sitting in the little cafè opposite the entrance to the Poulard Ainè saw a large company of Englishmen in knickerbockers coming up the narrow street and going into the inn; he promptly crossed over and wrote these lines in the guest book: —

> Joan of Arc, at point of lance,
> Drove the English out of France:
> Madame Poulard did better yet:
> She brought them back with her omelette.

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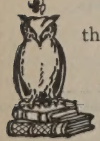

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Edith Wharton (" A Second Motor Flight through France, II ") is one of the foremost American novelists and essayists. She has already described in the *Atlantic* (December, 1906, January, 1907, February, 1907) an earlier motor tour in France. The present article is the second of a new series of four, which began in January.

Charles M. Harger (" The Country Banker ") has contributed several essays to the *Atlantic*, the most recent being " The Country Editor of To-day," in the issue for January, 1907. He is editor of *The Daily Reflector*, Abilene, Kansas, and also the head of the Department of Journalism in Kansas University.

Arthur Symons (" The Poetry of Leigh Hunt ") is an English literary essayist and writer of verse. He has been a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Atlantic*. His paper on Shelley appeared in the September, 1907, issue.

Dallas Lore Sharp (" A Cure for Winter ") is a professor of English in Boston University and a well-known writer on nature. " The Marsh," " Birds from a City Roof," " The Nature Student," and " The Muskrats are Building " have all appeared in the *Atlantic*, the last in the issue for October, 1907.

Hollis Godfrey (" The Ultra-Violet Microscope ") is a writer on scientific topics who contributes frequently to the *Atlantic*. " City Water and City Waste " and " The City and its Milk Supply " are his most recent papers.

Brander Matthews (" The Revival of the Poetic Drama "), professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, author and editor, is well known as an authority on English criticism and letters. His essay on Cooper appeared in the September, 1907, issue of the *Atlantic*.

J. O. Fagan (" Confessions of a Railroad Signalman, II ") is a tower man on a New England railroad. His long experience in observing the causes of accidents makes these articles unusually important. The first paper in this series appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

Arthur Farwell (" Society and American Music ") is a composer and lecturer on musical subjects.

Frances A. Kellor (" The Protection of Immigrant Women ") is the general director of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Research in New York. The present article is the second of a series of two, the first having appeared in the *Atlantic* for September, 1907.

Contributors to the February Atlantic

Herbert H. D. Peirce (" Norwegian Life "), well known in American diplomatic circles as a member of the Department of State and former Secretary of the Embassy at St. Petersburg, is at present American Minister to Norway.

Agnes Repplier (" The Literary Lady ") is one of the foremost of American essayists, and author of many books and magazine articles. " When Lalla Rookh was Young " was her latest *Atlantic* essay, printed in the issue for December, 1907.

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Harrison S. Morris (" Upon Reading an Appreciation of Aldrich ") has been until recently managing director of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and editor of *Lippincott's*. He is a frequent contributor of poetry to the magazines.

Héloise Soule (" Sanctum Sanctorum ") is the pen-name of a contributor who makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic* in this number.

Lee Wilson Dodd (" O Strange Monotony of Song ") is a poet whose work has appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic*. " Song Triumphant " was published in the issue for April, 1907.

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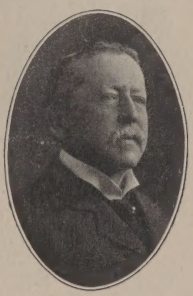

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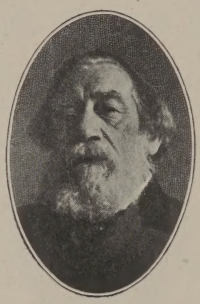

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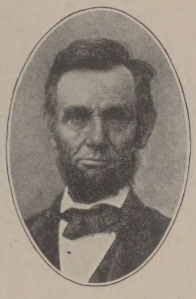

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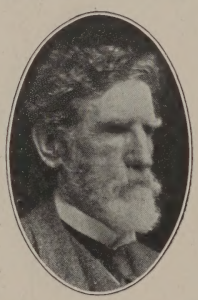

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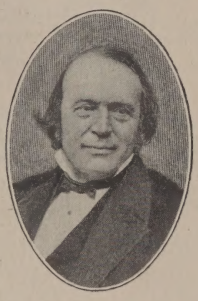

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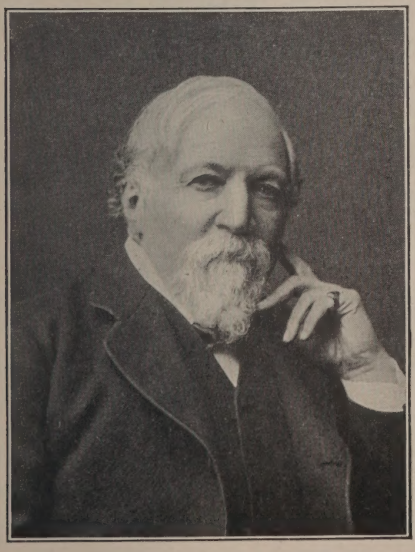

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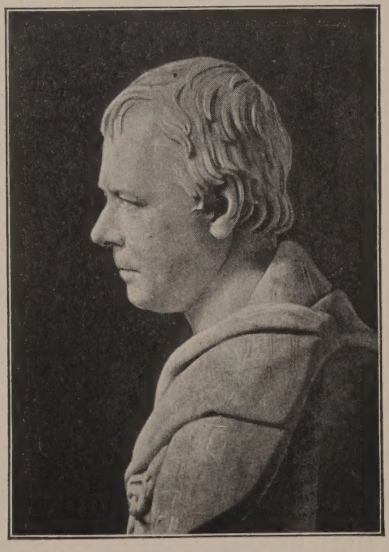

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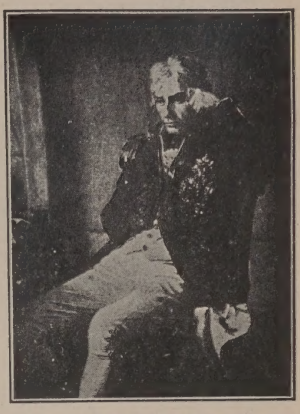

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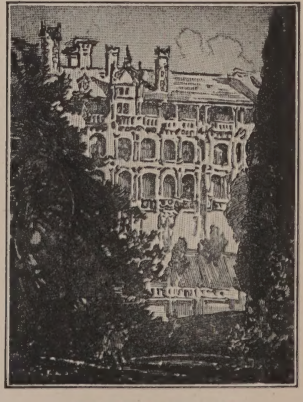

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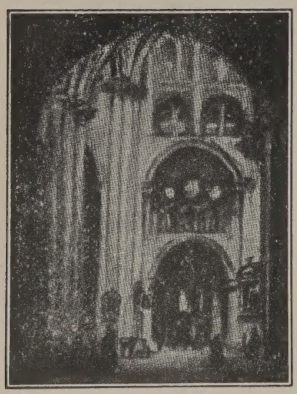

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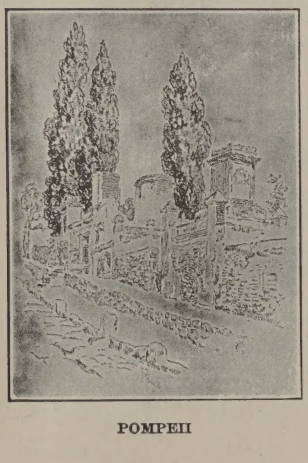

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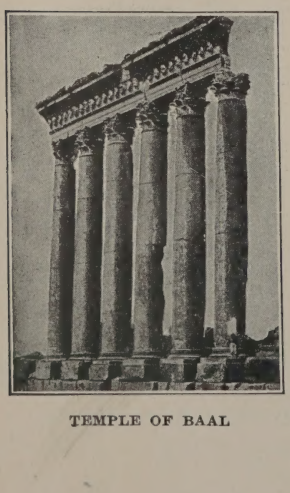

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The new edition of "The Art of Landscape Gardening," by Humphry Repton, is the first of a series of authoritative books published at the suggestion and with the co-operation of the American Society of Landscape Architects. *This volume has been revised and edited by* John Nolen, *a member of the Society. It includes Repton's most valuable writings and illustrations, and shows better than any other publication, perhaps, that the art of laying out ground is founded, like all other arts, upon fixed principles and not upon mere caprice and fashion.*

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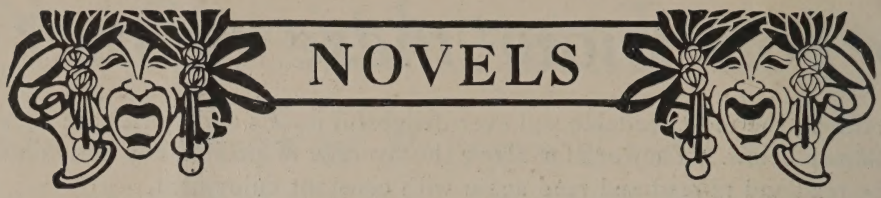

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Mother's Best Helper

By MARY JANE McCLURE.

¶ "Children and chickens must always be picking"—thus runs a wise old Danish saying. The plump, pinky fists of the "Darling of the Gods" never feel easy unless they are delving into the depths of dishes in search of novel experiences. Her busy, budding brain evolves fanciful fairy lore out of kitchen commonplaces. Intent upon being "Mother's best helper," the wee-woman swings, pendulum-like, between a help and a hindrance. Pretty, coaxing infant wiles, however, cover a multitude of sins. The infatuated mother prizes the child's co-operation. To her glamored vision a rosy radiance hovers around the tiny, restless fingers.

¶ Children are angels whose wings decrease in size as their legs increase in length and strength. There comes a time when the kitchen holds no lure for the growing girl—when the mother finds that she must depend upon other help to lighten and brighten her culinary labors. She rebels against spending all the time "from dawn to sunset's marge," extravagantly consuming the plus of her vitality in planning and cooking meals. That is a fetich of the past before which the Twentieth Century housewife refuses to bow and cringe.

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¶ The following is a dainty soup conception. Try it for dinner tonight. It will prove a pleasant surprise:

Royal Bisque a la Creme

1 can of tomatoes,
1 stalk of celery,
1 bay leaf,
½ medium sized onion, cut up fine,
2 tablespoonfuls of butter,
2 tablespoonfuls of browned flour,
1 teaspoonful of allspice,
1 teaspoonful of sugar,
pepper and salt to taste,
2 cupfuls of water,
½ teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

¶ Fry the onion in the butter and add to it the celery, bay leaf, and water. When thoroughly cooked strain through a sieve and add the other ingredients. Let it boil a few minutes, then strain it again through a sieve. Return to the fire to heat. Serve it with whipped cream heaped on top of each bouillon cup. If whipped cream is not available, pass around rich cream along with it, which may be poured into the soup, just as cream is used in coffee or tea, to suit the taste of those who partake of it.

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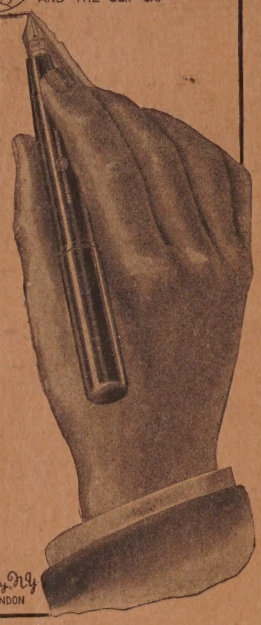

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